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Sale of the MAJOR'S *Library.*

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

OF

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR JANUARY, 1811.

With this Month's Publication, we give an Engraving of the Major disposing of his Library.

SALE OF THE *MAJOR'S Library, continued.*

December the 21st. This great sale was finally closed for the year; several very scarce and highly appreciated volumes were disposed of, at great prices. The bidders were numerous and respectable in the particular line of literature of which the library is exclusively composed. We never remember so many dignified divines at the library, at any preceding sale. Mr. Murtagh Lacy, late of Lacy's lane, Cow-keeper, and Bricklayer, God rest his soul! had two representatives of his house buying up loyal hymn books, treatises against Popery, and riding-house Bon-mots, to be sent down to ARBRACCAN. Jacky Triangle, late of Marlborough-Green, did not attend during the sale, not having any intention at present of augmenting his collection, as some apprehensions are entertained that his books will soon come to the hammer. Major Sandys was, for the first time, absent, as he apprehended he might be waylaid by a band of assassins, who are often observed lurking about Mass-lane.

Mr. Samuel Coates, of Beresford's Cavalry, late of Rathangan, was *obliged* to be absent also, on the king's affairs, as he was shipped about three weeks since for Botany Bay, where he is to remain during life, for removing a Velice, with six hundred pounds in it, martial law not being in force, and the person plundered being a loyal man. If this melancholy change continues, the Major must immediately close his shop, for lack of bidders. In the short space of one month, two excellent customers have been put out of the literary market, and this by the operation of the law; one is a bankrupt, and the other has been transported, the good times when those poor gentlemen were the Law and Constitution, have unhappily passed away, and vulgar passions

are gratified, at the fall of two pillars, that once ornamented and sustained a tottering empire.

The public will be much gratified, to know that the Major's misfortune is considerably abated, by the acquisition of two very great amateurs, whose attention to the interests of the library promises to give every due assistance to promote the interests of the establishment. This fortunate acquisition descends, in a direct line, from Murtagh Lacy, late of Merrion-row, Dairy-man, to his labours and industry, for he was a good man in his day; the christian world, particularly the reformed part of it, owe a great deal of acknowledgment. Murtagh's posthumous fame will live as long as the established Church, the Major's memory, or the Irish Magazine, while true piety, eminent villany, or literary inquiry, are objects of public curiosity.

The following books sold at high prices:

Mr. Bloomfield's abridgment of the Statutes, printed at the Mass-lane press, with a handsome dedication to Mr. Cassidy of the Inner-temple, Green-street. This edition is illuminated with a curious collection of affidavits, made by the most distinguished professors of Bible hand, from Titus Oates, down to Tom Reynolds, and Sheeres Armstrong.

A collection of Songs, written for the amusement of the Farming Society, by George Grierson. This volume contains a great fund of entertainment, and is worthy of the attention of Irish gentlemen, solicitous for the comforts of their live stock. The Author has a happy talent at description. The picture of an improved pig-stye is excellent; and the manner of education, for the grunting inhabitants, very instructive; dedicated to the Societies, for the improvement of the condition of the poor, and for distributing Bibles among the Irish.

Essay on the Irish character, and a plan for making Caravats, on the shortest notice, by Major *Row de dow*, Commissioner for burning cabins, in the north east district.

A statistical Survey of Lucan, by Major Sandys, with a correct map, on which is marked the produce of every acre, half acre, rood and perch in the town and vicinity, with the size, number of apartments, and accommodation of every whiskey house, from accurate *drawings* and actual *measurements*, made by the assistance of observations had at every hour in the last week of Autumn, by the aid of different *glasses*, of the most approved *diameters*. His account of the mutton of Lucan is not so accurate, as that of the other produce, as the ill nature of a butcher prevented the Major from trying experiments to his satisfaction. His Eulogium on the house of White, for the spirited proselyting, protestant spirit of the MAJOR, whose zeal to purge his regiment of popery, has made so much noise, is animated with becoming language, and appropriate sentiments of ardent loyalty. This charming treatise is dedicated to LUKE, the flying stationer, and ornamented with a likeness of Limerick Luttrell, Esq.

An ingenious comparison between *Browney's Cow* and *Hervey's Mare*; written by Hawky White. The author labours to show to the loyal reader, that both animals were the instruments and agents of rebellion, and attempts to prove, from the testimonies of several witnesses, that BROWNEY'S Cow was carnivorous, as she was frequently detected eating Orange-men; that the absence of NEWELL must be attributed to this Cow, as well as the fate of many other gentlemen in the North of Ireland, who had been out on racking parties, driving the papists to Hell or Connaught, so far back as 1792, and have not yet returned to their respective dwellings. Hawtry thinks Brow-

ney's

ney's Cow is lurking in his own neighbourhood, waiting for an opportunity to graze on the loyal, and advises a general search, by proclamation; he describes her, as having but one horn, as the other was lodged in an Ancient Briton, at Coolgraney, in the fatal meeting of 1798.

Military movements, collected from the Works of Justice D——, and Lord Blaney. The military reader will find some very Original Articles in this Treatise, such as every man of judgment would expect from two eminent tacticians, such as the noble Lord and brave Justice have shown themselves, in the many arduous Campaigns they conducted. The Coombe expedition is discussed with all the accuracy such an important subject deserves. The volume is ornamented with a Portrait of the Doctor, giving the word of command from his garret window. Lord Blaney's likeness is also given in company with Sebastiani, who appears highly delighted at the vast genius and great talents, which the noble Lord displays in the relation of his campaigns in Ireland.

LIST OF

BERESFORD'S CAVALRY.

The celebrated Corps, Beresford's light Horse, so distinguished in the Rathfarnham Campaign, & whose name is so connected in the memoirs of Horish, we take the liberty of entering a list of them in our Registry, that postrity should not be strangers to the name and fate of such a constellation of Heroes.

John Claudius Beresford, insolvent.
James Stewart Hamilton, do.
John Sayers, married a Papist, dead.
Richard do. not smashed.
Hamilton Maxwell, insolvent, clerk to Beresford.
Captain Shanly.
Frederick Darley, a Policeman, and Stone-Cutter.
Jack Scanlan, died drunk.
Sarjeant Cowen, insolvent.
Foliot Magrath.
J. Burke Fitzsimons, turned out of Custom House, without trial, smashed.
Harman the Carpenter, turned out of the Custom House, and chipped.
Coen Gaven, shot in a Brothel.
Charley Mulvaney, turned Protestant.
John M'Dermot, turned Protestant, solvent.
Neil O'Donnel, dead.
Richard Wilcock.
Mark Blair, dead.
Tom Aires, dead.
Sam Coates, transported for stealing a portmanteau.
William Ferns, an Ensign in a Garrison Battallion.
Jemmy Armstrong.
Gore, of Clontarf.
Sergeant Jackson, hanged for robbing of Nowlan, the Sugar-Baker's house.
Bandy Tom Williams.
— Abbot, dead.
Sam Bradshaw, alive.
Billy Warren, alive.
Jemmy Ford, insolvent.
Commodore Hunt, dead.
Billy Large, dead.
Ned Hendrick, a Secretary to the Corps, at 20*l.* a year, keeps a coach and his master without one.
Jem Clayton, in the waggoner's train.
Pike, Plumber.
Clarke, Ironmonger.
Tom Taylor.
Sarjeant Wilson of the Romney, flogging tutor, poisoned himself.
Billy Long, a Policeman.
Bob Lucas.
Mick Gaven, a Punch-House Wag.
Jemmy Warren, the Quarter-Master.
Ned Elsemer, dead.
Hugo, the Exciseman, dead.
Ned Edgar, a Papist.
Mitchel, insolvent.
Fannin, turned out of the Custom House, after making a fortune.

Jemmy

Jemmy Blacker, Policeman, insolvent.
Bob Cowen.
Sir Boyle Roche, dead, and died a Papist.
Barry Beresford.
Bill Fox, shot himself, and all the family insolvent.
Major Swan, not dead.
Brown, the Lottery-Man.
John Fitzpatrick, son of a Minister, deputy store-keeper, Custom House.
Pat Preston.
Chaplains { Dickey Vigors. — Molden.

Orange Heroism.

About a fortnight ago, a Rev. Gentleman, residing in the town of Navan, and who had once been a catholic, entertained at his house, amongst a number of others, four young gentlemen, one of them an officer in the army. The subsequent conduct of these young gentlemen, is a sufficient indication of the pious admonitions they received from their reverend entertainer. "Flushed with insolence and wine," these heroes rushed from the house of their host, and armed with swords and bludgeons, scoured the streets of Navan, roaring out, "croppy lie down, down with the papists, down with the rebels, no popery, and protestant ascendancy;" at the same time brandishing their sticks, and striking fire out of the stones with their swords, to the terror of all the peaceable inhabitants who happened to be witnesses of their conduct. Not meeting with any opposition, they continued their march for a considerable time, until at length they came opposite the house of a shoe maker, who was then looking over his shop door. The *Gentlemen*, surprised that the *Son of Crispin* was not terrified at their appearance, asked him "what he looked at." The answer was explicit, "at four damn'd puppies;" this fired the indignation of the querists, and instantly they commenced an attack upon the poor shoe-maker, who seizing a sprig of shillela, knocked down two of his assailants, and put the other two to flight. The prostrate champions of Orangeism were instantly disarmed by their opponent, who, after giving one of them two or three slight stabs upon the breech, broke their swords in pieces. One of these fugitives having got into his own house, took a gun, loaded with large shot, which he discharged amongst a parcel of people, who had now assembled as spectators; luckily no material injury was sustained by any of the persons present, altho' seven grains of shot were lodged in the hat of one man, and two or three more had their clothes perforated with the shot. Respect for the father of one of those young gentlemen, who was always the friend of catholics, prevents us at present from publishing the names of any of the perpetrators of this outrage, hoping that the bare mention of the transaction will prevent its recurrence.

Bible Exercise.

The members of the battalion of testimony are generally put to their exercise, or, in the language of the stage, rehearsed, once in every month; as frequent recurrence to the use of any business enables a man to go through it with ease and correctness.

The battalion, like a military body, has serjeants and corporals to direct the subdivisions, when on actual service; the most distinguished of these officers are Serjeant Firethatch and Corporal Biblemouth. The Serjeant took his cognomen, by the learned advice of the Major, from the high reputation he acquired in 1797 and 1798, by the various and laborious ingenuity he displayed as a cabin burner. he Corporal, like his superior officer, has taken a new name, indicative of his talents and great services; for no man in the service showed

showed so strong a mind, or equal dexterity in managing his bible-hand. His manner of standing a cross-examination charmed Hawtry White so exquisitely, that he often declared he would undertake to save the state and would require no other assistance but five men, four of whom, said the facetious loyalist, have been dead seventeen hundred years. With this riddle Hawtry often amused his company, when he explained, by saying the five men he meant were Corporal Biblemouth and the four Evangelists. The Corporal, in 1798, travelled circuit like any Judge, attended court martials, grand and petty juries; like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he could be in two places at one time. He often proved to be present at two meetings of United Irishmen, held on one day and at the same hour, though one was in Belfast, and the other in Gorey; and has convicted his men, and received his compensation to the satisfaction of every side, except the rogues who were hanged, and their treasonable companions. The Corporal has not discontinued his functions on the New Testament; he is as useful as at any period of his official life, but more harmless, as the hanging part of his trade is not carried on with the former energy. He has one official task in contemplation, which if he effects, he is promised preferment by his *Major*, and adequate pecuniary rewards.

This is to try, by every due means which a Statesman ought to use, when he swears in defence of the Constitution, to bring Watty Cox to conviction, that the same troublesome person may be removed out of the district of the office, either by a voyage to Botany Bay, or a regular course of hanging, agreeable to the statutes for the regulation of perjury, by the riding-house army, at their late sittings in Marlborough-green.

When the Corporal can be spared from the many duties he has to perform in Dublin, such as Jug smelling, or putting the younger members through their exercise on the Testament, he attends in the country, to assist small gentlemen to the perquisites given by the different banking-houses, for convicting fellows of forgeries; by this last branch of business, he would be able to realise a good competency, but his attachment to his *Honor* in Dublin, would not allow him to have the trade of tippling neglected, nor the young students in divinity left in a total ignorance of their profession.

The Corporal has a few questions and answers for the purpose of drilling, that give great help to the young student.

Corp. Who is the greatest man?

Ans. The Major.

Corp. How did he become the greatest man?

Ans. Because he at one time governed this great city without law, and now governs it *bye* law.

Corp. Who made this law?

Ans. Sir Arthur the brave.

Corp. For whom did he make it?

Ans. For the Major.

Corp. What hand is that next your buttons?

Ans. My sword and bible hand.

Corp. What's the use of the two articles?

Ans. To fight or swear for the Major.

Corp. Who is the Major afraid of?

Ans. Cox, the magazine man.

Corp. What is the duty of every loyal man?

Ans. To relieve the Major from his enemy.

Corp. How is that to be done?

Ans. By the law, the sword, and the gospels.

Corp. How will you use them?

Ans. As the *Major* or our Corporal requires.

Abstract of a Journal kept in Maryland, in the years 1805 *and* 1806.

JAN. 19, 1806. To-day I attended the quarterly meeting of the methodists at Reister's Town; there might be three hundred hearers. The preachers sing continually the same changes upon man's fall, grace, and faith; the same groaning and grunting as before. They concluded by giving notice, that there would be evening service. "Let us (said one of the preachers, Bloodgood) have another stroke at the devil." In truth, their devotion resembles a brawl or a fight, more than that of rational beings, calmly and seriously contemplating the tender mercies and dispensations of the Father of the universe, and intent on proving their faith in, and dependance upon him, by an edifying life and conversation. These people seem to think they can take Heaven by storm, and keep the devil away by a hell of their own.

26.—Went to Baltimore, and accompanied two gentlemen to the other side of the eastern Water, off the point to a near spot called Canton, the seat of the late John O'Donnel, Esq. It is an excellent brickhouse, fronting the south-west of the bason, and commanding a view of the bay. The late owner acquired an immense property in the East Indies; and by bringing over excellent breeds of cattle from England, contributed to his usefulness and celebrity. But his public-spirited plans for supplying Baltimore, and the shipping, with water, by means of pipes, and his other encouragements to the rising prosperity of the city, together with his unbounded hospitality and charity, have endeared his memory to the public, to his friends, and to the unfortunate.

In the afternoon, I went to the fort, where there is a good tavern: it is a resort on Sundays for purposes of pleasure. There were about fifty soldiers on the evening parade. The fort was erected about five years ago. It is octangular, the entrance facing the east-by-north, three of its sides the east, south-east, and east-by-south, which command the entrance in the bason, the bay, and Patapsico river They mount 28 and 18-pounders. Over the gateway in the entrance, and niched into the brick-work, is a piece of beautiful sculpture in stone, representing the Eagle and Seventeen States. The sculptor was a Frenchman. Nearly opposite the entrance, and about two hundred yards from it, is the old fort, which was made principally by the citizens themselves, on the alarm of a French war.

The spirit of gambling is considerable in Baltimore, and dissipation of all kinds very prevalent. I accompanied a gentleman to a raffle, at Bryden's tavern: it was for a time-piece of considerable value. After that was raffled for, the company began to play with dice, at a game called snap and raffle. The next day, somebody informed against forty of them, and the fine was fifteen dollars a head, half to the corporation and half to the informer; but it being optional in the mayor to remit the one-half, he did so, merely, I fancy, because they were called gentlemen, and did not exactly come under the description of gamblers by profession.

Jan. 28.—At last I met with B— this morning; he had been at George Town. He attended once the debates in Congress, but the place is so large, he could not understand what was said. He gave me some account of a masquerade and ball, at which were present all the diplomatic characters. The Tripolitan ambassador took a fancy to a young lady of tolerable *en-bon-point*. In the morning he waited upon the president, and requested permission to take five wives, at the same time pointing out the above-mentioned lady as one. The president, with a smile, intimated the impracticability of granting his request

quest, and observed, that in this country it was no easy thing to obtain one.

The public mind is much agitated respecting British spoliations on American commerce. The late new ground advanced about the continuity of voyage from the colonies to the enemy's country, and upon which British ships of war have begun to capture American vessels, has irritated the people beyond description. An Englishman is in very low estimation in Baltimore, and still lower in Philadelphia, with the majority of the people. It is true, there are many candid and upright men, who discriminate between the mad infatuation of the British cabinet, and the peaceful wishes of the British people. Nothing can manifest the temper of the times more than the circumstance of Mr. Wright, a senator from the eastern shore, having brought in a bill for the purpose of encouraging sailors to resist British impressment, by bounties, and giving the president a power to retaliate upon any Englishman in this country, to the extent of injury inflicted on any American sailor by the king's ships. A memorial was read here the other night to be sent to Congress. It has since been published. One feature of the British law is noticed, as extremely inconsistent and absurd. To break the continuity of a voyage from the enemy's colonies to the mother country, the produce must not only be unshipped, and the duties paid, but it must be likewise sold. Now, it is very strange that the merchant should have no right to re-ship his own property, because that would be deemed a continuity of voyage; but he may sell that right to another, by selling him his unshipped cargo It seems to be a regulation originating in envious malignity at the American commerce, fraught with incongruity, and pregnant with embarrassment and oppression to the American merchant, without promising any adequate mercantile advantages to Great Britain. It is true, she may capture a number of ships, and has so done; but will it redound to her honour, and correspond with her loud professions of fair, open, and manly dealing, to have sent this new law of nations clandestinely to her commanders of ships on the American station, without previously acquainting the American minister in London with it; and by this means causing them to capture a number of vessels who were ignorant of the new law, and who, it is presumable, would not have exposed themselves to capture upon such grounds, had time been given for the owners to be possessed of the intelligence. Is not this acting upon an *ex post facto* law, and of course unjust and cruel.

The Marquis Grusa, the Spanish ambassador, has just been ordered away from Washington, in consequence of an insolent letter to the secretary of state, Madison, in which he comments very ungraciously upon several parts of the president's speech, relative to Spanish affairs. He even goes the length of denying some of his statements respecting the seisure of the Kempots, and the vexations practised by the Spanish authorities on the Mobile in the Mississippi territory. Supposing his reasonings and assertions are founded on facts, and borne out by documents, (which latter is not the case,) still is it not in the province of the ambassador of a foreign power, to presume to tell the president his duty. That certainly behoves the people who elected him: he complains that the president has mentioned the excesses committed by Spanish armed spoliations ships, and omits those committed by British armed vessels, when it is notorious that some thousand, of American seamen are impressed from on board American vessels, and made to fight

fight against the king, his master, on board British ships. The Marquis and president have not been upon good terms for some time. The court of Madrid has been applied to, for his removal, which it consented to; and it has been understood that the marquis had an intimation to that effect, so that he might leave the country without the disgrace of a recal; but he is proud and obstinate. He is at present in Baltimore. He married a daughter of M'Kean, governor of Pennsylvania.

Dublin Newspapers, and the Veto.

After all our honest labours to detect and crush the wicked conspiracy against the catholic religion, and independence of Irishmen in general, hatched in the dark plans of Veto and arrangement, and after we had supposed the measures to be so odious, that every advocate for them was blasted for ever in the eyes of his countrymen, so long as he refused to wipe away the stain, by making the *amende honorable*, in recanting his error, we little thought a Newspaper, calling itself independent, could at the present day be found so blind to its own interest, as to censure the patriotic publications, which opened the eyes of the people to the dangerous trap that was laid for them.—That the *dog* and *demi dog* Journals, with their leader PATRIOT, (the meek patriot) should calumniate the opponents of the VETO, and arrangements, is natural—that is part of their *honorable* engagements—even that the *sham* Journal, which, in opposition to the general voice of Ireland, declared, in September, 1808, that Dr. Milner's arguments, (although since condemned by himself) have obtained him a decided victory, should be discovered, now and then, *coquetting* with the Castle, would not excite surprise—but that the Dublin Evening Post, under the direction of its present highly respectable proprietor, should waste its time, for the last two months, in attempting to injure the character of our best print, is a circumstance we were not prepared for. Indeed we had hoped to see the Evening Post, and the Herald, continuing to work together for the general good, and we are sorry at finding ourselves disappointed.

We would seriously advise the worthy proprietor of the Evening Post to be guarded against a certain description of men, of whom the Poet says—

> "Well may *they* fear some miserable end,
> Whom *gluttony* and *want* at once attend."

He will recollect, that during his minority, the Custom House had a *Bantling*, in the person of an Editor of the Evening Post, who injured the property of his employer, by insulting the feelings of the public—and what happened then, may again occur. We consider the Evening Post an excellent paper, if the Editor would but spare a little more of his *precious* time, for the leading article, and omit the hacknied repetition of "ILLUSTRIOUS personages, EXISTING circumstances, *Evidence of facts*, Heaven-born Minister, &c. &c." and direct his *short* paragraphs against the common enemy, the venal writers. This, we assure him, would do more to establish his patriotism, than his present mode of acting. We shall conclude for the present with the following *practical* reflections. The fashionable world, *Pantheon*, of *no* principle, fell, for having dared to accuse the patriotic writers of entertaining *seditious* views. The Cyclopediæ died of an Orange fever, and the *dog* and *demi-dog* are just expiring under that species of mental derangement, which lies between insanity and delirium, and is distinct from both.

The

The opinion of Abbé Maury, Deputy of Picardy, nom Cardinal and Archbishop of Paris, on the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, delivered in the National Assembly, on Saturday, November 27, 1790.

[*Abbé Maury's Speech continued from page 547.*]

If, on the contrary, it should be their desire that I should prove what I advance, they are too hasty and premature; for I must assert, before I can prove. Justice and humanity command that patience of discussion, which the natural order of ideas alone would give me right to expect from you, if politeness did not suffice to force you to hear at least the victims that you are about to sacrifice, without shewing them anger, that penetrates with horror when united with the Supreme Authority. I shall then prove, that we are called upon, both by interest and right, to oppose your decree. Oh, gentlemen, you will demolish the obstacles that irritate you. The Omnipotent power that you have usurped, should not prevent us from elevating the barriers of reason, as you are already conscious of subverting them.

Yes, Gentlemen, our interest in opposing you is a noble interest, that we can loudly proclaim, an interest, that the sacred law of the deposit ranks among the first of our duties, an interest that is connected with the perpetuity of our holy faith in this empire, the interest of the stability of our places and the unmoveableness and unalienation of our titles; it is a debt that we have contracted with our successors, when we have received our canonical institution. Yes, I say, and repeat it with all the intrepidity of the most intimate conviction, and defy my adversaries to answer me, not with insignificant murmurs, but with plausible reasons or arguments. It is the interest of religion, and of the people, that the Ecclesiastics should not obey your new decrees concerning the Clergy, without the concurrence of Spiritual Power. It is without doubt the interest of religion, that the apostolic chain of Pastors should be perpetuated in this kingdom, whose primogeniture and seniority in the order of faith give so eminent a rank among all other christian empires. How could this chain be perpetuated if the pastoral ministry was moveable, if fixed on such a foundation, constantly tottering, if the sacred links of the spiritual families between the Pastor and the Flock were to be separated, according to the caprice and will of temporal authority; if the Bishops and Pastors, who have been canonically appointed, were to be excluded in an arbitrary manner? What would become of the discipline of the Christian Church, if you could, with consulting any of her rules, subvert an Episcopal See, that your authority alone has not established, and so deprive the ministers of the Church of what you had never given, they had not been instituted by you. Here, gentlemen, let us go to the origin of the legislative power of the Church, and there you will read your own condemnation. The divine founder of the Christian Society, has necessarily conferred on his Apostles and their successors, the authority requisite for a perpetuity; the power of preaching the doctrine he taught, of administering the sacraments he had instituted, of appointing ministers for those sacred functions, and consequently the right of determining the territory of their jurisdiction, as this mission is the boundary of their duty; finally, the power of making laws and indispensable regulations, in order to elucidate the true spirit of religion.

This clearly shews the necessity of discipline, and the exclusive, competence of the Church, that alone can enact laws, and establish the sacred code. It would be heresy in divinity, and an

absurdity in the law, not to acknowledge this legislative authority; whereas, without this incontestible and incontrovertible authority, it would be impossible for her to govern the society of the Faithful. Abbe Fleury has shewn, in his seventh discourse on ecclesiastical history, that the right of establishing canons and rules of discipline, was an essential right, or rather inherent, existing inseparably in the Church, that has enjoyed it under the Pagan Emperors; and that right cannot be taken from her by any other power on earth.

When they argued from this tribunal against the authority of the discipline of the Church, by endeavouring to prove that it was not invariable, they neither seized nor comprehended the true spirit or state of the question. There is a distinction to be made between the principles of discipline and particular points of discipline: for example, there are fundamental articles of discipline established by Jesus Christ himself, such as the supremacy of honour and jurisdiction of the Pope over all the Church; the superiority of Bishops over Priests and other inferior ministers. Those points of discipline can never be changed, as to the essential parts, and no canon could lawfully break this great chain of the hierarchy of the Church; but how the jurisdiction of the Pope and the authority of Bishops should be exercised, may be determined by the Church, as to time, places, and persons; and the church has always exercised this authority that she has received from Jesus Christ in the councils, where she has displayed the plenitude of her powers: hence it results, that the particular points of discipline may vary, or at least may be differently modified, but the general principles of the church are invariable. Tradition has preserved those primitive rules of discipline, that have been transmitted under the title *of Canons of the Apostles, and Apostolical Constitutions.* One of the most important of this sacred administration has always been for the pastoral Order, the determination, and partition of territories; let us not, in order to be convinced, ascend to that primitive antiquity, where we might see Bishops, who, after having enlightened nations plunged in the darkness of idolatry, establish episcopal sees with the applause of all the Churches in the countries converted to our holy faith. It is not at the period of those spiritual conquests, but after the propagation of the christian religion in the fourth century, that the common order of the government of that Church could have been determined. Scarcely had the successors of the Apostles extended the empire of their divine master, when they hastened to regulate the administration by the authority of laws. We see in the councils, canons appointing episcopal towns, and metropolitan or patriachal cities, and Bishops prohibited from exercising their functions beyond their own territory. It would be no difficult matter to compose an entire volume, quoting those ancient canons. We might see that the church has refused to change the distribution of the metropolis of the Church, when the temporal power changed the civil metropolis. So in the fourth century, Pope Innocent the first decided, that though the Emperor divided one of his provinces into two metropolis's, there should not be two Metropolitan Sees established; because the Church should not follow the perpetual mutabilty of human affairs; and that she would not allow her administration the dignities that result from the civil administration of territories.*

* Quod fciscitaris utrum divisis imperiali judicio provinciis, et duo metropoles fiant, si duo metropolitani episcopi debeant nominari? Non vere visum est ad mobilitatum rerum mundarum, dei ecclesiam commutari, honores qua aut divisiones imperii perpeti quas pro suis causis faciendas duxerit imperator, ergo secundum pristinum provinciarum morem metropolitanos episcopos convenit nominari. Collection of councils, by the learned Father Labbe, Tom. 2. Col. 1269

The

The Church alone has a right to establish all the Episcopal Sees of the Universe; the civil power has never officiously interfered in this organization of the ecclesiastical power. The great Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, observes, that at the very first council held at Jerusalem by the Apostles, St. Paul and St. Barnabas had been commissioned to bring the decisions to all the Churches; this regular form of settling the jurisdiction by mission never has been interrupted in the discipline of the Church. The imperial commissaries or delegates, at the council of Calcedon, acknowledged that it was the right of the Bishops alone to pronounce sentence on the prerogatives of the Metropolitan of Tyrus.

From the first race of our Kings, the same spirit and same principles have settled and decided this common right of the Church of France. When Childebert wrote to Leo, Archbishop of Sens, proposing the establishment of a new Bishopric at Melun, the Prelate opposed him; and founded his refusal on the laws of the Church, that would not allow a violation of his jurisdiction, by retrenching part of his Diocese. Princes have often concurred more by their protection, than their direct or immediate influence to the establishment of Bishoprics or Metropolitans; the authority of the Church has always predominated; the institution of bishops is in a special manner reserved to the Pope; it has by right devolved to the Holy See, and Abbe Fleury says, the Church has given the charge and care up to him.

So, gentlemen, we know no other lawful mission, no other spiritual power in the Church, but what comes from the centre of Catholic Unity. The body of the Pastors forms, as it were, a large tree, of which the Holy See is the root or trunk, and all the new branches that would not shoot or sprout from this sacred trunk, would be inanimate, fruitless, barren and dead; to pretend to substitute a civil delegation in the place of this apostolic mission, would be reviving in the Church the old quarrel of investitures, or the right of giving possession with the crozier and ring:—all your decrees relating to the new diocesan organizations, brings to our recollection that cause already solemnly judged in favour of the Church, that has received from Jesus Christ unlimitedly, unrestrainedly, without limitation or restriction, the privilege of dispensing the treasure of spiritual graces, and the right of governing herself alone without the interposition of any other power on earth. You are determined on suppressing some Bishopricks, but how will you rob, strip or deprive those reformed prelates, without the concurrence of the Church, of a jurisdiction that they have not received from you? You mean to extend the limits of other Dioceses; but, gentlemen, how invest those new pastors with a spiritual authority that does not belong to you? You pretend to erect new Bishopricks, the same as you would establish the tribunals of some districts; with what authority will you, by an open violation of territory, erect episcopal sees in the Church, without the intervention of a council, or of the head of the Church, who alone can fix the foundation on the corner stone? From what power will those new Bishops receive the sacred mission, without which nothing could efface the original stain of instruction? To usurp in this manner the incontrovertible, indisputable, and great jurisdiction of the Church, would not be only laying hands on the censor, but snatching it from the lawful pastors with violence, and plunging yourselves into a schism. Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, beware—beware—act with so much caution, as to provide against misfortunes. This exclusive right of the Church in point of discipline, has been most

ably asserted, maintained, and defended by the great Boussuet, in the seventh book of the history of the variations. His only object is to show the irregularity and nullity proceeding from the usurpation of the civil power over the jurisdiction of the Church. When he relates the cause of the apostacy of England, the Church of England, he says, glories and boasts more than all the protestant Churches, that she has been reformed according to rule and order, and by lawful assemblies.—Let us examine this great regularity, so much vaunted.—The first step to be taken, was, that the Ecclesiastics should and ought to have had at least the first rank, especially in matters concerning religion; but another quite contrary order has been observed; and from the time of Henry VIII. they had no power to interfere without his order. All that they complained of was, that they were deprived of their privileges, as if to interfere in religious matters was only a privilege, and not the essence and the very soul of the Ecclesiastical Order. Nor have they been better treated under Edward, when he undertook the reformation, according to Mr. Burnet, on a much more solid foundation; but we find the case quite the reverse; they were obliged to petition Parliament, in the most humiliating manner, that the affairs of religion should not be regulated without consulting them, and hearing their reasons. Oh Tempora! Oh More's! *Obstupesvite cæli.* What misery! What calamity! What a state of wretchedness! to see them, to whom Jesus Christ has said, He, who hears you, hears me—he, who despises you, despises me; to see them compelled, forced and reduced to such a condition as to entreat, beg and petition to be heard! Even this, as our historian remarks, has been denied them.—Nothing more remains to be said, after suche normous excesses.—You see, gentlemen, how the great effect shows the downfall of the Church of England, and the oppression which Bishops must naturally suffer from a law, of which they alone are the competent judges. Bring to your minds the recollection of those deplorable transactions, and of the mortal wounds you are about to inflict on the discipline of the Church, by decreeing and decreeing, in spite of us, her utter ruin and destruction, under the specious pretext of giving a civil constitution to the clergy. Only compare, judge, and draw a line of parallel. Avert your anger, Oh God! Heaven grant that the fatal issue of a system, that has extinguished the faith in England, be not an example and forerunner of the misfortunes and calamities with which religion is menaced in this kingdom.

If the civil power be authorised to pronounce so despotically and arbitrarily, without the consent of the Church, the suppression of parishes and Bishopricks, all those sacred magistracies then become liable to be amoved. The Pastors are no longer united to their flocks by that holy alliance that attached them to each other, as a father to his children: their titles are but commissions that may be recalled at will. I see nothing more in the order of Pastors, but so many Compolites, without a country, without a fixed habitation, without a spiritual family. And to you, people, I appeal, whether you ought to bless an innovation, that renders the legal existence of the ministers of your religion precarious and uncertain; by which you are deprived of the assistance, counsel, and example of a Pastor, who cannot devote himself to discharge the duties of his ministry, when his situation is uncertain. It is then notorious and evident, that if you can abolish fifty-three Bishopricks, without any form of law, and by an absolute act of your all powerful will, you will also have the power of suppressing, in an arbitrary manner, and in an instant, all the titles of

of Benefices that you have in the empire. You will expel all the Pastors who will be so unfortunate as to incur your displeasure, and proscribe them, without accusation. Was not the demolition of despotism in France your object? and now, instead of annihilating it, you appropriate and claim an exclusive right to it. Ah! by what inconsistent, absurd, and inconceivable contradiction would you pretend to submit us to such arbitrary laws, after having placed the stability of every other state under the protection of the law? What! you have decreed that a lieutenant of infantry could not be cashiered, without the sentence of a court-martial; and you refuse the same to your Pastors! How have they merited to be exheredated and cut off from their hereditary right? We are accused for abusing a liberty, that shall for ever be dear to us, provided it does not degenerate into licentiousness; this is the liberty we now call for, the protection of the law, that you neither should suppress our titles, nor establish new ones, without having recourse to the forms prescribed by the Canons; the protection of the law is the property of every citizen, our inalienable right. How would you have us to renounce or give up the only shield that could protect us, and that we should acknowledge those despotic depositions, by which your Pastors would become mercenaries or hirelings, exposed, according to themselves, to all the animosity, caprice and hatred of every administration, that would even hazard or endanger their political existence.

Gentlemen, be it known to you that I am very far from contesting the right of suppressing the title of a Benefice, when requisite for the good of the public. Such a pretension would be unreasonable; but I say, that it is impossible to attack my principles, with any sort of delicacy, when I see myself reduced to entreat and request that you will observe the legal forms in your proceedings; it is the right of every citizen. You can claim no exemption. You know that all the Bishops of France have been legally instituted: and do you suppose them to be legally deposed, when, without the imputation of the smallest crime, without any cause, motive, or any other sentence, but your fantastical, capricious, whimsical reformation, that you should sacrifice them in an instant to a new temporal Administration? Are those the steps that are taken, when an Episcopal See is vacant? The Pastors who would thus abandon their flocks, would forsake their Churches, but would not annihilate their titles. The laws have wisely established, that a voluntary demission does not render a Benefice vacant, until it has been lawfully accepted. If the concurrence of the collator be necessary to open a simple vacancy, even by demission, how then could a suppression be effected, without the concurrence of the Tutelar, or of the Ecclesiastical Superior. By proceeding in this manner, the Church is abandoned, but the title is not extinguished; no—it will subsist, until suppressed by the competent and lawful judge. You will not seriously require that we should be prevented by that wretched, miserable, groundless, or frivolous objection, or cavil, adopted by this tribunal, in order to evade the invincible force of the principles of the law, that indeed the constituent body was not bound to obey any law.—If there be no law, how then have you been able to constitute yourselves? how can you exercise and arrogate an authority, without title or mission? If you bring us back to the origin of society; if you suppose that we came from the forests of Germany, where then is the act of that convention that has constituted you a constituent Body. Don't you perceive, that according as you extend your authority, the more you sap the very foundation, it is not from the French nation, but from

from yourselves alone, that you hold this pretended and extravagant mission. We declare, and protest solemnly, that we do not, nor ever will acknowledge this constituent authority in the re-union of the Deputies of the Bailiwicks, whom the King alone had convoked, without intending to abdicate his Crown, in order to receive it from your hands. Moreover, we tell you, again and again, that if you were really a constituent Body, you would have a right to define, divide, and delegate all powers; but that you could retain none, because the re-union of powers is the essence of despotism, and despotism could never be lawfully instituted. You will not be more dangerous, gentlemen, the day that you declare to the nation that this despotic power has devolved to you. An open, candid, free declaration of your principles, will suffice to establish invincibly the radical nullity of your decree. Gentlemen, you will excuse me, if my reason does not bend to the logic of murmurs. I don't understand the language you speak in a tumult, when you do not articulate a single word. A speaker may be thus silenced or stopped, but not confuted—if you be determined to answer me, here are the assertions that I defy and challenge you to refute. *You are not a Constituent Body.* If you pretend to be, you are no longer a constituted body; if you were, your mission would be limited to establish and decree a constitution, and not to authorise yourselves to exercise any political power, under pain of being denounced to the nation, as an assembly of tyrants. And I tell you, that the natural consequence of your unbecoming and indecent clamours, is, that you are reduced to the necessity of interrupting me continually, because you know the impossibility of answering me.

Let us now see if you, as a legislative Body, have a right (to our prejudice,) to exempt yourselves from the legal forms, which you cannot but acknowledge in your pretended quality of a Constituent Body. Whatever protects the rights of citizens cannot be refused by the legislators.—We cannot be deprived, in the name of the law, of a prerogative that the law has granted us, to secure its own supreme dominion. Legal forms are the guarantees of our rights; you cannot contest the right of having recourse to them.—You can establish and decree laws, but you cannot execute them; and much less you cannot withdraw yourselves from their honourable yoke, and teach us how to trample and tread them under foot with pride, insolence and contempt. Every man who knows how to calculate the consequences of political principles, should renounce a country where the legislators are magistrates, and where the same representatives of the people, who have settled and fixed the legislation, pretend to administer *Justice.*

But, gentlemen, it is not to this monstrous confusion of powers alone that you are invited. You must, with the judiciary ministry, exercise all public powers—the ecclesiastical, the executive, and I would venture to say, the judiciary power, if it was in the number of the political powers; but the essence of political powers is to be independent of each other, and the judiciary power essentially depends on the legislative, that directs its decisions, and on the executive that sees them observed. Hence it results, that there is not a third political power, but an integral part of the executive. I, from this moment, denounce to the entire nation this scandalous coalition of all the powers that you pretend to exercise. Yes, I denounce it to yourselves, as the most manifest violation of your own decrees.—If it be true, that of your own accord you can suppress the parishes and Bishopricks of the kingdom, you act, at the same time,

as Legislators, Pontiffs, and Judges; this universal coalition requires nothing but proclamation. Ah! if it was said, five hundred leagues from Paris, that there existed in the world, a power, to which the functions of Pontiffs, Legislators, and Judges, have devolved, it would never be supposed that such a confused mass, such a medley model was to be found in this capital.—No, no, they would say it was to be found in the Divan of Constantinople or Ispahan. It is in those unfortunate countries, that the iron rod of despotism holds reason, justice, and liberty in the most shameful bondage; where imbecile Sultans, Caliphs, and Cadi are vested with absolute authority, in all matters relating both to religion and policy; but it shall not be in a nation, that speaks of liberty, that the constituent principles of despotism will be opposed (and with success) against an entire class of citizens, who claim the protection of the law. Gentlemen, permit us to partake of the ancient law of the kingdom, the prerogatives of this new constitution, that could not legitimate, authorise or make despotism lawful against us alone; the last of the citizens in his poor cottage is not to be turned out without a lawful judgment. Such is the sacred form of the law, that nothing can be substituted but facts. You take the rules of facts to discard and cast off them, who have not been as yet judged. If one Bishoprick alone be suppressed to-day, there will not be a prelate in the kingdom, who, by a new law, may be deposed to morrow. It is an incontestible principle, that a law can never be lawfully directed against an individual.

You, Monsieur Manou, this very moment pretend, as a Divine of our Military Committee, that by advancing those principles, of which, according to your avowal, you are totally ignorant, I am pleading the apology of the Ecclesiastical Committee, and that without intending, I serve the cause of the public. Without intending! I know not whether your divinity has taught you better to guess my intentions, than your logic has taught you the art of refuting my reasoning. Well, I continue then to serve the cause of the public, as you will have it so.—I shall go with you to the article of the Ecclesiastical Committee, to which you have added new trophies of glory, by your indiscreet citation, which shall appear in this discussion.

[*To be Continued.*]

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS
FROM THE
NEWSPAPERS.

We are concerned to have it to announce, that the great Clontarf Silver Mine Company is dissolved. The Mines of Clontarf, under the ingenious and enterprising firm of Hill, Watson, and Company, promised to be a national benefit, and would be as productive as any in Peru This is the character given to it by the cockle women of Baldoyle, who are conversant in extracting materials from the bosom of the earth. The company expended thirty-four pounds on the great pump, which was capable of raising two pounds and a half of pure silver each hour. Such a very flattering assurance of realising a fortune, was most wantonly destroyed by some malicious miscreant, who, by forcing an old bayonet into the cylinder of the pump, destroyed its powers, and thus ruined the establishment; as the iron interruption, by the calculation of an eminent engineer, cannot be extracted at a less expense than eight pounds four shillings, lawful money.

Mr. Conway, the Secretary, was abruptly waited on in his scribbling Alcove in Pitt Street, by Captain Maguire, for an explanation, for an ungentlemanly paragraph written by him in the paper he manages, reflecting on

Mr.

Mr. Maguire. Poor Conway, conscious of the danger he was in, lost all the swaggering character he assumes in news-papers; forgot the use of his Cunnemara pistols, his challenge to Dr. Brennan, his promised motion of breaking a lance with Walter; in short, the whole catalogue of paper character, was so absorbed in fear, when the Captain told him he should take a corner from his person, poor Con actually shook so severely, that all his honours fell from him, with the rolling sweat from his agued forehead. After apologizing in a manner very unbecoming one of the house of Killery and Company, Mr. Maguire bid the abject scribbler take better care of the game he selected.

The *Patriot*, a new paper, so called in a publication of the last month, has given what its learned, but stupid editors, term a valuable article, from another wretched and contemptible publication, by a hired maniac, of the name of REDHEAD YORKE.

This dull genius, though we presume, from the Latin patch work that tesselates his paper, must be vastly learned, in his strictures on our indisposition to the Union, says, we have not given that measure a fair trial; that ten years are not sufficient in point of time; that some years of peace are the best criterion by which to form a judgment. We are sure, whether he means domestic or external peace, in either case, it is not our fault that both or any of them are not practicable, because the Irish want peace, more than any other nation in the world; and though it is our wish, we defy red-headed Yorke, or any headed Englishmen, fairly to shew that it is to our conduct the want of tranquility is to be attributed; on the contary, the domestic image of war, frequently detailed by the newspapers, can be accurately traced to its ancient authors, the servants and agents of Red-headed Yorke's countrymen. So far are our *petty* disturbances a matter of no uneasiness to them, they are decidedly a triumph, or they would not continue in power through Ireland the most atrocious of the monsters, who burnt, tortured, violated, and plundered the abject and disarmed peasantry; we say they are in power, and though not authorised to exercise the same plenitude of horror, they draw consequence, and even amusement, to themselves, by an organised system of dark and perfidious acts of irritation. Primate Boulter, of infamous memory, advises his masters in England, of the necessity of having Protestant mobs in Dublin, for the purpose of distracting and dividing the public opinion. Country gentlemen in Ireland have discovered that Popish mobs are as useful, and much cheaper; they can be starved, tithed, or rack rented into objects of horror; and in the names of Shanavests, Caravats, or any other whimsical distinction, may contribute to the security of the state, and to the honor and advantage of their sub-governors. The Farming Society are as reprehensible as any other body of men; they patronize hogs and build styes, while their tenants are left starving, and their hovels uncovered. While ever eating and sleeping are in fashion, such a preference given to beasts, will excite envy with their human adversaries. The gallows may do its duty, and it is not spared, as an instrument of instruction; its a posting bill, that announces to the unread Irish, every new statute, an hieroglyphical proclamation, that makes printing unnecessary.

Mr. Red Head, among other disadvantages, which our apparent insubordination subjects us to, says it prevents English and Scotch settlers;

Mr.

Mr. Yorke, Red Head, however, is not in the ſecret; he is not informed in the Iriſh *demi* official ſyſtem of man hunting.

Red Head, who is a ſtranger to the manner the ſlave trade is managed in Ireland, laments greatly our loſſes by the want of Engliſh and Scottiſh Societies. For our part, and in the name of our country, we have a particular diſlike to the company, becauſe we never could diſcover ſuch a manly or moral pre-eminence in the two nations, that we would deign to imitate in public, or introduce into domeſtic life. While we have the feelings of parents, or the name of men, we never can entertain any character of Engliſhmen than what we learn from their own courts of juſtice. The chaſtity of their women is too much ſpeckled with variety and acceſſibility, to be much appreciated by an Iriſhman. As to the Scotch they unite the character of fanatics, perſecutors, and cringers, and are too contemptible; we have abundance of the ſtarved generation already among us; they are *ſcraping* and fattening themſelves, in every quarter of the country; they exerciſe every employment, from the bed-chamber to the privy the miniſters of illicit pleaſures or the guardians of the cloſe ſtool.

As to Engliſhmen's valour, we need no inſtructers to inform us on that head; we have fought by their ſides, and we know they were always our inferiors in the diſputed field. We never tried their proweſs as adverſaries, ſince 1690, except at Roſs; and under the diſadvantages of being one hundred years out of practice, and want of arms, they have not the ſatisfaction of knowing, that Iriſhmen are cowards.

So much for the people, whom we have diſguſted by our rudeneſs; and ſuch is our opinion, Mr. RED HEAD, of our quondam friends.

Lord Norbury, a few days ago, declared from the Bench, that from the cuſtom of reporting ſpeeches from the Bench, in the news papers, he ſhould, in future, be cautious of what he would ſay, leſt he ſhould be aſhamed of it. We, who are no great judges, are apprehenſive this determination will be a greater diſappointment to the ſporting calendar than to the Bar.

The Freeman's Journal, of the 17th of December, has diſcovered to the public, from many anecdotes in Maſſena's life, that the French General is a complete botch in the art of war. We are happy, for the anxiety his friends of the police evince for the ſafety of their patron Lord Wellington, that his lordſhip has nothing to apprehend from the talents of his French adverſary. We anticipate the great rejoicing, *feu de joy*, rattling of crackers, and rivers of whiſkey, to celebrate the defeat and capture of the Corſican in Luſitania.

The firſt half hour of the run on Beresford's Bank, cauſed ſuch an immenſe crowd about the houſe, that ſeveral perſons were at a loſs to know the real cauſe of the aſſemblage, which had like to produce ſome unpleaſant circumſtances; as a malicious report was circulated, that ſome perſons were flogging HORISH round the counter. The impreſſion ſuch a wicked tale made on the populace, would have been attended with diſturbance, had not a ſtrong diviſion of the Riding houſe infantry appeared in *Demi* official condition, with their aprons and muſquets, which reſtored tranquility, and gave time to have a real account of the unpleaſant circumſtance related.

The moſt troubleſome viſitors on the melancholy affair, was a congregation of Poiſſardes from Pill-lane, who joined in a loud Iriſh cry This

pearance of affection for the temporary inconvenience of the Bank, was very kindly underſtood by Mr Riordan, who came forward, and in a very handſome and appropriate ſpeech, thanked the ladies for their kind affection, but aſſured them things were not ſo bad as they apprehended. The ladies quickly undeceived the orator, by bidding him get to the Devil, that they did not come there to hear his whipping palaver . they wanted value for their pound notes, and when that was done, they did not care how ſoon the BLOOD HOUNDS took their places.

A Country MAJOR.

Some few days ago, a poor man, who hawks books through the country, called at the houſe of John Stewart, Eſq. of Leighlin Bridge, County Carlow, to offer his goods for ſale. There was preſent at the time a Brigade Major M.——The ſwaggering military gentleman, in the language and manner of 1798, demanded if the poor fellow had any of Cox's Magazines among his collection; the man anſwered in the negative; this did not ſatisfy the hero; he inſiſted to ſearch, which he accordingly did, but found none of the interdicted publication; after which he ſwore moſt vehemently, that if he had found one of Cox's Magazines in his poſſeſſion, he would have had the pedlar committed to the county jail.

If this Major is ſo ſolicitous to put the Iriſh Magazine out of the king's peace, why make ſuch an unmanly attack on a poor pedlar? Cannot he come to the root of the evil, No. 150, Abbey Street, to Watty Cox, the proprietor, who will undertake to explain the nature of the law and the conſtitution to him in any form ſuch intrepidity would deſerve. The Major need not bring his ſecond from Carlow, as there are 15,000 ready accoutred in Dublin, and three ſpecial MAJORS, ready to ſuccour, on any ſuch expedition that tends to pull down the Iriſh Magazine.

SIEGE OF
MARY'S LANE CHAPEL.

While the Triangle Bank was inveſted by numerous and alarmed claimants on it for payment, a detachment of loyal RACKERS, of the Enniskillen and Mountrath ſchools, laid ſiege to Mary's-lane Chapel; the party was commanded by a young gentleman of the name of Drury, nephew of a perſon very diſtinguiſhed as a medical man, a Juſtice, and a General; military talents appear to be hereditary in this illuſtrious houſe. The rapidity with which they broke all the windows, and retreated, was done with a conſiderable degree of ingenuity and precaution. The latter part of the buſineſs was abſolutely neceſſary as a counter diviſion was ſeen faſt approaching, whoſe temper was ſo ſharpened by the deſtruction of their houſe of worſhip, that the moſt ſerious conſequences might have enſued, and poor Giffard would have to add another long liſt of Proteſtant champions to Fox's Martyrology.

Mr. Patt Mahon, of Artane, county of Dublin, whoſe houſe was handſomely burnt by a detachment of the Riding-Houſe army, we underſtand, has put in his claim as a creditor on the eſtate of the Triangle Bank, now inſolvent, for the amount of the injury ſuſtained, by the loyal conflagration.

The family of Luke White, who is candidate for the county of Dublin, have become preachers of the goſpel. They are candidates in grace, with the Latouches; but to the credit of the latter, they buy ſtray ſheep for the fold of the Lamb, while the former would convince a ſinner he was aſtray, not by the

the weight of conſcience, but the ſtrength of his back The taws have done wonders; they have made many praiſe the conſtitution in tears and gave reaſonable hope to the Major, that the diſcipline of the triangle would do as much for the Church as it did for the State; but from what we read in Mr. O'Connell's ſpeech, we find the houſe of White are out in their calculations.

Strayed from the Satirist Office.

A black *Pale*—iſh Cur, which anſwers to the name of *Swiftly*—he was invaluable in that department for worrying the *human species*, and *biting them unawares*; he lately took a *sop* for *slipping a patent chain round the neck of his mother old* GRANUAILLE—is *fluke* mou h'd,* – *Pedicularis canis est* –newly cured of the *mange* by ſwallowing the *Dog's vomit*; and is at preſent *sleek and silky, though ill looking*— he has been seen coupled to an *Old Mastiff* called *Clyster*, running down the *Castle-yard*, up Sycamore-Alley, and into *Patriot Kennel*, where the G— pack is kept.—A reward of five ſhilling will be paid to any perſon bringing him home to *Charles the Martyr*, No. 49, Mary's-Street.

CABBAGE AFFINITY.

The public muſt feel, with us, much pain, that any miſunderſtanding which tends to injure the Catholic cauſe, ſhould occur between two very diſtinguiſhed members of the Catholic Body, and that this misfortune ſhould originate in a miſunderſtanding about rank. Mr. John Byrne of Mullinahack, or in other more faſhionable words, John Byrne of Cheltenham, Eſq. expreſſed ſome very indignant feelings at the thanks voted by the Catholics of Ireland to Mr. Finnerty; and further ſaid, his opinion on the ſubject was that expreſſed in all the Coffee Houſes in Cheltenham. Laying aſide Mr Byrne's rent rolls and warehouſes, if the two gentlemen were fairly balanced, as to character, talents, and family, we preſume to ſay Mr. Finnerty has the advantage. As to family, we are poſitive the Herald, on inſpecting their reſpective genealogies, would decide that they are equal on the democratic floor, or, in John's-lane language, they would appear cloſely related, by being Lap-board Couſins, for Peter's father was a Tailor, and John's grandfather was a Tailor. In this Cabbage affinity, John has a very weighty advantage, being one degree removed on the *Tailors compass*; by the induſtry of his parent, he has 15,000*l.* a year more than Peter, which is worth all the antiquity of the two adverſe houſes.

Mr. John Byrne aſpires to the Peerage; if he ſucceeds, it completely leaves Mr. Finnerty much below his countryman. All that prevents the patent of nobility being completed, is, that the nick-name is not determined on. The whole geography of Ireland has been explored, for a diſengaged *Nom de terre*, of handſome ſound, and hiſtorical dignity; and indeed, from the obſcurity that envelopes Iriſh antiquity, we apprehend that there is not a title in the iſland would anſwer; they are like Iriſh clothes, and coaches, not one of them would handſomely fit the repreſentative of the great, though new Houſe of Byrne; ſo that recourſe muſt be had to that ſeat of public virtue, private worth, emporium of intelligence and liberality, the country of *ancient* and *modern* Britons, for aſſiſtance in this difficult buſineſs; and conſequently the *Sept* of the O'Byrnes will

* We believe this alludes to a certain diſeaſe occaſioned by a diſguſting little vermin, which as the Parſon lately ſaid, "is to be found in the heads of beggars,"—and why not of *penſioned Paupers* alſo?

will be honoured by having a LORD CHELTENHAM.

Letters have been received yesterday from an active gentleman in the county of Waterford, describing the insolence, turbulence, and appetites of the lawless and deluded peasantry. Among other acts of insubordination, the fellows have taken a great liking to animal food; such is their passion for it, that it is impossible to describe the avidity with which they chase it, and the dangers they are exposed to in the pursuit A party of them, a few nights ago, entered the elegant and commodious hogstyes of Welbore Weekes, Esq and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the keeper, who assured the ruffians the animals were intended, after an expensive course of regimen, for the use of our English brethren, carried three of the choicest away, and after exhibiting them in different positions, in the pot, and on the spit, devoured them with such savage appetites, and barbarous rejoicings, as would reflect disgrace on a nation of Cannibals.

The winter campaign against the Caravats has commenced, with unusual brilliancy. The English prints are profuse in their praises of the right honorable Lord Donoughmore, for the skill, promptness, and energy evinced by that gallant nobleman, in the different expeditions he so successfully conducts against the common enemy. The hostility the marauders avow against those three ancient and established principles, under which Ireland has so long prospered, namely, bad landlords, tithe proctors, and rack rents, shews the imperious necessity of every enemy to innovation, to join in the common cause of order, to put down an association of *well* fed villains, whose principles if suffered to spread, threatens to shake the pillars of all our social, political, and civil institutions.

Political and Religious Paradoxes.

The brave armies under Sir John Stewart, the hero of Maida, were appointed to Calabria and Sicily, for the avowed purpose of protecting the catholic altars in those countries from French profanation. While this pious expedition was engaged with much success in the modern crusade, the loyal people of Enniskillen and Ban were as busy pulling altars to pieces in Ireland, as Sir John was raising them in Sicily. And though our ministers put the nation to considerable expense, to protect foreign altars, they appear careless of those at home. This is evident, as we have not heard that any expedition has been undertaken, to rescue the Catholics of Ban or Enniskillen from the vexatious inroads of their Vandal neighbours.

The travelling court of Louis the XVIIIth, has been accommodated very politely with a new Catholic place of worship in London, under the patronage of Mr. Perceval, while the catholic chapel of Enniskillen is plundered, and polluted, under the noses of his colleagues.

None but the great are to be saved. The catholic soldier, who is defending the Empire in Spain and Sicily, is denied the consolation of religion, even at his death, while a fugitive nobility, who are a burthen to the state, are allowed every means of attesting their devotion in England.

At the very moment that the marquis of Wellesley was toasting the Pope's health in a bumper, at a Spanish dinner, his brothers, were echoing the War-whoop of No popery in England and Ireland. The Irish Catholic was beating the French at Maida and Talavera, at the same period that his parents were flogged by the Orangemen in Ireland.

The Duke of Richmond in his bounty rewards Mr. Giffard with a pension of 14,00*l.* a year, though we never heard that Giffard made one campaign, either at home or abroad, against the common enemy.

enemy: If Mr. Giffard has not diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his hoſtility to the French, he has done as much, by his enmity to thoſe who are buſy drubbing them. We are told the French are our enemies; and Mr. Giffard is rewarded not for abuſing thoſe enemies, but for ridiculing thoſe who are fighting them. The Iriſh catholic has to contend with Bonaparte in Portugal, and his parents have to encounter Mr. Giffard in Ireland.

Mr. Giffard has four pounds a day for abuſing the catholic, and the catholic has but a ſhilling a day for beating the French!

The Engliſh are eating our proviſions, while we are ſtarving; they call on us not to take ſhare of the banquet, but of the battle.

The Iriſh parent every day witneſſes the effects of an unnatural ſyſtem, that rouſes his feelings to a ſtate of inſanity; his children are taken to one foreign market, and his cattle to another; the comforts of ſocial life are unknown to him; he ſends his ſon out of the reach of the privileged Orangeman, and his cattle untaſted to pay a foreign landlord; he has no child, he has no neighbour but the ſoldier, and the taxgather; he ſleeps in fear, and awakens to unrewarded labours. He pours his curſes on the *friends* he knows; and implores the aſſiſtance of *enemies* to whom he is a ſtranger.

SIR RUEBENS LEGBOARD'S SALE OF PICTURES.

Sir Ruebens will part the pictures he reſerved for his private entertainment, as he is reſolved to devote his great talents, and his whole fancy, to the Lord, to ſwaddling, and to things above. His preſent catalogue is as follows:

No. 1.—The Kettledrummer—a fine painting, done at Ghent by Van Daub—purchaſed by Lord Ligonier for 100 guineas. It is the beſt likeneſs of the celebrated *Mungo Charcoal* the blackamoor of the Ligoniers, a Black Horſe, who was conſidered the firſt pimp of his age. He married into the Legboard family, having eſpouſed Nancy, the grand aunt of Sir Ruebens, a lady much celebrated for the number of her husbands, the whiteneſs of her legs, and her muſical manner of crying Dublin bay herrings.

No 2.—Hackbal, king of the beggars. This is eſteemed the only real likeneſs of his Majeſty of Channel-row, and was purchaſed by his great grandſon, Sir Ruebens, at a large price.—The pipe in his mouth is conſidered by the virtuoſi as *not* ſurpaſſed by any happy touch of modern art.

No. 3.—The Shoe boy is a fine piece, it was lately in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Martin of Cunnemara, and was sold at the auction of Count Kellery to Sir Ruebens, for a large ſum.

No 4.—Attornies at dinner, painted as companion to the famous painting of Wovermans, of highwaymen at ſupper.—The felony of countenance is happily ſoftened down to the pickpocket character; and whilſt it preſerves affinity with the portrait of the robbers by profeſſion, it happily characteriſes the ſecurity that is felt by the profeſſional robber. The original is in the poſſeſſion of *Bob Latitat, of Carlow.*

No. 5.—The Major in meditation, with a bible and dagger before him, is a tolerable painting.

No. 6.—Major S. begging, a good piece.—The ſquator is made too manifeſt. The fleſhy repreſentation of his heels, through the poetical rupture of his hoſe, is natural. The converſion of Tom Reynolds, a copy from Vandyke's picture of the Centurion. Character diſtinguiſhes this piece; the highly finiſhed villain is ſtrongly drafted, and the colouring is excellent Billy Cope is a great likeneſs, and ſhews the painter is maſter of that repreſentation which is ſo difficult, namely, a thing neither like a man, nor a beaſt, and yet both.

Hepenſtal, the walking gallows, dying, a great

a great but frightful piece—deſpair and villany are ſublimely repreſented. The Methodiſt preachers that ſurround him exhibit deſpondence in their *Miſſion*.

Lame Godfrey and Major S—in a gigg, is a good painting—Godfrey's face is well bloated, and the change of the Major's noſe is delicately tinted.

Sir Ruebens Legboard preaching a ſermon, a neat picture in mezzotinto.

Sir Richard Muſgrave fighting a duel, is a good diſplay of the paſſion cowardice worked up to madneſs.

Conway, the Daggerman, writing a critique, or unfolding a tale, is a capital drawing; the little bravo is better expreſſed than in the celebrated picture that Sir Ruebens ſold Alderman Caſh.

The entering of our Lord into Jeruſalem, upon Palm Sunday, by faithful John Pack, hiſtorical and face painter to the Major—this picture is of great dimenſions and exquiſite workmanſhip; what makes this picture of moſt value is, that all the characters are modern, not even the aſs upon which our Lord rides—it being an accurate portrait of the famous *Jacko*, bought from Mallowney the tinker, at the fair of Donnybrook, by faithful John Pack, for the purpoſe of executing this grand piece for Mrs L—'s Swaddling Houſe at Delgany. For this purpoſe, the holy Major ſeated himſelf upon the animal, and obliged John Pack to paint him as the Meſſiah; and we muſt ſay, that it is the beſt painting extant of the ſweet face of the Major—In the crowd, ſtrewing Palm leaves, we obſerve great likeneſſes of Jemmy O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, Tom Reynolds, the Widow Hanlon, Mr. Conway the inuendo man of the meſſenger, Claudius and Sheers Armſtrong. The man who leads the Aſs is Sir Ruebens Legboard, and a fine likeneſs it is—Mrs. L—— is alſo drawn happily in the attitude of adoration. John Pack himſelf as ſinging alleluiah, joined in chorus by lame Godfrey, and the two Majors—this picture will not be ſold to any one but a perſon of experience in the fleſh, as it has been conſecrated by the Big beggarman at the laſt love feaſt of lowly ſwaddlers.

The Blue Coat Hoſpital, an hiſtorical painting, is a fine collection of likeneſſes of ſome of the moſt loyal, ugly, and religious men, that ever ornamented the Corporation of Dublin.—Sir Ruebens is one of the beſt paintings in the piece; he is drawn eating ſtirabout, and the eagerness of the hungry boy is equally well depicted in his face as the heat of the ſtirabout is repreſented by the ſmoke.—Giffard, Gregg the Jailor, Alderman Emerſon, and ſeveral men of city rank, &c. have their vulgar and ugly faces recorded in the piece with the moſt unflattering fidelity.

COX'S NEW SHEW BOX.—

No. 1.

Mr. Cox having engaged Sir Ruebens Legboard, John Pack, ſurnamed the holy, and chief hiſtorical painter to the Major, with Solomon Williams, to finiſh for him a gallery, hiſtorical of the affairs of 1798. He has got this great work reduced, and he now exhibits, at a penny a head, in his ſhew-box at Abbey ſtreet, the following ſubjects: We underſtand that Cox himſelf acts as Shew Man, and Mr. Huddleſton the Engliſh Catholic note-taking Captain to Tipperary Fitzſimons, and the popiſh Club, ſurnamed the Committee, have reported the following exhibition of Watty Cox, made during laſt Thurſday.

The following report may be taken as accurate:—Look ye, gentlemen, and mind your eye. There you see before ye the trial of Oliver Bond for high treaſon; the man to the left of the priſoner is the famous Trefham Gregg the Jailor, and the man with the wig is the noted Bladderchops You obſerve that brazen ruffian holding the book; he is Tom Reynolds, and the two men ſmiling to the right, are Major Rowdedow and the Majors. The horrid looking

looking Monſter under one of them, that is taking an orange from the Major, is Jemmy O'Brien. Obſerve the ſteady effrontery of the witneſs, and the loyal confidence he manifeſts—the little man to the left of M'Nally is not a turnkey of Newgate; that is the very worthy Billy C—, the precurſor of the political Saviour of Ireland. Mind, gentlemen, the countenance of the audience; it well exhibits thirſt for blood and cruel omnipotence.

Next, gentlemen, what you ſhall ſee is what you do ſee; it is the flogging of Billy Horniſh the Sweep chimney, in the Riding houſe, for making himſelf Lord Charlemont—the long fellow cutting his breeches is Claudius; the red crowd about him are all attorneys—the Papiſt looking fellow is T. O'Mara, and the cold ſmiling maypole man near him is Valiſe Coats, who has been tranſported for robbery. Look, gentlemen, all around at the dying and dead of the Riding-houſe, and let me ſhew you, gentlemen, what you ſee it is.

The Battle of Naas; the man running away upon the grey horſe is Colonel Wardle—and theſe you ſee following, are a number of ancient Britons; the no-quarter corps ſeem to wiſh to bring them back, and to fly after them for that purpoſe—you obſerve a number of cabbins beautifully burning, and ſeveral old women's heads appearing through the flames; the few ſoldiers about the young girl on the right of the haycock are the Suffolk Fencibles—the old woman ſhot hrough the head is her mother, and is the celebrated Molly Doran.

Next, look ye, gentlemen, to that beautiful piece the maſſacre of Carlow; there to the right you see the crowd of countrymen on their knees, and the ſhop boys laughing at them, whilſt they blow out their brains. Obſerve the ſhooting from the windows; the big burly fellow firing from the window, is the beſt man in Carlow; and the long leering fellow, cutting off the dead man's head, is Bob Sub Subpœna the Attorney.

Next, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee Jemmy O'Brien and the Major ſupporting the conſtitution: they are at preſent ſearching for diſaffected ſilver ſpoons in a croppy houſe, the old woman in a faint is Mrs. Ratigan of Dirty-lane; the old woman near her is her old Cook. Jemmy, as you ſee, whiſpering the Major, is telling him that there are ſome diſloyal guineas above ſtairs, and adviſing him to burn the houſe if they are not produced.

Next, gentlemen, I ſhew you the ſacking of Tom Braughall's houſe, by the Attornies—you ſee Crawley the murderer defending the ſtate, and breaking open the deſk—obſerve the joy of the fellow with the broken noſe, on perceiving the treaſon wrapt up in the rouleau's, and his ecſtaſy in fobbing the guineas; to his right is lame G— and Juſtice D—, ſupporters of Church and State; and the fellow broaching the hog-head of wine, and handing a tankard of it to another, is Hanlon the informer—the little man in black is Tom Braughall; he is now ſuſtaining the abuſe of Alderman James, who has a great eye towards the deſk, and the traitorous guineas.

I next ſhew you the battle of the Coombe, in which lame D— gained his laurels, and two black eyes; obſerve D— getting into the cobler's bulk, to ſave a loyal citizen's life; the troops that are flying into the Poddle Hole are the Police, under the command of big Wilſon, the tax man.

Next obſerve the execution of Jemmy O'Brien; the man hanging by the rope is poor Jemmy; the man with the handkerchief to his eyes, is the Major; the bloody mob huzzaing is all about him; obſerve the treaſon and popery of all their faces.

Next, I have to ſhew the great Carhampton ſending the ſoldiers to Father Ryan of Leixlip to do him—

the

the high cheek bones of the Scots Soldiers shew they have been busier since they came here, flogging and burning, than eating;—the ugly creature near him is the great Doctor Brickel, the School Master, his Father Confessor and panegyrist (which, says an old woman, is the Lord, and which the ugly Parson?) Which you please, says Watty.

Observe ye, gentlemen, that flashing young fellow, with his fist up to that little yellow scribbling cur; that is Captain Maguire, paying a domiciliary visit to Conway the daggerman, who defamed him by an inuendo; the Captain is going to unfold a tale to him; he is telling Con that he'll shoot a corner off of him.

FIRES, FIRES!

The Union, the dreadful Union, is burning a great city; the first man who preserves his property by Fire, is the most prudent; fire, as an antidote, appears to be appreciated as a medicine; it enables a man who has courage to emigrate from a city in a state of decline, to ask his property from British adventurers; the GLOBE, the ALBION, that is to say, the World, or England, are ready to pay a man's passage to other climes. They offer the highest premium for emigration; and the first bidder, by inverting the order of auctions, is the best bidder; the quicker he speculates on fire, the more fortunate. The subject is a burning one, and a timely retreat is a good retreat. He that wants wisdom, must be a stranger to heat; he is exposed to cold, and must inherit want; burning is an experiment, and has been tried by the loyal. The Orangeman burnt at one period, to save the constitution; he nows burns to save himself; it's now mill work, it was then cabbin work.

GUNNIESS and COX.

American and Irish Prosperity compared.

An American paper says, that a spot of land in the villages of Utica, at the corner of two streets, was lately sold at the rate of three hundred thousand dollars an acre, which might have been purchased 25 years since for one dollar an acre. This village is situated on the Mohawk, 100 miles from Albany, on the site of the old fort Schylor, and in the centre of business in the western part of the state of New York. In 1794, there were only two houses on the spot, now, in the compass of one mile, there are probably 2500 inhabitants. What a melancholy reverse does one of the finest Islands, form to this picture of American happiness. America escaped a Union. Instead of Fosters, Clares, Beresfords, she had her Franklins, Paynes, Washingtons, and Jeffersons, and to their efforts in the field, and in the Cabinet, she owes her delivery from the frightful condition of having her laws enacted in a foreign legislature.

So rapidly is Dublin going to decay, may be seen, by inspecting the list of entries in the last week of December. On Thursday, 27th December, the imports of the day consisted of 116 hogsheads of whiting, and one cask of Malaga Wine, from Liverpool. On Friday, one cask of Malaga Wine and 800 bundles of rod iron. On Saturday, 10 packages of painters colours, 143 yards of floor cloth, and two cases of plated ware. The Custom House is literally useless, in Commercial affairs. It really is nothing but an Hospital, endowed at the expence of industry, for the support of 300 idle fellows, who should more properly be employed on board the Fleet, or in the House of Industry. During the Summer and Autumn, it gives employment to nine labourers, to pick up the grass that grows in front of this gloomy Custom House.

IRISH MUSIC.

In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France, a celebrated professor of music, named JOHN BAPTISTE LULLY, resided at PARIS. An unfortunate exiled Irishman having dined in company with the musician and other French gentlemen; after dinner, when their spirits became exhilarated by sparkling Champagne, the sprightly Frenchmen began to sing, but perceiving the Irishman not partaking of their mirth, they bantered him for his sadness.—He informed them, that if it could promote their pleasure, he would sing an Irish song, which they willingly consented to hear.

Possessing a good voice, understanding his native language well, and animated with his subject, he sung, with great feeling and energy, an air, which had been composed in the first age of our political misfortunes, by a celebrated Irish Bard. The Frenchmen, although ignorant of the language, were much affected with the sweetness of the Irish song; and Lully the musician, who had listened with marked attention to the Irishman while singing, as soon as he had finished, exclaimed, "That is the music of a people who have lost their Liberties."

Letter from Carlow.

SIR,

My health having greatly declined in the city, I was obliged to seek country air; so have made Carlow my residence; it is delightfully situated: the plains that surround it may be truly called the granary of Dublin. It contains about 8000 inhabitants, including the suburbs. But as it is probable that it may be the subject of a future letter, I will for the present forbear entering further on the merits of the town, or the situation of its wretched inmates; and proceed to give you an account of a conversation that took place, in the Carlow News-room, a place where the gentlemen meet to discuss politics. Anxious to witness the conduct of men, of whom I heard various accounts, I was resolved that no part of their's should escape my observation; my friend and I entered at an early hour; in a few minutes, the room began to fill with men, whose countenances form the finest contrast in the world, to those of Cicero or Senca; there were two of them that seemed to command peculiar attention; at least, they commanded mine. One of them appeared to be as well known by the name of MAJOR, as your *own* 'MAJOR,' as you call him, and it is thought would be as active in the cause of Orangism, if he had but the same temptation. He is a sharp-looking, tall, thin, awkward-going kind of man; but for the latter defect he is not much to blame, unless it be considered a crime in a Major to be a coward! as he received a wound in the East Indies, which would have been an eternal disgrace to him, had he lived in the days of Homer; for he received it in the back! ! Well might the poet say, 'all are not men that bear the human form;' had he turned his *back* on the *heroes* of *Marengo* or *New-Ross*, then indeed he might have some pretensions to rank as a man in society: but to *run* from half-naked, half-starved Indians! O shame! shame! what soldier but must blush for the character of his country? or citizen but feel for the degradation of man?

The other, a man, or rather a mountain, whose size we shall not look upon again: he appeared to have as many coats on him as the Grave-digger in Hamlet, each as close round his neck as he was wont to fit the rope round the victims of his *favorite massacre*. His cheeks are crimsoned, some say, with drinking too freely of the claret of 98; and that it would be as difficult to wash the purple from his face as from the hands of Lady Macbeth. I understand he has been Colonel M—'s best Jackall during the late slaughtering season.

In a little time a meagre countenance appeared at the door, with a bundle of something in his hands; all rushed forward, as I thought, to seize him: at first I imagined he was a French spy, or for ought I knew, Bonaparte himself; that my Lord Blaney might have *captured* and sent home as a *substitute*, but I was sadly disappointed by a cry of *Patriot, Patriot*, from an hundred voices at once: it was the waiter that arrived with the Papers of the morning: all was on tiptoe, every hand was extended to see who could first seize the prize. As there were but ten of them arrived, and but six could conveniently read each paper, some were obliged to read the Dublin Journal, others the Correspondent, &c. &c.; there still remained some on the table, and my friend and I came forward and found the Freeman, and Evening Post, not even opened. I asked him if he had the Herald? 'Hush, hush,' he replied, 'are you mad, man?' I rung the bell, for I was somewhat angry, at seeing so little attention paid to a stranger, and called for the last number of the *Irish Magazine;* every head was raised in an instant, sudden as when a terrified congregation hears the roof crack, and really I thought my clothes were singed by the fire of their eyes; all was one general murmur; each asked the other who is he? "by H—s," said the Major, "he is that arch traitor, Fin—y; I recollect him very well, at the last Popish meeting." "By G—d," said the BEST and largest of the company, "it's not Fin—y, it's Cox himself." I began to think of Ulysses in the cave, nor was my situation very dissimilar, for I had my Polyphemus as well as he, and the best of the two, for mine had two eyes. Every one seemed anxious to question me; at length one of them approached; he is a sallow, tallow, yellow looking fellow, marked in the face by Bacchus, just as Bonaparte markes sea pirates, with the letters V. D. You would take him for an astronomer, his head is so elevated, but for the vulgarity of his countenance; he is a great annoyance to the mails passing to and from Dublin, on account of the crowd of shoemakers and taylors that surround his house. But to tell you what this man is, 'aye, there's the rub;' at any rate there can be no harm in telling you, Mr. *Cox*, because I know you will keep it to yourself; he is a Minister of the es—es—es—es—established c—! I am ashamed to write it, though it is not treason, I believe; perhaps it may be a libel, because true. "Pray, sir," said the reverend Divine, "where are you from?" What right have you to ask? I replied, "Come, come," said the Minister, "by G–d, sir, you must give an account of yourself; don't think it's in Tipperary you are; by Hea—s there is not a drop of Popish blood in the house but your own, (looking round) and two more; are you, sir, (he continued) so ignorant of the character of the gentlemen of Carlow? I thought their loyalty was too well established, since the murder of 470 labourers! ! ! to be suspected of encouraging such a publication as the Irish Magazine." By this time I was myself again, and asked the Minister did he not think the present government a *loyal, good, virtuous, impartial government?* "Why do you ask such a question?" said the Man of God; "there is no one would quction the purity of our government, but lazy, drunken, naked, half-starved wretches, that would neither pay tithes nor taxes, if they could help it." "Because," said I, "the Irish Magazine could not be printed but by its permission; but I think you laid a peculiar emphasis on the words *our government*, and I think you are right in the expression, for *your* Government it is, no doubt, and the government of every place-man and pensioner, from the Minister to his spy, or from the mitre to the sexton." He was going to reply, but happily for me, there was passing by a large bullock, and the house was emptied in a moment, which gave me an opportunity of making my escape, or this letter could not have been written by

A CARLOW FRIEND.

Catholic

1. Catholics believe that the Church is supported from failing in the faith or doctrine of morals, by the mightiness of the promise and assurance made to his Disciples by CHRIST, before he disappeared.

2. That the Church, in virtue of the mission established, first in Christ, and from him derived and transferred to his Apostles, holds a divine right for preaching the faith, for defining the faith, for exercising the stewardship of divine mysteries, in administering and with-holding the sacraments to the worthy and from the unworthy.

3. That this right of preaching, defining, administering and with-holding the faith and sacraments, is a right, entirely distinct from, and unamenable to all merely human authority, invention, ordinance, or force. For if this right be possessed, it is possessed immediately from the bestowing of CHRIST; and who shall wrest a heavenly gift from them to whom CHRIST has transferred it, to be holden of him alone.

4. That in preaching the faith and defining it, in preaching the doctrine of morals and defining it, the Church must speak, and cannot but speak the truth; for echoing to the oracle of CHRIST, she but emits his words.

5. That the doctrine of the Church, as proposed to the learned, is in the living letter of the Scriptures (not that letter of the law which murdered the CHRIST, but the hand-writing of the Deity, on the believing heart) attested, interpreted and combined, by the unanimous testimony of ages, and by the best men of every age. Secondly, That the doctrine of the Church exists in the creeds, authentic prayers, and acknowledged councils of the Church.

6. That for the unlearned, the doctrine of the Church is found in that which is generally taught and acquiesced in, as the necessary condition for holding the communion of the Church.

7. That the true Church, whatever be its name, is that which never went forth from a previously existing society of Christians; that whether there exist such a true Church or not, every sect going forth becomes its own founder; and therefore, is not the Church founded on the unconquerable rock, on which CHRIST has built, foreseeing the storms: that this exterior mark being unequivocal must be true, as every other test or pretension, viz. purity of doctrines, alledged errors, and such like disputable pleas, have no limit in nature, and are always brought forward on either side, in every contradiction of parties and opinions. Under the written law, the mark of the covenant was circumcision; in the law of grace, it is constancy.

8. The Creeds received by the Catholics, are called as follow: the Apostles, the Nicene, the Athanasian, and that professed in the general, or fourth council of Lateran, as well as in that of Constance; lastly, that called of Pius, promulgated after the council of Trent. The authentic prayers are the Liturgy, and order for the administration of sacraments.

9. A general council is called so unequivocally and strictly; in the former sense, it means a congregation of Bishops, so numerous as to represent, by its multitude, a deliberating body for the Church: in the strict sense, it indicates a body which has been allowed and acknowledged to have spoken the voice of the Church on those matters, in which the Church has, by Catholic principles, not only the exclusive right of teaching, but the certainty of teaching the truth.

10. The objects of Church authority, must be distinguished into things of magistracy and matters of profession: the things of magistracy are, for example; 1. Ordaining Priests and Bishops, and applying the power of the keys to absolve the penitent. 2. Judging the persons of accused, and acquitting and condemning. In these objects of magistracy, the Church holds an independent right, but not an unerring right, and may be, and probably, has been

been frequently, and will be frequently mistaken, through the failure, imperfections and ignorance of men, as well as the uncertainty of proof; for as *Gerson* has said, in the council of Constance, "It is certain that there is but one just Judge of the good and bad, he who searches hearts; when men judge, it is but determining according to what is alledged and supported by proof, and this proof depending on the honesty and judiciousness of witnesses, which may vary as well as the sense and sentiments of the judges themselves." It is evident that, even in those acts of magistracy, which we have mentioned, a general Council may judge unjustly; for this, *Bossuet*, in his defence of the Gallican liberties, observes, "when they (our adversaries) will argue that general Councils may judge ignorantly, we are so far from denying the assertion, that we go farther, and add, that they may not only err, but be iniquitous in personal judgments; for whereas the inerrancy of the Councils, is but a consequence of the inerrancy of the Church, for which Councils pretend to consult and speak, and as the Church is unerring, by virtue of the promise of CHRIST alone, and this promise is evidently made to the Church, *teaching the Gospel*, not judging facts or men, the same reverence to CHRIST, through which we receive his promises, in the first case, determines us to know, that unsupported by such promise, no human institution can be without error or folly, "to the end that all flesh may not boast in his presence."

11. It is therefore in matters of profession with regard to *faith*, and in matters of doctrine with regard to morals. It is in these two points alone, the Catholics are *bound* to look for no higher authority than the Church defining.

12. Definitions of *faith* and *morals* are therefore of equal authority over the minds of Catholics, and both are to be received with equal submission. A definition of *faith* is a declaration, first, concerning any attribute, perfection, or property of the DEITY, as revealed in scripture, or necessarily flowing from that which is revealed. Secondly, concerning the nature, dignity, and works of CHRIST. Thirdly, concerning his sacraments. Fourthly, concerning his Church. Fifthly, concerning his grace and future life. A definition in *morals*, is concerning that which it is lawful or unlawful, for ever, for a christian man to do or omit.

13. From the nature of these twofold definitions, it is evident, that the first refers to what is *verum in se*, the second to what is *bonum in se*, as far as the shifting nature of language in denoting ideas will permit.

14. The authority of general Councils being derived from the imputed representation of the Church, it is plain that no matters, *not given to the Church by Divine right*, can be pronounced upon by a Council *with the power of Divine right*. The teaching body may indeed become a temporal or legal corporation, or senate, or sovereignty, by the vicissitudes of time, by stratagems, services or crimes: but the power gained by the sword will be lost by the sword. The teaching body may become the temporal legislator, and may legislate in temporal things, under the title of the Church; to these temporal acts, no promise of divine succour is annexed; to this temporal legislation, no mission had been given. It is necessarily frail and fallible, and tending, like all power and all prosperity, to selfishness, rigour, and inhumanity. The Catholic faith has often been assaulted by the hand of human law; it has been often befriended by human laws; and whether it has been more distressed by the alliance or barbarity of power, it is impossible to determine: the state of peace is that which favours human nature and christian religion.

15. From what we have said, it is evident, that neither the *reasons* or *motives* of the Church, even in defining, are infallible, nor to be received as such,

nor

nor the actions of councils, of any species: in the first case, because the suggestion of the faith alone is promised; in the second, because not even the shadow of a promise is pleadable.

Anecdote of Lord Townsend.

When this noble lord was appointed to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and his arrival in the port of Dublin was announced to the Lord Mayor, whose duty it was to wait on the new Viceroy, and present him the keys of the city, agreeable to ancient custom, to grace the ceremony, it was necessary that the Lord Mayor should appear in his official costume, which principally consisted of a silk gown and a large full-bottomed wig. Unfortunately the wig was not at home, as it had been a few hours before deposited with Mr. Ross, of Exchange-street, common-council-man and barber, for the purpose of having it properly adjusted, to meet the expected deputy of Royalty. Messengers after messengers were dispatched for the wig, but without any success, as Ross was out, shaving a dead Sheriff's-peer, and had the key of the warehouse in his pocket. This unfortunate incident the Mayor could not account for, nor could his interview with Lord Townsend be dispensed with, particularly as intelligence had been received of his landing on George's-quay; so that the business appeared to be left for execution without the wig, and for the purpose the municipal magistrate departed with a heavy heart and light head. He had just got as far as the Hospital for Incurables, on Lazor's-hill, when he met the Lord Lieutenant's carriage, and after the usual salutations, he presented the keys. At the critical moment who should appear but the *Shaver*, pressing through the crowd, bearing the potent wig on his hand, and advancing with the most mechanical exactness, placed it on the head of its owner. The ridiculous anxiety of the barber, and the embarrassment which it occasioned to the chief magistrate, threw the surrounding populace into fits of laughter, in which his Excellency joined with the greatest good humour.

Growing Prosperity.

While the cities of United America are advancing in trade and population, Dublin is rapidly decaying; its merchants are bankrupts, its artificers are starving; an immense army occupy the houses of the emigrated nobility and gentry. The Custom-house is deserted, ship-building and commerce are banished, and nothing presents itself to the public eye but military preparations and a haggard population. The Auctioneers' hammer is heard in the counting-house, and the Soldier is revelling in the palaces. Every vestige of even the sickly enervated opulence which a hired Parliament allowed us, is erased. We are told by the hireling press of our prosperity, of the protecting egis of the British Constitution, of the equality of the laws, and of the just and necessary wars, in which our industry and blood are so profusely wasted. We would ask those profligate panegyrists, what is left for the people of Ireland of any substantial value, for the sacrifices they are compelled to make? We defy them to produce one instance of public happiness, or *growing prosperity*, while we could cite a million of melancholy facts. Our people are deprived of the necessaries of life, by the exportation of their food, and deprived of employment, by the importation of foreign manufactures. They have been flogged by their representatives, and afterwards sold by them; it may be said of them, they have been brought to the British Market, bound and mangled, for their wounds were still open, and the fire of their cabins was scarcely quenched. They compose four-fifths of the British armies on actual service, and are denied the consolation

consolation of their religion; as a learned gentleman expresses it, "they fight like heroes, and are obliged to die like dogs."

To show the fatal effects of the Union, we will, by a comparison between the condition of New-York, that happily escaped such a measure, and Dublin, that has been the involuntary victim of the detested experiment.

In the Year beginning January, 1810, not more than thirty houses were built in Dublin, while, in the same period, by an Official Report before us, it appears that 643 were built and finished in New-York; and further, the decline of Dublin may be evidently proved by the decrease of our artificers. In the year 1798, there were 2661 regular journeymen carpenters in the body, as they term it, besides a considerable number who are not deemed regular by the others, not less than 1000. In the year 1810, the journeymen carpenters amounted to no more than 221 ! ! !

Frauds on the Recruiting Service.

We understand, from a respectable quarter, that an arrangement is to take place in the education and care of apprentice boys, in the different manufactories in England. A very shameful and pernicious custom, to a great extent, is practised by masters and proprietors of manufacturing houses, to the great injury of the rising generation, and ultimately to the common safety. As soon as a boy is indented, the master begins a series of operations on the child's thighs, legs, or feet, which in time causes a deformity and lameness; this horrid business is done with a view of checking the aspiring spirit which is inseparable from a British breast, and one day or other animates a young Briton with the glories of the 'tented field;' but this daring principle is suppressed by the avarice of masters, who think, by the above means, to make the deformed creatures their properties during life. We remember, in a great scarcity of men, a few years ago, the recruiting service was obliged to apply even to the manufactories, and succeeded; but the regiments so formed from them, were not fit for any active service. One regiment, in particular, was on Dublin duty, but the men were so incapable of removing themselves in any reasonable time, from one position to another, that there were general orders issued, they should not appear in the streets, in the busy hours of the day, as carriages frequently injured them, whenever they attempted to cross any wide passage, being literally unable to clear the way, but at great peril. During the short period they were on Dublin duty, his Majesty lost 990*l.* by them, calculating sixty of them, who were trampled on, at 16*l.* 10*s.* each.

Translation of the Charter of Kilkenny.

(CONTINUED.)

(139) We have granted likewise, and by these presents for us, our heirs, and successors, do grant unto the said Mayor and Citizens of said city, and their successors for the time being, that they, and every of them, (140) and likewise all and every of their representatives or Deputy Mayors for the time being, (141) and the Recorder of said city, and his successors, for the time being; and likewise each and every Alderman of the said city, who hereafter shall be Mayor of the said city, shall and may be, after they have quitted their Mayoralty, Justices of the Peace, and Keepers of the Rolls of the Peace, for the said city, and county of the said city of Kilkenny, and all and each of the parishes aforesaid, and within the bounds and limits of the same. (142) And we will that these Justices, or any two of them, (of whom we will, that the Mayor for the time being, or his deputy, be one,) may and shall have full power and authority

to

to preserve and cause to be preserved the peace of us, our heirs and successors, within the said city and county of the said city of Kilkenny. (143) And also to cause no be observed each and every ordinance and statute made, or to be made in furtherance of the peace of us, our heirs and successors, for the peaceable government of us and our people, in all and every respect touching them, within the city, and county of the said city of Kilkenny, according to the force, form and effect of the same. (144) And to make all those who have threatened any one or more of us, our heirs, and successors' people, with any bodily harm, or the burning of their houses, to come before them and find sufficient security for the peace, and for their good behaviour to us, our heirs' and successors' people. (145 And if they refuse to find such security, then to cause them to be kept safe in our, our heirs' and successors' jail or prison, within the said city, and county of the same, until they find such security. (146) And that the said Justices of Peace, for the time being, of the said city, may and shall inquire, according to the oath of *honest* and *legal men* of the county of the said city, (by whom the truth of the matter may be better known) of all, and all manner of murders, felonies, robberies, thefts, larcenies, sorceries, transgressions, forestallers, regraators, and extortioners in the city, and county of the city aforesaid, and within the limits and precincts of the same; and of all and singular other crimes, and offences committed or to be committed or perpetrated within the said city, or county of the said city, liberties or precincts of the same; or which shall hereafter happen to be committed, or attempted there; or whereof our, our heirs', or successors' Justices of the Peace, by any person, or by any other means, could or ought to enquire. (147) As also of all and singular persons who have offended, or attempted, or hereafter shall presume to offend or attempt, in the said city of Kilkenny, or in the county of the same city, liberties or precincts thereof, in the abuse of weights and measures, and in selling victuals against the form these ordinances and statutes, or any of them, enacted for the common benefit of our, our heirs' and successors' people, of our kingdom of Ireland. (148) As also of all constables, and other officers, who in the execution of their offices have *unduly* behaved themselves, or hereafter shall presume *unduly* to behave themselves, or who shall be, or hereafter happen to be, either *remiss*, *careless* or *negligent* in the city, and county of the said city, or within the liberties and precints of the same; and to chastise and punish those delinquents, and every of them for their faults, by fines, ransoms, amerciaments, forfeitures, and by other means, as according to the law and customs of our kingdom of Ireland, or the form of the ordinances, or statutes, aforesaid, it hath been used, or ought to be done. (149) And we will, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do command, that no other Justices of the peace, of any other county or city, or within the liberties or precincts of the same, may for ever hereafter, any way intermeddle with any matters belonging, or appertaining to the Justices of the Peace, happening or arising in the said city. or county of the said city, liberties or precincts thereof. (150) And further, of our special grace and certain knowledge, and mere motion, we grant unto the said Mayor and Citizens of the city, and county of the city aforesaid, and to their successors, that if it shall happen that the Mayor of the said city, for the time being, is so sick and indisposed, that he cannot attend the necessary business of the said city; or for any other reasonable cause, goes out of the said city, that then, and so often, it shall be lawful for the Mayor, for the time being, of the said city, to make substitute, depute, constitute and

and name one *honest* and *discreet* man of the Aldermen, who shall have been in the office of Mayor before, or the senior Alderman residing in the said city, during the time of such deputation, to be the *Deputy* of the Mayor for the time being so sick, or absent, for a reasonable cause, as aforesaid, to be continued in the said office, during the absence or sickness of the Mayor of the said city for the time being; (151) Which said Alderman so deputed, or constituted in the office of Deputy-Mayor, may be able, and have power to do and execute, by virtue of these presents, during the absence or sickness of the Mayor, for the time being, all and singular those things which do, or ought to belong to the office of Mayor, or to the office of Escheator or Clerk of the Market, of the city and county of the said city, so *fully*, *freely* and *entirely*, and in as ample a manner and form as the Mayor of said city, or the Escheator or Clerk of the market of the said city, could do or execute; (152) having first taken his corporal oath before the said Mayor of the said city for the time being, *rightly*, *truly* and *faithfully* to execute, all and singular things belonging to or touching the said offices. (153) And furthermore, we will, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do grant unto the said Mayor and Citizens of the said city, and their successors, that they and their successors, or the greater part thereof, (of whom the Mayor is to be one) may and shall have power from time to time for ever, as often as they shall think it expedient to make, constitute and appoint one of the citizens of the said city, to be Clerk of the Tholsel or Town-Clerk of the said city, to execute all and every thing belonging to the said office of Town-Clerk, in as ample a manner and form as the Town-Clerk of any other city or town, in our kingdom of Ireland, can do or execute. (154) And that the said Town-Clerk so named, constituted and appointed shall, in the presence of the said Mayor, take his corporal oath, *duly* and *faithfully* to execute all and every thing, regarding the said office, according to the will of the Mayor and Citizens of the said city, or the greater part thereof, of whom we will the Mayor to be one. (155) And we will moreover, and by these presents for us, our heirs, and successors do grant, unto the said Mayor and Citizens of Kilkenny and their successors, that the Town-Clerk of the said city, for the time being, and his successor and successors, for the time being, shall be hereafter for ever Clerks of our Peace, in the said city, and county of the said city, aforesaid. (156) And that they may have and exercise all and every power belonging to that office, in as ample a manner and form as any Clerk of our Peace, in any county, or county of city in any part of our kingdom of Ireland, is qualified to execute or do, (157) and that they may receive from thence, all and every *fee*, *profit* and *emolument* arising therefrom. (158) And that no other Clerk of the Peace of us, our heirs and successors, shall on any account intermeddle with the said office of Clerk of the Peace of said city. (159) And from our more abundant special grace, and certain knowledge, and mere motion, we have granted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do grant unto the said Mayor and Citizens of Kilkenny, and to their successors, that they and their successors may for ever have one Court of Record in the said city. (160) And that they may and shall be able, on Tuesdays and on Fridays in each week, to hold the said Court in the Tholsel of said city, or in any other convenient place within the said city, without any hindrance from us, our heirs or successors, holding the places of Justices, Deputies, Escheators, Sheriffs, Seneschals, Bailiffs, or any other officer or minister, whatsoever, of us, our heirs or successors, or as often as it shall be necessary to be held

his s, before the Mayor of said city, and of successors, and before the Recorder dep aid city, or his or their deputy or counties. (161) And that in the same rt they demand, real, personal, and mixed, as well of all and every territory and tenement within the city and county of the said city, and within the parishes or any of them aforesaid, and their limits, boundaries and precincts, as of all and every debt, to whatever sum, or sums it may amount. (162) And that they may and shall have power to hear, examine, discuss and determine, all and every manner of pleas of debts, accounts, trespasses, conventions, detinues, deceptions, contracts, causes, matters and demands whatsoever. And that court shall be the court of Record. (163) And further we will, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do grant unto the Mayor and Citizens of said city, and their successors, that the Mayor of the said city, for the time being, be clerk of the Market, within the said city, and county of the said city, suburbs, precincts and liberties of the same. (164) And that they and their successors may have, perform and execute the *assize* and *assay* of bread, wine, and ale; the keeping and the *assize* of measures and weights, and of all other things whatsoever that belong to the clerk of the market in the said city and county of the said city of Kilkenny; and may duly punish trespasses of the said assize of bread, wine, and ale, and may correct and amend the defects of measures and weights, and other things belonging to the clerks of the market of the said city and county of the same. (165) And that no other clerk of the market, or any other officer or minister of us, our heirs and successors, shall enter or dare to enter into the said city or county of the said city, to the limits or precincts of the same, to do or execute any thing belonging to or touching the said office. (166) And that all profits and issues of such *assize* and *assay*, arising in the said city and county of the said city, may belong to the Mayor and citizens of said city, and their successors; for the assistance and relief of the citizens of said city and their successors, without any share to be given to us, our heirs or successors hereafter, for ever.

(To be continued.)

Burning of English Manufactures,
BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

This terrible expedient to annihilate every trace of English enterprize, is put into force by every Sovereign and State on the Continent. It is not only the forerunner of the extirpation of British industry, but an evidence of the degraded condition of all the ancient dynasties. The wretched King of Prussia is reduced to the humbled condition of a common executioner; for he must attend in person to see the faggot applied to every species of British produce, colonial or manufactured. Within the last month, he had no less than 1,400 hogsheads of Sugars burnt, in the same manner precisely that cabins were burnt in Ireland, with all the forms of military parade, drums beating, and musquets firing. To the discredit of our country, Buonaparte's system of burning has been borrowed from the advice of an Irishman, who, near a century since, advised us, in our own defence, to burn every thing English, except the coals. DEAN SWIFT, a Protestant divine, must very justly be accused of this horrid system, so wickedly imitated by a Popish adventurer: and to aggravate every loyal and constitutional feeling, a Protestant Prince, to the disgrace and terror of the Protestant interest, and humiliation of the *Protestant Ascendancy*, is the agent of this dreadful measure: a mere hangman is the representative of the house of Brandenburg become, in the service of a Popish Despot; a man who once dictated to the North of Europe, who aspired to the Roman Empire; a man who bought Irish Rebels as he would dogs, to punish them for their treasons. The *Protestant interest*, and the commercial grandeur

of Britain, are crumbling into pieces, by the very hand that once wielded the conquering sword of the Great Frederic, in the legitimate causes of Kings, of Religion, and Commerce. And even after submitting to these base and profane terms, what is the condition of this once great monarch? He is obliged to pawn his crown jewels, to pay his enemy the expence of pulling him down; and even here the climax of his debasement does not finish. The Great Frederic's successor has received a *written notice that his license to reign is withdrawn; that he must provide himself with some other employment.* Oh! horrid BUONAPARTE! you have the insolence to order FREDERIC *to depart;* you dare to say *that he* "LEASES TO REIGN." *Shocking impiety! dreadful sacrilege! to whom shall an unfortunate Prince look for succour, for reinstatement on the Throne of his august Ancestors?* If the *Ban Infantry, the Riding-house Bloodhounds, Woulaghan, and the Enniskilleners refuse their aid,* the House of Brandenburgh must inevitably be erased from the list of Monarchs.

BAPTISMAL FETE.

On Tuesday, 25th December, being Christmas day, the worthy and pious Major gave a religious and brotherly *fete champetre*, at his newly acquired seat near Rathmines, for the purpose of bestowing on it a name, which might convey to posterity the virtues and loyalty of its humane possessors.—At four o'clock, the Major took the chair, and after delivering a pious exhortation to his sanctified auditory, proceeded to perform the ceremony of baptizing the Villa; Messrs. La Touche and Dugdale appeared as sponsors, and expressed much satisfaction at the happy and holy distortions of countenance from which beamed all the illuminations of grace and thankfulness. The manner of throwing up his eyes, so concealed the pupils by holy ecstacy, that the whitened spaces appeared like two little heavens scarcely lit by descending suns, whose orbs were scarcely visible. In, this transport of spirit the company joined with the exclamation of *holy! holy! holy!* and the rapture of inspiration terminated in a slumbering swoon, from which they were awakened by a hymn, struck from the lungs of brother Kent, the baconer.

After this impressive act of Methodistical rhapsody, Mr. Latouche proposed that the sacred spot should be called "*Golgotha,*" as the most appropriate name; while Mr. Dugdale argued, from many excellent precedents, for its being called the "*Field of Blood;*" but the Major happily reconciled the difference, by proposing that it might be called "*Potters Field.*" On the propriety of this appellation, Mr. La Touche assented, in a pathetic and manly piece of eloquence; and to confirm his opinion, by reading aloud the ten first verses of the 27th chapter of St. Mathew.

The parties then sat down to dinner, and the "*Potters Field,*" *and its benevolent Possessor,* were drank with much zeal and decorum; after which, the *Major* delivered a most edifying discourse to the *neighbours in arms,* who assembled on the loyal occasion, and echoed the words of their commander, by three cheers, for the *Potters Field* and the *Major!*

HEN CATCHING.

A *certain fat Lady*, the wife of a *Coachmaker*, who keeps a Villa near ARTANE, has taken such a dislike to the *crowing of Cocks* and the *cackling of Hens*, that she has *determined* to have the whole race of domestic fowl removed from the neighbourhood; particularly she insists, that the poor people who keep cabins on the road, through which her carriage passes, shall be interdicted from entertaining fowl: for this humane purpose, she has applied to Mr. Justice Axletree, to assist in the capture and transportation of the offending *Poultry*; and so implicitly are her wishes fulfilled, that a detachment of the Police scours the country with as much vigilance and military parade, as if an army of *Caravats* were to be brought to battle.

A Sermon

TO THE DAGGER SOCIETY,

In behalf of Children made Orphans, by the Law of the Land, or in other words, whose Fathers were hanged through "Vigour beyond the Law," *in support of the Constitution, in* 1798.

"Ye will go into hell-fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels."

Brethren in loyalty and faith,—The comfortable text which I have chosen, is taken from that holy instrument which you have so often wielded in defence of all that is dear to loyalty—I mean the HOLY EVANGELISTS; yes, my brethren, ye will find the words of my text in black and white in that book, and that is a book every word of which is true—sorry am I to say that every word of that book is true—It is not like an act of parliament, through which an ingenious man might drive a coach and six, but it is like the tower, my own citadel, out of which there is no getting but through the door. You must be regenerated to loyalty, to pass under *Jemmy O'Brien's* key, to the light of this world, from that prison—and to escape the sentence of bible writ, you must be purified, and GOD knows how such devils as ye can be purified, to pass to the light of heavenly glory, and not be sunk to everlasting darkness, as my text warns you, with the devil (GOD preserve me) and all his bloody, terrible angels. My brethren, I was once a horrid sinner; I believe I was nearly as bad as the worst amongst you, but now I have got the *Grace*, and I am a *Vessel of Election*, and cannot sin. Alas! my Brethren, do you know the history of my sinfulness? My crimes began before I could speak; my first abomination was suckling a Popish nurse, and so ill did her impious milk agree with my little orthodox, protestant, and loyal bowels, that I got the gripes, which had nearly sent me where ye will go, into hell-fire, with the devil and his angels. Another sin of my infant years, was going in my nurse's arms to MASS, and making a play-thing of what she called her *padderan*, which means an implement of Popish superstition, called a *Beads;* and alas! I was frequently defiled by her making the sign of the CROSS upon my pretty face, and still worse was I sprinkled with holy water.—Hence I grew up in sin, and alas! I was tempted, when arrived to manhood, to marry a great big Widow, with twenty thousand pounds, who was a Papist, but glory be to the Lord, just as she was upon the point of listening to my suit, the Lord intercepted my progress, as he did that of Balaam and his Ass, and an Angel, in the shape of a Serjeant of Dragoons, carried off the widow to Barrack-street, and married her. Now that I have told you my crimes, and my present state of lucetism and sanctimonious impeccability, it would be unfair if I allowed ye to lull yourselves into security; no, my brethren, deceive yourselves not; the devil is going about, like a roaring lion, and it is all in vain to flatter yourselves that he will not devour you; and oh, what a pretty breakfast he will have of each of you! Mrs. O'Brien there, that so often blasphemed me for blood-money, which, if I gave her, she would have consumed in whiskey and riot, will be a fine *bonne bouch*, or dainty bit for him. Mrs. Hanlon, that *ballaragged* me in the open street, how can she hope to escape? and what a harico will he make of profane, hypocritical *John Pack* and *Sir Reubens Legboard*, who cheated me in a picture, and the rest of ye miscreants, who compose this congregation—Damnation seize ye all, ye pack of vagabonds, pretenders to religion, hypocrites in loyalty, fellows that I sent to collect the mammon of unrighteousness

unrightcousness about the town—my first fruits, my tythes, my property, forfeited to me, as the representative of Majesty, by the disaffection of villanous United Irishmen, Rebels and Traitors; what have ye done? like Ananias and Saphira, ye have come to me with lies in your mouths; ye have said that you could not find a spoon, or a cup, or a watch, when, ye villains, ye had dismantled whole sideboards, and found nothing too hot nor too heavy. How can ye face me here this day, ye impudent vagabonds? what can ye expect in the next life but fire, brimstone, and the society of the devil and his angels? Yes there will be a *riding-house* set up in hell, and the *big*-gest *black* devil in hell to scalp your backs for the injustice ye have done me.—I see ye are sorrowful and frighted into contrition; your state is truly deplorable, but still as

"*Between the stirrup and the ground,*
Mercy was sought and mercy was found,"

I can give ye hope; I carry now in my breeches pocket a conditional reprieve, for any one of ye that repent; but alas! what is repentance, (as the Papists well remark) without restitution? I can do nothing for ye, if ye do not assist yourselves; I am only the humble instrument of the Lord, that he has put between your souls and the devil and his angels; my interference is only conditional; I can hear your confession and give you absolution, but my absolution is nothing without restitution upon your part; come then, I shall receive you as the strayed sheep, I will embrace you as the prodigal son.—If ye cannot give all, give what is left. I will receive back from ye the *spoons, money* and *watches* that remain, and I will put up with the loss of what ye have spent; only give me, in God's name, what remains, and give me every information against those who have concealed my property. Thus you may secure your precious souls, and thus alone can I interpose with the Lord, and keep ye out of the provosts of hell, and the society of the devil and his angels. Our object this day is to assist the rising generation, and to instil a love of loyalty and allegiance in tender minds; let them rival their illustrious ancestors in deeds of fame; train them to a steadiness of face, a quickness of reply, and a firmness of conscience, that may yet immortalise them on the green-cloth; tell them of *Poor Jemmy*, who stood CURRAN, and all his wit and ingenuity; tell them of *Tom Reynolds* and SHEERS's *Armstrong*, men unscared by GOD or Devil; keep always a great model before them, and parade and drill them till each soldier becomes a general. (Here the children were all shewn, each holding the Evangelists in one hand, and a little dagger in the other, and the Major became so affected, that he was only able to utter the words of the great Nelson, "*I hope every man here will do his duty.*") Upon which the collectors arose and quested the assembly. Amongst those who held plates were seen *Sir Ruebens Legboard*, the *Dog*, *Biblemouth*, *Firethatch*, *Hawtry*, *White*. *Archy Jacob*, *Mr. Conway*, *Daggerman of the Messenger, and Bob Lattitat, from Carlow*; the collection was considerable; but we are sorry to add, that the *Dog* spied *Bob Lattitat* putting half a crown in his pocket; the matter caused a scuffle, which produced much disorder, but which was observed to subside upon the entry of his Reverence the *Major*! ! ! ! ! !

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

IRISH ALMANACS,

Continued from November Mag. page 524, and concluded here.

Besides MORTON's miscalculations of the Tide Table of Jones's pirated edition, computed by precepts, and deduced from actual observations, as proved in page 478 of the last volume, his tables of the rising and setting of the sun, adopted by all, without alteration or amendment, these seventy years past, are equally deficient in mathematical precision, as I shall hereafter shew.

As

As to his accuracy respecting the *Dog-days*, commencing in his Almanacs on the 30th of July, and continuing till the 7th of September, contrary to the usage of the English compilers, who, after HALLEY, date them from the 3d of July, till the 11th of August; or his accusation for my misdating some of the fairs, though against himself a similar accusation lies; as in the Belfast Almanac for last year, for Antrim county alone, there were fifteen fairs more than in Jones's pirated edition. Of his invidious cavils against the misstatements of his favourite, yet aphoretic and malign planet VENUS, which is of no avail, as at her conjunction, on the 15th of March last, she was so involved in the Solar refulgence, that she could not be seen for many weeks, by the unassisted eye; and also of other puerile, yet malicious invectives. I shall take no further notice, but conclude this article with an impartial report of the trial of Mr. WOGAN, at his suit, as its perusal must be highly interesting to all Booksellers, Editors, and Authors.

MORTON *versus* WOGAN.

This was an action of trespass on the case, preferred in the Court of Exchequer, on the 24th of July last, before the Right Hon. Standish O'GRADY, Chief Baron of that Court, against Mr. P. WOGAN, 15, Lower Ormond-quay, Bookseller, by Mr. MARK MORTON, of the city of Dublin, Mathematician and Calculator of Almanacs, who had laid damages at £2000.

The Counsel for the Plaintiff, in a long, energetic, and eloquent speech, stated, that his Client, Mr. MORTON, was a gentleman eminently distinguished for his profound skill in natural philosophy and mathematics; that from his infantine age, he made astronomy the more immediate object of his study and investigation; that by his profound practical and theoretical knowledge of this sublime science, he was enabled to calculate Almanacs with mathematical accuracy and precision: in consequence of which, he has been employed for calculating and editing the Almanacs of Ireland, and was in that capacity engaged these many years past, for computing and composing the various Almanacs, published by Mr. PATRICK WOGAN, a wealthy Bookseller of this city; that in consequence of his Client's wishes, to have a pecuniary compensation more commensurate with the labour and literary skill, so necessary for editing these Almanacs, and also with the enormous profit accruing to Mr. WOGAN, from the publication and sale of his Client's works; Mr. WOGAN ungenerously refused a compliance with his just demand, and also employed another in his Client's stead, for editing last year's Almanacs. That this substitute's ignorance and incapacity were so gross, as to confound the harmonious system of the heavens, by heaving the planets out of their orbits, driving them to and fro, not excepting the great and glorious luminary of the day, which he hurled 400 miles out of his course. To this bungled edition, the publisher, Mr. WOGAN, no doubt, for ensuring the sale of that vile production, retained the name of my client, Mr. MORTON, as the author and calculator. For this injurious treatment, to the dishonour, debasement and depreciation of his character, as a Scholar and an Astronomer, my client now appeals to the decission of an honourable Jury, with a confident reliance, that they will punish this wealthy delinquent, and award Mr. MORTON the full extent of the damages, which he has moderately laid at 2000*l.* After an animated and impressive appeal to the feelings of the jury, the learned counsel proceeded to the examination of witnesses for plaintiff; and

First, *Mr. Farrell* being examined, deposed; that he knew some of the Mathematical Sciences; that he taught them during the evenings; that in WOGAN'S Almanacs of this year, he found many errors, especially in the small miniature

miniature Calendar, *(produced to him here)* in which VENUS was misplaced for some days, and the sun's declination put 400 miles out of its way. In his cross examination, he acknowledged that he was a painter by trade; that he was not acquainted with astronomical instruments, and that he never took an observation; that he often drank in Mr. MORTON's company.

Mr. Crosby examined, said he knew MORTON; denied being his scholar; afterwards, when Counsel handed him his own letter, acknowledged he was under MORTON's tuition; after *the perusal of this curious letter*, he said that his withdrawing from MORTON's tuition, was solely caused by the many errors he himself found in WOGAN's Almanac; for otherwise, he should have more of his (witness's) money. *Cross examined*, owned he was bound to a carpenter, was not acquainted with astronomy, left MORTON's, and afterwards went to Mooney's school, in Marlborough street. On being asked why? replied, because he was informed by a great many very good judges, that he was the best Mathematician in Dublin. "A very good reason, my lad," observed the defendant's counsel.

Rev. Bernard Mc. Mahen, of Hardwicke-street chapel, sworn; said that he merely knew Mr. Morton; of his literary abilities and knowledge of the Mathematics, he knew nothing, except from common report; could not take it upon him to appreciate Morton's competency: knew Lynch, the last editor of Wogan's almanac; cannot appreciate his mathematical knowledge, but believes Lynch to be a good Latin, Greek, and Classical scholar.—That since the first publication of the Nautical Almanac, in England, the calendars of the Irish Almanacs are transcribed from it, and by the assistance of Dr. Maskelyne's Requisite Tables, fitted to the meridian of Dublin: That all this required no extraordinary knowledge of Mathematics.—Owned he would not wish to have his name to an erroneous publication.

Mr. Mooney, of Malborough-street Academy, examined; said he was professor of Mathematics; knew Mr. Morton; "then you must know him to be a famous Mathematician?" To which Mooney replied, "only by report." *Here evidence for the Plaintiff closed.*

Prime Serjeant Mc. Mahon, as Counsel for the Defendant, spoke in reply; and in a most impressive and manly appeal to the good sense and understanding of the Bench, Court, and Jury, observed, among many other particulars, which our incapacity and prescribed limits prevent noticing here, that the present was a most extraordinary case, a plan contrived and concerted by indigence against opulence. It was a scheme for wresting from his client, Mr. Wogan, that well earned wealth acquired during the long course of a laborious life, in the persevering habits of industry, moral virtue, and attention to business. [*Here the Reporter refrains from displaying the Prime Serjeant's delineation of the Plaintiff's moral habits, convivial computations, and lunarian flights.*] In commenting on Plaintiff's evidence, the learned Counsel observed, that Crosby gave the best reason in the world for leaving Morton's school, and going to Mooney, because Mooney was a better Mathematician. He also shewed that the vaunted errors in the little Almanac, affected not its general utility; that according to the learned Dr. Mc. Mahon's evidence, there is no more skill necessary for compiling the Calendar of an Almanac, than for applying the common Tables of Interest or Exchange to mercantile use; as all the items of the Calendar are taken from the Nautical Almanacs, annually published in London, by Government. That the omission of cancelling Morton's name from the standing form of the little Almanac, was to be attributed rather to the neglect of the Printer, or the mere inadvertence

of

of the corrector, than to the real intention of Mr. Lynch, was unequivocally clear, by Lynch's erasing Morton's name from the two larger Almanacs, as well as by his candid addresses to the public in both these publications. [*Here the Prime Serjeant read from Wogan's Sheet Almanac, Lynch's acknowledgments to Dr. Mc. Mahon, for the use of his Tide Tables, &c. for which see page 477 of this Magazine for October, wherein Lynch informs the Public, that these tables being founded on many years' observations, are the only ones in Dublin to be depended on by all those concerned in the navigation of Dublin Bay.*] After a very energetic and luminous display of eloquence, the Prime Serjeant proceeded to the examination of witnesses.

Mr. Lynch examined, deposed that he, conformably with Mr. Wogan's special orders, cancelled the name of Morton from the copies of the Almanacs prepared by him for the compositor, and that the continuation of Morton's name to the small Almanac was altogether unintentional on his part.

Cross examined, said he was born near Ennis, educated for five or six years under the Rev. Mr. Hare at Cashel; was twenty-two years superintendant of the principal school of Carrick-on-Suir; some of his Scholars in the various departments of the Law, now in Court, could attest his moral conduct there. Knew Astonomy, and compiled an Almanac for Mr. Stacy, of that town; was particularly conversant with the Tables necessary for such calculations. [*Here he was entering on the superior importance of the large Almanacs, &c when he was prevented, as being irrelevant to the present case.*]

Mr. Sweeny examined, said that Wogan, his employer, gave Lynch particular orders to cancel Morton's name; that the mistake of Morton's name was occasioned through the omission of the Printer; that after working off the impression, he shewed Lynch the small Almanac with Morton's name, by Mr. Wogan's orders; that Lynch said he did not consider it of any importance.

Here the Right Hon. Chief Baron summed up, and commented on the evidence, and delivered the case to the determination of the Jury, who, after a few minutes consultation, returned with a verdict of 10*l.* damages for the Plaintiff.

Thus ended a trial, which redounded more to the industrious and speculative Attorney's pecuniary emolument, than to Mr. Morton's fame, honor or fortune. As a Mathemation, Mr. Morton stood heretofore, among the ignorant at least, in high estimation. By this trial, and by resolving the most abstruse mathematical questions, the only criterion of a Philomath's abilities, in the public diaries these many years past, Mr. Mooney's reputation is now raised to a more distinctive pre-eminence. Only by a similar procedure, can Mr. Morton now re-establish his character as a scholar.

Until he answers his father's question, re-proposed by me in last year's Almanac—Until I see his solutions to other questions in the other diaries of Great Britain and Ireland, like O'Riordan, Whelan, and some other of our countrymen; until he redeems his character as a Mathematician, from the depreciation it experienced, so early as the year 1798, by his want of ability enough to discriminate between the accuracy of his own, and the learned Mr. Barry of Limerick's, solution to his ill-defined question, taken from page 50 of Emerson's Optics, respecting his darling planet VENUS's light, for which see WOGAN's diary of 93 and 98, and also Anthologia of March, 1793; until he exhibits Mathematical qualifications superior to those which are stated in the above trial, to be competent for compiling the Calendars and Fairs in Jones's pirated edition of Wogan's Almanac; until, in fine, he employs his precious time in a manner more becoming a learned Philomath, than

than that of calumniating, detracting and invidiously depreciating my character in the various book-sellers' shops, stationers' stalls, and public porter-rooms of this city, these fifteen months past, I, in common with many others of my friends in the teaching line, shall with-hold my assent from his being dubbed with the imposing title either of a Philosopher, Astronomer, or Mathematician; neither shall I deign to answer his puerile cavils against me, for throwing out of Wogan's Almanacs the Astrological column of the Moon's dominion over the particular parts of the human body, now justly consigned to the ridicule of all, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of our Astrologer, who, if so affected, should, like Philetas the poet and schoolmaster of Cos, always wear a cap of lead, to prevent his flying off in a tangent to the Moon.

PATRICK LYNCH.

Usher's Court, Nov. 15, 1810.

REVIEW OF SWADDLING PREACHERS.

The Big Beggarman, alias *Saint Hackball.*

The Lord disposes his graces in various ways, and predestination is just as exemplified in the lot of Swaddling Generalissimos: one man is for the Sword, like the *Major:* another is for the Bible, like Brother *O'Brien:* another is for the Pulpit, like *Mr. Latouche:* and another is for the Poor Box, like *Saint Hackball:* This great Martello Tower of Holiness was constructed for the glorification of the Lord in a peculiar way; he was built unassailable by the world, the flesh, and the devil. Satan has long since resigned him as unconquerable; he now sits down in perfect quietness, a glorified man; he cannot sin, let him do his best, and if Satan should appear to him in person, he would *knock him down with the poor box.*

It would be strange if such a luminary of Swaddling as the *Big Beggarman* came into the world like a common infant; such is not the case; his mother, when she bore him, had a dream that all Channel Row was on fire, and that she was brought to-bed of the Black Cart, and that it was full of Bibles. The aunt of Sir Ruebens Legboard, who was a fortune-teller, and much celebrated as an oracle at that time, explained the dream:—"That her son would one day be Superior of that Great College of Beggary, and that he would be much admired by holy Women, and that they would find him as cruel as Joseph was found by Potipher's lady; she said moreover that a miracle would be wrought in his favour, for that *he should live well and have nothing,* which she said might be taken in a serious or comic, a true or figurative meaning. As a preacher, he is only a second rater, for he wants many of the qualifications that are possessed by the first class of pulpit ravers—The first impediment to his claim of first rate Preachers is, that the Beggarman, though he chews pigtail, does not take snuff; moreover he has an Aldermanic appearance in his countenance, and a display of fat contented ignorance, that is opposite to the melancholy, mad appearance of sanctity, so essential to persuasion; he maintains the doctrine of beginning charity at home, and indeed he lives up to his principles in this point: he is considered the first poor-box man of his day: he is first-rate at it, as St. George was first at the small sword: He has published a volume of Sermons, printed at the Dugdale press. His Sermon upon the vanity of human wishes, preached upon the abdication of Hackball, King of the Beggars, or rather his dethronement from the empire of Channel-row, and his Funeral Oration upon the death of Moll Potts, the Beggarwoman, are considered models of tub eloquence. His discourse upon *Bologne sausages and sanctifying grace* is a capital performance, though it has some opinions as heretical in

Swaddling

Swaddling, as the Veto is obnoxious amongst the Papists. His Sermon against the Irish Magazine has got him the highest approbation of the Elect, the applause of the Major, and two dinners from Doctor Duigenan. Upon the whole, Saint Hackball is a vessel that is elect and sanctified, and his gifts, if they cannot work for fleshly applause, they ensure him a future crown, which will never fade, and which will place him high amongst the followers of John Wesley.

Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman in a certain sporting country in the South, to his Brother, a Clergyman of the Established Church, in Dublin, who is an Amateur in the study of Public Executions.

BROTHER,

You have not made that damned Gunsmith send down the Carbines according to the time he promised. The season or campaign ought to commence a month ago, had we received the arms in due time. However, there is no great opportunity lost, as the fellows are remarkably quiet, having plenty to eat, the potatoe harvest being never so abundant. This is a very distressing circumstance, at this momentous period, as I meant to practise the boys in all the art of desultory warfare during the winter, preparatory to having them admitted into the army in the ensuing spring. For I have a great opinion of the military experience to be acquired by scouring the country, making surprises, igniting cabins, making rapid advances, and discreet retrograde movements. A young gentleman intended for the army is nearly half instructed in his profession, by making two campaigns against Caravats, Shanavests, or any other description of fellows whom we can drive into a state of insubordination. It is in this school that great officer, General Lord Blancy, made his first *debut* in military science. Though his lordship has been mistaken in the Malaga business, it does not detract from his character, as every loyal man here justly appreciates his transcendant talents.

As I stated in the beginning of my letter, this damned plenty of potatoes has stopped the boys' studies, for the rascals will never stir, while they have a belly-full. I have really been at great expense, expecting the season would have afforded the usual amusement; bought four young horses, bespoke sixteen carbines, eight pairs of pistols, and imported two loyal young men from Enniskillen, regularly reared to STILL hunting; they serve for two purposes, either to instruct my light troops, in our little warfare, or act as Jurymen on hanging occasions; for indeed, brother, your favourite amusement is never out of my plans; let the world go as it may, by this horrid potatoe season, I will take care of you, and by next Assizes have at least ten strong fellows executed, of which I will give notice.

If you could spend a few days with me here, I think we might contrive some expedient to do away the mischief done by the potatoes; but this I cannot at present expect, as you will naturally be engaged attending the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, which I hope will furnish you with every amusement. I differ with you on the apparent strength of a convict, that a strong, healthy young one furnishes more amusement in his struggles, than an aged debilitated one. From my own observation, having hanged hundreds of young rascals in the year 1797 & 1798, I was entirely disappointed in the motionless manner of their execution; whereas, I remember to have hung up an old Shoemaker, on Whitsunday, 1798, on suspicion of concealing his daughter, and never remember a fellow that afforded more gratification. He was kicking in very strong attitudes during the time we were at dinner, and it was at the very moment we were giving '*the glorious and immortal memory*,' that the fellow yielded to the solemn necklace. I must try to convince you, when you

you come down, as I will take care to have three old fellows in my collection. For, dear brother, the boys must be educated; they are destined to support the glory of the British name, and would be sharing the palm of victory next spring in Portugal, only for those horrid potatoes. I am determined they shall not embark the family name on the field of fame, without the advantages of education, which the country so abundantly affords.

Some expedient must be adopted to bring the fellows out of their cover, but they are so contented with their potatoes, I almost despair; my boys will be lost; I am exasperated beyond expression: I must try the ingenuity of my brave Enniskilleners; they may counteract the common enemy, the POTATOES, and a glorious campaign may do every thing.

I think we can contrive to intercept a few of the women coming from market, and by concealing them, provoke the men to hostility. Or we may spread a report that the Ban Yeomanry are on full march to murder them. Or if all fails, I'll make an alliance with the Church, in favour of my children, and leave the plan of exasperation to the most ingenious of the Tithe Proctors.

The foolish plan of feeding the Irish so well as the present season allows, must tend to deprive loyal Gentlemen of their legitimate amusements; as I remarked before, the Irish peasantry are not to be easily roused into field exercises, while their pots are kept boiling.

The ancients done things better: the animals they kept for amusement or for public shews on the ARENA, were rendered as ferocious as possible, by a course of abstinence, so that when exhibited either in combat with each other, or with the Gladiators, they gave the highest degree of gratification by their struggles.

Now I say, whilever potatoes, or brogues, or straw, are within the reach of the rabble, a loyal gentleman can have no opportunity of testifying his zeal, or enjoying any part of the pleasures of the chace.

What do you think? I was passing by a countryman's house, a few days age, and, to my surprise, not less than 100 barrels of potatoes were in it! Charles, my eldest boy, pursued a young whelp, he is instructing to the gun, into a cabin, and there he saw the young brood of children that filled the hovel, sleeping on straw, as clean, long, and unbroken, as it was the day before it was touched by the reaping-hook. It was only so late as Sunday last, to my astonishment, at Kilmulruddery Chapel, by the virtue of my oath, in the congregation, there were not two hundred women barefooted.

You may judge by all these alarming circumstances, to what a state a gentleman is reduced; for if things are allowed to proceed in this manner, the devil a Shanavest, Caravat, or Whiteboy, will be in the country.

My boys will lose their education, our carbines will be useless, as well as our Juries. Dundas or Blackstone will be unread, the sporting calendar, and the Newgate calendar, will share the same fate. Loyalty will disappear with murder, and a gentleman must sink unnoticed into plebeian obscurity.

Your loving but afflicted Brother.

P. S. For God's sake come down at the assizes, and I will have four or five brace ready for the hangman.

THE CATHOLIC PETITION.

This annual piece is again to be performed, and again Mr. GRATTAN is requested to bring it on the British stage.

Mr. Grattan's talents are indisputable, and have not been diminished by time. We wish, for the safety of Ireland, we could say as much for his principles. Mr. Grattan has discovered a French party in the country. If this vi-

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sion has any foundation, it is with himself, because we defy any other man to shew to the empire, any parties but two, the English and the Irish, which parties, we allow, are at variance; not upon abstract or speculative theories, not upon forms of government, so much as upon points of right. The principal and leading cause, is an eating one. The English take away our food, and the Irish are left to hunger. Mr. Grattan's feelings could not discover that a hungry population were, in fact, more dangerous to a state, than a few hidden foreigners. The French fever had such an effect on his vigilance, that he placed the Insurrection Act, not so much over the turbulent as the hungry. He discovered the French party that did not exist, and took no notice of the Orange party, that illuminated their loyalty with the burning rafters of their neighbours' houses; while the Orangemen were holding one torch over the Irish cabins, Mr. Grattan added his Insurrection Bill, not to protect, but to discover. He felt like a statesman, and provided like an Englishman. He sought for gunpowder where there was no bread! He looked for French uniform among the contraband straw, that invites his countrymen to sleep! He told the world we were turbulent, but he did not say we were hungry! He insinuated we were disaffected, but did not say we slept without security, and laboured without reward! He did not say that the privileged Orangeman could dictate the hours of our rest, or the number of our days. He did not say that Dublin was wasting into ruin, for want of trade, or that the provinces were disturbed for want of bread! Mr. Grattan is another man; he told us that he watched over Ireland in her cradle, and walked after her to the grave! We do not understand, by these figures, whether he wished that we should weep over our country, or, by agreeing to her demise, give up the hope of her resurrection!

We are too conscious of our numbers, our geographical situation, and our importance in the fate of Europe, to be lulled by poetical fictions into a surrender of our rights; or by military parade, domiciliary visitations, that we can be bullied, or reconciled to invert the order of nature. We know the value of trade, and the blessings of agriculture, not from our experience, but by our observations, and we are well aware that any man who presumes to hoodwink, or browbeat, or sell six millions of men, undertakes a task, not manageable by the whole gold and power of Britain.

We are Catholics, and we despise the cant of Emancipation, because it presumes nothing more than a petty contention for the vulgar distinction of corporations, or the marketable rank of sitting in a foreign Legislature. We would not divide the condition of Irishmen so unfairly, as to seek paltry consequence at the expense of any part of them. If we are to be emancipated, it cannot be done, without a resident Senate, an unlimited intercourse with the world, and an equal distribution of rights among Irishmen.

Mr. Grattan may plead the Catholic cause in the abridged, or foolish, or insidious character it is moulded to, by men deficient in sense, or masters in intrigue, and in his manner he may figure in historical knowledge, or rhetorical elegance; but if it were ever so much of sincerity, it can have no influence, because it will alarm monopoly, and rouse the enthusiasm of bigots. And it will receive the answer which BRENNUS gave the humbled Romans, when he flung his sword into the scale.

BRITISH REFINEMENT.

Mr. Bradbury, who performs the important part of Clown, in that finished piece, Mother Goose, has commenced a new trade: He undertakes to teach the elegant art of Boxing, at a school opened

opened for that purpose in Temple-lane. We are aware the pugilistic art has the sanction of Royalty to recommend it. We have known many brutal amusements, recommended by the same patronage; and by what has appeared in such ranks of elevated life, very recently, we would be very cautious of countenancing any thing under such suspicious auspices.

The English are very solicitous to communicate any part of their knowlege, that tends to emasculate or diminish our spirit or character. We need no instruction in the manly art of fighting. Perhaps Mr. Bradbury is not informed, that no men in the world fight so well as we do, under so many disadvantages. But if Mr. Bradbury, the Hero of Mother Goose, was with his fighting countrymen, at Hacket's-town, Kilcullen, Antrim, Ballynahinch, or New-ross, he would be convinced we do not want the character of men so much, as to descend to the amusements of brutes. Mr. Bradbury, and his Royal Patrons, may be beastly on the stage, or in the circus, the Irish seek distinction in the 'tented field.'

FARTHER PARTICULARS

OF THE LATE

JOHN BOLLARD,

Master of the Orange Lodge, at

TULLAMORE.

After the funeral, the blood-thirsty members, his former admirers, with increased rage, at the recantation of the religious and political doctrines of his former life, proceeded in a tumultuous crowd to poor Bollard's house, to vent their rage on such articles of furniture, or Catholic piety, as they could lay their hands on; among the rest was a Catholic Manuel; this was seized on by a fellow of the name of Ac——, with the avidity that a hungry blood-hound pounces on his prey; the anxiety of each of the ruffians to wreak their vengeance on the book, was so great, that its execution was delayed in the struggle, and a pause ensued, which produced a debate, and a division took place, on the motion of one SLEATOR; that the book of idolatry should be solemnly burnt, in the manner that British manufactures are executed on the Continent, attended with drum beating and musket firing; and that each member of the lodge, his wife and children, should drink a small division of the horrid ashes, in a glass of whiskey. This ceremony was accordingly performed with great exactness, and terminated with a war whoop, and a horrid round of blasphemy. After the purification, another deed of duty was to be performed; this was to remove the Lodge Chest, and its hallowed contents, from Bollard's poisoned habitation, which was done under an escort of fourteen shirtless demons, preceded by a large Bible, covered with orange ribbons, and surrounded with drawn sabres; "God save the King," the "Boyne Water," and the "Prussian Drum," were sung and whistled by turns, as well as the drunken wretches could articulate.

A Way to make Protestant Soldiers.

BY A CAPTAIN.

Tho' you laugh at our preachers—know, we that wear sashes,
Will keep you from *Mass* by our learning in *lashes*.

X.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

THE DAGGER-MAN'S LAMENTATION!

Tune "Greenwich Pensioner."

'TWAS in the *Weekly Meſſenger*,
I firſt defamed the town;
An ACTRESS ſoud me preſſing her,
And ſent me half-a-crown.

Three Saturdays I ſcribbled,
Untouch'd did ſhe remain,
I ſent to her. ſhe quibbled,
I ſlandered her again.

Full three years did I libel,
The buſineſs paid my pen,
The Females could not bribe it ill,
And ſo I libel'd Men.

Old KNOX, too weak to kick, ſir,
I thought was charming game,
And CLinch I heard was ſick, ſir,
So I did both defame.

The next time thro' the Freeman
I vended ſpleen and pique,
Alt'ho' I ne'er did ſee Man,
I'd give him a critique.

By hint and inuendo,
My ſlander finely ſold;
And when folks dare defend, oh!
I'd then a tale unfold.

I now aſſumed a ſwagger-man,
I frighten'd half the town
And when I wrote as Dagger-man,
My price was now a crown.

Bil. Murphy and Sil. Coſtigan,
I ſuch *Balſbera's* made,
Nick ULDOG grew my hoſt again,
He fed me, clad, and paid.

Whilſt thriving on this ſcuffle,
And dealing round my knocks;
A Doctor, called DRUMSNUFFLE,
Set me on Watty COX.

But Watty did ſo wallop me,
I bluſh whene'er I'm ſeen,
And ſays he will Scotch-collop me
In his vile Magazine.

So now I'm quite diſabled
To ſlander any more,
I'm like a ſhip uncabled,
And pelted on the ſhore.

To blacken fame of Ladies,
My pen I now can't uſe,
You know what C-N's old trade is,
So let him black your ſhoes.

TALAVERA!—A NEW SONG.

Air, "Protestant Boys."

1

Come, loyal Kells Orangemen, hark to my call,
Lilibolero, ſa, ra, la, la,
Fill up for the friend that was thanked by Fingal,
The prop of aſcendancy,——Talavera.
At Seringapatam, like a battering ram,
He ſmaſhed TIPPO's Caſtles, well ſtor'd with rupees,
And tho' wives numbered clear, all the days of the year,
From a wife, to be ſure, not a *lack* did he ſqueeze.

2

In Dublin arrived this SEC. of renown,
This Cintra—Conventioniſt—VIMIERA,
A Police eſtabliſhed to keep Croppies down,
Who bother the t-w ſinging '*Erin go bragh*.'
He ſhewed how French tools, in their vile Popiſh ſchools,
Make rebels of Children, juſt come from Mamma,
By teaching th-m Payn o'er again and again,
So with Duigenan and Muſgrave—here's Talavera.

2.

Talk not of your Marlbro', great Saxe, or Tourenne,
They're nought to Fingal's friend, Talavera.
His Portuguese, aye, and his Spanish campaign,
Have proved, in retreating, they're not worth a straw;
What a racing at Falkirk, or even at Dunkirk,
To his, if compared with the Helder and A',
Or at famed Castlebar, tho' Dennis ran far,
Moore himself was a snail to Talavera.

3.

Fill up for *Jack Mower*, **Jack Pollux*, and all
The *Jacks*, that adore great Talavera,
And tho' a damned Papist, fill up for Fingal,
Who cut down the CROPS, shouting '*Erin go Bragh.*'
Whilst supported by these, all the burning decrees
Of NAP, we despise, and sing fa, ra, la, la,
And the bills of old Harry, destruction will carry
To the foes of our King and Talavera.

Thoughts on War, and English Connection.—Continued.

How shall my pen, in direful numbers tell
How England strewed the plains, how many fell
On Europe's fields? where once the harvest grew:
Raped by their sweat, whose blood they now bedew.
Ah! then my Muse! to scenes of horror soar;
Pursue her flight to Lisbon's bloody shore;
There, death, in every horrid form she brings,
The scourge of nations; instrument of Kings!
Wars! *horrid wars!!* there shake the reddened plain,
Where hell and ——— hold an equal reign;
All feel the shock, all hear the trumpet's breath,
Collecting millions to the work of death.
As bear or tyger on defenceless prey;
So Albion's son, in terrific array,
As lambs are scatterd when the wolf's in view,
The natives fly, ‡ and Briton's sons pursue.

To light the faggot and to fan the blaze,
How many methods try, how many ways;
She flies from court to court, from tribe to tribe,
And drops her poisons in the shape of bribe!
Each takes the bait, and sells his subjects hell;
Thus fell these nations! Thus their Monarchs fell.
Their giant-power, that once the world swayed,
Now lies entombed; their honour quite decayed.
The people saw their tyrants were but men;
That kings made slaves, and slaves made kings again.
They saw that Faith, that more than barb'rous creed,
That *starved* the *many*, that the few might feed,
And all their power and greatness resting on
That hellish doctrine, many made for one!
Resolved at length, they thicken on the field,
They meet their tyrants, and their tyrants yield;
With their own blood their own dominions stain;
When **** shall fall, then LIBERTY shall reign.
Can love of Mammon sway each nobler part?
Freeze all the soul? and seize upon the heart?
Forget even age, from nature's ties be freed?
Starve half the world, and make the other bleed?
Alas! it can; for sake of sordid gold,
Whole millions sacrificed, whole nations sold.
More barbarous still, to see Britannia turn
To stab an Isle! § and smile upon her Urn!

The

* This country has been much distinguished by the number of JACKS that exercised the powers of Government—Jack Fitzgibbon, Jack B——, Jack F——, Jack Bladderchops, Jack P——, Jack C——, &c. &c.

‡ The reader must see, that I allude to the conflagrating, inundating, desolating, infuriating, hell-emanating, proclaiming order of my Lord W—n, that angel of Portugal.

§ The Union, or rather damnation of Ireland [illegible] Britain, is here alluded to.

The love of brother and of neighbour flown,
And public confidence, no longer known,
Oh! happy days! that witnessed contracts made,
By honour ratified, that nought betrayed;
Nor honour we, nor sacred friendship know,
The seeds of war, are all the seeds that grow.
In barbarous times, ere science 'gan to smile,
Or dawned auspicious on this lovely Isle;
No contract then to make us feel our chain,
As ignorance only held her midnight reign:
But now Philosophy has rent the cloud
That hid the light, and wrapped it round in shroud,
To move in fetters—Remain in bondage still—
Counteract nature—thwart the general will—
Is not for men of these enlightened days,
Who love of God or love of country sways.

In upper life, corruption first began:
Spread thro' all ranks, and flew from man to man:
Example stalks with more than giant stride,
Corrupts where innocence did once reside:
Each for his interest, nor looks beyond the hour,
And all is sanctioned by the hand of power!
The wily Lord, of thousand pounds a year,
Cringes for place, nor public vengeance fear.
The subtle commoner, to self interest true,
Camelion-like, can change to any hue;
Wait on the Minister, attend his smile;
Accept the bribe!! and sacrifice an Isle.
The partial Magistrate, the crafty Lawyer,
The base Attorney, and the country 'Squire.
The varying scene, to warfare still confined,
Corrupts the heart, contaminates the mind,
As clouds eclipse the moon, when black they roll:
So love of war must darken all the soul.
See how it operates on all mankind!
The simple manners and the tender mind.
By barb'rous policy to ruin driven,
Forgot by all, but not forgot by Heaven:
Our morals poisoned, our faculties decayed,
In times of War, the flowers of virtue fade.
See in society, ten thousand flaws!
See each one struggling 'gainst the common cause!
The love of all, that all mankind should sway,
And public interest made a public prey.
The grinding Landlord, who, with tyrant hand,
Has risen, only, on the rise of land;
All act the knave; and in full chorus sing,
Support the laws, and bless our noble K†††.
Hence all the misery that overflows
The land with beggars, and a train of woes.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

OBITUARY.

At Hartwell, of a dropsy, after having lingered several years in a very bad state of health, her most Christian Majesty Marie Josephine Louise de Savoie, Comtesse de Lille, consort of Louis XVIII. She displayed in her last moments that firmness, piety, and resignation, which are the characteristics of the House of Bourbon. Her Majesty's death-bed was attended by the Count de

de Lille and all the Princes and Princesses of the royal blood, of whom she took the most affectionate leave. On Sunday the 25th, her remains were brought to the French Catholic Chapel, in Little King-street, Portman-square. The hearse was followed by a long train of mourning coaches, occupied by the French Princes and emigrant nobility. The Chapel was hung with black, and lighted with wax. At nine o'clock on Monday, the service for the dead began. The French Princes arrived at ten, the foreign Ambassadors between 11 and 12. The coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, covered with crimson velvet, and highly ornamented; in an escutcheon were the arms of France and Savoy, and the crown of France was placed at the head; it was surrounded with forty lighted tapers. At the head of the coffin stood the Duc d' vray, as having the charge of the crown; and near him Pere Elisee, as surgeon to her Majesty; at the foot, next to the altar, stood the Comte de la Chatre, as commissary of the King of France; and near him the Comte de Nantouillett, as master of the ceremonies. On the right, on a row of raised seats, were the French Princes, Monsieur, the Duc d'Angouleme, the Duc de Berri, the Prince de Conde, and the Duc de Bourbon; and below them, their respective officers. M. de Broval, as representative of the Duke of Orleans, sat on the left of the Princes. On the left of the coffin, and opposite the French Princes, was another row of seats for the foreign Ambassadors, viz. the Duke of Albuquerque, Admiral Apodaca, Don Pedro Cevallos, belonging to the Spanish embassy; M. de Sonza, Portuguese ambassador; M. Le Comte de Front, Sardinian ambassador; and the Prince of Castlecicala, Sicilian ambassador. Below them were the great Dignitaries of the ancient French military and chivalric orders.—The service was performed by M. Dalbignac, bishop of Angouleme; and an excellent sermon was preached by M. l'Abbe de Bouvan. There was also present, the Archbishop of Rheims, the bishops of Sisteron, Digne, Nantes, Tarbes, Rhodez, Aire, Uzes, Blois, and Montpellier; Dr. Poynter, co-adjutor to Dr. Douglas, titular bishop of London, &c. In the chapel, the same ceremonial was observed, as at St. Denis, and the cards of admission were for "The funeral of the Queen of France." The cards of admission for Westminster Abbey, were simply for "The Obsequies of the Comtesse de Lille." From the chapel to the hearse, the coffin was borne by twelve knights of St. Louis, and the pall supported by four Dames d'honneur. The procession then commenced, at half past one, in the following order: Thirteen men on horseback; mute with feathers on horseback; a coach and six with the four Dames d'honneur—Mesdames la Duchesse de Pienne, la Ducheese de Coigny, la Comtesse de Narbonne, and la Comtesse de Mesnard; another coach and six, with persons of the household; Gardes de corps on foot, headed by one of their officers; her late Majesty's Equerry, uncovered, mounted on a full caparisoned horse, led by two grooms, carrying on a cushion the crown of France, covered with black crape; the hearse drawn by six horses, and adorned with a profusion of plumes; then four mourning coaches, drawn by six horses, containing the French Princes, followed by ten black coaches and four, in which were the foreign Nobility and Ambassadors; and the carriage of the deceased, drawn by six horses. After the mourning coaches, came that of the Prince of Wales, drawn by six horses, and conducted by his Royal Highness's state coachman, with three footmen and six pages; the coaches and six of all the Royal Dukes followed, according to seniority; as also the coach and six of the Marquis of Buckingham; those of the Marquis Wellesley, of Mr. Perceval, and all the Ministers; and those of several English noblemen and gentlemen. The Counts de Nantouillet and

de

de la Chatre, arranged the order of the funeral, which was conducted with the utmost solemnity and regularity. The procession arrived at the Abbey about three o'clock. The dean of Westminster, at the head of the Chapter, received the body at the entrance of the church; the avenues and ailes being guarded and lined by the battalion of St. John and St. Margaret's volunteers. The introduction to the burial service was sung in solemn procession by the full choir, assisted by the choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral and his Majesty's Chapel Royal, accompanied by the organ. The procession having reached the grave, the Dean read the service. "I heard a voice from Heaven" was sung by the choir without any accompaniment (the organ being too far off), and had a most solemn effect. The sound of so many accordant human voices, without instrumental aid, is a musical enjoyment that very seldom occurs; on this particular occasion it made (together with the reflection, that within the space of a few yards, almost all that remained of the Nobility of a once flourishing and great nation, could be contemplated) a most visible impression on a genteel and select auditory.—The remains of the Countess were deposited in the same vault with those of the Duc de Montpensier, in the South-east recess of King Henry VII.'s chapel. The coffin is very superb; it is covered with crimson velvet; on the top was a silver gilt crucifix; the ornaments and nails are also silver gilt; on the plate is the following inscription:

"Ici reste le corps de la tres haute, tres puissante, et tres excellente Princesse Marie Josephine Louise de Savoie, Reine de France et de Navarre. Decedee au chateau de Hartwell, en Buckinghamshire, le 13 Novembre, 1810; agee de 57 ansf 3 mois, et 11 jours."

In the bloom of life, on the morning of Sunday the 9th of December, after a short illness, Mrs. JANE WALSH, wife of Mr. MICHAEL WALSH, of Fishamble-street, and eldest female descendant, in a direct line, of the house of O'Brenan, formerly Princes of *Ibh Duach*, an extensive district on the borders of the present County of Kilkenny, of which they were plundered by the English, since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was firmly attached to, and strictly practised through life, the religion of her Ancestoas, which gave her that consolation in the hour of death, that the wicked or irreligious never feel. In the relative duties of daughter, wife and mother, she was equalled by few; but surpassed by none. She was a sincere and affectionate friend, and an amiable companion; with these qualities she was beloved in life, and in death is sincerely lamented by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

In Dominick-street, on the first inst. in the 23d year of his age, ROBERT TANDY, Esq. Grandson of the late James Napper Tandy.

AUGUSTINE PENETHY, ESQ.

This singular character died on the 23d of November last, in the 83d year of his age, in an obscure lodging in Leeson street. The last age, of which he was an early member, has not produced a character of a more eccentric manner of thinking, of one regulated by greater parsimony. He was a miser of the most perfect drawing that nature has given to the world. From the low and laborious condition of journeyman cooper, he accumulated the enormous sum of 300,000*l*, in the Islands of Antigua and Santa Cruz. He was born in the Village of Longwood, County of Meath, and was very early in life encouraged to make a voyage to the West Indies, to follow his trade, under the patronage of his material uncle, another industrious adventurer of the name of Gaynor, better known among his neighbours by the appellation of *Peter Big Brogues*, from the enormous shoes he was mounted in, on the day he set out

on

on his travels. Peter acquired an immense fortune, and lived to see his only child married to Sir George Colebrooke, Chairman of the East-India Company, and a Banker in Dublin, to whom Peter gave with his daughter 200,000*l.*

Mr. A. Penethy saw mankind only through one medium; his visual powers were so diverted from generous or social objects, by the prevailing passion of gold, that he could discover no trait in any character, however venerable or respectable, that was not seconded by riches; in fact, any man that was not rich he considered an inferior animal, neither worthy of notice, nor safe to be admitted into society. This extraordinary feeling he extended to female society, and if possible with a greater degree of disgust. A woman he considered only as in incumbrance to a man of property, and therefore he never could be prevailed on, to admit one into his his confidence. As to wedlock, he utterly and uniformly rejected any idea of it. His wife was the public funds, and his children guineas, and no parent or husband paid more deference or care to the comforts of his family. He was never known to separate his immense hord, by rewarding a generous action, or alleviating a premature or accidental misfortune, by the application of one shilling to such purposes. It could scarcely be expected he would bestow a gift or extend a gratuity to others, he was so niggard of comforts to himself. The evening before he died, some busy friend sent a respectable Physician to him, at which the old Miser did not show any apparent dislike, until he recollected the doctor might expect a fee: this alarmed him, and immediately raising himself in the bed, addressed the Irish Esculapius in the following words: "Doctor, I am a strong man, I know my disorder, and could cure myself, but as Mr. NANGLE has sent you to my assistance, I shall not exchange you for any other person, if we can come to an understanding; in fact, I wish to know what you will charge for your attendance until I am recovered?" The Doctor answered, "eight guineas." "Ah! sir," said the old man, "if you knew my disorder you would not be so exorbitant: but to put an end to this discussion, I will give you six guineas and a half." The Doctor assented, and the patient held out his arm with the fee, and to have his pulse considered, and laid himself down again.

His relations were numerous, but not being, in his opinion qualified, for want of experience in the management of money, to nurse his wealth, he bequeathed the entire of it to a rich family in the West Indies, with the generous exception of four pounds annually to a faithful servant, who lived with him twenty-four years. In the will he expresses grest kindness for poor John, and says he bequeathed the four pounds for his kind services, that his latter days may be indulged in comfortable independence! Like Thelluson, he would not allow his fortuue to pass to his heirs immediately, for he directs that the entire shall be funded for fourteen years, and then, in its improved state, to be at the disposal of the Heirs he has chosen.

For the regulation of his last will and testament he appointed WALTER NANGLE, Esq. and Major O'FARREL, late of the Ausrtian army, his Executors, and the Rt. Hon. David La Touche, and Lord Fingal, Trustees.

Mrs. FITZSIMMONS, wife of Captain FITZSIMMONS, of Comfort Lodge.

As the Frst Vol. of the Irish Magazine has been a long time out of print, and a very numerous part of our readers are anxious to have it reprinted, we propose to have it done by subscription, at 17*s.* 4*d. each Volume, bound, to contain thirteen numbers, as soon as sufficient to defray the expense have subscribed.*

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1811.

BROWNEY'S COW.

This extraordinary *Luses Naturæ*, we believe, like our Moose Deer, is peculiar to Ireland, and indeed unique in the history of animated nature. It has not been ascertained by any writer on Natural History, at what period it was first noticed, for, in fact, we believe we are the only writers who have had the honour of introducing this Cow to the learned world. We confess we never had any opportunity of inspecting BROWNEY'S Cow personally; she was so unsettled, that she traversed the country with such astonishing rapidity, all our industry to see her was rendered abortive. She is described to us as a carniverous Animal; feeding usually on human flesh. From whatever cause her existence flows, she has not been noticed previous to the year 1796. Nature, in some *outre* prank, has given her to Ireland; and strange to tell, BROWNEY'S Cow has evinced a kind of intelligence unknown to the Brute species; she actually embarked on the comencemmeut of our civil dissensions with the people, and declared her abhorrence of Englishmen in so decided a manner, that she has been detected eating two Drum-majors belonging to two British Regiments; she was on the point of eating two young men of the name of M'Cormick, after killing them in Lord Carhampton's demesne, in the year 1797, where she was driven from her prey by a Company of the Royal Artillery; and so atrocious and terrible did her character appear, that it is reasonably conjectured, the terror of her name made Lord Carhampton dispose of his seat at Luttrel's-town, to Luke White, the flying stationer, whose Son is such an advocate *a la militaire*, for converting the native Irish. She has such an aversion to *Orangemen*, that she has eaten an entire Corps of them, excepting their shoes and cross-belts, in one night, in a small village in the County of Tyrone. Her name has become such a terror to the *Burning Brotherhood*, that they seldom leave their Looms in Armagh or Enniskillen after sun-set.

Apprehensions are entertained by the *armed Nailors* of Kevin-street, alias *The Blood Hounds*, that BROWNEY's Cow means to try her teeth on *King William;* and if she succeds on his *Copper Majesty*, she may venture to make an expedition to England, to devour the living representative of the *cashiered House of Nassau.*

Hawtry White, Hunter Gowan, Bob Cornwall, Pat. Duigenan, Richard Musgrave, Jack Giffard, and *Broken Beresford*, are called on as the *Guardians* of the *Constitution*, to catch this Cow, and have her either converted or slaughtered, before all the *Loyal* and *Religious* are victims to her desolating ferocity. HEVEY's MARE has been compared to this Cow, as an instrument to forward *Rebellion:* and in many cases, HEVEY's MARE was as formidable. HEVEY's MARE was known to have carried *four brass six-pounders, one thousand and forty pikes*, and *sixteen soldiers*, stolen from Loughlin's-town Camp, *all in one load, to the Rebels in Kildare.* We regret to say, that the *Captors* of HEVEY's MARE are so much engaged, that they have not an hour to spare to arrest the progress of BROWNEY's COW. One Gentleman is so busy in *controversy* with the *Irish Magazine*, or at intervals so *drunk* in the House of LENOX; and the other so embarrassed with disputes and disappointments with his *Mutton Agent*, in Lucan, that BROWNEY's Cow is allowed to graze at her leisure, to the *terror* of the *Loyal*, and to the *danger* of the *State.*

Intercepted Correspondence
OF SIR RUEBENS LEGBOARD AND WATTY COX.

To the Worshipful Knight of the Pencil, Sir Ruebens Legboard,

SIR,

I send you these few lines, hoping you are well, as I am not at present, owing to little Money matters, and *B*——, the Attorney. The *Major* was speaking to me the other day at dinner about you, and he said that he would thank me to leave you out of the *Magazine*, and to oblige him I would sell you a *lumping pennyworth of yourself, though you are one of my best Articles.* Come, strike my hand, *Sir Ruebens*, and as you are a *Friend*, and to oblige the *poor Major*, send me three guineas by the bearer, and I'll keep you out of it in future. Do you know what? *Dr. Drumsnuffle*, who is not an *Article worth a quid of Tobacco* to any publication, sent me five guineas by *Doctor Lanigan*,, and *poor Mick G*—— gave me a dollar for himself, and I let you off for three guineas. God forgive me for wronging myself this way; but how can I refuse the *poor Major*, who has done so much for me?

I am, &c.

WALTER COX.

The Answer.

SCOUNDREL,

You had the impious effrontery to meddle with my name, and drag me before the public. Do you know who I am you Rascal? Know, Sir, I am honoured by being defamed by such a wretch as you. Give three guineas! No, Sir; no one reads your *Magazine* but *Rebels* and *Papists;* but as *the Major* has interfered, I shall send you three guineas for charity, and let me hear no more of my name. But, sure, if you had a mind for a fellow truly ridiculous, there is *faithful John P*— and *Solomon W*——. I expect in gratitude that I shall hear no more of my name in your *Magazine;* not that I value it; really I would rather be abused in it than not.

RUEBENS LEGBOARD.

Watty Cox's compliments to *Sir Ruebens Legboard*, thanks him for the three guineas he sent him for Charity. He begs to tell him that if he gives him three guineas more, for keeping him out of the *Magazine*, his name shall not appear in it, from what the *Major* told him about *Sir Ruebens.*

The

The Answer.

Sir Ruebens has received the *audacious note* of *Cox*, and will *prosecute him as the Law directs in such cases*, He will never give him *a farthing*—but begs he will abuse him in his next more than ever. However, as the *Major recommended him*, on second thoughts, he will send him what he demands, and expects to hear no more about the *Magazine*.

To Sir Ruebens.

SIR,

I wonder at a man of *your conscience* to expect that I would give *you* for six guineas: you, that after *the Major*, are *the best Article in my Magazine store*. I could not afford it. Why, Sir, you are a *dead bargain* between any two *Irish Magazine-makers* that were brothers, at fifty guineas. Sure you are the *first Dust in Dublin*; but as I have a regard for you, I will make it pounds; so send me the fifty pounds, and I shall never mention your name.

Your's,

WATTY COX.

Upon this *Sir Ruebens* applied to *the Major*, and *the Major* has advised *Sir Reebtns* to *prosecute* WATTY *upon the Black or Chalking Act; for* the *Major* declares, that painting *Sir Ruebens* as he has done, for public derision, may be constructively termed, *Crayoning* or *Chalking*, which is *death without benefit of the Clergy or the Major.*—We understand also, that *Mrs. Major*, *Major Row-di-dow*, and *Conway*, the *Daggerman*, have subscribed for the prosecution, and we hope to see the fair trade, which the *Messenger* taught Mr. Cox, put on, and to find respectable characters, like *Squintum*, &c. allowed to enjoy *Otium cum Dignitate*.

SALE OF BOOKS.

Major S——'s Library.

The extreme justice that has been done the collection of the *Major*, in the high prices given at all the Sales of his Books, induces him to continue the Market; and as it is his object to sell all his worldly goods, and to give the profits to the poor, he hopes the Faithful will bid high, as the Major has no interest but that of the Poor, in view, he must look sharp. He hopes he incurs no legal penalty in asserting, that when he employed WATTY Cox, he believed him to be a *Swaddler*, and he now finds him to be a *bloody Papist*, and also he merely hints, that Cox, as Auctioneer, had some of his best volumes sold by connivance, at undervalue, to himself, through men who bid merely as his agent. His Auctioneer at present is the great *Sir Ruebens Legboard*; a man who is as well versed in Books, Pictures, Cunnemara Stockings, and Theology, as any man alive,

No. I. The Works of *Castlereagh*, in twelve volumes, octavo. In vol. first is his celebrated treatise upon the *Clear Obscure in Politics*, by which a man may go right, any way that serves his interest.

In vol. 2, is his poem, 'the CROPPY,' in twelve Books, dedicated to *Mr. Pitt*.—This is considered the greatest effort of the *Union Man's genius*, and the most laboured piece of all his writings. Where he speaks of the murder of the COUNTRYMEN, by the *Carlow Loyalists*, he is peculiarly sublime; he pays much compliment (and justly) to the town of Carlow, as pre-eminently loyal, and excellent upon all points, and his contrast of Carlow with Kilkenny, may not be unacceptable:

> Kilkenny's praises envy long provoke,
> Streets paved with marble, chimnies wanting smoke.

But

But Carlow's fame, superior stands
confest,
Where all that's infamous is termed
B——.
To view in ecstacy the writhing pangs
Of YOUTHFUL BEAUTY underscourging
fangs:
Jesting to view the agonizing SIRE,
Untried, if HELPLESS INNOCENCE EX-
PIRE.
Bribed, with the frighted, tortured
wretch to job,
Betray, hang, laugh at, jibbet, and then
rob
Mankind, with every villainy, molest,
A Carlow Thrascologist calls B——.

Vol. 3.—EUTOPIA, or the happiness of Beggary; containing a plan for the IRISH. This is a very ingenious treatise: it goes to shew, that as when a man is too hot, he does not know what to do with himself; so when a man is cold, hungry, and naked, he has all the acuteness of better judgment; and that the way to make Irishmen wise and wealthy is to sharpen their talents, by perishing their backs and whetting their appetites.

Vol. 4.—Contains the '*History of the Union*:' the *candor* of detail is commendable, but the miscreancy of the project would put professed villainy to the blush. The rapes, robberies, murders, perjuries, sham trials, necessary to this great project, are accounted for in a manner truly diplomatic, and shewing that *necessity has no law*. The matter is managed scholar-like, and does him credit. He has drawn some outlines of character, which we beg leave to transcribe. Of *Lord Clare* he says—'He was a man, hot, impetuous, conceited, well-meaning, where vanity did not interpose, and *just*, when his violence would allow him to perceive the distinctions of right and wrong. He was a smatterer in law, and if he was not the best Equity Judge that ever sat, it was neither for want of will nor labour to be so. His character had all the propensity for the ascendant, but some marked features of it seemed to check that strong impulse: his dignity was *acted*, and the *low life above stairs* seemed visible to acute observers of his deportment. He did justice with malignity, as the Presbyterians worship GOD thro' spite, and the party rectified had the comfort of getting their own, and seeing their opponents get their own share too. He had not the dignity of a judicial character; he sometimes assumed the pompous Majesty of the Areopagus, and the next moment he was seen in the fretful and pitiful irritation of the weakest character. He was very severe in his reprehensions of the evil doers of his court, and he was much feared for his unqualifying observations upon the conduct of that atrocious race of semi-demi gentlemen called Attornies.—Lord Clare ambitioned the political character, for which he was disqualified by every attribute he possessed, but chiefly by his incapacity to dissemble; this ambition made him the dupe of *Pitt* as a *Union agent*, and made him encounter the Duke of Bedford, in the House of Lords, where the Duke had the advantage of being an upstart, older, by some hundred years, than the Irish *Peer*, and being also an Englishman, and having church robberies antiquated into his family, so as to become consecrated, instead of a reprobation; Lord *Clare* ended like an Aeronaut; he was *elevated rapidly, fell rapidly*, and when he was *smashed to pieces*, shewed nothing but *pigmy structure*. His stilts, that were now found beside him, served to measure his real height, and the man of some stature, that the vulgar called a giant, upon finding their mistake, they now report as once a *fairy*.'

Vol. 5. Contains His *Croppy's Progress*, upon the plan of John Bunyan's "Progress of the Pilgrim." The Croppy sets out upon the certainty of being at least an Irish King, led by the Angel called *Erin go bragh*, who delivers him up to the Major.—CROP's sufferings for his political heresy are well described.—His flogging at the Exchange

Exchange is well represented, and really we think it worth copying: "A boy," says his Lordship, "apprentice to a shoe-maker, was brought in, comely and smockfaced, his age about seventeen: being asked, his religion? his country? his political principles, as to our happy constitution? He said he was apprentice to Bil. Murphy, the shoe-maker, "What is he to FATHER MURPHY?" asked the Major. "He is a namesake," said the overturner of the constitution. Upon this impertinence it was fairly inferred that he imagined the death of the King, his crown and dignity, and he was put to the torture, and flogged, by a *Loyal Attorney*, till he threw down the *cat-o'-nine-tails* laughing, and pleasantly said, "damn me, but I'm tired." The big Peer, who was at Wexford, diverted himself for a while upon his back, and said, '*that he was tired:*' and bid *Sam. Coates*, the *Velice robber*, who then supported the church, *try his hand;* but he finding no pleasant wincings, as he was used to find in the Riding house, exclaimed, with loud laughter, '*by the HOLY G—T, the bloody Croppy is gone to Hell or Connaught!*' A pleasanter scene, observes the Historian, did not occur for a long time before or since. Being found dead, he was given to Surgeon ——, to make a punch-bowl of his *os frontes*, or skull cap, to be used at the dinner of the *fourth of November*.

Vol. 6—Contains miscellaneous matter, chiefly poetic. His *Comedy* of WILLIAM ORR'S *execution*, for incident and effect, few works could more *delight* the *loyal humourist*. His *Farce* of the *Walking Gallows*, would split your sides.

The *Humours of the Lower Castle Yard*, or, *Jemmy's frolics*, are very *diverting* to any *loyal character;* it is a Play in three acts: the Prologue is written by the *Major!* the Epilogue by *Justice D—y*.

His Epigrams are very fine. The one on *Jemmy O'Brien's* killing a WOMAN and CHILD!!! is very jocose in its point. Also his Epigram upon *Sam. Coates's robbing a Beggarman and shooting him, is very pleasant.*

His *Gallows Pastorals* are very fine; they are six in number, and display much *Protestant loyal* temper, and great acumen of wit; the best amongst them is the Dirge, or Eclogue, upon the death of *Hepenstall*, the *Walking Gallows*.

Vol. 7, 8, and 9, are skeleton Speeches upon all occasions, by which any man can be an Orator upon every subject.

The other volumes are miscellaneous, and, as the Lawyers say, irrelevant to general use.

Supposed Speech of Bonaparte to Parliament.

We extract the following from an unpublished work:—We regret our limits will not allow more of it to be given. It supposes Bonaparte had arrived in a certain city; the pretended speech is a comparison between his conduct, and that of England, in her internal and external relations.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The English have fled. It is now proper to lay before you the causes of my coming, and the objects of my victories. First, however, I advert to the obloquy with which my enemies and your oppressors have loaded me. I have been called an usurper. Be it so. What throne, what government ever yet existed, which has not been founded in usurpation? The fact which is universal, can never be a particular imputation. Least of all does such a charge become those from whom it has flowed. I might retort it, but to what end? No family which had once attained sovereign power, and afterwards lost it, but lost it by its own folly or its own vice. But I am charged with usurpation. Examine the facts. I was bred to the trade of arms; but it was owing to the depraved ambition of those families whose thrones I have overturned,

overturned, that, in Europe, arms had been made a trade. Before I took any part in public affairs, the vices of some, and the weakness of others of the Bourbons, had overturned their own throne. Public authority was seized and abused in the name of a republic. From without, France was threatened by enemies, acknowledged to be desitute of all principles of justice. It was natural for a man bred to the trade of arms, to seek for employment from those who could give it to him. I did so. The enemies of France were chased through Europe. I carried the military glory of the country which employed me to a height which it had never known. The rulers of France abused its victories. My success neither gave peace to the country, nor security to myself. The more conspicuous I became, the more my fame, fortune, and life, were put to the hazard, under the government of a set of blockheads, who continually quarrelling among themselves for public spoil, continually enfeebled the state. The best officer England possessed fell a victim to the caprices and ignorance of system and faction in London, similar to that which in Paris I subdued. It became obvious that the government of one person was necessary to preserve France. My services pointed me out as that person, and my own safety joined in a common interest with the safety of France to induce me to the attempt. I succeeded. France was redeemed from anarchy. She obtained a government—a government of rigor, which the times required, but a government which gave internal peace, permanence in property, and a regular administration of justice according to known laws, to its distracted inhabitants. Do not believe calumniators, when they tell you, that the people of France, or that any people in their situation, would not acknowlege the blessing of such a change. They acknowlege it and obey. My calumniators call mine a military government. I have repeatedly left my empire, containing thirty millions of inhabitants, with a smaller number of troops, to preserve my authority, than my calumniators could entrust their preservation in this island to, which contains but five millions.

The history of mankind will inform you that the question which should interest them is, not who has usurped power, but what use has been made of power when usurped? Let France now, contrasted with France when I received it, answer. France was then blotted from the map of Europe. She now fills that map. Yet still my calumniators, concealing that the usurpation of power is only a contest among individuals, but that the use of power is the real instrument of public happiness, will return to their clamour of usurper. Let their advocates and their own countrymen answer. In order that they may, I call your attention to the *sole* statute which now connects your kingdom with England ——*the statute of Union!* In the debates of the parliament of England I find some observations on that measure, made by a statesman, of whose ability, and, although an Englishman, of whose integrity all Europe seems to hold the same opinion as his countrymen; I mean Mr. Fox. His own words are as follow:

"SIR,—We have heard to-night a great many most acrimonious invectives against Bonaparte. On his arrival in France, he found the affairs of the republic in a very unsettled state. He thought it necessary to reform the government, and he did reform it, just in the way that a military man may be expected to carry on a reform —he seized on the whole authority himself. I am certainly not for reforming governments by such expedients; but how THIS HOUSE can be so violently indignant at the idea of a *military despotism* is, I own, a little singular; when I see them regard it as a frame of government most peculiarly

liarly suited to the exercise of a free opinion, on a subject the most important of any thing that can engage the attention of a people. Was it not the system which was so happily and so advantageously established of late all over Ireland, and which even now government may proclaim over the whole of that kingdom? Are not the persons and property left in many districts, at this moment, to the entire will of military commanders? And is not this held out as peculiarly proper and advantageous, at a time when the people of Ireland are freely, and with unbiassed judgments, to discuss the most interesting question of a legislative union? Notwithstanding the existence of martial law, so far do we think Ireland from being enslaved, that we think it precisely the period and circumstances under which she may best declare *her free* opinion! Now really, Sir, I cannot think that gentlemen who talk in this way about *Ireland*, can, with a good grace, rail at *military despotism* in France."* These observations of Fox, were confirmed by him a short space before his death, and when he was secretary of state. He then declared 'that the *Union* with *Ireland* was atrocious in its principle, and abominable in its means. It was a measure the most disgraceful to the government of the country that ever was carried or proposed'† Yet Fox spoke under the prejudices of his country, and of the assembly where he stood. A nation and assembly, equally greedy of power and of gold; and, although worn out in the pursuit, not yet palled with the domination of poverty in Ireland, nor with the plunder of wealth in India—*quos non oriens, non occidens satiaverit.* The testimony of Fox is good against his country, though it should be received with hesitation against me. By their own evidence, then, *your connection with England* is now founded on an act of *military despotism.* Let them give up their own title, or let mine rest. There is no act of mine, either here or in France, which, by their own testimony, will not remain on as good a moral foundation as their act of *Union.*

But it is said, I have used my power tyrannically. What? Have I put one half of my subjects out of the protection of the law, so that the other half might oppress, spoil and kill them without controul? Has it been said of me and my subjects, that I would not in peace govern them by the law, nor could in war root them out by the sword? What land proprietors have I hanged in France, in order to bestow their territories on greedy cowards of the one sex, or lavish prostitutes of the other? Have I decreed, that if any Italian should lay down a bale of silk on the banks of the Po, his property should be forfeited, and that if he attempted to export it, he should be sent into France, tried there, and transported to Cayenne.‡ Have I made a decree to tax the industry of my subjects, and the bread of their children, for a pecuniary reward to stimulate avarice to do what nature refused? Have I decreed the forfeiture of the estates of any Protestant subject to his Roman Catholic relation, until, through a profession of what he did not believe, he redeemed by his hypocrisy, what my law had transferred to his kinsman on account of his profligacy? Do I exclude from the honors and emoluments of my state four-fifths of my subjects on account of any speculative opinions? Do I disarm, by my decrees, two-thirds of my dominions, that the other third may play the master? Do I permit insolent and profligate factions, as if they were playing at balls and counters, to make sport

* Mr. Fox's speech, 3d February, 1800, p. 32.
† Morning Chronicle, 4th February, 1806. Debates in Parliament.
‡ 10 and 11 Will. 3. c. 10. 5 Geo. 1. c. 11. 5 Geo. 2. c. 1.

sport of the former and liberties of their fellow-creatures?

Turning from this scene of cruelty in the west, can relief to humanity be found in the transactions of England in the east? Can it be said of me, that I have made the fairest portion of the earth, rich in its territory, rich in the mild and industrious habits of 70 or 80 millions of inhabitants, no better then a jungle for wild beasts?* Have I reduced any district in Europe, containing 46,000 square miles, from the highest state of cultivation, and rich in the hoarded frugality of thousands of years?—Have I reduced such a country, so that it could have been affirmed that not one person of substance or property, landed or commercial, or monied, excepting two or three bankers, who were the necessary deposits of the general spoil, were left in the whole region?†

Such have been the effects of the dominion of England.

It has been said that I am insatiable of victory, and that I have conquered the nations of Europe; a falsehood. I could not conquer those whom I did not fight. I have conquered those families who were the tyrants of Europe, and their mercenary forces. The nations of Europe, themselves, did not enter into the quarrel. They were wisely passive. But if I have fought, I have fought for GLORY. My triumphs have been over armies strong in discipline and bravery, and numbers. My triumphs have been over the highest military science, and the most daring bravery in the world. I have not resorted to a defenceless, ignorant and enervated race, incapable of steadiness or combination, to manifest *my courage* in the slaughter of millions, who almost bowed their necks to the sword. I have not exhibited the waste which avarice, destitute of either courage or science, can make its proudest boast. It is said that I have not adhered to treaties. I answer that I had to deal with races of sovereigns, of whom not *one* ever adhered to a treaty longer than it was for his *own interest*. But it cannot be said of me, that with the sovereigns of 100 millions of people, there is not a single prince, great or small, whom I have not *sold*. Nor a *single* treaty that I have ever made that I have not broken.‡ Nor is there a prince or state, that ever put trust in me, that is not utterly ruined; and that none are, in any degree, secure or flourishing, but in the exact proportion of their settled distrust and irreconcileable enmity to me. I did not *SELL*, (perhaps the most exalted sovereign in the world, an amiable and accomplished man) the descendant of Tamerlane—the sovereign of sovereigns. I did not *SELL* the whole nation of the Rohillas—and *SELL* them to utter extirpation. I did not *SELL* Hafiz Rhamet—one of the bravest men of his time. I did not cut off his head, and deliver it for money to a barbarian. I did not *SELL* Seraja Dowla to Mir Jaffier; nor Mir Jaffier again to Mir Coffim; nor did I *SELL* Mir Coffim to Mir Jaffier again. I did not *SELL* the successor of Mir Jaffier to his eldest son. I did not *SELL* the Maratta empire to Ragoba; nor did I again *SELL and deliver* Ragoba to the Peishwa of the Marattas. I did not then offer to *SALE* both Ragoba and the Peishwa of the Marattas to the Rajah of Berarr. I did not *SELL* the Subah of the Decan to the Nabob of Arcot: nor to the same Nabob did I *SELL* Hyder Ali and the Mysore; nor to the same Nabob did I *SELL* the kingdom of Tanjore: nor, after all, did I *SELL* the same Nabob of Arcot and his lawful successor, to his second son, Amir ul Omrah. Nor in all these *sales of Sovereigns*, equally carried into execution with allies and enemies, and in all this waste of country,

* Lord Cornwallis's dispatches. † Carnatic.
‡ Reports of Committees on affairs of India. Mr. Burke, &c.

try, and destruction to the human race, can it be said of me, that in the whole space of two thousand miles, the proceeding of fraud, avarice, and cruelty, was so uniform, that whatever was done in one part, would apply exactly to the other?

I have, when circumstances varied, departed from the letter of some treaties. But it has not been said of me, that there is not a *single treaty* I have ever made, that I have not broken. Yet this has been the case with the English, through the whole territory of India.

In Europe, and in the year 1762, this *honest* nation was in alliance with Frederic of Prussia, who was then assailed by France, Russia, Austria, and Sweden. The death of the Empress Elizabeth, and succession of Peter the Third, produced a peace between Russia and Prussia. Yet did England, this *FAITHFUL ALLY* of Prussia, send a pressing proposal to Russia, to prevail on Peter to continue the war against Prussia.* *ENGLAND* pressed to have the war continued against her *OWN ALLY!* The Russian Emperor, indignant at such treachery, sent the English papers to Frederic. These records of unexampled baseness, remain now in the archives at Berlin. This was one of the first acts of the first administration, appointed by the pious sovereign who now rules England.

I did not break the articles of Limerick. I did not break the solemn covenant between England and Ireland, made by the statute of renunciation, and acknowledgment of the independence of Ireland, in 1782. So much for the faith of England in external negociation.

The English assert, my ambition is without bounds. They have, by the coalitions which they have excited against France, deprived themselves of all proofs of such an assertion. Such has been their pertinacity in exciting coalitions, that it became manifest no peace could be obtained, no safety for France or myself could exist, until I had so far reduced Europe, as to render any further coalition *impossible*—by that alone it could be prevented. I wanted not, nor desired the thrones I have subdued. I have given them away.

But the conduct of England rendered it necessary for my safety, that I should break the great masses of European power into such parts, as to render their *coalition again* impracticable. This has been my policy. A policy forced upon me by England.

The English say that I am cruel; and the death of the *Duc d'Enghien* is adduced as the instance. The *Duc d'Enghein* was a natural-born subject of France I was sovereign (at least *de facto* of France). The *Duc d'Enghein* engaged in a plot *within* France against my throne and life, and to facilitate it, placed himself upon the edge of my territories. I seized him—tried him by a special commission—proved the facts—and being condemned, I had him executed.

Contrast this with the treatment which was given by England to a man more highly born, and more interestingly circumstanced than the *Duc d'Enghein*. You have all heard of the attempt made in 1746, by the grandson of James the Second, to recover the throne of his ancestors. A young man personally every thing that could excite pity and respect—beautiful, brave, generous and unfortunate. His faithful band of peasant soldiers were defeated at Culloden. He fled, and endured every hardship that human nature could undergo, in effecting his escape from the unmanly and unrelenting pursuit. The pious and generous government

* Oeuvres de Frederic Roi de Prussia. Gillie's history of Frederic II. The English memorial was delivered to prince Gallitzen, then at Vienna, and by him transmitted to Peter, who sent it to Frederic.

of England then set the price of thirty thousand pounds on the head of the offspring of kings.* It did not succeed. For although England could produce a prince who could stoop to offer thirty thousand pounds for the head of an unfortunate youth of royal descent, Scotland could not produce a peasant who would stoop to earn the reward. England, therefore, did not succeed in the assassination. But you have an adage in your language, 'that an offer is as good as a blow:' and you have a law, which makes a conspiracy to murder, an equivalent crime to murder itself. The common feeling of mankind justifies the law and the adage. To pursue the standard of relative cruelty, contrast my conduct to the rebels in *La Vendée* with the conduct of England to the Scotch, in 1746. I found *La Vendée* in an open rebellion, which the utmost cruelty of the republic had not extinguished. By sober mercy, I restored in a short time peace and good order, and without bloodshed, to that distracted province. Now let me recall, in the words of an English historian, the mild conduct of the house of Brunswick to the unhappy Scotch peasants in 1746. After the battle of Culloden, "the Duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped; and sent off detachments on all hands, to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered and burned; every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate, without distinction; all the cattle and provisions were carried off; the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial; the women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was inclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes! Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles; all was ruin, silence, and desolation."†

The actor in this scene was not a fanatic and profligate republic: nor yet was it a strolling band of ignorant and ferocious peasants; no, the "master mover in this business," was a mild prince, of the pious house of Brunswick; inculcating, to the best of his sober judgment, the love of peace, by this bright example of humanity. This act was not committed on foreign enemies:—no, it is the method taken by England to reclaim misled subjects. I forbear to particularise your own case in 1798. The whip, yet moist with the blood of the tortured; the gallows, yet vibrating from the convulsion of its victims, will explain the principles and progress of English reformation.

Need I multiply instances, the colours of which totally dim those of the *Duc d' Enghien*. Need I mention the murder of the Rajah Nundcomar, a prince of exalted and revered blood, who was, by an insult on every thing that India holds sacred, hanged, in the face of all his nation, by the judges sent to protect it; hanged for a *pretended crime*, upon an *ex post facto* English act of parliament, in the midst of his evidence against Hastings The accuser, a prince, the people of India saw *hanged*. The culprit, without acquittal or inquiry, triumph on the ground of that murder. I know such names sound harshly, perhaps contemptibly,

* To this infamous proclamation, Prince Edward replied by a proclamation, prohibiting his adherents from any attempt on the person of the reigning king, or any prince of the house of Hanover. *Voltaire siecle de Louis 15th.*

† Smollet's History of England, vol. 3, lib. 2. c. 9.

temptibly, to an European ear. But they are names entertained with profound veneration by a people, until they were cursed by English government, more cultivated, more wealthy, and more refined than ourselves. But England thinks there is a morality for Europe, and a morality for Asia. Her fall will teach her the knowledge of justice, and make her feel the sentiments of humanity. England says *she* did not do these things. It was her India company. What! Did she *sell* to that company, for money paid to her, the power of treachery, murder, and devastation—does she support that company in the full exercise of such rights—does she *sell* them again and again to the company, and still talk of innocence and justice?

So much for the comparative conduct of England, in her external relations. The comparative view of her internal conduct will be short.

England complains that I force my subjects into the military service, by the law of conscription. I compel young men, within a certain age, not encumbered with families, to serve for a limited and short period. This law is not partial; it extends to all fit for service. Is the audacity of a nation to be endured, who makes such a system a ground of accusation, and at the same moment carries into daily execution its own law of the press-gang? A law of compulsion the most severe of all branches of military service; and of partiality, in extending only to a particular class. A law, which in its compulsion knows no limitation from age or length of service, or family incumbrance. A law which seizes, not the vigorous youth, for five years, but the worn-out mariner, returning, after an age of service, with the hard-earned amount of his saving, to an anxious and depending family. A law which seizes the gallant *veteran* in the moment of merited repose, and condemns him anew to the same perilous career—a career unlimited in time, place, or climate. This is the nation which presumes to censure. Examine the mode in which England recruits for her land service. Into the most innocent and remote village she sends the most profligate serjeant in her army. He debauches the *minds* of *twenty peasants*, to gain the *body* of *one* for the service; and this legalized system of general debauchery England dares to call *liberty*. That is, the agents of government enjoy the liberty of destroying the morals of its own subjects. England boasts of the equal justice administered by her laws respecting private property. Equal law, must mean law within the reach of the poor as well as of the rich. But the gates of your law are shut against the poor man. The rich man enters at ease. Is it of any moment that the interior of the temple remains undefiled?*

By the criminal law of England Lord Melville was acquitted. A lesser culprit received *sentence of death* for returning from transportation; and he had been transported for receiving one shilling for the carriage of a goose that had been stolen, and of which stealing he declared he was ignorant. The essence of the charges against both was connivance at stealing.† Thus the poor are slaves, and the rich are tyrants.

* A suit at law for the smallest sum, and the most slightly contested, will now cost from 100*l.* to 200*l.* A suit in equity, in the quickest termination, for 50*l.* will coast 300*l.* or 400*l.* The charges increase in proportion to the obstinacy of litigation. This oppressive expense is occasioned principally by what are called sinecure offices in the courts of justice. Enormous annuities, raised from the unfortunate, and bestowed by profligate ministers on worthless favourites.

† Although Lord M. was acquitted, yet the Chief Justice voted him guilty on five of the charges. It is now manifest, by the event, that Lord M. would have been found guilty in the King's Bench, if he had been tried there. But Mr. Pitt was Lord M.'s friend. He had the prosecution removed from the King's Bench to the Bar of the Lords—and his friend was acquitted. What a power of *duration* Mr. Pitt possessed in a land where *equal justice is administered.*

Having placed the merits of my government, and that of England, in a fair balance, it remains to state to you the objects of my coming.

It is said my object is revolution. There are two kinds of revolutions. The first is a revolution of the government merely, in which the former possessors are displaced, but individual property and the general principles of laws and customs remain untouched. The second is, where the revolution acts, not only upon the possessors of the government, but also on the property of individuals, and on the laws and customs. The different effects which followed in England and in Ireland, from the conduct and success of the Prince of Orange in 1688, will explain the distinction. In England the enterprise of the Prince was supported by some—opposed by few. The bulk of the people remained quiet spectators: and on the vote of the convention to give the throne to the Prince, the acquiescence of the people of England was general. The consequence of this conduct was, that in England the policy of William was to change as little as possible. Whatever was changed, beyond the change of the dynasty, appears to have been reluctantly assented to by William. But in Ireland the policy of William became directly the reverse. He here found a people attached with equal enthusiasm and folly to their former master. William was therefore forced by this conduct into a revolution, not merely of the government of the country, but of the property of individuals, and of the general laws. Hence the extent of the forfeitures of private property, and the commencement of that system called the popery laws. Two circumstances which changed the whole moral and political state of Ireland. Into these changes William was forced They were not the effects of his general policy, nor can such courses ever be the policy of any man of sense. But he may be compelled to that which he abhor.

From this short view, you will perceive that the choice of what is now to be pursued, depends upon yourself. It remains with you to determine whether your courts of justice, your exchanges, your markets, may not, under existing laws, open to-morrow, for the transactions of business. Such may be the case, if this assembly make a full and satisfactory declaration of the intentions of the nation The gradual reform of such abuses, as time and a corrupt government have introduced into your domestic departments, and into your representation, may be then steadily and cautiously proceeded on. Equal laws, and *equal access to those laws*, and equal political and civil rights, are the basis on which the future welfare of your country should be raised.

It will be suggested to you that it is neither my interest nor my intention to forward you in such a plan. I hasten to meet these objections.

What is my plan? That plan which an oligarchy in England has compelled me to adopt—to break the powers of Europe into such parts, as that it shall be impossible hereafter to form such coalitions against France as the oligarchy in England has hitherto been the parent of. To break down the power of that oligarchy then, so as to take away from it the capacity to injure, which it has hitherto exercised, must be one principal object to me. Ireland, therefore, can be no longer wielded by the caprices of the oligarchy of England. But you will be told that Ireland, even if she had a resident government established to-morrow, which, in the course of years, by the birth of hereditary successors among you (as was the case of the house of Brunswick in England) should give you the strongest pledge of pursuing your interest—you will be told, I say, that Ireland has not physical capacity to maintain an independent station. Your island is said to be too small; your population too weak. *The weakness of nations is not in themselves, but in their governments.* Look

at

at Prussia under Frederic, and under its present king. Prussia, under Frederic, was not equal to Ireland now, neither in population or revenue.* Infinitely weaker than Ireland in its geographical position. Yet Frederic not only maintained his hereditary dominions, but preserved his *conquest* against the combined powers of Austria, Russia, France and Sweden. Prussia, *now* governed by enterprizing women, and enervated counsellors, fell, almost without a blow, before France alone. Such is the effect of governments.

But you will be told I am governed by interest, and that it is not my interest Ireland should be an independent kingdom. If I am to choose between Ireland independent, and Ireland dependant upon an oligarchy in England, there can be no hesitation in my choice. The question, whether it be for the interest of France that Ireland should not be a province of either England or France, requires some closer examination.

To determine the future, we should look to the past. Ireland has been, by the uniform policy of England, reduced infinitely below her natural scale of physical strength, and infinitely below the moral scale of improvement, which she would have attained without purposed obstruction.

Was it to the wanton cruelty and arbitrary disposition of England alone, to which Ireland owed her depression? Not so. Another passion more steady and more deadly threw even the cruelty and ambition of England into the shade. England viewed Ireland as a *rival*. And Ireland was sacrificed, not to cruelty and ambition alone, but to jealousy and avarice. Can France ever desire the dominion of Ireland, in order to keep down the prosperity of a rival?—seems then to be the first question. France never can consider Ireland as a *rival*. The total dissimilarity in extent, nature of productions, numbers, and consequent political strength, preclude the possibility that any growth of Ireland could ever amount, in the eye of France, to a dangerous rivalry. The *difference* of natural productions, and of consequent manufactures, may be a source of wealthy and liberal exchange, and may find endless mutual advantage in their mutual growth, but can never become *rival* objects. The silks, and wines, and oils of France, can never *envy*, but may find the source of their increase and their measure of value in the wool, the linen, and the provisions of Ireland. The *interest* of France, therefore, points out Ireland, in time of peace, as a powerful friend, with the happy quality of an incapacity for rivalry. Look then to the trade-laws of England, born in *jealousy*, and see what is the difference of *interest* which England has proved in herself, and that which *must* exist in the situation of France. The jealous spirit which has paced your land for six hundred years, which has been nourished by your exhaustion, and whose track has been in your blood, sleeps not yet. Do you want a proof? Look at the speech of the minister Howick, where he openly avows the English policy of taking off the danger to England, by *wasting*

* The population of the Prussian states, at the commencement of the seven years war, did not amount to 5,000,000 of people; and the revenue of Frederic, including the English subsidies, was short of 5,000,000*l.* sterling. Yet Frederic, at the end of the war, had large sums in reserve. Gillies' history of Frederic II. But the resistance made by the Dutch to Louis the XIVth, is still more remarkable. Voltaire tells it concisely. "*Contre Turenne, Condel, Luxembourg, Vauban, cent trente, mille combattans, une artillerie prodigieuse, et del'argent, avec lequel on attaquait encore la fidelite' des Commandans des places enemies, la Holland n'avait a opposer qu'an jeune prince d'une constitutione faible qu'ni n'avoit vu ni sieges ni combats, et environ vingt-cinq mille mauvais soldats, en quoi, consistait alors toute la garde au pays. Siecle Louis XIV.*" The power of states consists in the earnestness of the people, and the talents of the leaders.

wasting what he calls your *superabounding* population. At this instant, then, England avows *her safety* can be maintained but by the *destruction of your offspring*. And this is the nation that talks of the waste of my conscription!

But I will, in argument, for a moment concede all that England can, on such a question, desire. I will suppose that the unqualified desire of domination, too frequent among nations, should supersede even interests, and induce France to make a province of Ireland. Even, if so, you are not *lowered*. You are a province now. A stranger to all the advantages of native government, and national interest. But is it better you should be a province of a jealous rival, or of a nation whose interest must be that of a cherishing friend? The English historian, Hume, has already investigated the question for you. In his 4th essay, his general position is, that the provinces of those states, calling themselves free, are always under more severe government, and meet more cruel treatment, than the provinces of those governments called absolute monarchies. As an illustration of his general rule, he draws a contrast between the situation of the French Netherlands (called the *pays conquis*) and Ireland—The Netherlands, the most cherished, the most wealthy, the most orderly, sober and industrious part of Europe; and Ireland, under the blessings of the glorious constitution of England, exhibiting nothing but raggedness, poverty, dissention, and oppression. A reason, which may appear paradoxical, exists, why the lot of Ireland, even as a province, would be milder under the government of any other country, than it has been under the government of the glorious constitution of England. It is the total dissimilarity of laws, customs, and language, between the other countries of Europe and Ireland. Many of the evils which have fallen upon Ireland, have been owing to the *similarity* between her and England in these particulars, which, having been gradually introduced, have been at length established. To this *similarity* has been owing that the hours of peace have, for Ireland, been almost as wasteful as those of war. To this *similarity* has been owing that continued influx of English governors, civil officers of law, finance, and revenue, and ecclesiastical adventurers, tempted by your bishopricks, whose path into Ireland having been so smoothed, have continually occupied so large a share of the government, patronage, and property of the country, without departing, for one moment, from that ineffable contempt, and rancorous jealousy towards it, which they had imbibed from their English birth, and by their English education. To this *similarity* has been owing the still more wasteful and disgraceful efflux of what is called your absentees to England. If it had not been for this *similarity*, Ireland could never have beheld a body of her proprietors expending, in a foreign country, a revenue of between two and three millions, drawn from her industry, without contributing one shilling to the support of her state. Without this *similarity*, Ireland could never have beheld the proprietors of her soil imbibing, in a foreign land, all the rancorous prejudices of a jealous rival, and adding strength to those prejudices by the consciousness that they were hated, and deserved to be hated at home. Arthur Young, the English agriculturist and traveller, has given a strong instance, in his account of the state of the Milanese, under the government of Austria, of the advantage arising to a province, from a *dissimilarity* in language and customs to the governing country. In Milan he observes that the landed proprietors and nobility remained at home, resided upon their estates, and never went to Vienna in search either of amusement or employment. They were happily not familiarised

familiarised with the laws and language of their masters. The consequence was, that the dutchy of Milan was in a high state of improvement—the resident landlord beloved by, and encouraging his tenants—and the population more than double the proportion to the square mile that Ireland possesses, though the lands are not so fertile.

But the supposition that it can ever be in the intention of France to keep Ireland in the state of a province, I admit only for a moment. Such a conduct would be directly against the interest of France, in her great plan of European policy. In the plan of European policy, dictated by the situation of France, the great use to which Ireland can be applied, is to form in her an impregnable barrier to the turbulent ambition of the oligarchy of England. The windward position of Ireland, and its ports, like the chosen spot for a frontier fortress, point her out as that barrier for the peace of Europe. But to render Ireland impregnable to the ambition of an English oligarchy, she must be strengthened internally, and to her utmost capacity. How can she be so strengthened? Never by being subject to the provincial government of any nation.

No people ever yet threw out the fulness of its power under any provincial form. Ireland, then, can never become that impregnable barrier, that *sure* check to her neighbour's ambition, but under a *native* government. To cultivate a *native* government, then, in Ireland, must, by all the relations which France has established between herself and the rest of Europe, be the true object of her policy. Ireland can never serve an useful purpose of liberal policy but by such means. ***** in the experience of Ireland for six hundred years, has the most certain security that Ireland will never voluntarily submit to involve herself in the policy of an English oligarchy again. The sole object of ***** then, must be to enable Ireland, by her own strength, to avoid it. In a collateral view, and in all contemplations of trade, the wealth of Ireland must, in time of peace, be of proportional consequence to ***** in the exchangeable value of commodities. In the cultivation of Ireland, to the highest degree that art and industry can reach, ***** will, by her exchanges, command an inexhaustible fund of those commodities of which she stands in most need. Comparing the soil of Ireland with the soil and population of parts of Europe, there appears no cause to prevent Ireland from maintaining a population of more than double her present numbers; particularly, if to the fertility of her soil be added the fund of sustenance she may derive from her fisheries, in a country no part of which lies more than 50 miles from the sea. With such a population, on an island in a windward station, and the finest ports in Europe, and a native government, whose revenues must return instantly to stimulate the industry of her people, the policy and the ability of Ireland will probably make her a stedfast ally, but it must be the effect of her own corruption if she again become the slave of any nation.

You will be told that private property in Ireland will not be safe from depredation, while I have adherents to reward. Those who served me have always been rewarded; but I shall not therefore be under the necessity of touching the private property of any Irishman. The precedent of English principles will justify and supply me. It has been the custom of English warfare, to seize on the seas (where alone England could seize) the property of French subjects, and to confiscate it. This called for retaliation. Wherever, therefore, on land, I found English property, it was seized also, and confiscated. England has vested in the funds of Ireland about fifty millions sterling, producing an interest of nearly two millions, annually remitted to Englishmen. This capital, and the growing interest, I seize, by the law

of

of confiscation of enemies' property, established by England herself. In this fund I find more than sufficient to reward the zeal and fidelity with which I have been served since my arrival here.

In recommending you to the advantages of a native and resident government, you are not to suppose, that in offering you liberty, I mean to controul you. If your allegiance prompt you to continue the subjects of the house of Brunswick, it lies within your choice. I have no more objection to that house retaining the monarchy of Ireland, than I had to Francis retaining his hereditary states of Hungary. But I sent him to *reside* among them. I relieved the Hungarians from the jealous restraints which the influence of the duchy of Austria had on the weakness of their sovereign My object is to release you, and to free Europe from the effects of that oppression which an oligarchy in England has exercised over their own sovereign and you ——England has for six hundred years retained to herself the presence of your mutual sovereign. It is time, then, and it is but equal justice, to give you the same advantage, for six hundred years to come. I am ready to conclude an honourable and advantageous peace with your king, on the part of Ireland. My differences with England rest upon other grounds. If your statute of union be, in point of form, a bar to such a negociation, it should be repealed.

I now leave you, my lords and gentlemen, to your *free* deliberation.

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

On the different Recitals

OF THE CHARTER OF KILKENNY.

RECITAL I. James the 1st incorporated, under the name of Mayor and Citizens, with power to elect Mayor, Aldermen, Recorder, &c. the Borough of Kilkenny in the year 1609, which was the seventh of his reign in England.

2. *Borough of Kilkenny.* In the 35th of Henry 8th, the town of Kilkenny was made a Borough, to be governed by a Superior, or Sovereign, (answering to the Mayor of the Staple, or rather to the Sheriffs, vide Charter recit. 128) free Burgesses, or free men, (answering to the present Aldermen) and a Demi, or second Council, to the number of sixteen.

11 *Certain knowledge and mere motion* are used in the King's Charters, and letters patent, to signify that he grants them of his *own will and motion:* the intent of which words are, to bar all exceptions that might be taken to the charter, or patent, wherein they are contained: by alledging the King, in granting that charter, &c. was abused by false suggestions. *Kitch.* 352

21. A *Body Corporate*, or *Corporation*, is an assembly, or joining together of many persons, in one brotherhood, or fellowship, whereof one is chief, or head, and the rest are the body: and this head and body joined together, make the *corporation.* It is framed by fiction of law, to continue in perpetual succession. Some corporations are *sole*, and some *aggregate sole*, in case of one single person, as the King, a Bishop, Dean, &c.; *aggregate*, which is most usual, consists of divers persons; as *Mayor, Sheriffs, and Citizens; Dean and Chapter, &c. &c.* These corporations are likewise *spiritual* or *temporal. Spiritual* of *Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Parsons, Vicars, &c. Temporal:* as *Mayor, Bailiffs, Sheriffs, Burgesses, &c. &c.* and some corporations are of a *mixed nature*, composed of both spiritual and temporal persons, such as the heads of colleges, hospitals, &c.— *Cowel's interpreter, art. Charter.*

24. *Personable*, signifies that the Corporation is enabled, as an individual, to maintain a plea in Court.— *Ainsworth.*

30. Citizens

30. Citizens of Kilkenny. This recital ordains, that the Chief Magistrate of your city shall be one of the most *discreet* and *honest* among the *inhabitants*. Look at this recital, read it! read it! read it! and then answer the questions,—why is the *Mayoralty* of your city made a shuttle-cock, to be tossed, every Michaelmas, from the battle-dore of Ormonde to the battle-dore of Desart? Are your Mayors always the most *discreet* among the *citizens?* and can Rev. Messrs. Herbert from the county Tipperary, and Cuffe from the North, be said to be *citizens*, or *inhabitants* of the city of Kilkenny? Both of these have lately filled the chair of your chief Magistrate.

The writer, professing only to give notes, must here restrain his pen and his indignation together; but many instances could he give of your being governed by men not recognizable in your charter, as *inhabitants of the city of Kilkenny*.

31. *The number of Aldermen not to be greater than eighteen.* According to the Charter, the city was to be governed by a Mayor and Aldermen only, which practice continued for a long time, till availing themselves of the power granted in the 36th recital, the Mayor and Aldermen enacted a bye-law, by which 36 *Council-men* were added; so that the city is now under the regulation of the accumulated wisdom of a Mayor, eighteen Aldermen, and thirty-six Common Council!

41. *Amerciaments.* The pecuniary punishment of an offender against the king, or other lord in his court, that is found to have offended, and therefore to stand at the *mercy* of the king, or lord *Cowel*. The statute of *Magna Charta* ordains, that a freeman is not to be *amerced* for a small fault, but in proportion to the offence, and that by his *peers*, or equals, 9. H. 3. c. 4. *Amerciaments* differ from *fines*, which are punishments certain, that grow expressly from some statute, but amerciaments are arbitrarily imposed, and being more a *merciful* penalty than a fine, if they be too grievous, a release may be sued for by the ancient writ, called *Moderata inisericordia. Kitch*, 78, 214.

76. Here it is ordered, by the Charter, that should any of the Aldermen die, be removed, or depart from office, in their room, or his room, must be substituted one or more of the *better* and *more discreet Inhabitants*, to fill up the number of Aldermen.

Let the citizens of Kilkenny see, if their *Lords* and *Masters* comply with this law. Oh! when shall the inhabitants of such an ancient city rouse from their lethargy, and open the corporation to its lawful owners!!!

96. *Escheator*, from *Escheat*, which is derived from an old French word, signifying to *happen*. All lands or tenements casually falling to the king, or the lord of the manor, by way of forfeiture, as in treason, &c. or by the death of his tenant, without heir general or special, are called *Escheats*: and the officer by whom they are discovered, is called *Escheator*. This was an officer anciently appointed by the lord treasurer in every county, to hold inquests before a jury impannelled by the sheriff) on *Escheats* due to the king. They were to make a return, or certificate, of their inquest into the Exchequer. No seizure of lands or tenements can be made into the king's hands, before the *Escheats* be found by inquest, as above.

115. We have only to observe on this recital, that this part of the charter is grossly violated in the appointment of Sheriffs. 'Tis not the Mayor, 'tis not the Aldermen, 'tis not the Citizens, that elect these officers, in whose hands their properties, and sometimes their lives are placed. Oh! shame upon it, my Lords Ormonde and Desart, whilst one of you indulges himself in his Welch retirement, and the other is helping Spencer Perceval to

accumulate the distresses of his unhappy country! The miserable people of Kilkenny, by your taking into your hands the appointment of their Sheriffs,—may be********* Discretion bids me stop. The fear of incarceration for telling truth makes me hold silence on this subject—but

> " *Their wealthy trade from Pirates' rapine free,*
> " *Their S——s should no more* Adventurers *be.*
>
> DRYDEN.

130. *Goods and Chattels waived*, are such goods as a thief having feloniously stolen, on his being closely pursued are *waived*, or left behind, and they become forfeited to the King, or to the Lord of the Manor. 5 Rep. 109. Though *waif* is properly applied to goods that are stolen, yet it may be also of goods not stolen, or taken away; as where a person is pursued with *hue and cry*, as a felon: and he flies, and leaves his own goods, which in this case shall be forfeited as stolen goods, or what are usually called fugitive goods, on its being found before the Coroner, or otherwise of record, that he fled for the felony. 2 *Hawk*, 450.

Strayed, signifies any beast not wild, that is found within a Lordship, and not owned or claimed by any person: in which case it being cried, according to law, in the two next market-towns, and not claimed by the owner in a year and a day, it becomes the property of the Lord of the manor, or liberty. Brit. cap. 17.

133. *Coroner* is an ancient officer of trust, and is so called because he deals wholly for the King and crown. *Coroners* are invested with a judicial and ministerial authority: judicial in a cause where a person comes to a violent death, or is killed, &c. and by such their authority, they can take appeals of murder, &c. &c. Their ministerial power is, where they execute the King's writs, on exception taken to the Sheriff, as being party to a suit, of kin to either of the parties, or on default of the Sheriff, &c. Plowd. 73. On the death of a person slain, or suddenly dead, in an extraordinary manner, a Coroner, is to send his warrant to the Constables, to summon a Jury, in order to make inquiry upon view of the body; and the Coroner and Jury are to enquire into the manner of killing, and every other circumstance, which occasioned the party's death, &c. &c. &c. All wounds must be viewed, and inquiry made with what weapons given, &c. 4 Ed. 1, 2 Danv. Abr. 209, 210. The Coroner may send his warrant for witnesses, and take their examinations in writing; and the person who, by his inquest, is found guilty of the felony, the Coroner may commit to prison: and the witnesses are to be bound, by recognizance, to appear at the next assizes.

161. Read, " and that in the same court they may advance and set forth all actions, pleas, plaints, suits, and demands whatsoever, real, personal, and mixed." Action is a right of demanding, and pursuing in a Court of Judicature, what is any man's due. Actions are divided into two general kinds, real, or those against the thing; and personal, or those against the person. In common law, from the two classes of real and personal actions, arises a third, called a *mixed action*, which regards both the person and the thing. Real action is that whereby the plaintiff claims title to lands or tenements, rents, or commons in fee simple, fee tail, or for life. Personal action is that which one man hath against another, on account of a contract for money or goods; or of an offence done by him, or some other person, for whose fact he is answerable. *Mixed* action is that laid indifferently, for the thing detained, or against the person of the detainer. Cowel's Lond. Ed. 1607.

162. *Detinue* is an action that lies against him, who, having goods or chattels

chattels delivered him to keep, refuses to deliver them up again.

163. *Clerk of the market*, is an ancient officer appointed to regulate the weights and measures, by which goods and merchandizes are publicly bought and sold. The Clerk of the Market is to make *assays* of all weights and measures; and see that they be marked and sealed, according to the lawful standard. He has power to hold a court; and may issue process to the Sheriffs or Bailiffs, to bring a court before him. His charge to them is to make inquisition into the state of the markets, and to present all such persons as use false or unlawful weights, scales, or measures; or who sell adulterated, unsound, or unwholesome bread, flesh, fish, or any other victuals, or necessaries of life. Such offenders are punishable by fine in this court. See Fleta. lib. 2. cap. 8, 9, &c. 4 Inst. 274. 16 Car. 1. c. 19.

Assaye, signifies the examination of weights and measures by Clerks of Markets. Cowel ut autea.

176. *Court of Pie Powder*, or *Pedis Pulverazati*, is a court held in fairs, for doing justice to buyers and sellers; and for redress of disorders there committed. It is so called, because the clients in this court have dusty feet, called in French or Norman, (whence most of the old English law-terms are derived) *Pieds Poudreux;* and from the expedition in hearing causes proper thereto, before the dust goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants. 4 Inst. 272. This is a court of record, incident to every fair; and is to be held only during the time the fair is kept. For its jurisdiction, the cause of action, on any plea, plaint, suit or action, must arise in the same fair or market, and not at a former fair or market, or after them; and must likewise be *done*, *complained of*, *heard*, and *determined* the same day. 17 Ed. 4. c. 2. See also Doctor and Student.

178. *One fair to be held on the eve and feast, and on the day immediately following the feast of St. Canice, Abbot.* To shorten this note, we will give a proof of Foster's "*growing prosperity*," by telling that this fair is totally discontinued: there are only two fairs now held yearly in Kilkenny. The one on the feast of St. Patrick, (old stile) and the other, which should be held on St. John's, is invariably fixed for the PAPIST holy-day of Corpus Christi. Poor Kilkenny! you formerly had *three* fairs in the year, and each of them continued for *three* days. No doubt, there must have been a necessity for that length of time, in each fair, to vend the commodities gathered within your walls; otherwise your English guardians would not have lost labour in writing this one line; poor Kilkenny! two hours at most will be sufficient, on each of your *now fair*-days, to vend and purchase every article collected to constitute a fair within your limits. O, poor Kilkenny!!!! May my soul never again be lacerated by the pangs which it now feels!!! Why did I promise Cox to write these notes? Was it to have my almost blunted feelings harrowed up from below the bottom of their surface? No, a FRIEND to a province made a promise to a FRIEND TO ALL IRELAND, and may they both together, and every honest man, live to see ALL THEIR WISHES CROWNED WITH SUCCESS!

185. *Reprises* are usually taken for deductions or payments that are made, out of a manor or lands: as *rent-charges*, *pensions*, *annuities*, &c. on which account it is, that when we speak of the clear yearly rent of a manor or estate, in land, &c. we say, it is of so much per annum, besides *reprises*.

In chief, or *by Knight service.—In chief*, is an ancient tenure of land, which was held immediately of the King, as of his crown. It is likewise called *tenure holding*, of the person of the King. *Dyer* 44. The *tenure in chief* was of two kinds, the one *principal* or *general*, the other *special* or *subaltern*,

subaltern. The *principal* or *general* is the fountain from whence all tenures have their main and original. The *special* was of a particular subject, so called, from his being the person that granted the land in such manner: and hence he was styled *Capitalis Dominus.* This tenure is now abolished. See 12 Car. 2. c. 24. *Knight service* was an ancient tenure, by which several lands were held of the King, so that it drew after it homage; service in war, &c. but this tenure is taken away, by the statute just mentioned. For a full explanation of the nature and several kinds of *Knight service*, see *Serjeant Wright's Tenures*, lately published.

187. *Mortmain*, (from the French, signifying a *dead hand)* is where lands or tenements are granted to any religious house or corporation, sole, or aggregate, or to their successors, &c. which must not be done without the King's licence. Lands aliened in *Mortmain*, are different from others, for they never revert to the donor, or to any temporal or common use; and for that the Lords by such alienation lose their escheats, and many other services which were heretofore due to them; as bodies politic never die, nor can perform personal service, commit treason, or felony, &c. (Yet who will say that they cannot be guilty of *monopoly*, aye, the grossest *monopoly.)* But to the subject; this privilege has occasioned several laws, concerning *mortmain*, by virtue whereof the King, or other Lord, of whom the land is held, may enter into the lands so aliened, as forfeited. 1 Inst. 2, 304. 2 Inst. 361. 9 H. 3. c. 36. 7 Ed. 1. Nevertheless, several persons found out means to evade these statutes, by causing lands to be conveyed to them by *feoffment*, whereby they took the profits thereof; which was prevented by 15 R. 2, and 23 Hen. 8. c. 10. For further particulars of the laws of *Mortmain*, see 1 Roll. Abr. 556, 11 Rep. Wood's Inst. 303. 7 and 8, W. 3. c. 37, and 9 Geo. 2. c. 36.

189. The society of Merchants of the Staple is no longer existing. We must however observe, that it was from among them were taken the first Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Recorder, and every other officer for the city.—At that time there were no *Mares* for Lords, and Lords for Mayors:—at that time there were no tablets upon the public bridges, as is the case at present, telling that a right honorable Earl was Mayor, whilst he was suffering himself to be thrust, by Perceval, into the dirty little Borough of Bossiney, in Cornwall, to barter his principles, and, for the sake of a pension, which he did not want, to be insulting the feelings of his countrymen, to be panegyrising that statesman whom, *in his wisdom*, he *has discovered to be no more;* that statesman who has robbed us of our independence—Oh! who has robbed us of every thing but the hearty desire of cursing his ashes.—From the clan which this young Perceval collected around him at Desart, on taking possession of his paternal estate, the most undiscerning foresaw the bias of his politics. They were the blood-suckers of 98. They were the heroes who formed the torturing company of a torturing general, —*and not General Hunter*,—nor *Sir Charles Asgill.* The biography of these ruffians shall be written; and to repay them, it shall be written with a *vigour beyond the law.* Their day of retribution is to come.

212. *Ad quod damnum*, is a writ which ought to be issued, before the King grants certain liberties, as a fair, market, or the like, which being granted, may be prejudicial to others. And is directed to the Sheriff to enquire, by the country, what damage it may do to the granter, or other persons. *Fitz. Nat. Brev.*

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

The *English* Patriot, printed in Dublin, in an article in it, on 18th of January,

January, complains of the indecent wishes expressed by the American people, that England may be trod down by Bonaparte. The Patriot quotes an article from the sermon of one Osgood, a canting enthusiast, and demands the sympathy of their Irish readers, in this affecting affair. The American people appear to have some influence in their own affairs, and seem to know the character of their English rivals. The enmity or policy of the Americans, in the case described by the fanatic Osgood, may be excessive, but is founded on fear, and justified by example; they have learned from our fate in Ireland, that the people who acknowleged American independence, in their weakness, may return and destroy it, if they gather any strength. Britain, by the Act of renunciation of 1782, acknowleged Irish independence, and we understood it was irrevocable; but we find Britain return to the contest, and by buying our Representatives in 1799, extinguished that liberty, which she acknowleged to be our right.

ENGLISH PROSPERITY.

It appears, by an official report, that one million and forty thousand persons in England and Wales, are at present paupers in the work-houses; that is, one seventh of the population of the whole island, including Scotland. The world may judge, by this dreadful document, the temerity and arrogance of a nation that presumes, in such a condition, to deprive six millions of Irishmen of their natural rights, with one hand, and with the other to contend with the immense power of Bonaparte. The imposture is so evident, that every reflecting man must see, that those Islanders must eventually give up the contest; that France cannot be bullied, nor Ireland cheated.

MASSACRE AT DUNLAVIN.

We have received a letter from a young female, whose father was one of the poor victims on this occasion. The poor girl's method of relating the horrid business is given in a very affecting manner, but in too plain terms, as to the brutal conduct of several of the licensed monsters, (whose names she mentions) for our safety to insert. We do not like to be hanged, poisoned, or shot; and as we are aware that there are some unhanged of the ruffians, we are cautious of offending them, until we have done with our friend the Major.

On the 21st of May, 1798, Captain Saunders, commanding the Dunlavin Yeomanry, summoned his Corps to appear at his house early on the 22d, as he had business of importance to communicate; besides, they were to be inspected by a regular officer. The poor fellows attended, and in the best appearance; they remained on parade a considerable part of the day, waiting for the promised inspection; but suddenly appeared to their view Captain Stratford, Captain Richardson, and a party of the Wicklow Militia and of the Romney Horse, who instantly closed on the Yeomanry, and surrounded them; immediately twenty men were selected, and conducted prisoners to Dunlavin, where they were kept until Thursday, the 24th. Capt. Richardson ordered them to be tied together in couples, and brought out to the Fair-green, without any trial, or the consolation of a Clergyman; where they were shot, with the exception of Pat Moran and Geo. Wright, who became informers. Besides shooting this unfortunate body of Yeomanry, twenty of the neighbouring people suffered also.

The following is a correct list of the Yeomanry, who were massacred:—James Mara, John Williams, Andrew Ryan, Pat. and James Duffey, John Webb, Pat. Curran, David Lee, Mat. Kavanagh, Richard Kelly, Morgan Doyle, Thomas Doyle, Mat. Farrell, James Moran, Charles Evers, William Dwyer, Thomas Brien, David Pendergast,

dergast, and James Dunn. Pendergast recovered, so far as to be able, in the absence of the Executioners, to make his escape, with his hand keeping in his bowels, until he gained a friend's house, distant between two or three miles, where he remained until cured.

Specimen of cursed English Sentiment towards poor Ireland.

Among the letters of Lord Chesterfield, who was Lord Lieutenant here so late as the year 1748, his Excellency has proposed the following method of ameliorating the condition of Ireland:

"There is a great deal of money lying in the treasury: let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage . . . . ; above all, the Protestant Charter Schools. Let them *people* and *civilize* the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for *Protestant* strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a King, and a government; three things to which they are at present utter strangers. These, and other such measures, would make them Patriots indeed.

"Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found thus in Ireland, that the Popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let, and take leases equally with the Protestants, but subject to the Gavel Act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tie them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the Pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those that come over to you, though perhaps only *seemingly* at first, well and friendly, instead of looking for their cloven feet, and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the Protestant charter-schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, *and then put them strictly in execution.*"

"These will be your arts."

"Hæc tibi artes ereunt."

"This would do in time, and nothing else will nor ought."

Irish reader, look at this, from an English Legislator, and calculate what you are to expect from any Englishman.

Ingratitude to England.

The Edinburgh Reviewers accuse the Catholics of Ireland, of entertaining such an inveterate hatred to the good people of Britain, that they meditate a separation of the two countries, and that the same Catholics are ready to place themselves under any foreign government, to forward their wicked designs.

Those Scottish zealots accuse us not only of ill-nature, but of treason; as to the treasonable part of the question, we will say nothing, lest we might displease our British brethren, whose esteem we appreciate as the Lamb does the approbation of the Wolf. Hatred, we confess, we have a large stock of, very well distributed in our island; for which confession, as candid as it is fair, we hope those Scottish scribblers will not blame us; though we acknowledge our crime, we have not any idea of recanting it, through fear or politeness, as our indignation is founded on the fairest human principle. We have only to open the Statute Book, if we want written evidences, to justify our feelings; there may be seen, the solemn decrees of the robber, and the manly sufferings and indignant struggles of the injured. Religion and Legislation mocking Justice, a House of Commons on their knees, invoking the God of mercy, before they proceed to steep their hands in blood, or in more homely language, saying grace before meat. We should not be

be told of the conduct of Spain, or America. When an impression of horror is to be made on the human mind, let the conduct of England towards Ireland be detailed, and the picture of terror, hypocrisy, and sacrilege is complete. A senate of Englishmen, rising from their devotions, to sweep the entire property of one province into their own hands, and delivering the owners to all the horrors of the sword and the faggot! we have seen the miniature of James the first's reign in our day. We have observed our law maker's in the native English spirit, tear the backs of our countrymen in Beresford's Riding-house, and after wiping the human fragments of living flesh and blood from their hands, adjourn from the Irish slaughter-house in Marlborough-green, to the Senate-house in College-green, to hear prayers and make long speeches in defence of religion and order. We have seen those men, after putting one half of the people on the triangle, sell the remainder; and with these examples, and millions of others, added to a starving population, in a country abounding in every article of the first necessity; the empire is told by the Scotch Reviewers that we are not only guilty of hatred towards Britain, but are so incorrigibly ungrateful, we meditate treason, and that we want to get out of her company.

Counsellor Guinness's Loyalty.

This learned gentleman has been called, by the deputy of his Sovereign, to the elevated rank of a Police Magistrate. From the very hour that he accepted the regulation of Police duties, Mr. Guinness complains he was persecuted. Mr. Guinness brought his loyalty in full bloom with him, to the little Bench of Justice, in Duke-street, and has been exposed to much persecution; and the sacrifices he has made, by his own account, are not trifling; he says *all the Bar* know that he earned six hundred pounds a year, and to become independent he took the place of Police-man, at the reduced salary of £500. Any person, except Willis, the Breeches-maker, conversant in Arithmetic, could see, by this statement, Mr. Guinness is out of pocket, by his loyalty, one hundred a year. It is to Willis's opposition the world is indebted to Mr. Guinness for his elegant defence.—"My loyalty," says Mr. Guinness, "has brought the enmity of Willis on me; but you, my fellow citizens, have confirmed my election, as a common council-man; and I shall now go home to my children, and tell to them, this is the proudest and most honorable event of my life" "I will do the same," said Sims, the *Shaver:* and "I will do the same," echoed Craig, the *Naggin-man:* and "I will do the same," said LORD ROS'S *close-stool-man.* The crowd of loyal men all cried out, in imitation of the *lisping* loyalist, "we all, to a man, will go home, and tell the glad tidings to our Children."

☞ *THE MAJOR!!!*

We understand that another publication, with a view of increasing its sale, means to use the MAJOR!!! as part of its materials. We warn this paper, or any other paper, of interfering in the MAJOR! as he is exclusively our property; in fact, we have a copy-right in him, and have entered him, agreeable to the statutes, in Stationers'-hall: from which he cannot be removed, without a warrant, signed by some magistrate, for murder or robbery, as in the cases of Hoey, and Hevy's mare.

Luke White, the flying Stationer.

This liberal and enlightened *new* Gentleman, is canvassing the county of Dublin, for a seat in the English legislature. His agents, we rejoice to say, are numerous. The gentlemen who were state prisoners in Kilmainham-goal,

ham-goal, and have survived close confinement, are very active, on this occasion, with their assistance. The Catholics, who admire the treatment the young soldier of the county Dublin Militia received, have, to a man, agreed to forward the interest of the literary candidate; for this purpose, they have entered their names in a list, in the hands of Mr. Mc. Farland, and have agreed to appear under Luke's *green apron*, newly bordered, to be used as a standard on the occasion.

Several nights past, the blue centinel over the stone urinary, Exchange-court, discovered *Browney's Coco*, lurking on the Exchange steps: she appeared in different forms, and at one time as a centry box, so naturally contrived, that the poor watchman mistook it for his own, and actually walked into it, by which mistake he was hurled into the air, to the great danger of losing his life. It appeared the next night, in the shape of a can of porter, which so deceived the thirsty guardian of the night, that he eagerly attempted to take a draught; but no sooner did he put it to his lips, than the disguised vessel so fastened on his face, that it required a division of the corps to remove it next morning.

Justice Axletree & Walter Cox.

This *HEN*-hunting magistrate said, a few days since, that I might take up some other employment, than Magazine writing, at least some one not so very offensive. He must acknowlege that avarice is not my motive, not like him. I had no trade equally productive with the one I have adopted. He is a rich Coachmaker; and yet he takes up an additional trade, by accepting of £500 a year, for doing justice. A man who is paid out of the public money, may loll in idleness, or indulge a vulgar spirit of virulence, who, if left to the capacities of his own mind, or the exertions of his own industry, would probably appear oftener as a criminal, than as a Magistrate.

Disposing of the Poor.

In England and Wales, it appears that the poor rates amount to seven millions sterling per annum. The world must admit, this kind of charity is very expensive; that no nation equals England, in the provisions it makes for its own poor. Now, in Ireland we have a cheaper mode; a special commission will cost no more than 160 pounds, which, if properly managed, would dispose of as many persons. Besides this expedient, which is rather expensive, for removing the offensive superabundant population, the Orange-men dispose of them on very reasonable terms, as they charge nothing for murdering an entire village, excepting the small expense of gun-powder.

Colonial Produce.

Yesterday, two hundred bundles of colonial produce were shipped, at George's-quay, for England; they consisted of 400 young Irishmen, tied in couples, or rather packed up, and properly prepared for the next slaughtering season; they were distinguished by bits of red cloth, handsomely fixed on their backs, to prevent them from wandering.

This morning 160 fat cows were put into the same vessel, with the other animals. The Irish travel for meat to eat, and the meat travels to get eaters; and to finish the paradox, the cows and the men are companions, though not allowed any intercourse.

Lord Cheltenham's Charity.

This noble Lord's charity is highly praised, by his very numerous friends; but we are obliged to say, his charity is like his title, it is rather British than Irish; he buys his clothes and coaches in England, and buys beggars

beggars prayers in Ireland. He neglects Irish industry, and encourages Irish mendicity. Were he to waste all the treasures of Mullinahack, in this manner, he could never convince us of the purity of his benevolence, or of the strength of his patriotism. He aspires to a seat in the English senate; we trust he will be disappointed, because, we fear a man, who contributes to starve us, would assist to flog us. If we are to be flogged and starved, let these crimes be done by the legitimate practitioners, but let not Ireland be dishonored, by allowing an O'Byrne to be an executioner.

Melancholy Affair.

A few days since, two privates of the Carlow yeomanry, Groves and Townsend, were fully committed for trial, for removing some disaffected callicoes from the shop of a Mr. Murphy, in Byrne-street, Carlow.

Captain Erskine.

This distinguished and unfortunate gentleman was busily engaged, in the summer of 1798, flogging a man of the name of BAILY, in the vicinity of Athy. After giving BAILY a very reasonable share of the *taws*, and not getting any information in return, the impatient captain *mounted on* BAILY'S *back! and so applied his spurs to the sufferer's sides*, that the poor fellow's bowels fell out on the ground.

In some days after this gallant affair, the *poor captain*, and the division of dragoons under his command, were PIKED, at the battle of Kilcullen, by the rebels.

THE REGENCY.

In the course of the debates on this subject, Mr. Ponsonby moved an amendment, that "the master of the buck hunds should be excluded from having any part in the care of the King." We agree with our illustrious countryman on the propriety and decency of his motion, as it must appear highly ridiculous, that the keeper of the hounds, (if the dogs are numerous), could spare any useful part of his time to so important a business. Mr. Ponsonby has only committed one error, on this occasion; it was, by coupling the keepers of *dogs* and *kings together!* and that in a British senate.

THE HON.

Henry Augustus Dillon.

The electors of the county of Mayo, who have any esteem for public virtue and great private worth, in case of a dissolution of parliament, will soon have an opportunity of again returning a representative, whose military talents, constitutional principles, and great experience in senatorial adroitness, stands not second to any man the county of Mayo has produced, since we became a colony, with the exception of the Hon. Denis Browne, whose *travels* have been compared to the swiftest of any modern gentleman, of the equestrian order, in Europe. The Catholic Freeholders of Mayo must naturally have an attachment to Mr. Dillon, as he is only one degree removed from them in religious principles; his father, the present Lord Dillon, having received his education in that Communion, agreeable to the manner of thinking of his parents and illustrious ancestors. Mr. Dillon's constitutional character is highly estimable; he feels for the dignity and integrity of our establishments, in church and state, and with no diminished veneration for the purity of the catholic faith, as it ought to be regulated, in his native country, though he has, in his own person, renounced its discipline; he is indefatigable in advising for its best interests, and is decidedly the advocate of that salutary and conciliating project the *VETO*. He ridicules, with just acrimony, and with philosophical acumen, the absurdity of travelling to Rome, for the approbation of an OLD MAN, when we can get an *old man's* approbation at home. On the matter of travelling, every prudent Irishman

will agree with Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Denis Browne, as travelling is expensive and troublesome. Mr. Denis Browne travelled, without French leave, and knows the trouble that attends such excursions. Mr. Dillon advises our bishops, on the example of Denis, never to ask such permission, as it cannot be had, by resorting to his HOLINESS, without condescending to do, what Denis disdained. In short, there is no Gentleman, out of the Catholic faith, has such an high opinion of the *VETO*, as Mr. Dillon; besides being of a religious turn, without submitting to papistical humiliation, he has an high idea of domestic economy, and a very just abhorrence at the indolence and rudeness of our peasantry. He proposes, whenever GOD puts him in possession of the estates of his noble father, by the natural demise of that venerated nobleman, (so celebrated by bringing in that salutary bill, the first insurrection act,) to colonize his great and extensive domains, by importing Dutch and Galliciau peasants, whose submission, neatness, and industry he highly panegyrises. We trust the Catholic freeholders of Mayo, on the next election, will prove themselves men, not so deficient in religion, loyalty and order, as to neglect doing every due honor to the illustrious house of Dillon.

LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham, Jan. 20, 1811.

DEAR PAT.

Your letter of the sixth came to hand. I am so much engaged, that I have not any opportunity at present to give you a complete character of our British masters. The only criterion at present, in my observance, is a *hanging match:* and if we are to judge from the performance, on this solemn occasion, you will be of my opinion, that the wretches here are as careless of their future reputation, as they are of their present. To be explicit; I was, a few days since, present at the execution of a young man, for the murder of his father. With all the confidence that the elevated English character assumes, he appeared in the cart, as an ancient Roman, in his triumphal car: his hair powdered, his shirt ruffled, and in his hand a *bouquet;* now, in your country, on such an occasion, a convict would have a CROSS, to express his confidence in the Christian faith; but the English gentleman, as the wag would express it, would rather 'die under the rose.' To add to the character of our British masters, they have given a dignity to hanging, by the handsome manner they do it. The executioner is generally a well-dressed tradesman, and appears in the most respectable costume; his Sunday cloaths, fine cloth, clean shirt, and powdered wig, and his wife, (one of the British fair,) usually attends, to hold his hat and cane, while the artist is applying the deciding necklace. The British character is not finished here; it enlarges itself; it unites temporal with eternal; the man who preserves social order, in the character of a hangman, is also a brass founder, or a tinker, and, at intervals, is a—*preacher of the gospel!!!* He exhibits crimes on the gibbet, expresses industry in the workshop, and terrifies the unholy, by heavenly admonitions. It was only yesterday, being Sunday, as I was passing by a meeting-house, my attention was arrested, by the singular noise of the congregation; my curiosity to see these people, in every character they exhibit, made me step into the house, and to my surprise, who should be dealing out the words of grace, but the very topsman, who was employed the preceding day, dispatching his countrymen to the other world! in fact, the hangman was the preacher; and by the effect his instruction had on the congregation, whose groans might be heard a mile off, he must be a very good practitioner, in the secret of soul saving.

The

The spirit of preaching is not only in great repute among the lower orders, but it extends to the first walks of life, and this preacher is highly appreciated. He frequently visits London, where he preaches to very respectable congregations, and is honored by the attendance of the first men at the bar, and in the senate; among others, I am assured, that Redesdale pays him great attention. Colonel Wardle is one of his pupils; even royalty is numbered among his followers; his highness, the Duke of Cumberland, whose piety would ornament any character, takes great notice of Mr. Bloodgood, this preacher's name.

Perhaps Pat. you may think, like many others of our half informed countrymen, that my letter is too long, and the subject too dirty.

Your's, truly, BRIEN.

Review of Swaddling Preachers.

It has been long boasted that Ireland is the hot-bed of holiness, as well as sedition: and if the English consider us an island of rebels, they cannot, (take us either as papists or protestants) deny but we are an "Island of Saints." The growth of sanctity had been long uncultivated, by all classes in this country, and they seemed rather to think on sedition than their allegiance to the Lord. But since the Huntingdon or Westley spirit was breathed, by swaddling preachment, upon the surface of the land, the vegetation of religion increased, and the spirit of righteousness and swaddling has grown like the seed of mustard, and has formed a *Tree of life*, 'and preachers of the word.' Holy coblers, pious taylors, blessed barbers, and glorified pully-makers have perched upon, and nestled in its branches. The most chirping of these birds of Paradise, whose pious warblings have delighted the holy ear, is the subject of our review, the glorified George Gallagher, the pully-maker, the nightingale of swaddling psalmody, the barrel organ of religion, who calls together the profane, and charms them into a holy merriment, upon things above: this man's present state of lofty holiness was not acquired without the hardest tug that has been known amongst swaddling bruizers. Seventy-two rounds did George fight with the infernal Blackamoor, alias Satan, but more vulgarly known by the name of the Devil; till the sixty-third round the contest was in favor of the Black, and there were seven to two against his Holiness, the maker of pullies; but St. George, who was educated by an Usher of the Foundling Hospital, commonly called a nurse, had taught him, when an infant, to cross his forehead, (an idolatrous practice amongst Papists,) and after doing so, he had the best of eight to one, in every successive round. Since this, he has been considered as a graduate in grace; he cannot sin, and the *Devil* fears him as the *Major* does WATTY COX. He sat for many years in silent sanctity, till some accident called him into the notice of Mr. La-Touche, who perceiving his unexampled holiness, appointed him his vicar general, and deputy preacher, in all the mad-houses of Dublin. Shortly after, he was introduced to Mrs. Tighe, who made him her almoner in chief, for the Liberty department, and grand distributer of little books against Popery, or dustings for the scarlet Whore of Babylon, adapted to tender minds. In this mission he had such success, and converted so many basket women and ballad singers, and street walkers, to the Lord, upon so low bounty, that he was appointed coadjutor to the Big Beggarman, or Saint Hacball and was voted the thanks of the Board of Grace. Some little difference occurring between the Apostle of Channel-row and Saint Pully, as to some brass tenpennies, that replaced silver ones, occasioned an unhappy chill in the ardour of their saintly friendship; but the matter

was

was adjusted by a convention of sanctity, who declared, 'that it was the devil that robbed the poor-box, and thus to make holy men differ, and obstruct the ways of the Lord.' Mr. Gallagher, tho' first of enemies to Satan, amongst the swaddling saints, is by no means the first preacher.—Old Gribbens, the cast-cloaths man, excels him in thundering vaunt, and frightful bellowing; Morrissey, the receiver of stolen goods, and dealer in old iron, in Kevin-street, excels him in fervor and zeal for sinners led astray; Mr. La-Touche has the gift of speaking through his nose, which makes the words more impressively urgent: and Sir Ruebens Legboard, with all his ugliness and vulgarity, has a manner and attitude, copied from the Cartons of Raphael, in his possession, which exceeds them all:—yet George has the gift of blushlessness; a negative sort of quality, that hinders men to be ashamed of any thing, and thus, with a little grace, ranks amongst the first preachers of the word in Dublin.—He is considered the ablest hand upon deep controverted points, and his decisions admit of no appeal. He preached the greatest sermon ever yet known, against FATHER BETAGH, and his pernicious doctrines in general; and he would have been sent chief secretary to the mission against idolatry, and made second in command to Mr. Brunskil, the coal-heaver, appointed to convert the king of the Hottentots, but that Mr. Gallagher happened not to have gotten from the Lord, in the plenitude of his favors, the art of reading and writing. His sermons are published by the Delgany press, and that on the first of July, is considered the ablest composition that has issued from the junction of loyalty and religion.

French Execution.

The method of shortening the pains of death, when hanging, as practised in France, had a truly tragi-comic effect. Every culprit had a separate gallows, made like a gibbet, ascended before the executioner, who, having adjusted the cap and the rope, the hands being already fastened before the culprit, one under the other, pushed him off the ladder, and stepped into his hands, took hold of each shoulder, and wriggled the body violently to and fro till it was lifeless. A wit observed, on this, that the French were so fond of dancing, that they made their criminals go a capering into the other world.

COX's New Shew Box.

Look ye, gentlemen, that dead, swollen body, with the Anna Liffey running from the knees of his breeches, is the Major; he has been just taken from the bottom of the river, where he flung himself, to escape from WATTY COX. The tall, woman-faced fellow, who stands trembling so at the dead body, is Major *Rowdidow*, one of Beresford's cavalry: he is very apprehensive that he will be another victim of the newly-invented mode of assassination. The tall ill-looking fellow is HORISH's acquaintance, who first broke his enemies, and afterwards his friends; the knife that he is going to cut his throat with, is the very same that cut the waistband of Horish's breeches. Look ye to the right; that is the great Nelson's monument; observe how the stone representation of the hero of Copenhagen, sweats with grief, at the misfortunes of his loyal friends. Look ye further, and there ye shall see, in the wide street, the Police bank; that big fellow apologizing to the crowd, for non-payment, is the plundering policeman, who bought an estate of £700 a year, out of a salary of £100 a year.

Next look at Justice and General D——, curing Beggars of longevity. See the loyal Justice feeling old Molly Connor's pulse, and advising her to resume her old habits, and to drink six bottles

bottles of Champaigne, and one bottle of brandy, every day; she is presenting him with a recommendation from Jack Sweetman, the hatter.

Next, I shew you a Suffolk breakfast; see the fencibles messing on an Irish fricando, at Naas, and ragouting a croppy; see Corporal Bull, what an epicure! P. Walsh, of Mullymast's heart, that he is eating, has much the taste of haggis, that his mother used to cook for him at Edinburgh.

Next, gentlemen and ladies, I shew you the great Luke White, playing the part of the flying stationer, at the Chapel of Multifarnam. Observe him all hung round with beads, and his green apron full of pious Popery books—see the old woman bargaining for the key of paradise: observe what a fine popery face Sir Ruebens has given the flying bookseller.

Observe, next Luke, a loyal Protestant, charging rebels with fixed bayonets, in Kilmainham jail; to the right is Dr. Trevor grinning! also you see lame Godfrey, who came there to spend the vacation. See the transformation that has taken place in the religious upstart's countenance.

Observe next, the flogging of a Papist soldier, by Major Pamphlet, the son of old Luke, for going to mass! See the blood how it pours down his back; see how loyal the Major looks, and how he smiles at the torture.

Next I shew you the Trial of Sir Edw. Crosby, by the Carlow loyalists. See what a contrast in the gentlemanly face of the Knight, and that of the bloods, and loyalists about him. Look at Major Latitat how he sneers, and the *Best* man in Carlow how he is athirst for conviction. See C——— is wriggling at the delay to have him tucked up. See the picture of the devils that are hovering over the heads of the loyalists.

The next view I give you is a peep into the Four Courts. There is, in the present group, a picking choice for a painter to describe the face of depravity. Look under the clock, is not that a pretty boy? That is Mr. Bloomfield, who is waiting to meet Tom Broom, the bailiff, at 12, to go set a Connaught gentleman.—Observe the faces of the Attornies. See their young apprentices: see their libertine looks, and their buck dresses, shewing idleness and vice at every point. 'Is that a hangman,' said a little boy, 'talking to the man that is puffing?' 'No,' says WATTY, 'that is Mr. Claudius talking to the great B———.

Next, I bring you, gentlemen, to the battle of Castlebar. General Lake is at the head of the flying party, and Denis Browne is seen changing his regimentals with a beggarman. Observe the haste and the loyalty of Denis, and the rapture of the beggarman at receiving the boot of a purse, for his lousy rags.

Next I shew you his reverence the Major, preaching a sermon, (the sermon is in the last Irish Magazine) the old man, fast asleep, with the cocked nose, is Sir Ruebens Legboard; next him is a woman with a child, making the sign of the cross, at what the Major says about the devil and his angels; she is Mrs. Jemmy O'Brien. See the child, how like it is to Jemmy; the Major stood for it, and had it called *C*—— *H*—— *S*—— Jemmy O'Brien, and promised to rear it a protestant. Look at the little dagger that it has instead of a coral, given it by its God-father; and the little book about its neck, like a popish gospel, is the four Evangelists, given by its other God-father, Alderman James. Amongst the congregation, is Major Rowdidow, and Mr. Recorder, of the triangle bank, and the celebrated Molly Connor.

The next beautiful piece you see is the neat, admirable, and loyal burning of the Rebel hospital at Ross, containing 160 wounded men, and 40 women. Observe the merry Orangemen,

Orangemen, how they rejoice at the falling rafters, and at a suffocated child they caught on a bayonet! The screams of the women appear to blacken the flames.

Next you see the Companion, or the Tit-for-tat piece. The burning of Scullabogue barn, in which Miss Lett and several young protestant ladies were burnt to ashes, and are yet alive! The flames ascending from the Orange carcases seem to stink as they arise.

SLAUGHTER IN CARLOW.

"*I have words that should be howled out to the desert air, where hearing could'nt catch them.*"

Sir,—as the Slaughter of Carlow will form a prominent feature in the history of this most unfortunate country, I think it a duty I owe the dead, as well as living, to furnish the historian with the names and cruelties of the human savages that bellowed loudest for human gore—but, as I have witnessed the horrors I am about to relate, it may appear criminal, on my part, to have remained so long silent, on so important a subject; however, the reader must see the impossibility of giving it publicity, previous to the establishment of the Irish Magazine; which is the only publication in the *Colony!* that dare tell truth in these worst of times.—Long, long ago I would have given the history of the Carlow Murder, but still hoped, that it would have occupied an abler pen than mine. Now as I am determined, from month to month, to form an account of the *ten* days slaughter (for so long did it continue) it is necessary for me to attempt a description of the orphan-making morning of the 25th of May, 1798; for as the subject has been but glanced at, of course there have been acts of barbarity committed, not as yet published, on the insertion of which, the page of history will shudder. The evening before the dreadful catastrophe, Carlow exhibited scenes, too shocking for the human mind to rest on; the streets were crowded with hordes of military monsters, whose ferocity was increased by the yells of Orange beagles, the superior scent of whom, entitled them to lead the pack; all was confusion!—all was horror!—About nine at night, they were inside the barrack walls, determined to stand a siege, which was manifest by the preparations for the purpose. The awful stillness that prevailed in the town, reminded me strongly of the words of *Young*; which, with little alteration, was very applicable. "'Twas as if the general pulse of life stood still, and Carlow made a pause—an awful pause—prophetic of her end:" every eye was turned towards the east, watching, and waiting the messenger of day: at length the reddened dawn proclaimed his approach: and, about the hour of two, the town was encircled with nearly 6000 peasants; who approached its very precincts in four divisions. The signal for them to advance, was, a shout from the first that would enter the garrison, (as they called it.) The inhabitants began to indulge in the hope that all was peace, when they were roused from their dream by a roar from a thousand voices, which was the division that had entered at the east part of the town; and which was the only one that had the resolution to do so.—They advanced to the very centre; but being fired on by a centinel doing duty at the Collector's, and not expecting opposition in that quarter, they became panic struck; and flew like driven deer. Then were unchained the dogs of war; who devoured, with an appetite as keen as death. In a little time, there were on fire 150 houses! and shall I write it? 500 men!!!

Yes, reader, men on fire! 'tis no les monstrous than true. In one place alone, there were forty! whose very bones were consumed to ashes! In ancient, as well as modern warfare, it has been the universal custom to respect the

the dead, aye, in the very heat of battle, when every gate of hell is thrown open, and every fiend therein waves wide the sword of destruction; then, even then, there is an hour's respite to reverence and bury the dead. But our Carlow warriors, that is, (and let them not be forgotten) the ninth dragoons, the Armagh, and North-Cork militia, with about six bands of Orangemen, who, disdaining, precedents and in the genuine spirit of extermination, took a peculiar method of burning their dead, for they buried them in the burning ruins of their own houses!! and here I must remark, that, of the number whose houses were consumed, very few escaped death, in one shape or other—Reader, behold, with the mind's eye, 1500 Irishmen (for Irishmen they were) tearing, with gorey hands, the burning timber of their fellow-countrymen's cabins, to illuminate the flying victims; that the blaze of their own thatch might be more fatal than the lightning of Heaven. But your indignation must be suspended, when I tell you, that his Majesty's troops, aye the King's troops! paid and fed by the sweat of the very men they slaughtered, did, afer three hours deliberation, alight from their horses, and, shocking to mention it, took the half-dead bodies, and tossed them into the flames! But however barbarous such ruffians might or did act, still the reflection that they were mercenary soldiers, whose trade is blood, accounts, in some degree, for the barbarity of human nature; but how to account for the ruthless, remorseless, relentless conduct of the aristocracy of my country, is a task that would require the mind of *a Duigenan*, and malignity of *a Demon*. Never, never, while the vital current flows, shall I forget with what apathy, nay, with what complacency, they beheld their poor, but honest unarmed neighbours agonize beneath the bayonet of the whole bred assasin, or heli-bred Orangemen.—After our military hyenas had drank large slaughter, then it was that the hell of the damned opened on the view. Then it was that Satan himself took human form, and in character of an Orange trumpeter, committed crimes, as novel as they were enormous; then, in fine, it was that Crothers, who was trumpeter to the ninth Dragoons, a regiment that would have immortalized itself under a Gensiskan, walked in procession, surrounded by his fellow fiends, with a large beads and wooden crucifix, suspended from the point of his bayonet, exclaiming, "Behold the wooden Jesus! Behold the God of the Papists."

A CARLOW FRIEND.

[*To be continued.*]

SALE OF PICTURES

OF SIR RUEBENS LEGBOARD.

Sir Ruebens having received such atrocious abuse from that rascal, WATTY COX, who is set on by the French or Jacobin party, mentioned by Grattan, to revolutionize Ireland, will actually sell, to his last picture, and emigrate from a country, which is about to incur heavenly vengeance, by the granting Catholic emancipation, permitting the IRISH MAGAZINE to exist, and men like him to be made a public jest, in a scandalous publication.

No. 1. Swearing-in Croppies. A fine piece; the painter unknown. The chief merit of the piece is good stile, draught of outline, and a strong likeness of the character. The men sworn into the business, in this piece, are marked likenesess of Sir Thomas Judkin, Lord Castlereagh, the Major, Sir Duplicate Triangle, Jemmy O'Brien, Jack Walsh, *alias* Breslaw Walsh, Crawley, and a great number of well known Attorneys. This piece is historical, and of great value on that account.

No. 2. Swearing of Orangemen. A picture painted by faithful John Pack, for the Riding-house. This picture, in point of colouring, is the best of John's paintings, except the conversion

conversion of old Molly Connor, by Sir Rueben Legboard's eloquence, which is esteemed his master piece. This picture excels, for likeness of holy and loyal characters, and a grand display of vulgar popery face. As our Magazine is devoted to the true, real, genuine, unsophisticated interest of the religion of Irishmen, we cannot expose the characters whose likenesses strike us in this picture.

No. 4. A perspective view of Luttrel's-town, the seat of Luke Pamphlet, Esq. by Gabrielli. The Monument erected to old Luttrell, the traitor, is very well marked. The gallowses, pickets, and implements of loyalty, that were necessary for the support of church and state, are still preserved with every attention, such as paintings and scourings, as may tend to shew the loyalty of the present occupant. Luke's *green apron* is very well drawn, as drying upon the gallows that hung Dunn, the noted croppy, in the year 1798.

The dance of Loyalty, or the Informer's progress; after the manner of Holbein's dance of Death. This picture shews a low character, and the likeness of the Hero is somewhat of the likeness of Major S——, who is described as dancing to the air of Croppy lie down, played by a Scotch fifer, from under a gallows on Arbour-hill, by rapid chases, or sideling movements, down to Channel-row, and into the black cart. The fading away of the glaring habiliment into rags waving to the wind, is the happy art of the great painter, from Amsterdam, Van Cropp, the pupil of Signior Dagger-in-it, the historical painter to the late Robespierre.

The Siege of Coxboro, or the Watcock on the Irish Magazine, in the year 1809, on the 24th of June. This is a fine piece; the forlorn hope is headed by Biblemouth, followed by Corporal Firethatch of the Major's office. Next appears the desperate and determined faces of eight sword men, resolved to conquer or die, for the constitution; the foremost of them is lame Gaffney, who was shot at the murder of Duff, of Galway's-walk, and turned informer; the next is Hanlon, who was shot through the neck, at the robbery of Jones of Fortick's-grove, who snapped a pistol at lame Godfrey, and nearly murdered him with the fright. Watty is seen terrified, and dropping his pen, with which he is overturning the constitution; thinking that the force is an army of the court of conscience, to make him prisoner; or a deputation from Mr. Grattan, to bespeak his passiveness at the next general election, and to request that Watty will not set up, to represent, as formerly, the City of Dublin. The sacking of Watty's shop, for his audacious disloyalty, in not paying two shillings to the Stamp-office, as the law prescribes, is very well done; the picture of Jemmy O'Brien, the Walking gallows, & Tom Reynolds, seem tossed about, so as to afflict a mind, that feels for martyrs to loyalty, religion, and our happy constitution.

Conway, mending his pen with his dagger, is very neat in the representation of the tools; but we think that the secretary of the union repeal, is rather made upon the likeness of Rynwick Williams, the London monster, who used to stab the bodies of the females, with the same letch, but with less dexterity, than the "tale unfolding Gentleman" of the Messenger, stabs female reputation. Con. looks very angry whilst nibbing the pen, and appears panting to break his spear upon some poor unprotected stranger, who has no friend in a foreign land, who knows her innocence, and depends upon the Irish character to defend her from a pimp, a coward, and a mercenary.

Loyal men robbing a shop; the scene is in Leighlin-bridge. The lady of the shop is Mrs. Keogh, whose son was gibbeted in Carlow, upon the clearest conjecture of his being disaffected; so much so, as to preclude the trouble of a trial. Major Latitat

is

is well drawn as leading the charge, and entering the breach.—The loyal men carrying off the *Spolia Opima* upon their backs, from the disloyal premises, have their Protestant, upstart, loyal and mean faces accurately depicted.

Welch Intrepidity ! ! !

This is a very *spiritual* and valuable painting, representing the *gallant Colonel Wardle* in the act of *singeing off Doctor Black's whiskers, in the guard-room of Newry*—We cannot too strongly admire the *manly attitude* of the *magnanimous Colonel*, or the *grace* and *dexterity* with which he applies the *lighted candle* to the *cheek* of the PRISONER,—who is *barely pinioned*, and placed sitting in a window. Every feature of the *hero* flashes forth the *glowing expression of loyalty*, and *valour*, ably contrasted by the INDIGNANT air and COLLECTED FORTITUDE which the Doctor has the INSOLENCE *to asume*, under such mild and *merciful correction.*

The *Originality of this Picture* will be attested *upon oath, if necessary, before Sale.*

No. 2. *Benevolent* SAM *aritan*, anointing the back of the traveller.—This picture is a fine original, and (*under favour,*) exhibits a *strong* likeness of the *Big Beggerman*, dressing the back of *Billy Horish*, on his escape from the *Riding-House.*—Notwithstanding the *affected philanthropy* which is so *artfully* thrown into the countenance of the *lusty pauper*, we imagine, from the contortions of poor *Horish's sooty muzzle*, that there is more *vinegar* than *oil* in the application.

No. 3. Hotspur reading a letter ! —This we think rather intended for *caricature*,—as on the whole the "tout ensemble" of the principal character reminds us of Punch *in a passion*, and not of the spirited, youthful hero, as drawn by Shakspeare;—however a connoiseur, who has seen it, declares it to be an original, sketched, not long since, in a *certain Great room, in William-street*; and we are inclined to be of his opinion, when we contemplate the *ferocious* and *insolent* cast of the canine features, and the *impetuous* and *sanguinary* complexion which lives in every limb and lineament of the *Cerberian monster;* added to this, he is crumbling a *clyster pipe*, between the fingers of his left hand, in a paroxysm of rage ;—and in his right holds a scroll, which runs thus :

"*Little Harry G——n to J. G—— Greeting.*"

"Thou hired traducer of thy coun-
"try !—Thou regal Rebel !—unpu-
"nished *ruffian!*—thou bigoted agita-
"tor !—in the city a firebrand !—
"in the Court a liar !—in the street a
"bully !—and in the field a coward ! ! !
"—the dirty *doer* of those dark deeds
"which the less *vile* refuse to exe-
"cute ! ! ! "

We really believe this picture never had a place in the Shakspeare gallery—and we pronounce it, *not to be* Hotspur reading a letter.

No. 4.—*Mister* Bradbury the clown, giving a *private* lesson to Hercules.—This picture possesses not much *delicacy* of *touch*, and, we believe, will meet with no bidders.—A connoiseur declares it as his opinion, that it should be burnt by the common hangman.

No. 5.—A *most beautiful Adonis*—shooting at a *naked* Satyr. This inimitable picture, we are informed, was done from *Bob C——, of Carlow*, shooting Byrne, the rebel, on his knees.

It is but justice to say that Mr. C—— has repented of that morning's work; and has turned methodist. "Oh ! the *still small voice* of Conscience !"

6. A *pair of Hessians tossing up for a croppy.*—This scene is laid at Fooks's mill, County Wexford, and possesses considerable merit : at least *such merit* as is *estimable* in the eyes of *the Major* and *the dog*—the wretched victim is a *grey-headed old peasant*, escaping from

the ruins of his cottage, and his family.—He is dragged from a furze-brake, and merely *houghed*, to *secure* him, while *Pitt's hireling* troops *sport* for his life and *property*.—The *hoary* REPTILE'S *ineffectual efforts* to escape on *one leg* are *laughably pourtrayed*,—and the *jocular countenances* of the *loyal Hessians* so *admirably depicted*, that we understand the piece is always exhibited along with the "*bon bouche*" at the tables of the *Major* and the *Dog* on their *Gala Days!* and then there is such glee! such laughing! such effusions of loyalty, that sometimes the Dog and Major *dance round* the picture, and *dexterously toss the contents of their glasses into the old Rascal's face*, for *daring* to attempt his escape from the sanctioned butchers.

The *originality* of this picture will be attested *upon oath*, and *not such an oath* as Jemmy O'Brien's!

No. 7.—The Major *amusing* himself in making a drawing of *Barney Wright's* back, in order to transmit to posterity the *sensible touches* of the late Sir Judkin Fitzgerald's LOYAL PENCIL.

Vacation at Mr. Bradbury's Academy.

We have great pleasure in announcing to the public, that the Lord Mayor has been graciously pleased to permit Mr. Bradbury to "*rest from his labours;*" as vacation has been ordered to commence at his Academy, and will continue during pleasure. His pupils, no doubt, will regret this unexpected recess, as so valuable and gentlemanly a branch of their education must remain unfinished until the *Academy* shall open again;—a blessing which every *little 'prentice boy, merchant's clerk*, and *tavern lounger* looks forward to, with anxious expectation.

ACADEMY.

This was formerly the title given to a seminary, where the education of our youth was conducted, and in which the arts and sciences were liberally exercised by their different professors; but in *this day* it means a *waste room*, in an obscure lane, where some ruffianly tumbler, *wire dancer*, or *buffoon* (and we pronounce it, *that no man* but *one*, the *very dregs of society*; the *refuse of the mob; even less than a basket boy*, were engaged in *such a capacity*) opens a school for *toss-playing*, *slight of hand*, or what is still *more disgraceful, BOXING!!!* and the *insolent, illiterate ruffian* has the audacity to distribute cards of address to the public, designating *himself Mister*, and his *Boxing-room* "an *Academy*." We suppose just now, HORISH will write *Academy* over *his door*, and stile himself Mr. HORISH; and why not? Surely *his calling* is more USEFUL, more MANLY, and more RESPECTABLE, than that of a *Jack Pudding*, who turns our stomachs, with *swallowing raw eggs*, to make fools wonder, and children laugh. How is our Theatre disgraced, and how are the people depraved in taste, when, in order to abuse them within its walls, it is necessary to *ransack* the sister country for a *reptile*, celebrated for assuming such postures, and cutting such faces, as are a *disgrace to manhood*, and almost *blasphemous to the deity!* We are led to these remarks by a *very impudent advertisement* and *cards*, lately obtruded on the public by the *Clown of Crow-street*, *modestly* inviting us to learn the *English method* of beating each other to jelly *scientifically! Fallen* and *degraded as we have been, by the odious measure of Union*, yet, thank heaven, we are not so *destitute* of *humanity, nor so lost to gentility and shame*, as to become the pupils of any *ferocious savage*, however his blackguard *talents* may be countenanced by even *royal patronage* and *authority*. If this

professor

professor of *licenced homicide* has taken a FANCY to *Irish pupi's*, he must go in quest of them to *Saint Giles's*, where, we make no doubt, he will meet with many an *Irish runagate*, whose *habits* and *manners* are a *scandal to this nation, or any other;* but who, on *these accounts*, must be *invaluable* in the eyes of *professor Bradbury!*

NEW BOOKS.

"The yonng *duellist's guide*," or, "The *art of creeping out of quarrels with a whole skin*." This invaluable work is beautifully illustrated by a number of *recent* and *conclusive examples*, both *active* and *passive;* sufficient to qualify the most *swaggering poltroon* in society, to pass for "*a fighting man*," and to insult whom he pleases, without risking his precious life;—by T. O'Bluster, Esq. *Trefoil-lodge*, near *Athy;* and dedicated to Con *Sham-fight*, late of Cunnamara; *gentleman*. To be had of all the *magistrates*, and at the police-office.

A pair of consolatory Epistles. One from brother *Sam. Velice, now on his travels:*—The other from *Counsellor Out-of Sight;* both addressed to a "ci-devant" banking man. These epistles have vast merit, from the great sympathy of their sentiments, and the *pathetic language* with which they abound. Extracts from these beautiful poems shall appear in our next number.

The Major's Birth Day!

His omnipotence the Major, feeling some jealousy at the devotion paid his Majesty's entrance upon a half century, suggested to some friends, that he was merely fifty years of age, and no more, nor no less. The hint fell into the hands of Doctor Trevor, who immediately told the matter to the hangman of Kilmainham, and a few friends, when committees of loyalty were instituted in various places, and a general resolution was formed to jubilize. The Major's loyalty and religion felt electrified; at one committee, a Nailor in Kevin-street spoke upon the ominous coincidence of his Majesty's reign, and the existence of the man who kept him upon his throne, and preserved the Protestant church, all coming at one period of time.—The orator of the Kevin-street club spoke of the reign of the Major in high terms, and defended Jemmy and the Major's ministers for 'vigour beyond the law,' in murdering and robbing, to defend our happy constitution; congratulations poured in upon the Major, and he found it decent, or as Counsellors in the law say, imperative, to give a dinner of acknowledgment to his worshippers; accordingly a company met, and the Major in his drawing-room was heard to say, on seeing Sir Ruebens Legboard enter the room, 'thank God I live in the hearts of my people, in the hearts of the loyal and the holy. Where is my equal? sure it is not that low-bred upstart Corsican rascal, Bonaparte? certainly not; sure it is not George the Third, King of England? Certainly I am king of old Ireland, and I reign absolute. George is amenable to law—Laws were made for slaves. Damn laws, damn Bonaparte; I despise both; I am within myself King, Lords, and Commons. Cursed I say is the man who hurts me or defames me, the annointed of the Lord's. Dinner was announced; and the Major, when he was expected to utter grace, and was in all the happy attitudes of giving thanks, struck up a methodist grace, to the tune of the Black Joke, composed by the Peter-street laureat. Jack, alias Breslaw, Captain, alias Pettifog. When the Major ended, Godfrey exclaimed, 'what is here to eat?' upon which the Major exclaimed, "behold, an old testament collation, for those in captivity, whom the Lord has destined to be led

led by me thro' the red sea of popery; there, cries the Major, 'is the manna of Heaven,' pointing to the floor, covered with glyster sugar, 'There is the food that God gave to his people in the wilderness, when he chose thy prototype, (tho' my inferior, as a gentleman) Mr. Moses, to lead the Israelites thro' the Red Sea. Where, have I led you in 1798,' says, the Major; 'ye all know; but,' says the Major, 'enter out of the wilderness into the drawing room of promise;' upon which a door flew open, that discovered all that epicurism could imagine. The holy company passed the evening, giving glory, and singing Alleluiah's to the Major; when the Major rose, and said he would exhibit for the audience a fete that would amuse them; upon which he mounted upon a shopboard, erected for the exhibition, put on a white cap, and having a rope placed about his neck, he fell, and displayed the most accurate kicks, pangs, and struggles of a dying croppy. Sir Ruebens Legboard imagining that the Major was now so long hanging, as to be dead in all conscience, spoke his mind, and said, "that tho' there be a proverb *De mortuis nil Nisi Bonum*, still he would say of the Major, now that he was gone, that when alive, he cheated him, in the picture of Judas, and the tribute money, and that he would say to the world that he was a great rascal." The Major, who was hanging, seemingly as dead as Crawley, cried out 'you bloody old rascal! let me down till I kick him.' Corporal Firethatch touched a spring, and down dropped the Major, with an iron collar about his neck, which bore him harmless through the farce; and getting on his feet, the Major made at old Sir Ruebens with main and might. The company interfered, and the Major resenting the indignity of old Legboard, and deeming the company, who, he says, were guilty of misprison, and irreverence, by not saying he was no rascal, when charged by Sir Ruebens, committed them all upon the watch; and we understand that he has indicted them for high treason against his crown and dignity.

Watty Cox's Masquerade.

It being latterly a custom in the city, amongst the greater characters, to celebrate their anniversary, births, exploits, and atchievements, and following the example of the Major, who celebrates annually the festival of Jemmy's martyrdom, and copying after lame Drury, who commemorates his lucky flight at the battle of the Coomb; Watty Cox anniversaries his election, to represent the city of Dublin, and upon that occasion, on the 1st of last month, he gave a Masquerade, which was attended by the greatest variety of well supported characters we ever remember. Mr. Cox's rooms were thrown open at an early hour, and the apartments filled instantly; amongst the visitors, we noticed the following:

The Major, in the character of John Westley, preached a Sermon. He was attended by faithful John Pack, and Soloman Williams, as his vicar apostolic, who chaunted Alleluiah's to the name of the Major; faithful John appeared rather hoarse; the singing of Solomon was entirely *a la Gusto Romano*.

Claudius, in the character of a Beggarman, was ill supported; the dress was very good, but he did not seem at home in the part.

Ned Hendrick made unfortunate efforts to fill the character of a Gentleman; he was as much from home in his finery, as his master Claudius was distant from the low-lived character that he appeared to support in rags.

Con the Daggerman—a good Rynwick Williams, alias the London Monster. He had Jemmy's dagger, newly polished, sent him by the Major; he pursued several females thro' the room,

to

to inuendo them with the point of his instrument.

Nosy Ormsby, a good Hairdresser; he puffed about and spoiled some jetty black cloaths, with the identical puff that he used to dress his own Lieutenant's (Clinch's) hair, when he was preparing him for the gallows.

D—— M——, in propria persona examined all the hats for stamps, and created great alarm.

Mick Gaven, as Irish Johnstone, enraptured all by his manner of singing the 'Heart for the Ladies,' with his spy glass.

Major Rowdidow, as Lismahago, and Mr. Sinnott as his Squaw, filled their characters admirably.

Arnoldi and Tommy Moore as Crib and Molyneaux.

Little beau Bursiquot, personated the wrestling Doctor, and tripped up the heels of Arnoldi, as Crib.

Giffard, a capital Cerberus; he barked "Croppy lie down," with variations, composed by Doctor Murphy for the occasion.

J—— B——, a good horse Jockey.

Major Bruce, in his own character, dogged all the Ladies.

Horish, a capital Lord Charlemont.

WATTY, as a Member for Dublin, was chaired, and courteously bowed to, by his constituents, who hailed their representative with the most fervid affection.

Doctor Drumsnuffle, in the character of Doctor TROY, preached a sermon upon the necessity of granting the *Veto*, and of using brown sugar in the bottling of small beer.

Archdeacon Whiskey, as Voltaire, declaimed vehemently against religion in general. In one hand he carried La Pucelle D'Orleans, and in the other a crucifix, which he broke on the heads of the superstitious rabble about him.

Lame Godfrey and Major Sands, two good beggarmen.

George Butler, a good poor scholar.

John Crampton, a good game chicken.

Archy Jacob, an excellent Corporal Firethatch. The Corporal's shrewd face, and ardent eye, were capitally imitated, and the professional acuteness of cant excited much approbation.

Bloomfield, appeared as a well-dressed Bailiff, and gave considerable amusement. The chastity of his acting shewed the great experience in shoulder effect. He sung several songs, with great vivacity.

Jack Foster, an highly characteristic mower; his scythe and bottle were used with much dexterity, and convivial taste. He sung "Croppy lie down," the "Boyne Water," and the "Prussian Drum," with much loyal humour. The last song caused a considerable sensation, such as a loyal man would conceive at the hapless condition of a fallen dynasty.

Mrs. *Roo di doo* honoured the company, by appearing the best mask in the rooms; she done the part of Mrs. Major, when that lady celebrated the capture of Miles Duigenan's sugars and wines, and the sacking of his house, which happy event secured the empire of *tawing* and *burning*, and the reign of religion and loyalty in the *Major-line*, to the present day.

The Scotch and Irish.

The Liliputians despised all the world but their own little Island. The Wha-want-me-trotters, a nation of Indians to the North, hold the Liliputians in so little estimation, that they would scalp them all for a bawbee, and sell their king into the bargain for French claret and brandy. The Erin-go-brahs, another nation of Indians, united now to the Liliputions, and Wha-want-me-trotters, prefer a potatoe, salt, and liberty, to all the forced meat of an union.

English

English Modesty.

I was in company with a wit and a Englishman: the conversation turned upon national courage, &c. The latter observed, that an Englishman dare shew his front where a Scotchman dare not shew his rear." "That is very true," replied the wit, "because a Scotchman has more modesty in his —— than an Englishman has in his face."

WELLESLEY POLE.

Mr. Cox,—I expect to hear some remarks from you, on the behaviour of Mr. Pole, whose daring audacity, and assumed prerogative, pushed him to the execrated and illegalized measure, tending to deprive the Irish subject of the only right which he enjoys. How justifiable he has been in that measure, I leave to those, who have sufficient acquaintance with him, to be able to comprehend the cause of this, his extraordinary movement. But I tell those who assume a less consequential acquaintance, that it is a most notorious endeavour, to blockade the only avenue that leads to redress of grievences, which none but a prejudiced bigot would dare to attempt—ought we not patiently see the theatre, our public amusement—or the bank—or the market—or any other assembly legalized by its utility, ordered to disperse; that would be a grievance; but to see patiently 4-fifths of the people impeded in the public avenue of petitioning a redress of a real grievance, is a shock to the thinking part of mankind;—allow this avenue to be blockaded, and then how can you prevent all the consequences of the former? It may be said, that one-fifth of the nation do not suffer this grievance—divide the nation then, and permit 4-fifths to perish, and what resistance can the remaining one-fifth make—it must, in its turn, crouch, and finally fall a victim to the will of power, and all the additional oppression which tolerated success can annex. But to steal away character, is still a more solemn, and serious grievance. "He that stealeth my purse, stealeth trash, but he that depriveth me of my good character, and misrepresenteth me, doth a crime still more grievous." Let Mr. Pole open his conci ence, and see how he has acted in calling the Catholic Committee "*a seditious assembly.*"

We learn, with regret, that Joe Wilson has had a serious dispute, upon the *divine right* of *Latitats:* and to such a length did the affair go, that were it not for the interference of Tom Broom and Mr. Bloomfield, the Methodist world was nearly deprived of one of its most eminent preachers.

Longevity of Sheep.

Mr. Darby Casey, of Moss town, near Ballymore, county of Westmeath, has a Ewe that is now twenty-five years old, and every year, since she was a year old, brought forth either two or three lambs; she is so familiar, that she goes into the house every day, to take a drink from the hands of her master.

Anecdotes respecting the Achievements of Orangism.

Throughout the whole of the Irish History, from the Anglo Norman invasion, there is no epoch more striking, interesting, or eventful, than that which immediately precedes the commencement of the present century. And, however illumined the Irish intellect is now acknowledged to be, however prolific of pamphleteers the age is, it is a fact, not less true than astonishing, that, with the exception of

of a few general sketches of Irish affairs, during the above period, by Emmet and other friends of Erin, more had been done, thro' the agency of the press, for developing the atrocities perpetrated by the Satanic agents of 1641, on the Catholic population of Ireland, than for recording the atrocities of Orange loyalty, in mangling, strangling, torturing, shooting, burning, and crucifying our unoffending countrymen, not only during, but before and after the partial insurrection of 98. Immediately after the Irish massacre of 41, the confederate Parliament of Kilkenny found it necessary, in order to refute the voluminous mass of lies collected by their enemies, to institute an inquiry into the assassinations and cruelties committed by the satellites of the plundering *Parsonite* faction of that time. How different the conduct of the present Catholic Committee, who call themselves the representatives of Ireland! It is true, their Secretary wrote the History of the Wexford Insurrection; authentic, indeed, as far as it regards himself, and the facts he relates: but is it as comprehensive as might be expected from an inhabitant of the county of Wexford? We answer in the negative; honest Gordon's history of the *Irish rebellion* too, tho' written from the best motives, is far from comprehending the 20th part of the atrocities committed in his own county alone, as he himself intimates, in his answer to the Welch Knight, wherein he declares he could adduce *damning documents* of the achievements of Wynne and Wardle's Cambrian heroes. Alas! poor Parson! ere now thou hast experienced how much more agreeable it is to the present tenets of thy reverend Prelature, to calumniate than to vindicate thy persecuted countrymen!

So far, indeed, are the wealthy Catholics themselves from attempting to elucidate this part of our history, that most of them, but more particularly the ambitious abettors of VETOISM, and those among them who have become members of the Farming or Fattening Societies, while so humane to the brute creation, are so deaf and insensible to the grunts and groans of the galled peasantry, and so apprehensive of hurting the sensibility of unfeeling Orangism, as to employ all their influence in smothering every information on this subject; and in impressing on the minds of the people, the propriety of having the swinish multitude's hollow cries buried in everlasting oblivion! while the heavy volumes of Musgrave's misrepresentions, and the smaller duodecimo of the methodist Taylor's lies, with many other such vehicles of invectives against the catholic community, are daily issuing from the English press, in various shapes and sizes, to excite the deep-rooted antipathy, and stimulate the fanatical enthusiasm, of JOHN BULL, against this nation.

Shall it not then be permitted a real friend to the best interests of both nations, to undeceive the intelligent Briton in this respect, by shewing him the true state of parties in Ireland, during the above unhappy period, by the recital of real facts?

In order to supply this chasm in Irish history, and to do justice to our loyal heroes of Orangism, the columns of the Irish Magazine shall be open for the publication of such well authenticated facts, as those glorious defenders of our constitution have achieved since their first rise, 'till they effected our happy Union with Britain. The proprietor of the Irish Magazine would indeed esteem himself deficient in sentiments of Hibernian sensibility, for the felicitous measures effected by the exertions of Orange loyalty, in 98, and destitute of gratitude for the generous patronage extended to his work, both by his Orange brethren, and the nation at large, did he not make the arduous attempt, even though he should ultimately suffer in the completion of the design.

He

He has to hope, that as truth is his sole object, his numerous correspondents, who have promised to contribute their aid, for the article of Orange loyalty, will be particular in rather extenuating than in "putting down aught in malice." Should any mistakes, however, occur in the recital of facts, he shall be always forward in rectifying them, on the first intimation.

DELIBERATE CRUELTY!

Extracted from a Periodical Paper, entitled "Debates in the Pimlico Parliament."

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1800.

"I say nothing of the experimental flagellations, some time since practised in this country, to extract proofs of guilt, where suspicion only existed. I pass over the case of Murphy, the renegade priest and rebel leader, who was hanged at Tullow; but first received 500 lashes under the gallows, to prepare him for a *calm* and *penitent* exit. The barn of Scullabogue, and the heart-rending scenes of Wexford-bridge, equally harrow up the feelings of the soul, and induce us to wish it were possible to cover with an impervious veil, as well these deeds of horror, perpetrated by men more than savages, as the cool, deliberate, and, perhaps, legal, and justifiable, but imprudent massacre of the rebel prisoners, at Dunlavin, on the same evening, which, however unjustly and illegally, have been pleaded in palliation of the horrid deeds above mentioned. But what are we to feel at the conduct of a magistrate in a southern city, whose duty it was to see the sentence of martial law carried into execution, upon his prisoners, for crimes of rebellion, three of whom were to be hanged, and three whipped?

The fatal tree being erected, the former three were tied up preparatory to their fate; and the latter three stripped and tied to the foot of the gallows, to be flogged at the same time. ALL being ready for the execution of their sentences, the magistrate, in a sneer, called to the three wretches above, and told them, "they may now begin to *dance*, and that they should not want music, as their companions below should be presently made to sing for them" He performed his promise; for the moment the wretches were about to be turned off, three drummers commenced with their cats the flagellation of the other three, and produced a horrible concert indeed. To the truly brave, it is unnecessary to expatiate on a truth, ever present with the feelings of an honourable, truly generous courage; that genuine bravery, and cold, wanton cruelty, are utterly inconsistent, and can never inherit the same bosom; a generous and manly courage scorns to exult in torturing the feelings of the vanquished or victim. A half dozen executions, inflicted as above, so far from deterring aggressions in others, but promises and perpetuates a new and exasperated spirit of sanguinary vengeance; and causes more instances of heart-rending retaliations, assassinations, and treacherous murders of innocent and defenceless persons, than the destruction of a thousand lives in open battle.

LIMERICKENSIS.

Orange Loyalty!

Among other of the cowardly amusements of the Orangemen, they frequently collected the unarmed peasantry, the women and children, and by the terror of the bayonet forced them to attend, where the ruffians had previously dressed an Ass, with the vestments belonging to some Chapel they had burnt. This infamous amusement was frequently the employment of the *gentlemen* of Shinrone, in the King's County, and the vicinity. Captain A—— was the principal performer on these occasions. After conducting the abject peasantry of the neighbourhood

neighbourhood, under the charged bayonet, to the place assigned for the usual diversions, they produced an Ass, covered with the sacerdotal appointments, fastened to an elevated place, which they termed an altar, on which was placed the largest picture of a Crucifixion, that could be obtained from any of the burnt chapels Then the gallant Captain mounted the altar, and imitating the language and ceremony used at Mass, at a signal made by him, the poor people, who were surrounded by armed men, were compelled to kneel down ; during this ceremony the loyal savages and their women were bursting with laughter. After this part of the exhibition was gone through, the Captain made the Ass preach a sermon : this was done, by putting a burning turf under the tale of the animal, which made the poor creature bellow in the most painful manner. They frequently had two or three of those plays in a day, and would adjourn from one place to another, driving the poor people, in quick time, before them. Some days were finished by flogging one or more of the poor men, to give variety to the amusements.

ON THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY.

The admirers of true Religion, will feel considerably interested in the progress which it has made ; its adversaries, who are of a long standing, have in vain opposed in this and other Countries, the penal laws, military executions, and other acts of violence, such as were practised by the enemies of christianity, in the early ages of the Church. The energy of the reformers, who conquered Ireland, with penal laws, and plundered in the name of Heaven, so diminished the Catholics in this country, that in Charles the Second's time, they were not more in in number than 800,000. But such is the will of Heaven, that notwithstanding the resignation with which the Irish Catholic submitted, with very few exceptions, to the plunderers of his country, he refused, with dignified character, dictation in matters of religion, by a set of monstrous ruffians, who not only dishonoured the sacred name of Christianity, by the most beastly brutalities, but even rendered human nature, in the appearance of the wretches, detestable.

By a reasonable and authentic authority, we are informed, that the Catholics of Ireland, at this day (1811,) are very little less in number than 5,000,000 ; so alarming is our population to the nation, who professes to be our sister, that Lord Grenville, who said he was our friend, advised, that we should, as a measure of public economy, be admitted into the constitution, for the wise purpose of reducing our numbers, by military enterprizes, or in the language of the noble statesman, " taking off the superabundant population."

Perhaps this is the only public and official document, that any governing authority ever exhibited on the records of history, of a nation expressing any uneasiness, at the progress of its population. We have been made to understand, by other statesmen and politicians, that a numerous people are the strength and riches of a State ; but Lord Grenville apprehends a numerous people, only contribute to paralyse a State ! Indeed the noble Lord, in this case, agrees perfectly with his countryman Cromwell, but has a handsomer manner of *killing us off*. Cromwell was a vulgar statesman, but Grenville disposes of troublesome company like a scholar, an Oxford Chancellor, a ' No Popery man.'

The British character, as an enemy to Popery, was as invariably exercised in America as in Ireland. We have the satisfaction to say, that it ceased in that happy country, from the day of their expulsion ; at that fortunate period, the Catholics of Philadelphia amounted to no more than forty persons ; at present they are not less than twenty thousand. From this circumstance, this deduction may be formed, that liberty is so far in opposition to despotism, as to deny any authority on earth, to have any legitimate right to impede the progress of the human mind. Notwithstanding all their influence, and all the arts and cant of the six hundred religious in England, who travel, by subscription, to make ' Holy Wars' against Popery, the religion of the Canadians is on the increase, so far as the character of religion is extended by an increase of its professors. Mr. Gray, who travelled the Canadas, in 1807 and 1808, states the number of the Catholic Clergy to be 312, the Church of England ministers to be twelve, and the Presbyterians three. So that the intrigues, persecutions, and obloquy made use of by the ' no popery' principles

principles of every English minister, to destroy religion, have not only failed, in the Old World, but are nearly extinquished in the New.

AUCTION OF BRUNSWICKERS' CHILDREN.

A Corps of those foreign mercenaries, quartered in Fermoy, were ordered to Cork, where they were to embark to join the army under Lord Wellington, in Portugal; among other difficulties men in their condition had to encounter, the most embarassing was, how they could dispose of their infant Children, as the accommodations to be had on ship-board, would not allow them such comforts as would contribute to their existence. After mature deliberation, they unanimously agreed to try what the children would bring, by putting them up to auction. This experiment they tried in the open street, and the peasantry of the neighbourhood actually purchased them at six shillings a piece.

The contrast between the generous Irish and those brutal foreigners, may be justly drawn from this example. What a frightful alarm must this circumstance give to the champions of British and Protestant ascendancy, when they read this, and consider that these young Protestants may one day be bearing the pike, and all the principles of Popery, in the ranks of treason, to the danger of the State and the Church, as by law established. Lord Grenville himself will feel some serious apprehension for this increase of our '*superabundant population*.'

TO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

Sir,—The following Epitaph, though without the consent of the author, whom I believe to be a worthy Catholic Clergyman, to the N. E. of *Sliebh na mban*, I send you for publication. It was composed for the Monument of the venerated Edmond Cormac, for many years parish priest of Thurless, from whence he removed to Cashel, where he discharged the clerical duties in a similar situation, till his death, in 1804.

Of Dr. Cormac it may be truly averred, that on his mission here, he was assiduous in edification, engaging in his manners, exemplary in his life, discreet in his injunctions, affable in his conversation, persuasive in his arguments, and firm in his resolution: He was truly pious without ostentation, zealous without bigotry, patriotic without intolerance, and intimately acquainted with science, the belles letters, and theology, without the least tincture of pedantic affectation; while in the national virtues of hospitality and benevolence, he was surpassed by none of his predecessors, and will be long held up to his successors, as a pattern for their future imitation.

To the private purse, and public exertions of this worthy clergyman, the Catholics of Cashel, are beholden for the magnificent chapel, built on the *Sion-like* and elevated site in Friar-street, immediately opposite the venerable chapel of his royal and sainted name-sake, the great Cormac O'Cullenan, on the rock of Cashel, for the adoration of their Creator, after the manner of their ancestors.

Gratian Lucius.

AN EPITAPH,

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. EDMOND CORMAC, P. P. OF CASHEL,

Who Died in the 82nd Year of his Age, A. D. 1804.

Hic jacet exanimis, doctusque probusque sacerdos;
Neque petax nummi, concessive tenax,
Hospitio celebris, paucis pietate secundus
Inque malos hostes asperitate carens,
Hoc templum aggrediens, obices perpessus iniquos
Perstitit improvidus, condit et Ære suo
Inde favent omnes; fanum consurgit in altum,
Irrisum cæptum cùm bonus auctor obit.

P. Ulpian, P. P. M.

☞ *To our literary and poetical correspondents, in the Arch-diocese of Cashel, we shall feel obliged, for some Biographical Memoirs, in Prose or Verse, of the late R. Catholic Primate, Dr. Butler, of Thurless.*

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

TO THE EDITOR.

MR. COX.——*The very celebrated* ODE of ANACREON, *which is the* 15*th of Moore, has been translated by many, as one of the most exquisite of that poet.* Doctor Johnson *himself, has translated this Ode, and declared that he began it at* 17, *and did not finish it to his satisfaction until he was* 70. *You have it translated in your own Magazine, by* Dr. BRENAN.

The DOVE, *bearing a letter to his* MISTRESS, *is met by a* STRANGER, *with whom the Dialogue is imagined. See Moore's Anacreon, Ode* 15, *Page* 62. *Dublin Ed.* 1803.

The following IMITATION *is upon the subject of that* Ode. *The* cooing, slandering TURTLE, *commonly called* Con. the Daggerman, *is met by* Jack Squintum: *the following Dialogue takes place:—*

JACK SQUINTUM.

Tell me, little Daggerman,
Where you live, and what's your plan?
I spy your tool beneath your cloak,
What actress does your knife provoke?
Do you mean to poignard Keogh?
Does Clinch await your deadly blow?
Has the Club approved your plan?
Tell me all, my Daggerman.

CON. THE DAGGERMAN.

Courteous stranger, I belong
To a party, bold and strong:
Some can talk, and some can fight,
Some can sneer,—but I can write;
'*I can well unfold a Tale*,'
Safely reputation steal:
Never do I miss my mark,
Though I shoot but in the dark:
Once employ'd I'm sought again,
Prince of scribbling Dagger-men!
Now, from Merrion-square I came,
KEOGH's old glories to defame.
In my hand I bear a letter,
Making Reynolds far his better:
The *Messenger* has slander'd many,
But KEOGH and CLINCH much more than any.
From Connaught late I took my flight!
From blacking shoes,—but now I write
Letters, squibs and paragraphs:
A little game-cock, with his gaffs,
Frighten game from ev'ry bush,
Shoot them, if they pay not,—*hush!*
Man and woman, maid and wife,
Bleed alike, beneath my knife,
Still I can be sweet as honey,
For the smallest sum of money;
Slandering I did oft' refuse,
For a hat and pair of shoes,
Upright fame, I levell'd flat,
For a shirt and a cravat;
Now I'm hir'd for Popish scuffle,
By the mungrel, dull Drumsnuffle;
He saw I could 'a tale unfold,'
He lured me 'till myself I sold.
I now am promis'd high reward,
If I KEOGH and CLINCH blackguard,
If I deal effective knocks,
On that villain, WATTY COX,
Often they give me rebuff,
Say I don't abuse enough,
That my best I do not try,
But all that is a horrid lie;
Why should I not serve them well,
Who pay so for what I sell?
Was it not for men like these,
I should sleep with bugs and fleas,
I might chatter like a parrot,
Famish'd in a dirty garret,
Full of beggars and their dirt,
Go to bed to wash my shirt;
Now I live a life of ease,
Go to parties, balls and plays,

Flounce

Flounce in different gaudy suits,
Lounge about in polish'd boots;
Scenes of recreation vary,
Legislate at the library;
Seem important, frown and silent,
Look as if when rous'd I'm violent,
Frighten ev'ry nervous actress,
As hangman frights a malefactress;
Dine 'mongst cits, and criticise them,
Eat their fare, and then despise 'em,
Hear them whisper their civility,
And say Con. has great ability.

Thus I spend, from morn 'till night,
A scene of slander and delight:
Thus I mean to pass my days,
Paid for sland'ring whom you please
But stop, I should have prattled less,
The *Messenger* is gone to press;
My letter will be late, I fear,
If more of Con. you'd wish to hear,
Should I not lie,—it would be scandal,
A pimping, scribbling, scoundrel,
Vandal.

☞ THE MAJOR!!!!——*A New Song.—Air,* '*Yankee Doodle.*'

1

A Major once, some say nam'd T——n
In Dublin did reside, Sir,
Was fam'd for keeping Croppies down.
And Popish dogs beside, Sir.
CHORUS.
Hi for swaddling Preachers all,
Hi for Oath retailers.
High for rascals great and small.
Including Tankard stealers.

2

This Major's dam (to say it right,)
Her offspring that will shew, Sir,
Poor bitch had got a *dreadful fright.*
But this I'm sure you know, Sir.
CHORUS.

3

This beast of prey was long time us'd
To suck the pap so good, Sir,
That cursed Hellbroth first infus'd
A taste for Human blood, Sir,
CHORUS.

4

As this brute, fed by nature's meal,
For grosser food, did long Sir,
So those who silver spoons would steal
Would tankards nab, ding dong, Sir.
CHORUS.

5

The dagger twin'd with taws, his crest
Such hatred did impart, Sir,
In steel he cloth'd his *noble* breast,
To guard from * Love his heart, Sir.
CHORUS.

6

Perhaps, some centuries did pass,
Since Hell's curs'd work he wrought, Sir,
The time I think you all may guess,
It matters not a groat, Sir.

7

At length, I'm told he did repent,
And swaddled day, by day, Sir,
But swaddled he like huxter Kent,
He'd be a beast of prey, Sir.

8.

With ERIN's peace, some cursed pest
For ever war did wage, Sir,
This one, *more great* than all the rest,
Entitled was the '*Major.*'
SHAMROCK.

CONWAY, THE DAGGERMAN'S DIARY.

Taken from the Cunnemara Journal.

Rose at six, and cleaned my shoes,
Miss Walstein's chariot did abuse.
Wrote two hours against the town,
Five men's honest fame run down.
Went to breakfast, to the Square,
Met the dull Drumsnuffle there,
Took directions for old Keogh!
How, the darkest hints to throw.
Dressed in black, and breeches satin?
In the Freeman slandered Grattan.
Wrote new Nick-names 'gainst Tipperary,
Strutted off to the Library,
Felt as if the people shunned me,
Met my Tailor, and he dunned me:
Met that villain, Watty Cox,
Was afraid my ears he'd box.
Went to Kearney's house to dine,
The steak was cold, and sour the wine;
Heard the waiters all repeat,
Tho' Good Friday, he eats meat!
Ask'd to get a sharper knife,
No, says Kearney's blasted wife,
With a sawcy sneer and swagger,
Cut your dinner with your dagger.
Saw a picture on the screen
From Cox's rebel magazine;
Heard the boy, who by me ran,
Humming *Con the Daggerman.*
Felt

* *Amor Patriæ.*

Felt myself asham'd and sore,
Said i'll visit here no more;
Home I went, and by the fire,
Wrote my humbug on Maguire.
Sat up scribbling till 'twas late,
Nothing for my supper ate;
Dreamt all night, with pain and grief,
Of plumb pudding and roast beef,
Dreamt I was in Dangan kitchen,
On the spit my chops bewitching;
Roasting I observed a chine,
Thought it look'd so very fine,
I went over straight to cut it,
And in my mouth I thought I put it,
When the trespass to rebuke
In I thought leapt *Nan the cook*,
And scalding broth dash'd in my face,
Felt the pain and dire disgrace,
Into madness to provoke me,
That my rage and passion woke me.

THE SNUFFLING DOCTOR.

A New Song.——Tune "The Love Sick Frog."

A Doctor would a speeching go,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
A Doctor would a speeching go,
And swore that he'd talk 'till he'd bother old Keogh,
With his VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
Heigh-ho! the snuffling Doctor.

2.

Off he sets with his great big stick,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
Off he sets with his great big stick,
He ran as if *daggering* Conway was sick,
With his VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
Heigh-ho! the snuffling Doctor.

3.

Soon he came to the Riding-house,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
Soon he came to the Riding-house,
Swearing he'd make KEOGH as mute as a mouse,
With his VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
Heigh-ho! the snuffling Doctor.

4.

At the door he met Watty Cox,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
At the door he met Watty Cox,
Says Watty, Sir, have you got snuff in your box?
With your VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
Pray how is the wrestling Doctor?

5.

The Doctor took one, and gave Watty a pinch,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
The Doctor took one, and gave Watty a pinch,
Says the Doctor, 'did you read my letter to Clinch?'
About Veto, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
Heigh-ho! the snuffling Doctor.

6.

Then he got up, to talk on a stool,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
Then he got up to talk on a stool,
Zounds, says Archdeacon Whiskey, that's snuffy —— ——,
With his VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
D'ye hear the great snuffling Doctor.

7.

The mob soon began to gibe and to jeer,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor,
The mob soon began to gibe and to jeer,
Jack Squintum was there, and he bellowed out '*hear!*'
His VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
Attend to the snuffling Doctor.

8.

He talked them all sick, and he made such a rout,
Heigh-ho! the Doctor.
He talked them all sick, and he made such a rout,
That with his big stick, they soon walloped him out,
With his VETO, prate O! snuff and arrangement,
The poor, silly, snuffling Doctor.

EPIGRAM,

Written in the dry Summer after the Jubilee.

Says blunt farmer John.—"The weather's damn'd dry,
"And for want of some RAIN all the corn will die!"—

Says Pat.—"By my troth it's damn'd hard to complain
"Of weather's being dry—after 50 *Years Reign!*"—

163, *Gt. Britain-street.* T. Hiccaeus.

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,—*The insertion of the following trifles, (written at the almost antipodal moments of mirth and reflection,) in the next number of the Irish Magazine, would highly gratify,*

Yours sincerely, KILKENNIENSIS.

LINES ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE YEAR,

Written on the evening of December 31st; 1810.

1.

—Now sets the year—its last, last breath expires—
And yonder Sun, whose slack'ning, falt'ring blaze,
Swift thro' the West s enkindling gate retires,
Seals the past year with its last quir'ring rays.

2.

How rapid, Time, thy posting pinions wing,
And lightning swift o'er years and ages roll,
And how alert that over-wakeful spring,
Whose nerve impels thee to thy final goal.

3.

Scarce morning's dawn lights up a feeble ray,
And twilight's mists from life's horizon shrink,
In boyhood's veins are manhood's pulses play,
Ere ev'ning's frosts the fount of manhood drink.

4.

Ask yonder with'ring, time encumber'd sage
(Whose snow fring'd brow's in age's liv'ry drest),
How swift young Spring can ripe to Summer's stage,
How soon bright Summer fades in Autumn's breast.

5.

Oft, while on nature's verdant couch recln'd,
I drank his lore, in ev'ning's with'ring ray,
He told, and printed on my infant mind,
What rain-bow scenes are bounded by life's day.

6.

Oft, when his theme life's gen'ral landscape rang'd,
He shew'd in accents, rob'd with wisdom's mien,
How swift life's climate its complexion chang'd
—How frost's pale shades succeed the sunshine scene.

7.

When he, as time, on thee his lectures roll,
Flew toward past scenes with retrospective glance,
Oblivion had half-thrown her dusky stole,
—An hour's small compass lodged his life's expanse.

8.

Thus oft, have seniors, to the misty shade
Which round past scenes, time s thickning vapors twine,
The homage of their retrospection paid—
—Thus shadows e'er eclips'd the manfled shrine.

9.

Swift fly the years which draw this jetty veil,
E'en as the billows 'bove the ocean climb,
And quick pursuing o'er its bosom reel,
—Thus course the years along the sea of time.

10.

Years mount on years—man vainly wails their flight—
While clust'ring years to ages build their swell,
Thou, time, past scenes doth drench in Gothic night,
And what your speed to ring creation's knell.

11.

Man, man, alone death curtains with his pall,
Sleeps only man in his Erebean shade,
But man and nature, worlds, creation, all
In time's sepulchre soon, alas, are laid.

12.

Oh! how we shudder as those scenes retire,
In which so late the pulse of youth beat high;—
What sorrows quench young ardor's hope built fire,
When, time, there prov'st how fleet thy coursers fly.

With

13.

With drag-chain's curb it's head-long course to stay;
Vain, vain, you toil, O! Mathematic man;
Thy calculation's but a glim'ring ray,
To shew how swift thy years and ages ran.

14.

Another year now anchors from the chase,
Still, ERIN, th ugh chain'd down by opiate charms,
While slav'ry's eclipse blots the palsied race,
Supinely sleep'st, entomb'd in Thraldom's arms.

15.

Oh! may another sun ne'er wing its flight,
Nor other year descend preterite's mine,
Ere ERIN wades through slav'ry's blood-steep'd night,
And moors secure in freedom's radiant shrine.

L. F.

SONG.

Air, "*Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.*"——*Moore's Melodies.*

1.

Oh! talk not of care, and it's thrice hagg'rd train,
Their woe-wither'd looks gender sorrow and fright,
They plough up my soul, and pollute pleasure's fane;
Deep womb in the mists and the horrors of night.
Implacable foe to enjoyment's fleet hour,
Who, like the red lightning, noon's fever flashes,
With thrice fatal blast, withers joy's richest flow'r,
And from man's famish'd lip, delight's nectar dashes.
Ne'er again shall your trappings envelope my soul,
In care's, sable care's raven drap'ry shrouded
Nor the rays, sparkling brilliant from Lyœus' bowl,
By sorrow's black mourning shades ever be clouded.

2.

Oft, Oft, has life been compared to a day,
Where darkness and sunshine both, both interweave;
If joy's brilliant beams their resplendence now play,
It's brow shall soon swim in the vapors of eve.
Then snatch the bright sunshine, and send round the bowl,
While pleasure's rich radiance illumines our way;
Ere affliction's black ices have frozen each soul,
Let our goblets be lighted with Bacchus's ray.
And when sorrow shall come in his murky array;
Then, Bacchus, you'll rain down a roseate show'r,
That care's sullen flowers may be exiled away,
While pleasure shall gild each joy-livry'd hour.

Kilkenny, Jan. 10th, 1811. L. F.

IRISH HISTORY.—A SONG.

When Rome by *dividing* had conquered the World,
And land after land into slavery hurl'd;
Hibernia escaped, for 'twas Heavens decree,
That ERIN UNITED should even be free.

Her Harp then delighted the Nations around,
By its music entranc'd her own sufferings were drown'd
In Arts, and in learning the foremost were we,
And Ireland united was happy and free.

But soon, Ah! too soon, did fell discord begin,
Our domestic contentions let foreigners in,
Too well they improv'd the advantage we gave,
Where they came to assist, they remained to enslave.

From that fatal hour our freedom was lost,
Peace, virtue, and learning were banish'd our Coast,
And the "ISLAND of SAINTS," might more fitly be named
The land of Tormentors, the PLACE of the DAMN'D.

But let us remember, our madness no more,
What we lose by *division*, let UNION restore;
Let us firmly Unite, and our covenant be,
Together to fall, or together be Free.

TO

AN ANSWER TO MR. D. HICKEY'S LATIN ENIGMA,
Which appeared in Wogan's Almanac, of 1810.

Vocalis Nympha est quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit; Resonabitis Echo. P. ULPIAN.

OBITUARY.

In Longford, of a dropsy, on the 3d of January, Miss Mary Anne Dening, aged 17. To a beautiful person was added excellent endowments, and most amiable manners, her piety and virtues were exemplary, and worthy the imitation of her sex. Her afflicted friends will long lament her death.

At Westport, in the prime of life, William Moore, Esq. late of Galway, and formerly of this city—a man of whom it is difficult to say whether his intellectual endowments, or the qualities of his heart, were the more worthy of praise and admiration. With powers of mind the most vigorous and comprehensive, and a disposition at once ardent and persevering, commanding but conciliating, most gentle and yet most firm. He was equally fitted and inclined to serve his country and his friends, and to the interests of either he was ever ready to sacrifice his own. To encourage the industry, and to direct and enlighten the exertions of a most unjustly and most unwisely despised and calumniated portion of his countrymen, the agricultural peasantry of a western county, he mixed, he associated, he in short domesticated with them, instructing, assisting, amending them. The return of gratitude and attachment he met with was unlimited, and equally honourable to the giver and the receiver; and the improvements growing and likely to grow out of his exertions, in a very considerable district, were of such magnitude and value, as renders his premature death a loss little less than national. Uncommon vigour of constitution and strength of frame, advantages so prized but so precarious, made his friends indulge too securely in the hope of long possessing him, whom cut off thus early (in the 40th year of his age) they will long deplore, but can never hope to replace.

In Capel-street, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, Mr. Nicholas Clarke, Gunsmith. He died in good money circumstances, and was considered through life, by his neighbours, as a careful and prudent man, which greatly contributed to his opulence. He carried these two virtues to excess, as he was never known to expend any thing on the poor, the rich, or the unfortunate. He took no amusements that were attended with expense, except when he laid out a shilling or two, for admittance into Newgate, whenever a malefactor was to be executed; a recreation he was passionately fond of. He was so charmed with a passion for viewing human misery, from its first progress at the Bar, until it finished at the gibbet, that he generally contrived to have himself on Juries, when capital cases were to be tried.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

W. Cox has in the press, a correct and interesting Report of the arguments of Counsel, in the Court of King's Bench, last Hilary Term, on an Information, filed by George Jeffries, Esq. against his Mother Mrs. Jeffries. The very able and eloquent statement of Mr. Sergeant Mc. Mahon, will be given entire, and with the utmost accuracy, and will be found to be the best account of the ANNESLEY cause yet offered for sale. The Public may be assured that this Report is not a Newspaper one, it being entirely original.

ORANGE JURIES.

We have received a long article, which we regret much, came too late for publication in this Month's Magazine. It relates to a Trial, held in Kilkenny, on the 25th ult. before the Recorder; where William and Mat. Crowe, ROMAN CATHOLICS, were plaintiffs, and Andrew Neelands, an *Orange-man*, was defendant. It must be acknowledged that Kilkenny has outstripped Enniskillen!!!!! There is but a small, insignificant, low, beggarly set of these wretches in Kilkenny; and though we hate their conduct, for *it is truly hateful*; yet it must excite our astonishment, how powerfully the *yellow tribe* rough-ride the besotted Catholics. In our next, we will give a full account of the trial, and the subsequent conduct of the *true blue* Jury. We will give their names to the world. The turn-pike Catholic shall stand in the midst of them.

As the First Vol. of the Irish Magazine has been a long time out of print, and a very numerous part of our readers are anxious to have it reprinted, we propose to have it done by subscription, at 17*s.* 4*d. each Volume bound, to contain thirteen numbers, as soon as sufficient to defray the expense are subscribed for.*



REV.D DOCTOR BETAGH. V.G.

__"His memory shall not pass away, and his name shall be reechoed from generation to generation".__ Eccl.s Ch. 39.

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR MARCH, 1811.

Biographical Sketch of the Rev. T. BETAGH.

The Irish name of Betagh is *Biadhtach*, which signifies an hospitable man; this appellation was obtained in the following manner: In the early ages of christianity, and before the establishment of public inns in Ireland, it was customary for the proprietor of the soil, who lived contiguous to the high roads, to keep an open house for the entertainment of passing travellers, who would, otherwise, find it inconvenient to travel through the country, and in many instances fatal. The persons who thus accommodated strangers were, in several parts of Ireland, called *Biadhtachs;* they provided their guests with meat, drink and lodging, gratis, being every day prepared with a hog or sheep, or both, fresh killed. The observing traveller, who at this day, journeys through the island, will discover how extensively beneficial such a practice must have been, inasmuch as the present magnificent ruins of abbies, colleges, and castles, prove, that the communication between the different parts of the kingdom must have been frequent. Our *enlightened* neighbours, the English, still reproach us with our obligations to them, for instructing us in the arts, sciences, polite literature, &c. This charge has been often and ably refuted, but they again return to it, as if determined not to be convinced. Two things only are wanting to prove the antiquity of Irish literature, and the existence of high civilization at the same time: and we possess both. The first is, grand and extensive ruins of public seminaries; and some of them so remotely ruined, that we must examine Irish history, previous to the reign of Henry II. to trace out the period of their foundation: the 2d is, an hospitality as humane and unbounded as ever any country could boast; & where such a practice existed, it cannot be doubted but our civilization was at least as exalted as it is at the present day. Truth is, our good we owe to "*God and Nature*," our evils to men.

The family of the Betaghs, from whom the venerable subject of the present memoir was descended, held undisturbed possession, from the earliest ages, to the year 1641, of a large tract of country, near Kells, in the county of Meath, called *Moynalty*. When *Cromwell* had murdered his Royal master, and his armies over-ran great part of this unhappy land, *Betagh* of *Moynalty* was one of those Catholics who took the field against the detestable regicide, and fought bravely in the ranks with those Catholics and Protestants, against the troops of *Cromwell*, who had rather suffer death, than endure the yoke which such a monster was capable of imposing on them; he fought to preserve the succession to the crown for the *Stewarts;* and *nobly* was he requited for his bravery and loyalty, as the sequel will show. He had sent his son to Paris, to be educated, at the commencement of the *Cromwellian* war; the boy was at that time nine years of age. Whether the father lost his life in battle, or died naturally, we are not able to say; but when *Cromwell's* troops had been every where victorious, he seized on Betagh's patrimonial territory, *Maynalty*, which he bestowed on one of his followers. Affairs remained in that state, with respect to *Betagh's* property, as it did with all the other confiscations of *Cromwell's*, until the restoration of Charles II. when a Court of Claims was established in Dublin, to which all the persons, who had suffered by the Protector, were invited to apply, and set forth the extent and nature of their losses and grievances. To this court, application was made on behalf of young Betagh: against his right it was alleged, by the English possessor, that he came under the description of a rebel; it was thus proved, on the part of *Betagh*, that he was in Paris, and only nine years old, when *Cromwell* was in Ireland. But, in his case, like most others that came before that court, its justice was unavailing; the possession was confirmed to the Cromwellian, and that disgrace to the English statute book, the Act of Settlement, completed the robberies which the grants of *Cromwell* had left defective. Thus were the miserable *Betaghs* for ever driven, outcasts, wandering through their own country, and over the continent of Europe, from their estates and families, and for what crime? For defending the cause of the father, they were repaid with ruin by the son! This monstrous act of wickedness and ingratitude, stands unequalled in the page of history, and surely will be avenged by the arm of Omnipotence in time!!! To return from this digression, the father of our subject, who was not the immediate heir to *Moynalty*, settled in Kells, and became a tanner. Engaged in an humble occupation, he earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; and the morning sun which dawned on his honest labour, and gilded the walls of the family mansion, shewed him the towering oaks that formed the groves of *Moynalty*, the seat of his ancestors. It may not be amiss to inform the Irish reader, that during the war of 1641, at the battle of Rathconnel, in the county Kildare, one of the Betaghs, together with Dowdal and Aylmer; the latter, a son of Garret Aylmer, an eminent lawyer, were taken prisoners by Sir Richard Greenville. These three gentlemen, who were of ancient Irish families, had surrendered to Sir Richard as prisoners of war, and stipulated with him for such treatment as prisoners of war are entitled to: above all, it was expressly agreed upon between them, before they capitulated, that their persons should be inviolate. Sir R. conferred with the Lords Justices, relative to the Irish prisoners; it was ordered that they should be transmitted to Dublin, where, shortly after, they

they arrived, in violation of a positive compact—of the law of nations—and of every principle of honour and humanity—these three gentlemen were handed over to Sir Henry Fishbourne, who had them executed.* So much for modern Punic faith ! ! !

To return to the venerable subject of our memoir: he was born in the year 1738, in the town of Kells, and having received a grammar-school education, at the age of fourteen he was sent to the seminary of *Pont-a Mousson*, in *Lorraine*, where he went through his several studies, with a success and rapidity, such as might be expected from so extraordinary a genius. When he had arrived at an age sufficiently mature to be invested with a professorship, he was appointed professor of languages, in which capacity he eminently distinguished himself, and became as remarkable in that country, for literary attainments, as any person who had preceded him. He was esteemed in the seminary, to a degree approaching veneration; for he never contradicted any person, except a dogma of faith, or a maxim of morality, were impugned. He seemed to possess as perfect a mastery of himself, as it were possible for a human being to acquire, and had been frequently heard to say, "that from the age of fourteen, Providence seemed to encompass him with an impervious shield, or barrier, which secured him against the attacks of the enemy of mankind." He remained in France until the suppression of the Jesuits, by Clement the fourteenth, to which accident this city owes the blessings that his active ministry has diffused; as he had been heard to say, that it was his intention to have remained in France until his death, were it not that the order of Jesuits had been suppressed. He returned to this country in the year 1773, and shortly after opened a Latin school, in conjunction with the celebrated Mr. Austin, in Sall's-court, Fishamble-street. He was in some short time appointed to a curacy in the parish Chapel of St. Michael, called Rosemary-lane, where, from the first day that he entered upon the duties of his ministry, he commenced that career of apostolic labour, which has justly obtained for him a character for sanctity, perhaps, not inferior to any divine we have heard of since the days of the apostles. Like his great master, the poor were the chief, and almost sole, objects of his pious solicitude; the style in which he chose to address his numerous congregations, was unusually well adapted to the understandings of the lowest order, at the same time that the most refined scholar could hear him with pleasure. He continued discharging the duties of the curacy, until the Rev. Mr. Murphy became afflicted with a grievous mental malady, when the sole management of the parish was entrusted to his care; upon the death of that gentleman, he was appointed to succeed him; at the same time nominated one of the vicars general of the diocese. The perseverence with which, under a serious bodily infirmity, that of a rupture in the stomach, he pursued the arduous task of instructing his flock, in their moral and religious duties, will remind those who knew him, of the exertions of the ministers of religion in the early ages of christianity; and the fruits of his preaching, in many instances resembled the miraculous consequences of their labours. The heats of summer, or the chilling frosts of winter, never deterred him from persevering in his efforts to enlighten mankind, and purify their morals; and as he used to say, he would endeavour to keep his post to the last. In strict conformity to this profession, he laboured as much during the dog-days, as he did in the temperate season of

* See Carte's Ormond.

the year. His physicians often expostulated with him on the injury which his health sustained by incessant preaching; but his usual observation was, that God would require at his hands a rigorous account of the souls of those who were under his spiritual jurisdiction, and that it was much better for him to lose his life by labouring, than to lose his soul by neglecting his duty.

In preaching, his method was to divide the discourse into many parts, and to treat each distinct part as diffusely, as other preachers were used to treat the main subject, insomuch, that all the minor topics of his sermons and exhortations, developed as much matter, in a limited space, as the greater number of entire sermons are found to contain. The earnestness of his manner in the pulpit, and the emphasis with which he enforced the great truths of christianity, proved to his auditors, that he felt what he announced. Whenever he told a tale of wo, grief often suppressed his powers of articulation; if he described a triumph obtained by christianity, his countenance brightened like a meridian sun; but when he had occasion to descant on the merits and sufferings of our Redeemer, all the man seemed absorbed in the dignity of the subject, and his own personal gratitude for the great mystery of our redemption; his manner became unusually impassioned; his language energetic, and he delivered himself in a tone of thunder attempered by the most sublime and pathetic descriptions of the great attributes of God, and the ineffable goodness of the Messiah. It is hardly necessary to speak of the extent and advantage of his labours; the city of Dublin can attest them; and it is an incontrovertible truth, that the exertions of this extraordinary man, have tended more to impede the progress of moral corruption, and more effectually deterred the labouring classes from the commission of insubordinate excesses, than the united efforts of the municipality and magistrates. His comprehensive mind, which took in all things at a glance, saw the state of mental, as well as civil degradation, to which the Irish were reduced by the enactment of those barbarous laws, that might well serve as a foil for NERO'S Code. To raise the lower order from that state, as far as it were practicable for him, he established an evening school in Skinner-row, to which, from the first day of its establishment to the hour of his death, he paid the most unremitting attention, except when the sufferings of bodily infirmity disabled him. In that school he selected a certain number, from the aggregate mass of those whose genius and morals promised well, and whom he supposed might be qualified, at some future time, to assume the functions of the priesthood, with honor to themselves and benefit to their country. These he instructed himself, and in a great measure provided for otherwise. The extent of his genius, the strength of his understanding, his literary, historical, and philosophical acquirements, the generosity of his nature, and the mildness of his manners, have been seldom paralleled. His humility in private life, proved, that his gigantic intellect was equalled only by the goodness of his heart; and in those qualities he approximates to the DEITY, near as it were possible for man. It will not be expected that we can do more in this brief sketch, than to give a very feeble outline of this revered man's character. However anxious we feel to transmit the knowledge of his talents and virtues to posterity, it is a task that we acknowledge ourselves unequal to; and in the hope that some Irishman, of talent sufficient to do ample justice to his memory, will undertake and perfect the labour, with a correctness and elegance, worthy

worthy of the subject, and of Ireland, we take leave of him—

Whom strangers did delight, his flock did love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above.

Conspiracy against the People detected.

A Gentleman, whose veracity we can depend on, has furnished us with the following facts, which, in themselves, will explain a part of the causes which represent the lower orders of the people in a state of insubordination and civil war, not only imposing on the public mind, but frequently misleading the Executive, so far as to make the Government hastily adopt measures, which the real state of affairs does not demand.

About the month of October last, a corporal and two privates, of the ——— militia, returned to Clonmel from some service they had been on; reported to their officers, as an excuse for some delay they made beyond the time, the nature of the business they were to do required, that they were attacked by three hundred Caravats on the road, and that by a spirited and well managed defence, succeeded in beating off the entire body. This story was so well told, and so well connected, as to deceive the commanding officer, who represented the bravery and skill of the three gentlemen to the Government, that they were rewarded with an hundred pounds each; the corporal was advanced to the rank of serjeant-major, and the two privates to the rank of serjeants. Some time very lately, the story of the soldiers coming to the ears of the Right Hon. the Earl of Donoughmore, his Lordship, with that strength of mind and patriotic feeling, so inseparable from his character, had an inquiry instituted into the affair; and the consequence was that the whole story was found, after a minute investigation, to be a gross falsehood and imposition. The real fact was, they got drunk on the road, quarrelled with two countrymen, of the name of Murphy, with whom they had some blows; the Murphys fled from them, and took refuge in a cabin, into which the soldiers fired several shots, and supposing they had killed the two men, they proceeded to their quarters, with the account of their imaginary victory.

Should country gentlemen imitate the conduct of the illustrious nobleman above-mentioned, and report nothing in print, or to Government, but what could be honestly authenticated, there would not be so many tales of illegal associations, and little cause for special commissions.

We hope, for the honour of the country, and in mercy to the unfortunate peasantry, that this affair will come before the empire in a more authorised form.

REVIEW OF SWADDLING PREACHERS.

MR. CRAWFORD, THE COTTON-WEAVER.

When a slack of work and a heavenly call awakened this great man to a notion of himself, and feeling that he had a stomach for sublunary nutriment, and a digestion of spiritual food, he resolved to put off the old man, and to relinquish all profane practices; to lay down the shuttle and to take up the Bible to expound it—accordingly, Heaven so ordered Matters, that Mr. Crawford jumped into his apostleship, as quickly as a countryman at Thomas-street market-house, jumps into a pair of breeches. He began his mission extempore, and he set out upon a new plan of preaching, and with a humility that is not common among methodists; this great man followed the system of even a papist, in whom he discovered something aiming at right, and accordingly Mr. Crawford was found upon the horse-blocks and the spur-stones of the Liberty, a deep controversial divine,

vine, and explaining the controverted points of religion, and the abstract topics of theology, with a surprising capacity over Father Betagh, and unravelling all the mischievous doctrines of the Popish system, with the same ease that he would lengthen out a ball of worsted. Talents like his could not pass unnoticed; the profane got up in arms against this champion of religion: the mob pelted him with dead cats, gutter, and even discharged urinals from the windows upon his sacred head; the popish huxters, and dealers in whiskey, and ale-house keepers, where he happened to have score, summoned him to the court of conscience, and alas! such is the dulness of that court, and its habitude to heavenly matters, that the present Lord Mayor gave decrees for paltry sums against this man of the Lord; but the ways of Heaven are dark and intricate; this apostolic man happened one day to be preaching at the Cross-poddle, to the penny-boys and basket-girls, his admirable sermon (since printed,) upon the comforts of eternal damnation, when Mr. Jones happened to pass by. Mr. Jones observed something like a heavenly fire about his head, unseen by the profane, and he paid attention; his language sank into Mr. Jones's soul, and also brought great fruit amongst the idolatrous papist rabble. Mr. Jones mentioned the fact to Mrs. Teigh; Mrs. Teigh told it to Mr. Gribbins, the cast-clothes-man; Mr. Gribbins, at a love-feast, let the matter drop to Lady Belvidere; Lady Belvidere told it to Rosseter, the converted bellows-mender; and Rosseter told of Mr. Crawford's talents to Mr. Dugdale; and Mr. Dugdale was the heavenly crimp that gave him the bounty, and engaged him in his present anti-popery crusade. Mr. Crawford now ranks amongst the first preachers of methodism in Dublin; he has great sweetness of manner, and a delicacy of reproof that teaches men virtue, as if you taught them not, and slides them into the centre of heavenly things, when a sinner thinks he is wallowing in all the abominations of worldliness and popery.

Mr. Crawford, in his sermons, has the advantage of musical cadence, which is somewhat explained, by his early acquaintance with melody, his mother having had him at the breast, when she used to chaunt the popish anthems, or Christmas carols, to a Thomas-street rabble, in the character of a ballad-singer. His conversion to the true faith, was owing to his being put into a charter-school, upon the death of his father and mother, both papists, there receiving stir-about and tuition, which fortified his soul and body for services that he now achieves for God and man. Mr. Latouche has appointed him a curate in ordinary to George Gallagher, the pully-maker and cathechist to the stark-staring ward of Swift's mad house: he is chief exhortist against the Irish Magazine, and laureat in ordinary to the religionist club, of which the Big Beggarman is president. The persuasive powers of this man are only equalled by his zeal; he actually went to WATTY COX, to buy a Magazine, and in the shop he met CAPTAIN MAGUIRE, a profane man, the WRESTLING DOCTOR and WATTY, deliberating on the destruction of the empire, and meditating insult upon the saintly Judge ———. He meekly addressed them, and in a short time they were moved to penitence; he begged them to join him in prayer; and were it not for the intervention of the *Major's* man, and bailiffs about the door, he had converted the covey of sinners; but upon the appearance of bailiffs, they broke out into riot, and resolved to rescue WATTY. Mr. Crawford has a very soothing manner to old women, who seek comfort from burnt brandy and the word of GOD. By a simple means of sweet affability, he has gained attention, for a naggin of whiskey, where other men could not attract attention

by

by means of a gallon of brandy. His manner of preaching is much copied from Saint Hackball, *alias* the Big Beggarman; and his manner of giving alms, or disbursing *charity trusts*, is regulated by the text upon which the Big Beggarman has founded a noted schism, 'charity should begin at home.' Mr. Crawford is talked of as the preacher who is to succeed Mungo Charcoal, the late Black Drummer of the 43d regiment, who died of an over dose of whiskey, after preaching a charity sermon. We sincerely hope he may succeed him; as the attributes of Mr Crawford cannot fail to work a change amongst a people who are willing to hear, but have never had the seed of genuine religion scattered amongst them by so dexterous a hand as that of the Most Rev. Mr. Crawford, the *ci devant* weaver of check muslin.

In our review of the sanctified, we should almost beg pardon that we have so long neglected that servant of the servants of the Tabernacle, who humbled himself even to the soles of the slippers of the elect:—*Jemmy the Cobler*, who occupied a bulk, adjoining a whiskey shop in Meath-street. Here the devil had an agent on active duty, and here *Jemmy* was happily stationed. Oft have I heard thee chaunt thy morning hymns, in strains that could only be equalled by thy feathered neighbour, of the wicker cage; *Jemmy* lost no time by his mission, for while he was beating his leather on his lapstone, he chaunted a particular kind of psalm, to the tune of *Langolee*, which attracted the unrighteous: *Jemmy* told them they were all going astray; spoke of the sole use of their coming into the world, and of their last end. He did not tire his hearers; he dealt them out short sentences, being proverbs selected from the works of Wesley and the *Major*, and sometimes told them a story from Bunyan; though *Jemmy* can look his character as well as any member of the Tabernacle, this was not his time.

He wore a droll sarcastic grin,
That shamed the sinner from his sin,

His success in his labours had like to ruin Bill Molyneaux, the whiskey seller, whose business was beginning to decline, until he stirred up a friend, one of the children of Penn, to lend *Jemmy* some money, by which he purchased a shop, nigh the lower postern of the Castle, and here he became useful to the *Major*, and acquainted with the sanctified Banker; *Jemmy* now sang in higher strains; he attended York-street meeting-house, carried the plate through the conventicle, and was very successful in his collections. Indeed so great was his zeal in the good work, that besides preaching and teaching, he would literally carry the sheep to the fold. He knew that bringing females to the word, was the sure way to make the males follow; for which purpose he selected the handsomest of his customers, and brought them under his arm to the *love feast*. One of the chosen became a widow, previous to which her husband made *Jemmy* his executor, and he administered to a property of a couple of thousand pounds. He was now taken particular notice of; and though he was not, like the Pully-maker, appointed almoner to the Banker, he became a more useful member in the way of business, as he procured him a number of customers in the trade of usury in consequence of * * * * * * * * * * *Jemmy* attacks the devil in all quarters, for the purpose of making proselytes; he takes his tumbler every day in Kennedy's-lane with the *Jumping Taylor* and another papist: indeed we cannot say that he has as yet actually brought them over, but of this we are certain, that they both assume a more solemn gait than they had twenty years ago. Sorry we are that our limits will not permit us to say more on this subject, but can assure our readers it shall not be forgot in a future number.

(To be continued.) ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

EDWARD DALTON left the county Roscommon, and went to Germany, during the reign of MARIA THERESA. He was induced to quit his native land, as much by the system of pains and penalties, which were at that time enforced against the CATHOLICS, as by an invitation from an uncle of his, who had sought and found an asylum in his youthful days, with the husband of the Arch Duchess. This uncle, although obliged to dispose of and desert his paternal estate in Ireland, had arisen, in a foreign country, from the rank of Cadet to that of Lieutenant General, and rendered material services to Maria Theresa, in the wars she sustained against Frederick William of Prussia, who robbed her of the two Silesias. The Irishman arrived at Vienna with all the peculiarities of his country: he thought a very large oak stick a useful personal appendage, and therefore carried one with him through the streets of that city, admiring and being admired by all he saw, as he was of stature full six feet, and of very comely visage. A young man, dressed in a garb, that to the Germans was foreign, and bearing a piece of timber in his hand, which, to them, appeared fitter to be used as a pike staff than a walking cane, attracted the attention of all ranks and sexes in the public walks; and on a certain day, two officers of the Queen's guard, agreed to make merry with him in one of the streets, and for that purpose they accosted and began to banter with him. Being totally ignorant of the German language, he could only judge by their manner, that they had selected him as a fit object to exercise their wit upon, and he soon apprized them, that he so far understood their language, by pulling one of their noses, which they both immediately resented by drawing their swords. With his shillelah he almost instantaneously laid them prostrate at his feet, and then very deliberately disarmed them, and broke their swords, the fragments of which he scattered about the streets in various directions.

The *heroes* having recovered their feet, proceeded with all possible expedition to the nearest guard-house, from whence they procured a guard, pursued and made DALTON their prisoner. The circumstances of his arrest were immediately communicated to his Uncle, who went to visit him in the military prison; and having learned, from his statement of the affair, that he was not the aggressor, he hastened to the QUEEN, to whom he communicated the particulars of the transaction. She issued an immeditate order for both parties to be brought before her, and the Officers, with Dalton, were of course ushered into her presence. When she had examined the officers, she found, by their evasive answers and unconnected story, that they had been in fault: she then addressed DALTON, by an interpreter; whose artless manner, and simple relation, soon convinced her that he had been provoked to assault and disarm her officers. She dismissed them with a suitable reproof, for wantonly attacking a stranger, and for their cowardice in losing their swords, and expressed her admiration of DALTON'S COURAGE. She then addressed this very remarkable question to him, thro' the interpreter:—"How comes it, sir, that Irishmen are matchless for courage and genius, in every part of the world but their own country?" "Please your Majesty," replied DALTON, "We are all nearly on a par, in Ireland, as to courage and genius; every man there finds a match for himself; but when we travel into foreign countries, we can meet no men like an Irishman." The Queen was so much pleased with his answer, that she directed a commission to be immediately made out for him, and before his death, he arrived at the highest rank in the Austrian army!!!

Trial

Trial of Walter Cox, Esq.

KING'S BENCH—MONDAY, FEB. 18,

THE KING *v.* WALTER COX.

Mr. Swift opened the case, and stated, that this was an information, filed *ex officio* by his Majesty's Attorney General, against Walter Cox, Bookseller, for a LIBEL, published on the 10th of July, 1810, entitled

"*The Painter Cut!!!*

A VISION;"

the same being wicked, malicious and seditious, and intended to separate the two countries of England and Ireland, to which the defendant has pleaded "not guilty."

The Attorney General.—My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, this is an information filed by me, *ex officio*, against the defendant Walter Cox, of the city of Dublin, Bookseller. It is an information against him, for publishing a certain work, called "THE IRISH MAGAZINE," a Libel, which this information states to be wicked, malicious and seditious. My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I will go further than this statement in the information, by pronouncing it to be the most wicked and audacious Libel that ever disgraced the Press. This is not a Libel that casually found its way into a public Newspaper, otherwise inoffensive, but it makes part of a work, industriously published from month to month, for the advancement of purposes of the most rash and abominable tendency. It is a part of that work which has been let loose upon the public, for the clear and manifest purpose of debauching the minds of the people of this country; of exciting religious rancour among the Roman Catholics of this kingdom; and of alienating every Irishman from his due allegiance. A work, framed and calculated to effect the separation of two countries, which *God* and *Nature* have *joined* together, and by the junction of which, this empire has been enabled to contend against the world: to disunite two countries, connected together by long and mutual intercourse, by various intermarriages, and identified with Great Britain by numerous ties; cemented by the same laws, the same language, and mutually enjoying a constitution, which has conferred civil liberty to a degree entirely unknown in any other region of the earth.—My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I have thus far addressed myself to you, with a view of showing how far the subject of this Libel is aggravated by its opposing circumstances, and how much the fallacy of its import demonstrates the villainy of its author.—The work, in its commencement, endeavoured to cloak its design, by those contrivances of disguise with which the guilty are familiar. The subjects of the composition were only collected from past times, but all evidently calculated for one and the same purpose. Under these circumstances it was not easy to fasten in it for a Libel. Indeed, it has not been my temper nor my wish to be over-captious on the subject of Libel. We hold too highly the liberty of writers to enter into a controversy with a subject, when the public welfare does not demand it.—It was not the wish of Government, nor their disposition to notice every casual ebullition which might escape the Editors of the diurnal Press, in the hurry of composition, or in the order of discussion. Such warmth might betray a man of the best intention into an unguarded phrase. Besides, Government stood upon too high a ground—their position was too commanding, to regard with any sentiment, but that of indifference, any attack upon the principles or persons of those who exercise authority under the forms of the constitution. Besides, the freedom of the Press was part of the liberty of the subject. It was his birth right, defined and protected by Acts of Parliament, and exercised to a greater extent

tent by the subjects of these realms, than by any other people in ancient or modern times. Of this liberty he would be found as ardent an advocate as any other individual. But the libel before the Court could not, by any possibility, be included in this definition. It could not be regarded as a momentary and heated effusion, issuing from the pen of a daily writer, who might not have time, perhaps, to give it due consideration, and who might have written, and who often must write, without any mischievous intention. The boundaries of the liberty of the Press are often fine and delicate, and we should rather suffer a little excess, than encroach on that invaluable privilege; and, therefore, if we have not brought this criminal until now before the bar of justice, I regret to say, that it is this mistaken lenity that has been the occasion of it. He has at length made such a progress in his audacity, that he had thrown off the mask; and declared open war against Government. He has at length dared, not by dark insinuations, not by holding up as objects of commiseration those traitors, who have been banished from our shores; no, Gentlemen, he has thrown off the mask, and has dared to avow the object of his work. He has declared himself the tool of a faction in this country, the wreck and refuse of the rebellion of 98—who have long ceased to be Irishmen. He has dared to inculcate on the minds of the people of Ireland, that it is their interest, and ought to be their wish, by uniting their strength to France, to sever the connection between this country and Great Britain, to break off their allegiance, and to prepare us to submit to the yoke and iron sceptre of our common enemy.—This is no longer to be tolerated. While it dealt in private calumny, while it sickened us with its grossness and vulgarity, we might suffer it to sink into its own contemptibility; but when this audacity goes to the length of treason, it is no longer to be suffered to continue with impunity. It is some consolation to consider, that he has not appeared on this occasion, nor has found any professional man to be the advocate of such a crime. I shall not, therefore, dwell so long upon this subject as I should have done, if he had aggravated his offence by an attempt to defend it—But, my Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, it will be my duty to explain to you the nature of the libel, to impress upon your minds what has been the meaning and object of its being written; not only to satisfy your minds, but also to impress on the public, what many of the public would otherwise doubt, that there is still a faction in this country, working for our common enemy, and seeking to bring back that, from which this country has not many years emerged. —This criminal introduces the present libel, (it shews with what pleasantry he insidiously begins it) in the form and under the fiction of a vision.—Having pretty well prepared the public mind, by all he had been hitherto writing, he now thinks fit, by a sort of allegory, to instruct them in the end he had in view from the commencement of his work. He describes two Islands, which you, Gentlemen of the Jury, upon the perusal of the libel, will discover to be the Islands of Great Britain and Ireland—he describes these islands as connected together by the figure of a rope; and how do you suppose he figures this connection? He describes it to be maintained by demons, one of them the demon of religious bigotry, the other of discord, and amplifies the description with every thing that can excite treason and religious rancour. He describes these countries, (enjoying mutual interests and common advantages, under the same King and Constitution) as a connection held by the demons of religious bigotry and discord, which is a most foul and seditious libel; countries, in which, of all

all others on the earth, not only civil but religious liberty is enjoyed in the fullest extent in which complete toleration is admitted, where every man is allowed to follow his religion without constraint; the connection of these countries he has dared to call in question, and the excellence of a constitution affording greater advantages than any other in the world. That constitution is the object of his envy; he finds it offensive to men who are bankrupts alike in fortune and character, and who can only look for aggrandizement in the ruin of their country, and the arrival of its enemies. —He therefore proceeds to destroy this constitution; and in what manner does he propose to his countrymen that this should be effected? He introduces in this vision the arrival of a fleet—you will understand by this the fleets of France—he represents a ship advancing, of considerable magnitude, adorned majestically with colours, streamers and trophies. He intends to dazzle the public mind, and to prepare them to receive triumphantly the arrival of the fleets and armies of France. In these fleets he describes the prime ruler of France, as placed in a marine car, and as a benign looking personage. It is for his benignity that he holds up, as an object of favor, the common enemy of these countries. To remove any doubt, he places on his head an imperial diadem, and in his hand a two-edged sword, emblematic of its owner's powers. The ship approaches, and he holds out to the people of this country, a prospect of the benefits they are to receive. This personage of benign countenance is described as severing the connection by the rope at a single blow. Gentlemen of the Jury, this criminal recommends to his country, to have this happy constitution, under which we live, destroyed, and by the stroke of France Lest there should be any misunderstanding, he brings forward an Irish Traitor, who had been banished from his country, dressed in green and gold, to proclaim the great event "the Painter is Cut." Thus is the connection between Great Britain and Ireland dissolved, and by an Irish rebel. He describes this connection as almost worn out—for the rope is represented as worn to a thread. It has lasted for six hundred years, and it is, no doubt, time we should be weary of it. He then proceeds to propound the hopeful consequences of this separation. He overlooks the strength of these countries—he forgets all the consequences of that separation, but holds it out as a source of every blessing. Here a general assembly of all ranks and professions take place; he brings forward the Judges; the Lawyers, with the head of Wm. Orr, who suffered death for his crimes, and the standard exhibits the bust of R. Emmett. Thus Gentlemen, he holds forth to the country that it is by the junction with the common enemy that this separation must take place and this is the way he recommends it should be effected. After going through a variety of matter, the whole of this treasonable Libel concludes, by the introduction of the man himself, appearing in a sort of triumph, and ascribing to the Irish Magazine, the effect and result that has proceeded from its interference in bringing about the separation of the two countries. He is finally represented as having in his hand an Irish Magazine, and pronouncing certain words. He begins by congratulating them on their success, after a state of slavery for 600 years. That this country has been in a state of slavery for 600 years, is the constant theme of this Libel, and of the work. As if, Gentlemen, the people of this country did not enjoy the blessings of the British Constitution, of Magna Charta, and all the rights and privileges annexed thereto. He represents us in a state of slavery: a position as false as it is scandalous! As seditious, as it

is treasonable! He proceeds to say, "you have at length opened your eyes, and worn away your shackles, by a noble sacrifice of your prejudices on the altar of union: and by a happy exertion of your physical powers, the Painter is Cut, and Ireland is free." I really think it superfluous to dwell longer on the subject of this Libel. It is to be deplored, that the liberty of the Press should be so abused, or that any man should be found to avow himself the advocate of the common enemy.—He has dared, not by sedition only, but by actual treason, to inculcate the principles of Rebellion, to recommend to his countrymen, by an allegorical representation of sensible objects, a discussion among themselves: to shake off their allegiance: to throw off that connection on which our safety and strength depend: to join with the common enemy not only of England, but the world, and to throw away those rights by which we are so long and mutually benefited.

My Lords and Gentlemen, though our duty renders it impossible that we should pass by such wickedness; let not that faction, which must be considered free, for a moment presume, that, because the Government is lenient, therefore it has been afraid. It has a full and perfect confidence, that in the attachment of the great majority of the people of those kingdoms, there is a strength more than sufficient to counteract the machinations of this wicked faction. If the vision which this criminal's distempered brain has formed, be realized, and the Government of France be able to send an army, I trust that the superior skill and bravery of British troops, exemplified as it has been on the continent of Europe, will involve that army, and the faction which brought it hither, in ruin and disgrace. But the enemy is too wise to send any army into this country, to assist a desperate but impotent faction. Gentlemen, with respect to the present libel, we should have laughed at it, as before, had it not proceeded to such a pitch of audacity, of which the wretched culprit is so sensible, that he flies from the defence of it.

Gentlemen of the Jury, we shall prove the publication, and we entertain no doubt of your verdict. There is no apprehension of danger to Government from such a publication, but I apprehend it may furnish some incentive to that spirit of disaffection, for which the lives of several of the wretched and deluded peasantry of Ireland have been forfeited. This is the only mischief. Let him not plume himself with the contrary. For the sake of example, we call for your verdict, and shall afterwards call on the Court for judgment; being perfectly satisfied that no man who has eyes to see, or ears to hear, can doubt of the intention of this publication.

—— Carmichael, of Gardiner's-place, examined by the Solicitor General.

Q. Are these your initials (shewing one of the numbers of the Irish Magazine)?

A. They are.

Q. Did you buy this book at any particular place?

A. By direction of the Crown Solicitor I bought this book, on the 10th of August, 1810, at the house of the defendant, W. Cox, in Abbey-street.

Mr. Pollock read from the Irish Magazine for July, 1810, the libel in question, entitled, "The Painter cut, a vision," signed, Orellana.

Solicitor General, My Lord, we do not think it necessary to go further.

After the publication was read, Counsel for the Crown announced that they had closed their case.

There was no appearance on behalf of the defendant.

The Chief Justice then proceeded to charge the Jury. He stated, that it was their province to decide upon the

ie case. The publication had been roved, and therefore the only question ras if it was libellous; he said, the peration upon his mind was, that it ras both wicked and libellous; he nen proceeded to comment upon every assage of it with great candour and learness, and concluded by saying, hat if the Jury entertained the same pinion that he did, they would find he defendant guilty.

The Jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict—Guilty.

SLAUGHTER IN CARLOW.

(Continued.)

Encouraged by the example of the *Profanation Trumpeter*, his fellow-labourers were *piously* employed in discharging the awful obligation of their *oath*; an oath, which they had the blasphemy to call upon the Almighty to witness. What! call on the Omnipotent, to witness an oath to *exterminate* his own image; nay, the very work of his hands; an oath, dictated in Hell itself; yet, fatally verified, in this ill-fated town, by the blood of 500 *men!!!* Ah! 'twas a sad morning! Reader, to form a correct notion of that dreadful day, you must understand, that every *soldier* was his own commanding officer; and that the order of the day was—*havoc!—havoc!—havoc!*—I think it is written of the *Hyæna*, an animal whose thirst for human blood, can be equalled only, by an *Ascendancy Reptile*, vulgarly called *Orangeman*; that he does, directed by the roar of the cannon, attend the *field of slaughter*, root up the mangled children of *war*, and banquet on those features, on which so many mothers have hung with rapture—but the *red savages*, for I will not call them soldiers, that desolated Carlow, had only to root their prey from heaps of half-burned thatch, which the disconsolate wife, or frantic mother, strewed on the burning remains of the treasure of their souls. Dreadful alternative! horrid sight! to see the mother, wrap the fruit of her womb in the wreck of her own cabin, to preserve him from the brutal hand of the *thrice-slaying Orangeman*. Ah! then it was, that she might truly say, without being suspected of *hypocrisy*, that she "sat at his cradle, and followed his hearse." As I had the misfortune to live in the very scene of action, I made a desperate effort to reach one of the outposts, where I was sheltered under the protection of a military friend; on my way, I had more than one difficulty to encounter; I had to avoid the bayonet of the *assassin*, which I effected by the aid of a watch-coat; the dead, and dying remains of my mangled countrymen, whose brains lay smoking around me, so thick, that to avoid treading on them, I was obliged to leap over hills of slain. But as the limits of a letter will not admit of a detailed account of the horrors of that matchless morning, I will, by way of illustration, mention a few acts of *barbarity*, than which, there cannot be more ruthless, in the *bloody annals* of *Elizabeth*.—A man of the name of Murray, lay bleeding at his own door, *naked*, for he was *murdered* in his *bed!* which, taking fire from the burning roof of his straw-clad cabbin, nature made a last effort; and, aided by the help of a child, he escaped from the merciless flames: but alas! not from the more merciless hand of the death-dealing *Serjeant* of the *Ninth*, *(Martin)* a name so detestable, to mention it tires the tongue of a Carlow reader;—he was a "bloodier villain than terms can give out; but, as he has been a first-rate actor, aye, and finisher of the law too, we must reserve him for his proper place, and merely advert to his method of healing the wounds of the bleeding victim, who lay with his head reclined on the bending knees of his little innocent; the child was bathing his father's face with his tears, and

and his death-thirsty tongue, with a vessel of water. The *barbarian* approached; the child, affrighted, fled from his bleeding *Sire!* who, casting a dying look on his second *murderer*, besought him, in the language of the eyes, not to add poignancy to an agony already insupportable, in vain; the monster drew his sabre and sheathed it in the bowels of the man, whose only crimes were, *poverty* and *popery*. The third-rate actor in this scene of blood, was a *beast* of the name of Kelly; he, too, was *Serjeant* of the *Ninth*, who, with the ferocity of the *Tiger*, dragged forth his town's-men, aye, his school fellows, and most inhumanly *butchered them!* Reader, do not imagine that our Ninth heroes monopolized all the laurels of that *well fought* day!—no, no; for, the Major himself performed wonders, even in the very teeth of death, by forcing open, with the point of his sword, the locked jaws of the dead; and, administered, with his own hand, the leaden viaticum, (as he called it,) still, believe me, on that day of wrath, every soldier did his duty! Were it not, for the solemnity of the scene, one would be tempted to smile at the caution, with which the town-orangemen approached to level the shaft of death, at death itself—but if a ray of comic, shot through the gloom of this baleful bloody tragedy, it was, to see old *pensioners*, and gray-headed *Cromwelians* sally forth from their hiding places, to rifle the pockets of the dead—it was almost laughable, to see the Burgoyne conquerors retreat, when the smallest symptom of life appeared in the object of their plunder; (but I had like to forget to mention a blunder, committed by the gallant *Colonel Mahan*, who had the honor to command against the half-starved *ploughmen*, on that, never to be forgotten-day; I mean, his having omitted to erect a few *gallowses*, which would have saved *Mr. Fishbourne* the trouble of making one of his gate, aye, and the expence of *ropes* too; an article so scarce, from the great demand for them, that the lady of the house understanding, that, as there were but *five*, and the gallows sufficiently large to accommodate *six* at a time; she, as in duty bound, cut, with her own hand, the jack cords down, saying, "*better an empty table, than a naked gallows.*" I did intend, from motives of delicacy, to draw a veil over the shameless scenes, that closed the first act of this *tragedy*; scenes, that would have disgraced a country of Hottentots; but, justice to a country, whose only consolation is, that their unparalleled sufferings should be fully narrated, compels me, to mention crimes, which, for a contempt of all that distinguishes man, from the brute creation; surpasses any thing in the records of human depravity. Merciful God! what a sight! a town on fire, its inhabitants, either slaughtered, or such as escaped the noon-day devils, compelled at the point of the bayonet, to heap on cars, their half-roasted, blood-clotted countrymen, *naked* as when they came into the world; and in that situation, in the noon-day, under the very eyes of the softer sex, did they convey the dead cargoes through the very centre of the town.—I can no more,—by rage, by shame suppressed, &c.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

[*To be continued.*]

APOLOGY FOR THE *IRISH MAGAZINE.*

On a late occasion, it was said by a high authority, that the pages of the Irish Magazine were principally filled with recurrences to the unhappy period of the Rebellion, for the purpose of putting one part of the public against the other; and by keeping the horrid affairs of those days before the world, it is intended to create an hatred to our connexion with the sister country.

country. As much as we must admire the splendid talents, and high character of the gentleman we allude to, we are obliged to say he is incorrect. We have collected many of the atrocities as documents to regulate the future historian. We have only done what Corry has done, of the horrors that caused the insurrection of 1641, and those that succeeded that melancholy period. We have not done what lying Sir William Temple, or Sir Richard Musgrave have done. The first gentleman, in his narrative of English sufferings, has inlisted ghosts to authenticate his assertions, and embellish his history, and has very plausibly given affidavits made by the dead, to put things beyond dispute. Sir Richard, in his list of murders and rapine, has not invaded any part of the ghost market, to the prejudice of his precursor; he had his own exclusive machinery to work up his plot, his Orange friends, and no man has made better use of his men; he has disposed of them into every possible form and situation, that swearing and martyrdom could render credible or respectable.

To say, that giving an historical detail of the civil wars in this country is criminal, is an attack on the Liberty of the Press, very unbecoming a constitutional lawyer; on the principle that such documents are intended to shake the connexion between the two countries, we have been unguarded and warm, and have committed errors, not so much by any studied intemperance, as we did by being off our guard, under the irritation of existing aggravations. We record what is past, and complain of injuries, under which we stooped. We write of past events; the heroes of Enniskillen, Bann, and Mountrath, act, and while ever they continue to reduce their loyalty into practice upon our brethren, our chapels, and females, we cannot refrain from doing what appears to be our duty.

SIR RUEBENS LEGEOARD'S

SALE OF PICTURES.

(Continued.)

The Siege of Miles Duigenan, the Grocer's house, Grafton-street, June 1798. This capital production of the Irish pencil is equal to the celebrated piece of the storming of Seringapatam, by Robert Ker Porter. The likenesses of the principal officers are accurately preserved. The Alderman who conducted the enterprize appears giving instructions for the investment, in a very military manner. The tears that Mrs. Duigenan sheds, when the trunk of plate is taken prisoner, roll in well-formed succession, and the transparency is delightfully elegant. The loyal ladies, bearing off the sugar-loaves, tea-chests, and house-linen, are grouped with great effect. Miles's daughter, a child, ten years old, struggling with a female of the invading army, for her petticoat, is rather too affecting for the grandeur of the pieces; it gives a sensation of feeling, not corresponding with the loyalty with which a man should view such things on such occasions; it detracts from the fiery fury of a loyalist, who should be carried away by small considerations. If this painting is not sold, it will be offered to the British museum for its value.

The Marquis of Buckingham, stooping over Mathew Tone's coffin, in the Dublin Prevot, while a person unscrews it, to gratify the Peer with a sight of a dead enemy. His Lordship's likeness, and his anxiety, are wonderfully preserved and expressed. The assistant, dragging the rope, which remains to the neck, to raise the dead body, conveys a strong character of technical ferocity. The blood flowing under his Lordship's feet, is well coloured, and the curling extremely natural.

A party of Caravats, listening to an advice about another world; the humanity of the person giving the admonition

monition, who has one eye on his ragged auditors, and another on a well-trained horse, is enchanting. The soldiers discharging an old woman, who wants to detain her son from the long journey by her cries, are as well pourtrayed as if they were alive. The bayonets glisten death and chastisement; every eye beams pleasure, life, and animation; only the sulky fellows in the living coffin, injure the piece by their ill humour.

A very good likeness of Father Sheehy, who was hanged at Clommel, for killing a man, yet alive, is a very good picture of a Popish Priest, in high preservation.

Woloughan, discharging a sick boy, in his mother's arms, from the troubles of this world, by shooting him through the head, is inimitable, for character, drawing, and colouring. The mother fainting is very natural, and the humour on the merry faces of the yeomen, is facetiously marked. This picture was done at the expense of Tom Reynolds, & was intended as a present for the late Ld. Enniskillen.

Mr. Secretary Cooke, preparing Lord D—— for the debate on the Union. The manner the noble Lord rehearses his speech, exasperates the Secretary so much, that the oaths he swears at his pupil's stupidity, appear to float into expression; this is one of the greatest efforts of the pencil, that can so touch as to make the ear understand the silent language of the canvas. The rebels in Mayo injured this painting, by driving a pike through Cooke's nostrils.

The Major going out in the Morning. The battalion hacking their flints, and drawing their daggers, gives a good idea of hunting matches in 1798. Jemmy taking the left flank of his commander, while Hanlon moves on the right, is a good picture of discipline. The soldiers in disguise hanging on the rere, are accurately placed, to be ready to assist on a surprise. Lord Camden looking out of a window at the corps, is made to testify much satisfaction, at this advan guard of the state.

Cronly, the publican, of Tullamo burning a Volume of the Irish Mag zine. The anxiety of the trembli man, while he puts the fire to the o fensive book, is very visible on h countenance; and the savage joy the Orange banditti, who surrou the pile, approaches to madness. T big Beggarman's brother, who is ch manager of the execution, indicat every savage passion of fury, loyal and resentment; were he burning village, so many passions of the so could not agitate him—his counte nance appears torn up into frag ments of zeal, terror, enthusiasm, re venge and pleasure—the painter ha exhausted all his art on this fellow whose attitudes exhibit all the va riety of agitation, to correspond wit the feelings of his soul.

A Treatise on English Machinery written under the patronage of Lor Grenville, Lord Grey, the Marqu of Buckingham, and the Rev. Cha les O'Connor, of Stowe. The utilit and necessity of this work, will b obvious to every person, who is awar of the necessity of disposing of ou superabundant population. The hand some manner the writer describe the works is entertaining and con vincing; special commissions, Judg ————, Military Law, Orang Muskets, Prison Ships, Farming So cieties, Major Law, Dagger Clubs Bible Companies, with the Union works are most happy, detailed in language, chaste, vigorous and ingeni ous. One pound British, royal paper

An Essay on the present state o the Irish Coinage, with hints for it improvement, by J—— C——— B———, to which is added a new plan for building Riding-houses, Taw banks, and other interesting matter necessary for the improvement of the funds, and the suppression of disaffec tion, ornamented with a capital like ness of Horish, repairing his back— three Crowns, bound.

Letter

Abstract of a Journal kept in Maryland, in the years 1805 *&* 1806.

It needs, I think, no great depth of prophecy to foretell the result of the present contest with France. By the preponderance of her power, she will over-run the continent with her arms, as England does the ocean with her ships: France will have an empire *terræ firmæ;* England will have an empire *oceani incertiet infroctuusi.* France will have dominion over men—England over the great Leviathan. France will shut up the continent against the commerce of England—and England will be the victim of false speculations, of bankruptcy, and of ruin. England will then wish she had kept herself in the bounds of moderation, and had pursued the arts of peace. She would have become more truly great in cording individual happiness, and in national prosperity and glory, than she has rendered herself terrible by arms: and I, a wretched exile from the land of my nativity, should have been spared my wanderings, and the heart-rending exclamation of, "Oh, my country!"

I pass on from this digression on English commerce to that of America. As the people in Europe present the spectacle of preceding their old governments, in enlightened ideas, and in plans of amelioration, as in America, the government has held this precedence of the people since her revolution. It has been the opinion of the wisest men of the different administrations, that America should have ploughed her land before she ploughed the ocean. They have thought, that agriculture was a pursuit more manifestly necessary, more congenial to her wants, more consonant to her republican institutions, and more favourable to her political independence, her morality, prosperity, and happiness, than the pursuits of commerce. But America has been peopled with adventurers from all quarters of the globe, whose object has not been so much the enjoyment of liberty and a moderate competence, as the amassing of wealth; and they have pursued commerce as the most rapid means of acquiring it. The Northern States, and a long line of coast to the southward, extending two or three hundred miles to the West, are completely commercial. The troubles of the European continent have given to America the carrying trade from the colonies to the mother countries; in addition to which, she has obtained the greatest portion of that in Europe, which was formerly shared by the English, and Dutch, and the Hanseatic Towns. From the same cause she has embarked very extensively in the East India trade, by which she supplies her own, and the continental market. Baltimore, which ten years ago had but one ship in that trade, has now seventeen large ships of from five to eight hundred tons burthen; and the other sea-ports have encreased their tonnage in a similar proportion.

This trade, it is true drains the country of her precious metals; to supply which, she substituted a large and extensive paper currency, issued by numerous banks, which are, however, legally incorporated by the different state governments, and their capitals ascertained and published. Many of the substantial planters, to the distance of two or three hundred miles from the sea coast, have been induced to embark in mercantile speculations with the merchants of the sea-ports. They have had nothing to do, but to deposit the title-deeds of their estates in the different banks, and have received paper currency, or cash, in proportion to their value, without incurring any legal expence of mortgage, deeds, &c. Many of the rich capitalists of Europe, finding their commercial operations impeded by the war, have transferred their capitals to America, and have either formed new establishments, or joined old ones, in

order to prosecute their object under the supposed protection of the neutral flag. Such are the powerful causes of the origin, the amazing and rapid encrease, and the prosperity of American commerce. Its effects may be traced in splendid establishments, numerous carriages, elegant equipages, magnificent buildings, and in all the conveniences, luxuries, dissipation, debaucheries, and diseases, of human life!

But one of the most deleterious effects upon the American character of such a prosperous commerce, derived from the source of European calamities is not only an heathenish indifference to war, but a criminal desire for its continuance, so long as America steers her bark in peace and safety. In short, the apathy of the Dutch, with the villainy of the African merchant, may be recognised in the American dealer. Two instances, amongst numerous others of this unblushing depravity, I will mention. I call it unblushing, because at the time that all commerce in goods contraband of war, was interdicted by the American government, between America and the rebels of St. Domingo, at the intercession and on the remonstrance of the French ambassador, I heard a merchant of Baltimore say publicly, that he was in the habit of supplying the rebels with powder and ball which he enclosed in casks, lined two or three inches thick with butter, and which were entered at the custom-house as butter, of course called so in the ship's papers, and passed as such to the place of their destination. Another instance was that of a number of Philadelphia merchants, celebrating the birth day of Dessalines; and actually making a present of the crown, which was to encircle the brow of that inhuman and savage monster.

It might naturally enough be expected that France and England would seek to involve America in the fate of the minor European powers; and that they would not be at a loss for causes or pretences in the private conduct of her citizens, or in the public proceedings of her government, which would stimulate all those acts of aggression, spoliation, and insults which have evinced the implacable enmity of those two powers; their envy at her increasing commerce and prosperity, and their studied desire and secret machinations to comprise her peace, independence and glory.

This state of things has originated in parties, viz. the friends of peace, and those of war. The party for war, is again split into two factions, viz, the English and the French. The friend of peace, at the head of whom is the government, are certainly the most numerous, the most enlightened, and respectable. It is difficult to appreciate the relative strength, influence, and wealth, of the two factions. Perhaps an insight may be obtained by contrasting their opposite qualities. If the English party be mercantile and wealthy, the French is more numerous: if the former have more good sense, the latter shews more vivacity and activity: if the English have the influence of wealth, the French have that of agreeable qualities, which mask its superior skill at intrigue, foresight, combination, and effect. At all events the unjust causes of England and France, which they respectively defend, their mutual recriminations, their appeals to, and abuse of the federal government, are calculated to give considerable uneasiness and alarm.

The consequence will be that she will find great difficulty in deciding upon the cause she has to pursue. The spoliations and aggressions upon her commerce will continue and increase; it is highly probable likewise that the events of the war will shut up the continent against England; and though France may not wish to prevent America from trading with the continent, yet it will be under limitations; she must not touch at a

British

British port, nor import upon the continent British manufactures.

The policy of England will render this impossible to America, from her maritime superiority. England will force America to bring her cargoes to British ports, and through British custom-houses, before she is permitted to re-export them to the continent. If America submit to this, her independence is a dead letter, as she will sail across the Atlantic to acquiesce in and embrace a spieces of taxation more degrading and tyrannical than that on account of which she encountered and waded through a revolutionary war. And if she do not submit to it, her commerce is neutralised. The only wise course which she can now, and must then pursue, will be to close her intercourse with the belligerents, till they listen to the voice of reason. She can do better without her manufactures and their empoisoned luxuries, than they can do without her flour, rice and timber. Let her withhold these precious necessaries but for a short time; though many American merchants may be ruined, the West Indies will cry out for bread, the belligerents will be brought to their senses by famine.

America shall preserve the lives of her citizens, her territorial riches, her peace, independence, and happiness. It will likewise be a powerful stimulus to her domestic manufactures. But the reverse of this picture is to be dreaded. It is to be feared, from the influence of the two war factions, even in the national councils, and from the fluctuating events of the war, that the negociations with the belligerents will necessarily partake of a double-faced policy; she will have to conciliate both, and in the attempt she may find it impracticable. Her policy will be oscillating, she will make laws and abrogate them; and thus, by being the butt of the implacable hatred and envy of the belligerents, she will become the scorn and contempt of herself and the world.

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine.

SIR,

After repeated essays by various ingenious men in different parts of Europe within thirty years, to navigate boats or vessels by the power of steam-engines, all of which had failed to that degree which left little hope that the object would be attained; Mr. Robert Fulton a native of Philadelphia, and well known in France and England, has been the fortunate philosopher who has established steam-boats with complete success in his native country. His first boat, 150 feet in length, 18 feet wide, was built in 1807 on the Hudson river, to carry passengers between the cities of New York and Albany, a distance of 160 miles; which boat, to the astonishment of the inhabitants of those cities performed the voyages in 30 hours. A few voyages, and the certainty of her arrival at given places within a given time, soon established public confidence in this new mode of conveyance, and drew the passengers from the stages and common sloops into the steam-boat, which proving lucrative to Mr. Fulton, he, in 1809, started a second and improved boat, called *the Car of Neptune.*

I made a voyage on my way from Canada to New York in this vessel, which is fitted up in a style, and conducted with a degree of order, that surpasses any mode of travelling yet invented: however violent the wind, there is no rolling or tossing, no cause of sickness from the agitation of waves; the car moves on majestically, ever on an even keel.

She was then on her seventy-third trip for the season, and she was expected to make eighty trips before the ice closed the river. In which case, this vessel will have run 12,800 miles in one year by the power of steam; or the two boats equal 25,600 miles. A boat of this kind has been established on lake Chaplain; one is contemplated from Montreal to Que-

bec; a line, consisting of two boats, as in full operation from New York to Philadelphia: and they are now forming a line from Philadelphia to Baltimore; when completed, a traveller may go from Baltimore to Montreal, near eight hundred miles, in steamboats, with only about one hundred and fifty miles of land carriage.

Companies are forming I learn to build boats on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, for the transport of passengers and merchandize from New Orleans to Pitzburgh, a distance of 2000 miles: thus one fortunate invention gives a facility of transport and intercourse to an immense district of country, opens new resources to industry, and gives real strength to a nation. The advantages of these boats in an agricultural and commercial point of view, are incalculable; and in case of war, their magnitude and certainty are of great importance for transporting troops without fatigue. No country is better watered than the United States, nor is there any country we know of so favourable to the extensive practice of this invention. As a work of art, your scientific readers will take pleasure in the success of Mr. Fulton's steam-boats: as a nation, we fairly calculate that every improvement which promotes American industry, and multiplies their means of exchanging the products of their soil for our Manufacturers, is a real benefit to us. This gentleman has therefore, perhaps, done more for us than many of our countrymen who have added millions to our national debt, and for this species of talent have their monuments erected in marble. If useful talents were honoured, like those devoted to destructive pursuits, genius would seek for honour in the useful arts; but an Arkwright, a Boulton, or a Watt, whose genius have added millions annually to the nation's wealth, will not for ages have the honours of a Pitt, who added millions annually to our taxes, and forced France to become an armed nation, whose strength seems to crush the world. I have on this sublime subject of genius, and its useful application, been led into these reflections, because in no country are useful talents appreciated equal to their worth, unless it be in America.

W. R. Wilson.

ADVICE to YOUNG LADIES.

CURIOSITY.

The President Mote de Champlatreux was one of the most eminent characters in the Parliament of Paris. His integrity was so incorruptible, that he merited the surname of Aristides. His perfect knowledge of the jurisprudence of his country gave him a great pre-eminence over the most enlightened lawyers; and his advice, in difficult and obscure matters, was looked upon as the most certain and safe. By these qualifications his name was rendered famous: and his merit was considered so superior, that his associates, far from being jealous, confided implicitly in his impartiality.

The private and public character of the President Mote were equally laudable; for, having lost his wife, in whom his happiness was chiefly centered, he undertook the charge of his only daughter; and succeeded so far, that Amelia's mind was cultivated with all those good qualities which render young persons amiable. Besides an accurate knowledge of her own language, she could speak German and Italian; with regard to the English language, she was so well acquainted with it, that she translated into French the master-pieces of the English authors. Her understanding was not only enlarged by an acquaintance with all the practical sciences, but, what is still more valuable, with the

the precious seeds of virtue. These had operated on her heart so admirably, that Amelia was modest without affectation; mild and engaging, without timidity; submissive, without losing her dignity; generous, without prodigality; kind and condescending to the servants, without familiarity; attentive and respectful to her father, not only from a sense of gratitude, but also from that of affection, tenderness and love.

The only fault which her father had not been able to correct in her was Curiosity. Extremely desirous of knowing every thing, she would not let the least thing pass in the house without inquiring into the particulars. If she heard a double knock at the door, she ran to the window to see who it was; if a carriage entered the yard, she was immediately hanging over the staircase, to hear whether it was a visitor or somebody on business; if a visitor, she would run down stairs, and be at the carriage door before the servants of the house; if somebody on business, she continued running backwards and forwards from the staircase to her room, thence to her father's antichamber; then down stairs to inquire of the servants who it was, and on what business they came.

The President having often shewn her the impropriety of such mean actions, Amelia dared not apply to him when she wanted to be informed of any thing; but used to bribe his Secretary, by whom she was informed of all that was transacted in her father's office. Thus her inconsiderate curiosity not only rendered her culpable, but corrupted the fidelity of her father's confidant. The President, who had several times discovered that his daughter was acquainted with secrets which he thought were improper to be entrusted to her, could not conceive how she came to the knowledge of them.

When I say secrets, do not suppose that the President improperly withheld any thing from the knowledge of his daughter, on whom he so fondly doated. On the contrary, his great pleasure was to converse with his Amelia on all the affairs of the family; and he entrusted her with the management of all those matters which he could not attend to himself, or which belonged to her department. The secrets that he kept from her were not his own; they were either those of the state, or of private people, which he could not have disclosed but at the danger of his life, or his reputation. One maxim which the President maintained was, that he who violated a secret entrusted to him, deserved punishment ten times more than he who robbed you of your property. It was for this reason that he would never abuse the confidence reposed in him by the public, by relating to his daughter affairs which were of no concern to her. M. Mote had more than once explained this distinction to Amelia, whose good sense never failed to assent to so reasonable a discretion. But, though sensible of the truth and propriety of her father's representation, her insatiable curiosity brought her always to the same point—that of wanting to know every thing: so difficult is it to get rid of the habit of Curiosity, when it has once been contracted.

About the tenth of August, 1792, the most considerable men in the Government held a meeting to deliberate upon the deplorable condition of France, and came to a resolution to protest against all innovation. This meeting was held at the President Mote de Champlatreux's house; and, as the resolution to be taken was of the highest importance, there was a numerous and respectable assembly; the sitting was prolonged until eight in the morning.

You cannot conceive the impatience and curiosity of Amelia during the time of the deliberation; she did not let

let a single servant pass, without enquiring the number of persons at the meeting, the time of their arrival, and the motive of their remaining so long. As the servants knew nothing of the matter, the less she could get from them, the more was her curiosity inflamed. During the whole of the night she could not shut her eyes; nay, she could not even lie in bed, but walked a hundred times from her apartment to the door where the company were deliberating.

About one o'clock in the morning she heard the door open, and saw her father conducting two young magistrates, very secretly, towards the garden door: the latter were carrying a leaden box, apparently very heavy. At this sight the heart of Amelia throbbed with joy: she followed them at a distance, and perceived them digging a hole about seven feet deep in the garden, into which they put the box. After this they filled the hole, which they covered with grass, that no appearance might be left. Amelia observed every circumstance; and, when she saw them returning, fled back to the top of the stairs, and retired to her chamber.

The magistrates had taken so much precaution to prevent a discovery of the place where they had concealed the box, that they could not suspect Amelia's having seen them; besides, they supposed that she was too well bred to descend to so mean an employment as that of a spy.

The next morning the artful Amelia began to coax her father more than usual; who giving a loose to his tenderness, she inquisitively asked him what they had been doing during the whole preceding night. The virtuous President answered, that they had been deliberating upon matters of great importance, but of which he could say nothing, since all the members present had taken an oath of secrecy. "However," said he, with a smile of affection, "this business does not regard our family affairs, and therefore you may be quite easy about it." He then turned the conversation upon another topic: but, being called out, he left Amelia rather vexed, and still more embarrassed in her mind than before. For two or three days she was melancholy and thoughtful. At last, being unable to resist her curiosity to know what was in the box, she got up one night, went into the garden, and began to dig in the place where she had observed her father deposit the box: she worked for an hour, but had hardly dug half the way before she was tired. Her strength now failing her, but her restless curiosity preying more strongly upon her, she determined to call one of the servants to her assistance.

The President had a valet de chambre, of whom he was very fond, and who, from having lived nearly forty years in the house, was much attached to Amelia. Amelia, therefore, going to his bed-room, desired him to get up softly, and follow her into the garden. The valet de chambre obeyed, and, being desired to dig the remainder of the hole, he did it so heartily, that in less than half an hour he reached the box. Imagining that it was full of money and jewels, he advised Amelia to have it broken open, they, therefore, broke the lock, and to their great astonishment, found nothing in it, but a paper, upon which was written the resolution beforementioned, signed by all the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris, and by more than twenty counsellors, men of rank and dignity. It was a simple protestation against the proceedings of the national assembly.

At the reading of this paper, which Amelia could scarcely understand, her curiosity was strangely baffled; she began to regret all the trouble that she had taken for a trifle, from which she could derive no satisfaction. As morning began to dawn, they hastened to put the paper into the box, and

and buried it again in the same hole, with all possible precaution. After this they went to bed; Amelia being heartily disappointed, and the valet well pleased to discover a secret which was of far greater importance than Amelia suspected.

Some months after, the tyranny of Roberspierre had obtained its highest pitch, and great rewards were offered to any persons that would inform against those who were disaffected to Roberspierre's party; the valet de chambre of the President, blinded by the hopes of receiving a large sum, went to the city hall, and told the officers, that if they would search in a certain place in his master's garden, they would find a paper of great consequence. Like another Judas, this monster received the reward agreed upon, and conducted the gang to the place where the box was hidden. Thus the prying curiosity of a child was the cause of the perfidious treachery of a servant who had been faithful to his master for nearly forty years! The paper was delivered to Roberspierre. The next morning all the Presidents who had subscribed to the protestation were arrested, and among them, of course, the President Mote, who was thrown into a dungeon, in which, however, he did not languish long; for, three days after, he and about forty others were tried, condemned, and perished on the scaffold. Thus the silly, mean and culpable curiosity of a child of fourteen, was the cause of the ruin of her father, and of a number of virtuous and innocent men.

CRITICAL ESSAY
ON THE
Scoto-Milesian Antiquities.

(Continued from November Magazine. page 518.)

Joseph Scaliger enumerates eleven mother tongues:—the Hebrew, the Latin, the Greek, the Teutonic, the Sclavoian, the Epiratic, the Hungarian, the Finlandish, the Irish, the British, & Biscayan. The number of mother tongues of less extended Europe, says sampson, (Introd. a la Geog. 2. par. liv. 3. c. 5.) is better known to us than that of the other three quarters of the globe; they may be reduced to six; namely:—the Irish, Finlandish, the Armoric or Welch, the Biscayan, the Hungarian, and Albanese. The Irish, continues he, besides Ireland, is still spoken in the north of Scotland. The Finlandish is used in Scandinavia, and comprehends Finland and Lapland. The Breton, which is the language of Lower Brittany, in France, is also called Welch, because it is the vernacular language of Wales, one of the provinces of England. The Biscayan comprehends the Lower Navarre, with Labour, in France, and Biscay, in Spain. The Hungarian, is that of Hungary and Transylvania, which are provinces of Turkey in Europe; and the Albanese, so called from Albany, a province in the same Turkey in Europe.

To refuse a nation the use of letters, is to undermine the foundations of her history, to deprive her of the means that are necessary to hand down her records to posterity. It is possible to preserve, by oral tradition, some remnants of history; as they say, the works of Homer were preserved for many ages by memory alone, without the help of Alphabetical characters; but such a tradition must be very imperfect.

Bolandius is the first who asserted that the Milesians had not the use of letters. He says, that the Pagan Irish, as well as the Germans, before the time of St. Patrick, had neither the use of letters, nor any method to preserve on paper, or other materials, the recollection of facts: that of all the liberal arts, they were only acquainted with a species of poetry in rhyme, which was highly esteemed by them, and served as a substitute for memoirs and history; and that, St. Patrick,

Patrick, who was versed in Roman literature, was the first that introduced the use of letters amongst them.

It appears that Bolandus, a man of distinguished abilities in other respects, has not duly investigated the subject in question. His mistake proceeds merely from a false consequence he draws from what he had read in Ninnius, Colgan, Ware, and others, with regard to St. Patrick. These authors mention, that this Saint had given the *abjectoria*, or, as Ninnius calls it, the *abjetoria*, that is, the *abecedarium*, to the people whom he had converted. The Roman characters were unknown to the ancient Irish before the time of St. Patrick; but this truly Apostolical man, was desirous to confirm in the faith the new converts, by the perusal of the holy Scriptures, and render that infant Church conformable to the universal Church in the rites, ceremonies, and the manner of celebrating the divine mysteries, and by the use of other church books, took the resolution to give them the Roman characters, that they might learn that language; because the translation of those books from the Latin into Irish, would have been difficult to a man not perfectly versed in the latter. But these authors, in mentioning the Roman characters, do not exclude all kinds of characters from among the Milesians; on the contrary, they pre-suppose that they had characters peculiar to their language; for, in the same chapter, where Colgan asserts, that St. Patrick had given to FIECH, one of his disciples, the alphabet, written with his own hand, he says, that the same FIECH was sent some time before into Connaught, by DUBHTHACH, to present some poems of his composition, in the Irish language, to the Princes of that province. He speaks also of a hymn in Irish, that Fiech composed in honour of St. Patrick. Finally, he says, that Fiech had made such a progress in Roman literature, that in less than three weeks he knew the entire psalter; what would never have been possible without the knowledge of other characters.—— Ware says, that Benignus, a disciple of St. Patrick, and his successor in the See of Armagh, had written a book, partly in Irish, partly in Latin, on the virtues and miracles of St. Patrick; and that from it Jocelyn collected materials to write the life of this saint. If the Scoto-Milesians were ignorant of letters before this period, as Bolandus pretends, how, says Harris, could Fiech and Benignus have written so elegantly in prose and verse in that language, and make use of characters unknown among them until then?

Cæsar, Pliny, and others, in speaking of the Druids, inform us, that they were men of letters: that they knew philosophy, theology, and the other sciences; that such of the Gauls as wished to be perfected in the knowledge of their mysteries, travelled to Britain for instruction. They did not, says Cæsar, commit their mysteries to writing, but in all their affairs, whether public or private, they made use of the Greek characters, (Cæsar de bello. Belg. lib, 6.) it is certain, that this order was established in Ireland at the time of Cæsar, according to the testimony of Ware, (Antiq. Hibern. cap. 5.) it is still certain, that the Irish Druids kept up a communication with those of Britain, and enjoyed the same advantages with them, to say nothing more, with respect to science and letters. Behold characters in use among this people previous to the coming of St. Patrick. The question is, whether they were Greek or Phœnician characters? This shall be the subject of a future inquiry. But why have recourse to authority? A superficial tincture of the elements of the Irish language, of the figure, number, order of its characters, and the mysterious mode the ancient Milesians

Milesians made use of in writing, will suffice to prove the antiquity and singularity of these characters. These ancient characters, as to the figure, are different from those of all European languages. The Greek Alphabet, and the *Abecedarium* of the Latins, sufficiently shew the order of their letters, by the initial letters A B of the Greek tongue, and the A B C of the Latin; in like manner, Bobelloth, or Beith Luis-Nion, of the Milesians, shew the order of their letters, b, l, n. It is peculiar to the Milesian, as well as to the Hebrew Alphabet, that in both, the names of the letters are significative, viz. that the name of each letter is a substantive. In Hebrew, for example, Aleph signifies a guide or conductor; Beth, a house, &c. So, in the Milesian language, Beith, is the name of birch tree; Luis, signifies a wild ash tree; and Nion, the common ash tree. There is still this difference, that the Hebrew letters derive their names from all kinds of different objects, whereas the Milesian represent only the different names of trees. Because the Druids, who were the sages of antiquity, and who dwelt in woods, could think of nothing more natural than to denominate their characters by names of easy retention, in order to convey to their pupils the notions they wished to inspire. Here follows the Beith-Luis-Nion, (Ogygia. part 3. c. 30.) or Alphabet of the Milesian language, where, it must be remarked, that the letter ᚅ, which here takes up the fifth, occupied, at an earlier period, the third place. We must also observe, that the characters, such as they are here represented, have much degenerated, and are not such as they were at the time of Paganism, and during the first ages of Christianity.

The beiṫluiṅ-nion, *or Alphabet.*

Order.	Character.		Irish.	Latin.	English.
1.	ᚁ.	*B.*	beiṫ,	*Betulla.*	*Birch.*
2.	ᚂ.	*L.*	luiṅ,	*Ornus.*	*Wild Ash.*
3.	ᚃ.	*F.*	feaṙn,	*Alnus.*	*Alder.*
4.	ᚄ.	*S.*	saiḋ.	*Salix.*	*Willow.*
5.	ᚅ.	*N.*	nion.	*Fraxinus.*	*Ash.*
6.	ᚆ.	*H.*	huaṫ,	*Oxia canthus.*	*Whitethorn.*
7.	ᚇ	*D.*	ḋuiṙ.	*Ilex.*	*Oak.*
8.	ᚈ.	*T.*	ṫinne.	Not expounded.	
9.	ᚉ.	*C.*	coll.	*Corglus.*	*Hazel.*
10.	ᚋ.	*M.*	muiṅ.	*Vitis*	*Vine.*
11.	ᚌ.	*G.*	gorṫ.	*Hedera.*	*Ivy.*
12.	ᚐ.	*P.*	peṫ bóc.	Not expounded.	
13.	ᚏ.	*R.*	ruiṙ.	*Sambucus.*	*Elder.*
14.	ᚐ.	*A.*	ailm.	*Abies*	*Fir Tree.*
15.	ᚑ.	*O.*	onn.	*Genista.*	*Broom.*
16.	ᚒ.	*U.*	ur.	*Erix or Erica.*	*Heath.*
17.	ᚓ.	*E.*	eaḋaḋ.	*Tremula.*	*Aspen.*
18.	ᚔ.	*I.*	iḋo.	*Eaxus.*	*Yew.*

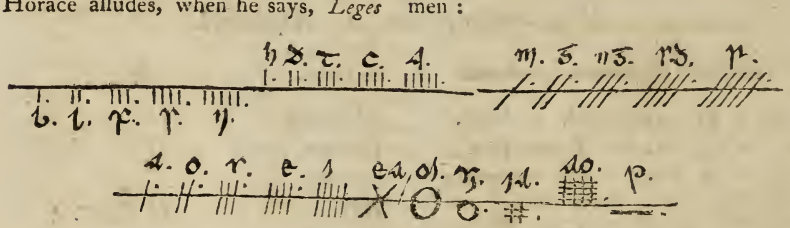
Besides these simple characters, there are diphthongs, and superfluous consonants, that are expunged from the modern alphabet; if ᚺ be retrenched from it, which is only an aspiration, the alphabet may be reduced to seventeen letters.

This *order* of the letters has been changed these some ages back, and in the modern beiṫ-luiṅ-mon, the letters are arranged in the same order as in the Latin alphabet.

Before the invention of parchment, the Milesians made use of boards, or tables, cut out of a birch tree, on which they inscribed their letters, with iron pencils or styles, which they called, in their language, Ogaṁ, or ṫaible fileaḋ, i. e. philosophic tablets. Their letters themselves were called *Feadha*, i. e. Sylvæ, woods.

Other nations, as well as the Milesians, were in the practice of engraving their letters on wood. To this Horace alludes, when he says, *Leges neidero ligno*, to engrave laws on *tables of wood*; and the Prophet Isaiah, (c. 30. v. 3.) *Scribe super buxum*, write on the Box tree. Hence the word *Codex*, a book, from *Coudex*, the stock of a tree.

Besides the common characters, the Milesians had a mysterious way of writing, which they called Ogham Craobh, and Ogham Coll, i. e. characters representing the branches of trees, and especially that of the hazel. I have in my possession, says Ware, an ancient parchment book, filled with such characters. (Antiq. c. 2. sect. 2) This obscure manner of writing was allowed only to the Druids, and some antiquarians, who employed it to transmit to posterity certain facts which they wished to conceal from public knowledge. This mysterious mode of writing, consisted in the position or situation of certain lines or figures, relatively to a certain line.—We give the following as a specimen:



A little reflection on the beiṫ-luiṅ-mon, and Irish Ogham that have been explained, is a sufficient refutation of Bolandus. A language & consequently the elements of that language, is either an original, or else derived from some other, which served as its model. Let Bolandus point out that other language from which the Irish derives, and according to what model these characters were formed. We defy him. Let him tell us at what time, and by whom, the beiṫ-luiṅ-mon, composed of a number of letters, different as to figure and order, from those of other known alphabets, and the Ogham, which is a mysterious way of writing, not peculiar to any other nation in Europe, was introduced into Ireland. It was not before the conversion of the island; for before that epoch, the Scoto Milesians, according to his system, were as yet unacquainted with letters. If it be since that epoch, let him inform us when, and by whom, this mode of writing was invented, and for what end? As they received from St. Patrick the Roman characters, by far more easy, why did they adopt any others? Why did they retrench five or six letters from the Roman alphabet? This is a paradox impossible for him to explain; for

for after the most rigorous investigation, says Harris, we find no alphabet, not even the Runic, whose elements resemble, as to figure and order, the elements of the Beit-luis-nion or of the Ogham. The great number of authors, whose works were written in Irish, before the Christian æra, is an invincible proof against the assertion of Bolandus. Keating, in the reign of Laogaire the second, and Gratianus Lucius, i. e. Mr. Lynch, in the 20th chap. of his CAMBRENSIS EVERSUS, gives many citations from them. The first is Amergin, brother to Heber and Heremon, who was Poet and supreme Judge of the colony, on its first establishment in the island. O'Flaherty quotes the following hematisk, as a relic of his poetry. Ann. Mund. 2292.

Eagna le heagluig dóin ; agus feabta la flaitib.

which he translates thus into Latin ;

Aris præpositus fit doctior, aptior armis.

Ethrial Mac Irial Faidh, i. e. Ethrial, son of Irial the Prophet, Monarch of Ireland, wrote, according to Keating, (Ann. Mund. 3025.) the travels and migrations of the Milesians, down to his own times ; without speaking of various treatises composed on different subjects, as history, genealogies of families, physic, philosophy, jurisprudence, &c. O'Flaherty makes mention of three celebrated poets under Conchobhar, who began his reign in Ulster, some years before the birth of Christ. These poets, Forchearn Mac Deag, Neide Mac Aidhna, and Asthirne Mac Amhnas, composed several works on poetry and jurisprudence. They were also the authors of the precepts or judgments of which O'Flaherty calls *judicia cælestia*. All these were corrected, augmented, and published, by Ceanfoela Mac Ollioll, antiquary, in the seventh century, in the reign of Donald the second.

Jocelin, applauding Dubbthach O'Lughair, a famous poet, who was converted by the preaching of St. Patrick, says, that the talent he employed, before his conversion, to celebrate the false Gods, he afterwards applied to praise the true God and his saint, (Vet. ot. Patr. e. 43.) yet the characters he made use of were the Irish, as at this time he knew no other. We may still add, a treatise on the *Instruction of a Prince*, composed by Cormac Ulfada, Monarch of Ireland, in the third century, written by way of dialogue, and addressed to Cairbre Fiffeachair, his son. This treatise is found in the collection of ancient Irish monuments, by O'Duvegan. In fine, O'Flaherty asserts, on the authority of Duald Mac Firbis, an ancient antiquarian, that there were condemned to the flames, at the time of St. Patrick, no less than one hundred and eighty volumes that related to the doctrine and discipline of the Druids. *(To be continued.)*

Ware, c. I. Ogyg. p. 3. c. 30. Harris, vol. 2. cap. 3.

ABBE MAURY's SPEECH.

(Continued from our Magazine for January, page 15.)

When the National Assembly has passed its decrees on any matters whatsoever, they are presented to the King for his sanction ; he is charged with the execution ; this consummates our legislative ministry. Had our ecclesiastical committee been pleased to communicate to us their inflammatory, incendiary, infernal projects, we would have judged them, without imputing as a crime, the heresies and persecutions they proposed to us to adopt ; but their enterprizes have been the principal source of all the troubles that at this moment agitate and distract France. I could not raise my

voice strong or loud enough against that multitude of "*Offices* of our committees," that are a thousand times more absolute, arbitrary, despotic, and more formidable than those of the Ministers. Our committees are established for us alone—they have functions peculiar to that assembly, to which the nation has no call. Our committees should never correspond with the provinces; and still, without our knowledge, they regulate and govern the kingdom. Your ecclesiastical committee, where I do not even see one Bishop, and only a few Curates, known for their avowed hatred against the clergy, daily exercises a prerogative that does not belong to the National Assembly itself. No—Gentlemen, your pretensions are no more rights, than your murmurs are neither rights nor reasons. No—you are not authorised to correspond individually and legislatively with the citizens 'Tis to the entire nation you ought to speak, unless you wish to give all Europe authentic proofs & certificates of tyranny, by corresponding with the provinces; your ecclesiastical committee is continually exciting the most dangerous tumults and commotions in all parts of the empire, by corresponding, without mission, with the beneficed; with the ecclesiastical bodies; with the municipalities and departments. Yes—they transmit orders, which you have no right to give. That same committee, by the organ of the Ex-chief of the department, who, very pompously, styles himself President, has written the following sanguinary words:—*Do all you can against the clergy, and you will be supported.*—Yes—yes—you may interrupt me, but you shall not lose one word of my censure; you desire and wish to answer; your conduct requires an apology; wait for the entire accusation; I have not as yet finished All must be said this day, not to return, any more. I must extract from you the justice that the public opinion promises me, by laying before this assembly the spirit by which you are animated. 'Tis your ecclesiastical committee, Gentlemen, that has usurped the executive power, and that has modestly made itself King of France, by pre-judging, to their own advantage, the vacancy of the Throne, for every part of the decrees that regard us. Yes—'tis that same committee that have sent circular letters to all the provinces, fraught with insolence and barbarity, and without the smallest respect for the common laws of decency, they have adopted the lofty and high-toned *formulas* of the *German Chanceries*—they have appointed themselves Commissioners of the National Assembly; they have taken on themselves to execute your decrees without your orders; they have anticipated the answer of the Holy See, which you seemed to wait for with such moderation: they have excited persecutions, commotions, and popular seditions, that have been denounced to you; they have possessed themselves of all your authority; they have aggravated the rigour of your decrees, by giving strict orders to the municipalities to shut the Churches of the Chapters, by not allowing or permitting the Canons to wear their canonical dress; not to go to choir; in a word, by suspending all the functions of public prayer. Let this great, self-created committee, now speak, and tell us, in virtue of what right or authority have they issued such orders?—let them tell us what decree it is that authorized them to renew the horrors and massacres of the Saracens, Goths, Vandals, Huns, Visigoths, by overturning so many sanctuaries, converting them into so many deserts, by banishing the *Levites* like so many state criminals, around whom the people, in the greatest consternation, came to see, with religious terror, the ravages that attest your terrible power, as they would go to see the ruins of an

an abandoned old castle after a storm, struck with lightning.

I shall for ever bless the day, Gentlemen, that I have been permitted to ease and free my mind from the weight of such oppressive affliction, by denouncing those enterprizes, those abuses of authority, those excesses of rigour, united with so many others; that luxury of persecution, which has dictated those words, by which hatred, satiated and glutted with the multitude of its victims, and after having exhausted all its vengeance, seems still to call for fresh oppressors against us, by promising impunity and protection to the accomplices.—*Do all you can against the clergy, and you will be supported.*

I think, Gentlemen, that you are not in such hurry to answer me, whereas there are no interlocutors; I shall continue, and serve alone the cause of the public. I shall leave the committee there, and discuss the arguments of one of its principal oracles. *Monsieur de Mirabeau*, in a theological dissertation in the cause of the clergy, has solemnly abjured the principles he professed three years ago, in a work very little read, on the *Monarchy of Prussia*. The church alone, said he, whose hierarchy is of divine right, can regulate the manner of deciding her own cause; in her alone resides the power of establishing, settling and instituting every regulation. For, to pretend to regulate the rights of the Christian hierarchy, established by God himself, as the Council of Trent says, is what the political or civil power cannot even attempt; no—her laws cannot be violated.

At that time, this was the opinion of that same adversary, who, this day, denounces to the people, as enemies of the nation, all the Ministers of religion, who still profess the same doctrines. One would imagine he affected to praise religion, in order to defame the clergy. God forbid, however, that I should cite the edifying arguments of *Monsieur de Mirabeau*, in favour, of Christianity, and the consequences he draws. We are not allowed to scrutinize the intentions of any man; and without examining the motives of so many figures of rhetoric, we receive, in the name of religion, all the homages paid to her in this tribunal; we might perhaps, see, by resuming all we have heard, that there are some men, who have lost the right of praising virtue in public, and becoming censors of vice. But let us lay aside personalities, and discuss the doctrine of *Monsieur de Mirabeau*: This orator has laid down, or seized the grand principle necessary for his cause, when he said that every Bishop, exercising his authority of divine right, enjoyed the same jurisdiction in every church: and that he was so, *an universal Bishop*, wherever he exercised the episcopal functions. My intention is, to quote faithfully the very expressions of *M. de Mirabeau*; should I err in so important a quotation, I pray him to redress and set me right.

M. de Mirabeau rises in order to answer this interpellation, and I continue.

Whereas, Sir, you, you wish to answer my question, I supplicate you to declare if you had said, that every Bishop, enjoying or possessing an unlimited jurisdiction, was, in virtue of his ordination, *an universal Bishop* of all the churches; and that proposition was the *textual* citation of the first of the four famous articles of the clergy of France, anno. 1682. This is, Sir, what I believe I understood; should my memory deceive me, I pray you will be pleased to inform me.

No—Sir, replied then *Monsieur de Mirabeau*, that is not what I have said. Such ridiculous words never came from any other mouth but your's—here is what I have said,—I have advanced that every Bishop held his jurisdiction from his ordination; that

that the essence of a divine character was not to be circumscribed by any limits, and consequently to be *universal*, according to the first article of the Declaration of the Clergy, anno. 1682; this is what I have said, but I have never pretended to say that ordination made a Bishop an *universal Bishop*. Well. Sir, we perfectly agree. *M. de Mirabeau*, I shall answer those very assertions, and hope that it will be very easy for me to make you expiate, in a moment, the great applauses you just have received for your ingenious and subtle explanation.

The first article of the clergy anno. 1682, that you quote, is this:

The church has neither a direct nor indirect right, authority, power, nor jurisdiction on the temporality of kings.

Do you wish to hear the second?

The authority of the church, is superior to that of the pope, not only in time of schism, but in the common order, according to the decision of the council of Constance:

This is the third:

The Pope is subject to the Canons, and the pre-eminence of the Apostolic see originates from the eminent commission he has received to see them faithfully executed.

The fourth is: The decrees of the Pope, must be accepted by the consent of the universal church.

You see then, Sir, that not a word of your advanced assertion, or proposition, in those four famous articles, there is not even mention made of the *Episcopal Jurisdiction*, in the four propositions of the Gallican church. You then falsely aad barefacedly quoted, in order to impose upon the assembly; and truth ought, and has every right to give *you*, or rather your *Clerk*, the most solemn and authentic *Lie*.

But I shall return to you, and prove that you have really said what I have attributed to you, and the more pains you take to disavow it, the more incontestably you confirm it from your shallow knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs; and that what you have said, cannot be supported by any principle whatsoever; and that the more you will undertake to answer me, the deeper you will sink into the pit, you are now digging for yourself, *incidit in foream quam fecit*, there is no question of an error of memory, nor of want of good faith; let us reason, and see whether your logic be as firm, and as sure as your erudition; whether you recollect, *Sir*, that you have in a most formal manner told us, that every Bishop had his spiritual jurisdiction from his ordination, and that divine power was not circumscribed by the limits of any diocese. Now, Sir, if the jurisdiction of a Bishop, if his spiritual power be not limited by any diocesan circumscription, every Bishop therefore has the same authority every where;—every Bishop has a right to exercise every where a jurisdiction, common to all territories, and the same on all territories; every Bishop then in the church is an universal Bishop. I have not then brought a false quotation, whereas you have been repeating with the most edifying simplicity what you have said, and what I made you say—the only difference between your last version and the first, is, that you, after (what can the cause be I know not), spinning in a long speech following the instructions of your *celebrated, enlightened masters*, what you have already expressed in one word, *an universal Bishop*; it is then really true that you have said what I have attributed to you; if it should signify, or have any other meaning, it can have no other sense. I shall not say, in the discussion of your answer, *that those ridiculous words never came out of your mouth.*

But I shall say, and this assembly will also say with me, that your proposition came from a foolish, inconsistent, absurd head. Now you may return thanks to the tribunes, for the flattering

flattering applauses they had heaped on you, when you had the charity to denounce me to their learned contempt; by your own disavowal. If you be tempted to reply, you may speak—I am satisfied—I give up:—You say nothing—find out some subtilety, refinement or artifice, that I may make an exemplary justice of it. You say no more then; I shall continue—and after repeating the words so decisive, and conclusive in *your mouth*, and so ridiculous *in mine*, I shall attack your argument directly, and make yourself judge, and see the theological principles by which you have acquired such great honour and applause in those tribunes. The Episcopal character is of divine institution, the Bishop by his consecration receives the power or order; but the episcopal jurisdiction emanates from the church. It is the church that gives every pastor the portion of the flock allotted to him, a Bishop *in partibus*, to whom the church could give no actual jurisdiction really has none, though he has the plenitude of the episcopal character; and still according to your refined, nice, new-fangled system, that allows no diocesan boundary, or circumscription, it would follow, that a Bishop *in partibus* would have the same spiritual authority in this capital that the Archbishop of Paris has—a *Page*—a *Page*—judge of the principle from the consequence.

But I shall speak to you in another language, and shall elucidate that doctrine, of which you have but a very bad comprehension, when you professed it with such confidence, eclat, assurance, effrontery, and undaunted boldness *in this tribune*.

(To be continued.)

SALE OF BOOKS.

The Major's Library is now drawing to a narrow compass; the volumes he has at present to dispose of, are of a more select description than those hitherto exposed for sale. His auctioneer, Sir Ruebens Legboard's learning and zeal, will greatly assist the real interest of the Major in this sale, and the judgment of the purchasers, who may be interested to possess works of loyalty and religion.

Mr. Luttrel's works, in 28 vols. *folio*, contain the names of ruined females, or girls that were captivated by the yellow dwarf, and handed over to the public.

No. 1. Luttrel's works in 28 vols. *folio*, vol. 1 and 2, the History of the Union. This is the best apologetic work that has appeared for the Union; murderers, ravishers, burners, cannibals, priest-catchers, scourgers, and vigor-beyond-the-law-men. It plainly shews, that the acts of those characters were not done, as it is imagined by many, from the spontaneous overflowings of diabolical possession, or disinterested corruption; but under the strong irresistible temptation of Mr. Pitt's promises to reward labour, not to muzzle the ox that treads the corn, and to give every man a recompence, or rateable premium, to be estimated by a jury, from the commissioners of horrors, which gentlemen were to assess the mischief done, and award every *informer*, *hangman*, *poisoner* or *conflagrator*, according to the good effect the constitution experienced from the calamity he inflicted on his Majesty's subjects—Archy Jacob, Bob Cornwal, Hunter Gowan, Crawley, Jemmy O'Brien, and the Major are mentioned in this work, with great candor and loyal esteem—the vindication of Crawley is very able, and rescues that great man's name from a sully, that since his hanging has affected it, namely, that he died a papist. Luttrel speaking upon his character, says, "Crawley was a man loyal in the extreme, and no man was ever more wronged than poor Tom Crawley. He was the life of the attorney's corps, and did some of the most ludicrous tricks, in the way of loyal homicide,

micide, recorded in the annals of the latitat regiment. The law, most iniquitously, adjudged him to the gallows, for the murder of two old methodist women, and an attempt upon the life of an old parson; but such was the villainy of a packed Jury, and a corrupt Judge, that they never took into consideration, that Crawley mistook them for papists, and actually took the old minister for a capuchin friar—and such was the loyalty of this man's constitution, that at the gallows, previous to his execution, he sang aloud and invited the hangman, and Greg the jailor, to join him in a stave of that loyal canticle, called Croppy Lie Down, and would have made a *da capo* to it, were it not for the hurry of the Sheriff to go to dinner.

Vol. 2. A very able defence of the seven Deadly Sins, or a body of practical Atheism. This work was written by Luttrel, at a time he supposed his lady pregnant, and was intended to form a system of education for his successor, that might cultivate him into malignity, and adorn him with all the pestiferous accomplishments, that would prevent his ever being reproached with the uncertainty of his real father.

Vol. 3. Papers on love affairs, consisting of letters from bawds, procuresses, ruined females, quack doctors, mock parsons, and pimping colonels.—Old Molly Connor forms a distinguished character in this compilation: her letters in point of stile are original, the orthography is rather feminine, but her manner is very masculine when she writes upon money concerns—for instance, she addresses one letter to him thus—"u a jentilman, a f—t for u, you mane raskil, to bilk an honest poor woman like me, who has 'nt the grass growing for her, and has nothing but her hard honest earnings to live by—sure the late Bishop of Derry would give me fifty pounds for poor Sally Cooper, and you had the conscience to bate me down to twenty guineas, and never pay me—send the poor creature something to the Lock, where she now joins me in praying, bad luck to your little blaguard, yellow face, dirty raskel,

Yrs til deth,

MARY CONNORS.

Molly's character of lord Bellamount we shall transcribe; "he was," says Molly, "one of the jackeenest, pompius pieces of balderdash, that ever spoke to a girl. My dear he was so fine and so grand, that you think that Venus was not fit to look at him, says I to him one day, my Lord, sure says I, and I was a little cut; how did you ever come into this world, you're so much above all the other men in it—I wish, says I, I had some Empress or Queen of Morocco, for your sublime Majesty. The girls used to laugh at him, when his back was turned, and he was the horidest miser that ever carried a *hog*, and I hated him, because his father burned a chapel near where I was born, and God help me, I am a papist by my mother's side, tho' by the father, I am related to the bloody Colonel from Cork."

Vol. 4. A comment on the act of parliament, for preserving all sorts of game, and protecting or indemnifying the murder of a *mere* Irishman—It is justified strongly, and the great principle that is urged for its justification, is necessity.

Vol. 5. History of Titled Hangmen, a very curious work; the portraits are inimitable, the various shadings of atrocious villainy is admirable, the cast of feature, from the infuriate blood-hound, to the cool smiling deliberate man of blood, makes the work valuable, merely as a comment on Lavator, and recommends the book by the pictures, or as the French wits used to say, of a bad work with good engravings—*Il sera sauve sur les planches*.

Vol. 6, 7, 8, Contain memoirs of Informers and their lives, the history of

of Feris, the saviour of the house of Luttrell, is very interesting; the last words of M'Cormick, murdered in Luttrel's-town demesne, are important, for its mysterious treachery and ingratitude.

Vol. 9. 10, 11, are occupied with the history of eminent traitors. This work is biographical, and classically penned; the lives of Luttrel the traitor, Tom Reynolds, Jemmy, and some Englishmen, compose this work.

The other volumes are miscellaneous; they are obscure, politic, controversial, atheistical, and genealogical; the Luttrel taste runs through the whole of them.

General Picton's Memoirs; or, A Defence of Cruelty. This is written by a drum-major, who was major-domo to the General's torture-house in the island. It contains a comparison between Irish cruelty at home, and English barbarity abroad.

Essays on Rural Economy: dedicated to the Farming Society. The author expatiates with considerable effect, on the philanthropic manner the society provides for the brute creation, and the silent manner they discourage the growth of the superabundant population, who, if allowed to use the means which this fruitful country affords, would be so intoxicated with pride and fulness, and so augment their numbers, that it would be difficult to keep them in any reasonable state of subjection. From the many handsome deductions, our author draws, it will appear to a loyal reader, that cattle are much safer subjects than men. He shews even on the score of economy, that cattle can be slaughtered on cheaper terms than the other animals. The expense of rapes and gunpowder, on several occasions has frequently fallen heavy on the loyal part of the country.

Stop Coach's Last and Dying Speech; or, a Short Chronicle of his Life and Actions for 30 years of successful outrage upon society. This work is dedicated to Dick Hayden, turnkey of Newgate; and as it contains the most edification for hardened heaven-braving villains, we hope it may be dispersed by the Society for discountenancing vice, and promoting virtue.

The History of Maynooth College. The author of this work says, in his preface, dedicated to Dr. Copinger: The world has been lately surprised by *denouements*, or effects of plots against Christianity, which were traced by *Barruel* to their origin, and the clue being once found, a seeming mystery was unravelled. The French atheists, or rather the continental levellers, organised a system against religion, that brought into it all the subtlety of human wit; all the depravity of human malignity; they moulded it, and worked it, and the rocket burst into the *French Revolution*, the humiliation of human nature. Our English friends, who never lost a hint, where malevolence proposed it, and who improved so far upon the French, as to give them an infernal Machine in the streets of Paris, learned the principles of subversion from the French, and turned it to account;—in this one particular they found something that philosophy could not account for, nor English religion, reformed into indulgence of all appetite, could not account for, which is, that the Roman Catholic faith could not be eradicated by the fire and faggot of persecution; and the Protestant church, which is now, as it in the beginning was, ever will be a persecutor, resorted to fair means, and founded the College of Maynooth. They saw the old temper of the clergy of Ireland was to be corrected for their purposes; men bred lowly, tutored partially, and serving God, through persecution, shewed Ireland an example of christianity, patience, suffering, plain manners, and occasionally brilliant talents, that astonished the penal statute-makers, and the Protestant Church; sinonic plans were now adopted, and a seminary was to be established, where Protestant trustees were to govern,

and were to be appealed to in case of displeasure, or fancied grievance in the student; domestic officers were to be appointed by the Government faction; men, whose incapacity, or temporising, or whose well-meaning incapability, would set the Student and the Principal at eternal variance; and the student having an appeal to a power unpropitious to real Catholic religion, was daily kept independent of his Bishop's control, and of his Professor, learned in subordination; and the President, learned, whom they never forgot, to be a state puppet, always provoked rebellion in the student, as Dr. Dunn said, (when the physician of the house arraigned him before the trustees, for causing two students to die without medical assistance, and when the Board would convict him,) I hold, said Dr. Dunn, my place from the Lord Lieutenant, and you cannot bring me to account. The ingenuity of the scheme of Dr. Dunn is commended, but the College of Maynooth is an anti-popery plot, better laid than the society for discountenancing vice and promoting virtue; than the Foundling hospital, or the very charter-schools, *or any* one state stroke yet practised, except the *Veto*.

Vindiciæ Catholicæ; or, a Proof of Catholic Loyalty.—This work shews that the chief preservers of the constitution, in 1798, were all Catholics: Tom Reynolds, Jemmy O'Brien, Hanlon, the informer, and many others.

ORANGE ATROCITIES.

On Whitsunday, 1798, a party of the armed ruffians, who were let loose on the trembling inhabitants of Dublin, met an industrious poor man, of the name of Sheffrey, and two boys, his sons, returning from divine service, whom they made prisoners, and conducted in triumph to one of the torturing establishments, the old Custom-house, in Essex-street, then occupied by the Dumbarton Fencibles. As soon as they entered the court-yard of the garrison, the father and his sons were stripped naked, their clothes flung into the river, and each tied upon the posts which leaned against the building, and there, were severely flogged; after the flogging they were taken down; their ears were then cut with knives, and each person's legs bound with cords, in such a manner, that they might walk, but were unable to run; in this state, naked, and bleeding from their ears and backs, they were paraded through the streets, at the points of charged bayonets, until the creatures were so tormented with the bayonets, and so exhausted with pain and loss of blood, they fell on the pavement, where they were left by their tormentors, to get relief, from any person who had courage enough to hazard their allegiance or safety, by daring to administer any aid to them. So terrified were the people, that no person was hardy enough to administer any aid; it was night before the sufferers dare be admitted into any house. We will ask the Reverend Charles O'Conor, who lives with the Marquis of Buckingham, and who is such an enemy to *ultra-montane* influence, *Columbanus ad Hibernos*, No. 2, when he reads this, can he quote any similar act of cruelty, mis-government, or oppression, from any agent of the Pope, whose influence he so much deprecates, in his learned Apology, for what he calls the Great Duke of Ormond, alias the greatest man of his (Mr. O'Conor's) country, and to whom he has but another man to compare, the noble Marquis, his host and patron. We know something of the two noble Lords; we have read of one, and we are cotemporaries with the other. We remember when the illustrious Marquis volunteered, with his regiment, the Buckinghamshire militia, on the crusade in Ireland, in 1798, when he unfurled the British Cross, in the cause of religion and order in Ireland, that Mr. Matthew Tone was

was taken prisoner by the royal army, tried, and executed on Arbour-hill, in Dublin; the noble Marquis, and his son, Lord Temple, by some miscalculation of time, arrived a few minutes too late to enjoy the feast of death; that he ordered the coffin, which contained the offensive remains of the Irish Rebel, to be forced open, to gratify his curiosity with a view of the mangled body, at the same time expressing a wish, that he could have the satisfaction of having General Theobald Wolfe Tone, the deceased's brother, in the same condition. If we dare to give an opinion, we agree with Mr. O'Conor on the justness and accuracy of his comparison.

"A party of maurauders, in 1798, detected a tailor, named Purcell, in Stoney-batter, in Dublin, and his son, at supper; an Irishman, in such a condition of life, enjoying a third meal in the same day, was a kind of constructive treason, in the opinion of those expounders of law and precedents, and for the same misdemeanor, they drove the culprits before them to the prevot prison, where the two prisoners were tied upon a hook in the wall; the father's wrists were bound to the son's, and while in this condition a kind of auction was held by the party and the humane keeper, while a large drummer was flogging the two; every stroke was given with a question, to know which would bid first for a mitigation of the torture, or, in the language of the state, which would become informer, whether the son would hang the father, or the father the son? Now *Columbanus*, otherwise Mr. Charles O'Conor, we ask you, does the *ultra-montane* heresy, which you have engaged to run down, teach such morality as this? or have you any evidence to quote, that the legate Rinucini countenanced such an experiment on Irish feeling, or gave such an example of Roman justice? Are these the domestic arrangements you are so solicitous to have legalized? Are executioners to govern the Irish church? Is the faggot to continue to light our altars, and our burning cottages to conduct the enemy to the sport of death, and the feasts of brutality?

MARSHAL MC. DONALD.

His Excellency Alexander Marshal Mc. Donald, Marshal and General in the French army, and Duke of Tarente, &c. is a native of Ireland. He was born within a few miles of Ardee, in the county of Louth, of parents in easy circumstances. His father, intending him for the church, gave him a liberal education; at the age of fifteen, he was sent to an academy at Dundalk, where he remained for the space of two years—but, naturally inclined to go to France, he eloped from school, on pretence of going to see his parents; he got to Dublin, from whence he took shipping for Calais, where he had some friends in great opulence. When his parents came to hear of his elopement, they conjectured he might have set out for Calais, where an aunt of his lived, and for whom he always had a great affection; they immediately wrote to Calais, and shortly after received his aunt's answer, announcing his arrival there; also a letter from himself, asking pardon for the anxiety he had occasioned them, at the same time assuring them he had no other object in view than that of getting to the Irish College at Paris, in order to complete his studies. On receipt of his letter, his father wrote to his aunt, to have him sent to Paris according to his wish, which she lost no time in doing. In several letters which he wrote to a gentleman in this country, previous to the revolution, he always said, nothing could save the French nation, but a total change of system; in the Court, he said, there existed nothing but bribery and corruption; the upper circles were contaminated with luxury and ambition, whilst in the lower, there was nothing

nothing to be seen but misery and wretchedness. He saw the revolution in motion long before it broke out, which induced him to study tactics in all his leisure hours, and endeavoured to ingratiate himself with its leaders; he often said he was inclined from his infancy for the army, but that the gates of promotion were closed against him, in the soil which gave him birth. When the revolution commenced, he joined the army, and was at the storming of the Bastile, where he first attracted notice, which caused him to be made a subaltern officer; he was of those who were under Bonaparte on the ever memorable crossing of the Alps, on which occasion he obtained much glory. It would go beyond our limits to insert the numerous battles in which he distinguished himself. He now ranks amongst the first warriors of the age. He is 42 years old, very active, of a strong constitution, 5 feet 10 inches high, very handsome, black eyes and eye-brows, a most intelligent countenance, writes with great point and eloquence; in the Cabinet he is considered an able man, and at the Court of Denmark displayed all the abilities of a great Ambassador.

A Description of Peer Munga; or, Valley of Alligators.

The following description of Peer Munga, a place distant about twelve miles westerly from Curracheé, in Seind, we extract from the Journal of a young gentleman who lately explored that province, hitherto but little known to moderate travellers:—

Peer Munga is the burial place of a saint, and a Mahomedan place of worship of great celebrity; it is also much frequented by the Hindoos, who assert, that it originally belonged to them, and was then called Lala Jassro jee. It is remarkable for two hot springs, issuing from a rock, at the bottom of the mountain; but a great number of Alligators which are kept there, & regularly fed by Fakiers, more particularly attract the attention of a stranger. The Fakiers constantly reside here, for the purpose of feeding these animals, about two hundred in number, some of them of an enormous size & very great age. The priests have names for each of them, and wish to impress travellers with a notion that they possess great command over them; but the experience of the few journalists, who have made any observations on the priests and their congregations, agree that this is an imposition; for the latter neither acknowledge the names nor the authority which bestowed them. Several sheep and goats are, however, killed every day for the use of these monsters; and as the vicinity of their retreat is always covered with a delightful verdure, asses and other cattle are often attracted that way, and fall a prey to them. The fathers affect to distinguish from the others the oldest, whom they call the *king*, and always offer him, by way of preference, the head of a goat, which he formerly devoured greedily, to the great joy and exultation of his patrons, who considered this as a token that they were in high favour with him; he has not, however, of late years, enjoyed this delicacy with the *gout* he did formerly, perhaps owing to his great age diminishing the powers of digestion; and the priests have noticed this change with sorrow, as foreboding some calamity to the colony. There is neither record nor tradition regarding the first settlement of these Fakiers in this place, but it is supposed to be very remote. One of them traces his pedigree for 23 generations.

This Valley of Alligators, constantly watered by a spring in the neighbourhood, interspersed with evergreen trees, and covered with herds of cattle, presents an interesting prospect in descending a pass through the adjoining mountains; at the eastern extremity of it is a grove of trees;

through

through it are seen the domes of two Mosques, and the huts where the Fakiers reside; the whole forming a pleasing contrast with the rugged, rocky, and barren surrounding mountains, and superior to any other view in Scind. A cistern built of stone and chunam receives the water from the spring; it is an excellent bathing-place, and the water is supposed to possess properties that may be useful in the cure of some diseases; but the robbers who infest the road to it will probably prevent its being resorted to for that purpose. Not long ago, a caravan of thirty camels, attended by twelve men, was attacked on its way from Currachee to Calot, by one of those mountain tribes. Eight of the men were killed in defending their property, and the camels, with the whole of their lading, consisting of merchandize to a large amount, were carried off.

These mountains have been noted for many centuries as the haunts of robbers, and their difficulty of access has hitherto forbade all attempts to remove or destroy their inhabitants. This danger renders the road over the Balrorchee mountains almost forsaken by travellers, and a circuitous route along the western banks of the Indus is preferred; here exorbitant contributions are levied in every district, and travelling impracticable three or four months in the year, owing to a suffocating wind that prevails.

Calot is described to be a large and populous city, the residence of Nusser Cawn, a prince who possesses an extensive territory, and tributary to Zemann Sha; it has a considerable commerce with Currachee, which is frequently interrupted by the robbers, who carry their audacity so far as to plunder sometimes in the skirts of Currachee.

Extract of a Letter from Kilkenny.

Yesterday, five men were disposed of, according to the law, made and provided for the reduction of our superabundant population; four others were ordered to quarters in the other world, but as they were not ripe, that is to say, not having come to age strong enough for travelling, they are ordered to a preparation of bread and water, until further orders. The getleman who took the principal part, was as polite as ever we remember him on solemn occasions. He complimented the gentlemen, the horses, and ladies of Kilkenny, and said they were the most learned, swiftest, and handsomest, upon his honor, in any age or country; all his acquaintances he lamented were dead, though there was one alive, whose assistance he had the honor of, on this important occasion; a man whose talents were an honor to Kilkenny, to his Country, and an acquisition to the Empire—whose eloquence at a Bar Sermon, against the heresy of caravatism, and the illegal mode of eating, practised by those nocturnal enthusiasts, would be handed down to posterity, as one of the best finished descriptions of English policy, ever pronounced in this country.

Irish Intrepidity exemplified.

From HOLLINGSHED's Chronicles of Ireland, *Anno.* 1544.

In the seige of Bulloyne, the Irish stood the armie in very good sted, for they were not only contented to burn and spoile all the villages thereto adjoining, but also they would range 20 or 30 miles into the main land, and furnish the campe with beefe. The French, with their strange kind of warfairing astonished, sent an ambassador to King Henrie, to learne whether he brought men with him or divels, that could neither be wonne with rewards, nor pacified by pitie which the King turned into a jeast.

After that Bulloyne was surrendered, there encamped on the west side of the towne, beyond the haven, an armie of Frenchmen, amongst whom there was a Thrasonical Golias, that came to the brinke of the haven, and there challenged anie one of the English

lish armie, that durst be so hardie as to bicker with him hand to hand: and albeit, the distance of the place, the depth of the haven, the neerness of his company, imboldened him to this challenge; yet all this notwithstanding, an Irishman, named NICHOLL WALSH, who, after, retained to the Earl of Kildare, louthing and disdaining his proud brags, flung into the water, and swam over the river, fought with the challenger, strike him for dead, and returned back to Bulloyne, with the Frenchman his head in his mouth, before the armie could overtake him. For which exploit, as he was by all his comrades commended, so by the Lieutenant he was highly rewarded. P. 101. ann. 1544.

The Rev. Charles O'Conor.

This Catholic Divine resides at STOWE, in Buckinghamshire, with the Marquis of Buckingham; he is possessed of strong intellectual powers, and has the advantage of considerable literary acquirements, particularly versed in the language and antiquities of his country. In 1792, he printed in Dublin, a "*History of the House of O'Conor*," in two octavo volumes. This book was one of the most interesting works on Irish affairs; spirited and animated with a becoming indignation at the crimes of the invaders. It is to be regretted it never was offered to the world. Administration felt alarmed, that such a picture of British arrogance, and Irish subjection, should go abroad. They bought it up, and it was offered up as a burnt-offering, in those very cells in Dublin Castle, that once inclosed an O'Donel, an O'Neil, a M'Cann, and other illustrious Irishmen, who disputed with the proud oppressor.

Mr. O'Conor, since the sale of this book, has lived with the Marquis of Buckingham, whose liberary, at STOWE, he has amply furnished with many very valuable Irish manuscripts, collected by his respectable father, the late Charles O'Conor, of Belenagar, Esq. We must say, we consider it highly criminal in a clergyman, and one of the most illustrious families in Ireland, to bury the records of his suffering country, and the remembrance of his brave ancestors, in a British prison, where their value is regarded only in proportion as their eternal silence contributes to the oblivion of their country.

Mr. O'Conor has roundly and openly avowed himself an enemy to the present mode of governing the Irish Church, and is the apologist of the very men, whose names are handed down to us, by their intrigues and oppression, as the most decided enemies our religion and country had to encounter in the wars and massacres conducted in Ireland, for the two purposes of erasing our population, and confiscating our properties. To speak in this manner of Mr. O'Conor, may appear harsh and unfounded: but when our readers remember, that Mr. O'Conor writes under the influence and direction of the Grenvilles and Earl Grey, they will discover some lurking evil, unbecoming an Irishman, and a Divine. Take the following short character of these Lords, by an anonymous writer, and a judgment may be formed of the detestable policy they would govern Ireland by. "If you want a proof, look at the speech of Lord Grenville, where he openly avows the English policy of taking off the danger to England, by *wasting*, what he calls your *superabounding* population. At this instant, when England avows *her safety* cannot be maintained but by the *destruction of your offspring*, and this is the nation that talks of the waste of French conscriptions." After this sample of principles, of the House of Grenville, what excuse can be offered for a man of high endowments, and independent resources, which his talents, family connections, and profession, offer to him, who would become the minion of a party that avow their fears of

of us cannot be subdued but by the destruction of our children."

Mr. O'Conor has printed a second book, which he calls Columbanus ad Hibernos, in which he arrays all the pompous dignity of literature against the appointment of the Irish Bishops. The stern opposition which the Irish evinced against their enemies, and the attachment they always expressed to those generous foreigners who he'd out to their sufferings the consolation of education and religion, and an asylum when the sword of the invader offered no intermediate choice, but death or banishment. Mr. O'Conor ridicules this attachment, though founded on the most generous principles. He is impatient that we should prefer the opinion of the Holy See that contributed to our repose, when we were wandering, or called us to education, when it was a capital offence at home. Mr. O'Conor would have us transfer the care of our church to Cromwell's fanatics, from the hands of a Ganganelli, or a Pius. For our part, we despise the parricide, who would ridicule our feelings on this point. He may, as he has done, please his employers, the superabundant population-men, by the exhibition of his zeal and talents, but he never will gain one proselyte in Ireland, while ever an Englishman covets dominion, or an Irishman is found to dispute it with him.

Though Mr. O'Conor's book is written to show the expediency of giving the appointment of our Bishops to the superabundant politicians, he has devoted a considerable part to the Duke of Ormond, whose apologist he avows himself. From the words of the reverend author on this subject, it may be understood by the meanest capacity, that the person who panegyrises the greatest enemy Ireland ever gave birth to, must be influenced by a heart, or an understanding, not commonly given to mankind.

It is to be premised, that Ormond was shut up within the battlements of Dublin Castle, and had no choice left, but to surrender to the royal army, all Catholics commanded by the most distinguished of the Irish nobility and gentry, or to the puritans, who were overturning the monarchy. Ormond, like a traitor, preferred the fanatical English rebels to his own countrymen, and actually surrendered his trust to the enemies of his King and Country, in preference to the Irish army. Mr O'Conor makes his hero both a prophet and a historian. He says, that he (Ormond) knew the Nuncio had determined to confer the crown of Ireland on a foreign power and to establish an episcopal tribunal of inquisitorial, uncontrolled, and excommunicating power on the necks of his countrymen, or to a puritanical parliament, which had determined to abolish episcopacy; to introduce the liturgy of the Kirk; to level the nobility, and to extinguish the Irish nation. These latter evils, that were real, and acted upon, appear harmless in the opinion of Ormond and Mr. O'Conor, to the *attributed* intentions of the Nuncio, that were only imaginary, and Ormond chose the lesser evil. He gave up Dublin to the care of the English rabble! to the ruin of his country! and for this act of treason and cowardice, he has found an Irish apologist at Stowe.

He ends his account to Ormond, in the meanest profusion of commonplace cant, thus:—"And thou, gentle reader, who'er thou art, who mayest chance to read this genuine account of one of the greatest men my native country ever produced, recollect that the writer has no connection with his family, and no motive of interest, which could seduce him from the path of truth.—It has been insinuated of him, that he would not dare to expose abuses in the civil government of Ireland, as he has done in the government of the Irish church. But such vile insinuations come generally from polluted sources; from minds who suspect others

others, because they are not innocent themselves.

"He is bound by gratitude to one man in this world;—but that man, however differing from him in religious opinions, would scorn to impose upon him a yoke, which the principles of his head, or his heart, would ever reject. He knows not enough of any other man, between whom and Ormond he could institute a comparison.—A man whose name he dare not mention: who, like Ormond, loves the good and honorable man of all persuasions, without being a bigot to any: and who, scorning intrigues, and despising calumniators, will capitulate only to the advantage of his country, and to the principles of his conviction."

So much for the labours of Mr. O'Conor, and his two heroes, Ormond and Buckingham. The first the betrayer of his country, the latter an advocate for thinning our superabundant population.

County of Tipperary.

This County is one of the most fruitful in pasturage and cattle, of any district in Europe; its inhabitants are divided into separate castes. The people, *i. e.* the labouring poor, and the cattle. The farmers are under the management of the magistrates, who are composed of landlords, ministers, and tythe proctors, that, inverting the order of nature, fatten brutes, and hunt men. The hog is domiciliated and the man is proscribed. The style is covered, and the cottage open. The minister of the gospel watches over the brute, as if the Saviour of the world died for the comfort of the stallion, and for the fecundity of the ewe. Farming is advanced by the increase of the brute creation, and the diminution of the human species. This system begets a jealousy with the *thinking* brutes, who, in the spirit of pride and hunger, frequently dispute their right to eat where they are doomed to starve. They fight the master to taste the steer, and so unequal does the hog and the lord sometimes appear in the contest, Lord Norbury is called in to settle the quarrel, and, as in such cases, where a sportsman is to decide, the game is preserved, and the poacher is punished. The father follows his son to the gibbet, in Tipperary, as regularly as he would a plough, if he was in America; this is named a spirit of improvement, because it checks the growth of the superabundant population, advances the breed of cattle, by removing their enemies, and tranquillizes by making a desert.

Walter Cox and the Attorney General.

The Attorney General in his speech on my trial, stated or asserted that I am the agent of a faction, meaning thereby, as meanings or inuendoes, are allowed by law, that Walter Cox is the organ of a popish faction. With every deference to the character of the Attorney General, whose reputation for honor and principle is indisputable, I can assure the public, though I am a papist, *alias*, an Irishman, I have no more attachment to a popish faction, nor to a popish sycophant, than I have to any of the most orderly and lawful of my authorised oppressors. So far am I not the organ or the agent of any part of my aspersed countrymen, that I never yet descended to seek any support personally or publicly, but the spontaneous and casual protection my publication produced by its novelty and originality. The fact is, that between the patronage of the enlightened protestants, the curiosity of the baser part of that respectable body, and the honest encouragement of my own whipped and hunted companions, I am enabled to publish a work, so extensive in circulation as not to be paralleled in the history of printing, since the introduction of that useful art into this unfortunate country.

NEW

NEW BOOKS.

Just published by W. Cox, A Bar Sermon, against the unlawful custom of eating animal food, dry potatoes, insurrection, and other Irish sins, preached by Solicitor Arden, Esq. to a numerous congregation of loyal gentlemen, starved boys, and naked women, in Kilkenny. This Discourse is handsomely printed on fool's cap, and dedicated to a brother plaisterer in the law, J—— B——, price, bound in sheep parchment, one pound British

An elegant History of British Prowess, by George Rose, in Quarto. This masterly production is an apology for English intrepidity; it quotes the distinguished opposition which Englishmen, in all ages, gave to arbitrary government. Their coinage in mud works, in the case of Sir Francis Burdett, when they defended the constitutional rights of the subject, by flinging gutter on his Majesty's troops, is very entertaining, and expresses great character and military ingenuity; the battle of Ross is very handsomely introduced, as a comparison between the Irish and English character, and a direct and well drawn superiority is proved, in favor of the ancient and modern Britons.

Mathematical Problem.

TO MR. WALTER COX.

SIR,

The following INGENIOUS PROBLEM, namely, to find three SQUARE NUMBERS, the sum of every *two* of which shall be SQUARE NUMBERS, having been treated of by some of the first rate mathematicians in Europe, during the last century, particularly the justly admired and celebrated Leonard Euler, in the second volume of his Algebra, and, since his decease, by Mr. Bonnycastle, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in his elegant treatise on Algebra, (*page* 147) and also by several others, who have all, without a single exception, copied *verbatim*, from Mr. Euler, pursuing invariably the beaten track, struck out by this great man, without attempting in the smallest degree to arrive at his conclusions by a different route. Any person who seriously considers the nature of intermediate Problems, must, like myself, be led to think that all Problems, like the present before us, capable of innumerable answers: must of course have different avenues whereby its mode of investigation may be approached. Revolving these ideas in my mind about two years ago, I discovered a new, simple, and elegant method of solution, the result whereof brought out the following universal theorem, viz. assume a. h. the two legs and m. the hypothenuse of any rational right angled triangle whatever, then—$a\times\overline{4h^2-m^2}$; $h\times\overline{4aa-m^2}$; and $4\,a\,h\,m$ will be always the three roots of the square numbers required.—The moment I discovered this theorem, I was so pleased with having the honor of being its inventor, that I published it in the Belfast, Drogheda, and Dublin papers of the day; and sent the investigation to the fellows of Trinity College, as also to all my cotemporaries, who applied by letter for the same. However, the investigation not being made sufficiently public, by not having it printed in some periodical work, I beg leave to request you will make room for it in your impartial Magazine, and you oblige,

Sir,

Your devoted humble servant,

JOHN MORAN,

SOLUTION.

Assume $h\times\overline{a\,a-x\,x}\;a\times\overline{h\,h-x\,x}$ and $2\,a\,h\,x$, for the roots of the three required square numbers, which being severally squared, become,

$h^2\times\overline{a^2-2a^2x^2+x^4}$

$aa\times\overline{h^2-2h^2x^2+x^4}$ and $4\,a^2h^2x^2$, the latter of which being severally added

to each of the two former, make $h^2 \times a^4 + 2a^2x^2 + x^4$ and $a^2 \times \overline{h^4 + h^2x^2 + x^4}$ which are evidently square quantities, whatever may be the values of $a\ h\ x$, whether whole fracted, positive or negative, it therefore only remains to make the sum of the two first $h^2 \times a^4 - 2a^2x^2 + x^4 + a + h^2 - 2h^2x^2 \times x^4$ a rational square; this expression, by combining the synonmous terms, may be thus exhibited; $a^2 + h^2 \times a^2h^2 - 4a^2h^2x^2 + a^2 + h^2x^4 = []$ Now if $a^2 + h^2$ be taken $= m^2$ or which amounts to the same, if a and h be put for the legs of any rational right angled triangle, whose hypothenuse $= m$, then by substituting m^2 for $a^2 + h^2$, our expression becomes $m^2a^2h^2 - 4a^2h^2x^2 + m^2x^4 = []$ the several terms whereof are evidently perfect squares: we may therefore equate the whole expression, to $m^2a^2h^2$, in which case we find $x = \frac{2ah}{m}$ or equate it m^2x^4 and you find $x = \frac{m}{2}$ either of these values substituted for x in the original assumptions for the roots, and bringing all the terms to a common denominator, there results $a \times \overline{4h^2 - m^2}$: $h \times \overline{4aa - m^2}$; and $4ahm$ for the required roots, universally

Q. F. D.

For example, take $a = 3$, $h = 4$, $m = 5$, then $a \times 4h^2 - m^2 = 117$; $h \times \overline{4aa - m^2} = 44$ and $4ahm = 4 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 = 240$, being the least roots possible, again take $a = 5$, $h = 12$ and $m = 13$, then $a \times \overline{4h^2 - m^2} = \overline{576 - 169} \times 5 = 2035$, $h \times 4aa - m^2 = 12 \times \overline{100 - 169} = -828$ and $4ahm = 3120$, which are three other roots, whose squares will answer all the conditions of the question. It matters nothing if any of the roots have a negative sign, as it is too well known, even to beginners, that the square of a negative quantity, and all even powers thereof, will have an affirmative sign—and thus, by varying the sides of your assumed rational right angled triangle, an infinite number of answers may be obtained by this truly elegant and simple theorem. Whoever compares my method with Euler's or Bonnycastle's, will immediately perceive which to give a preference to Euler and Bonnycastle's roots, obtained by a difficult process, and a variety of assumptions, bring out only one answer, namely, 528, 5796, 6325, for the roots. See Elemens d'Algebre, par M. EULER, tome II. page 327, and BONNYCASTLE'S Algebra, 5th edition, page 148.

1. NEW THEOREMS.

See Bonnycastle's Algebra. Quest. 65, page 208

Let a, h, m, be the three sides of any rational right angled triangle whatever, then shall $\overline{ah}\rceil^4$; $\overline{am}\rceil^4$; $\overline{hm}\rceil^4$ be three biquadrates, whose sum will always be a square number, whose root is universally represented by $a^4 + a^2h^2 + h^4$, query the demonstration

2. Again $\frac{a}{a+h}$ and $\frac{h}{a+h}$ are two fractions, whose difference $=$ the difference of their square, and the sum of their squares, will always be a square number universally. Bonnycastle's Algebra, quest. 18, page 149.

3. Still retaining a, h, m as before, I say that $\frac{m^4}{4a^2h^2}$ will be always such a square number, as being encreased and decreased by its root, shall in each case make rational square numbers.—Query the reason?

4. If $v = \frac{2n+2}{n^2+1}$ then shall $\frac{1-2v+v^2}{2}$ and $\frac{1+2v-v^2}{2}$ be always two such numbers, whose sum being encreased and decreased by their difference, and the difference of their square, the result shall in each case be rational squares. Bonnycastle's Algebra, page 150.

Or thus universally.

Square the sum of the legs of any rational right angled triangle, as also the

the difference of the legs, and divide each square by double the square of the hypotheneuse, then these two fractions will be always such, that their sum increased and lessened by their difference, or difference of their squares, the result will always be a square number, *i. e.* retaining the foregoing notation, the fractions will be $\frac{a+h\rceil^2}{2m^2}$ and $\frac{a-h\rceil^2}{2m^2}$ universally

Query the reason ?

5. Retaining the former notation, *ah*, *am*, *hm*, are the roots of three squares, the sum of whose squares shall be a square number universally.

JOHN MORAN,

Philomath and Land Surveyor.

Mount Byrne Lodge, near Dundalk.

11th December, 1810.

P. S. Having at an early period of my life, viz. at the age of sixteen, made the Algebra of Diophantus a particular part of my study, and at various times since, when the discharge of my public avocations, as professional land surveyor, allowed some intervals of leisure, I have assiduously cultivated this ingenious and intricate species of Algebra; many specimens of my improvements therein were published in the Diaries, these thirty years past; my researches always enabled me to arrive at the solutions of the most difficult problems, by assumptions, quite foreign to those made use of by that celebrated Author, or any of his commentators, who, except Euler alone, were nothing more than explanatory copies. If health and time permit, I intend (God willing,) submitting to the opinion of the public, the whole of my inventions on this subject, together with Kersey, Backet, Ozanam, and Euler's mode of treating indeterminate problems, of which due notice will be given in your miscellany and in the public papers.

I am, &c. I. M.

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Letters have been received from Birmingham by the Board of Saints, instituted for the conversion of the Irish. Those communications describe the flourishing state the Army and the Gospel have arrived at, by the decay of the workshops. It is reasonably conjectured, that not less than four thousand preachers will be added to the Irish mission, in the short space of six weeks. Never was a better opportunity for the destruction of idolatry, since the invention of smoke jacks. Carnal occupations having ceased, the work of heavenly intercourse commences. He that made candlesticks, is preparing to manufacture Angels, and with the arms of the gospel, the hymn book, the Bible and stool, the Lancashire army is on the point of journeying on the Irish Crusade, to rescue the land of mutton from sedition and popery.

IMPORTATION OF BIBLES.

In the daily entries of the custom-house, we observed, in the last week, that Mr. Shaw, member for Dublin, imported two bales of Bibles. Our members of parliament pay more attention to our souls, than to our bodies. Under the name of Farming Societies, they improve our cattle, and in the character of Bible Societies, they would mend our minds. But we can assure the associated fraternities, however solicitous they may be to reconcile us to the church and the state, that the plans of conversion and loyalty they meditate, must make very little progress, in a country where eating is inaccessible, without the aid of felony.

The Soliciter General, on the Trial of Mr. Cox, asserted, that he, Cox, was an agent, a pensioner of the French Emperor's. Though Mr. Solicitor and the Court thought very differently, yet the words had the effect of alarming an ignorant jury. Mr. Cox defies any person, in public or in private life, to quote any circumstance, before the unfortunate occasion of the late Trial, either in conversation or in print, that could be construed into an approbation of the conduct of the French Emperor. Mr. Cox has as just an abhorrence of despotism as ever Mr. Bushe had, and too highly values the sacred character of the press, to wish to see that press, that is yet allowed to linger in this country, in the hands of its most decided and relentless enemy.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

Though Catholic loyalty is very much suspected, yet it will be found, in many instances, of vital importance, that Catholics have evinced as decided enmity to French principles, and seditious insinuations, as any Williamite would. The Catholics of Bantry offered themselves, in 1796, to fight Hoche. The Catholic peer, Lord Fingal, at a meeting at Trim, voted thanks

to Lord Wellington, *in advance*, for the great victory said Lord is to gain in Portugal, and the kindness the family of Talavera uniformly express for Catholic interests. On a late occasion, when Mr. WALTER Cox was tried for *dreaming treasonably*, a Catholic Citizen, who was on the Jury, was so figeted into loyalty by the Attorney General's picture of seditious slumbers, that he instantly and loyally joined with his brothers in a verdict of 'GUILTY.' *Mr. Matthew Andre*, of High-street, woollen-draper, will always be an honor, and give a character to Catholicity and Juries.

THE UNION.

The present distracted state of this country, and the rapid appearance of decay which Dublin exhibits, deserted by our gentry, and crowded with an immense military force, contributes to bring the subject of the Union, and its fatal effects, under frequent discussion. While the contract that exists by the Union is so partially executed as it is at present, it will always be a serious subject of pain and irritation. An Union should be in its operation what the word means, a reciprocity of interests, impartial in its intercourse, and equal through all its modifications. One country should not monopolize all the trade, nor consume all the provisions of both. London should not absorb all the wealth, by being exclusively the residence of the Executive and the Legislature. The Duke of Richmond, more than thirty years ago, proposed a reasonable and unexceptionable plan of Union, which would have consolidated the empire, by reconciling the entire of the people; and were it carried then into effect, the empire, by being preserved from infernal jealousies, local interests, and religious vexations, would have nothing to fear at this day from the present ruler of France. This plan was, that the King and the Legislature should reside alternately in Dublin and London, which, if adopted, would have reconciled the most inveterate prejudices, and have silenced, or have put to rest, every pretext that arises from a mode of government, which appears to be regulated by the arrogance of a mistress, rather than what it ought to be, the equal affection of a sister.

We know it would be a very difficult undertaking, to persuade the people of England, who are in the habit of hearing our complaints, without exciting in their minds one generous

our favor, and who treat our indignation with contempt, that we are not entitled to any higher rank in the empire, than the provincial degradation we have been so recently reduced to. But at this awful period, when the last retreat of any rational liberty in Europe, has to contend for its very existence with an armed world, England ought to be wise, where she ought to be just. She ought to see how unequal her physical force, her abridged trade and immense taxation, fit her for a contest with France, while one half of her dominions is kept in a ferment, worked into unmanageable agitation, by all the passions that animate the human mind.

She ought to see, that the old fashioned manner of treating this country is not fitted for the present day. The Irish know their numbers, their services, and the important weight they may one day throw into the scale of Europe, to bear, with any appearance of reconciliation, a mode of treatment that exposes them to all the horrors of civil war, and all the injustice of commercial restrictions.

Nothing short of perfect equality of rights and rank, can give weight or strength to the union of the two countries, or can stem the torrent that threatens to swallow them in the vortex of despotism, and the oblivion of slavery, but such a measure of new manners as will reconcile the Irish, by a fairer division of rights; and nothing would assure it more, than allowing Dublin, to enjoy alternately with London, the right of having the seat of Government and the Legislature.

MR. WALTER COX.

On Monday, the 25th of February, Mr. Walter Cox was arraigned, before Lord Norbury and Baron George, for publishing the same alleged libel, for which he was convicted on the 18th.

On Tuesday morning the trial commenced, and after a long speech by the Attorney General, going into evidence, and a masterly address to the Jury by Mr. M'Nally, on the part of the traverser, Mr. Cox was again found guilty; but his Counsel, Messrs. O'Connell, M'Nally, Ferrin, and Bethel, having detected an error in the indictment, a point of law was saved, which the Court allowed should be submitted to the opinion of the twelve Judges, before judgment could be given.

The Judges, in consequence, met on Thursday, and agreed that the point saved was a legal objection. On Friday, March the 1st, new bills of indictment were

were made out, and Mr. Cox was again tried; and, notwithstanding one of the most ingenious and elegant defences we ever remember, in a speech of two hours, by Mr. O'Connell, the prisoner was again found guilty, and received sentence to be imprisoned one year, and to stand on the pillory one hour, on Saturday, the 9th of March.

WATTY COX's SHEW-BOX

That very able Shew-man, Sir Ruebens Legboard, has turned out for higher wages, and meanly taken advantage of Watty's embarrassments; but Watty, with becoming spirit, has discharged him, paying him his wages, and though at a great loss, has employed another. The present Shew-man is Major Sands, whom Watty has employed for charity, being willing to help loyalty in distress, and do good for evil.

The following is an accurate report of the last Shew:—First, Gentlemen, I shew you the Trial of Mr. Cox. Observe how dignified the Representative of Dublin looks in the dock; observe the loyal countenances of the Jury; the one Popish-looking fellow in the centre, is Andoe, the woollen-draper. Look at all Watty's friends, how they smile at his approaching fate; there you see, Gentlemen, the Big Beggarman, Sir Ruebens, and Doctor Trevor; the little fellow between them is Tom Galvin, the Doctor's friend; all around you view loyalty in a focus, and infamous countenances, highly concentrated.

Next I shew you, Gentlemen, my own exploits in the Prevot. Look at the groupes of peasants flying into their cells at my approach, and observe the contrast of my then and present exterior; this I shew you as a warning to oppression, and to illustrate that the longest lane has a turn.

Observe this section of Newgate; see on the right hand Watty Cox, whom the Solicitor General terms a French Ambassador, roasting potatoes in his cell; observe this Ambassador's child separating a bullock's kidney for two meals, and you will say, you never heard of a family of such rank, so pitiful, or so poor, since the first ages of diplomacy.

Look ye, Gentlemen, at that there company; the Major, Big Beggarman, Sir Ruebens Legboard, Mr. Andoe, Biblemouth, Firethatch, and Major Row-didow, arranging matters for the pilloring of Watty Cox. The collection of rotten eggs, or, as they would say, the loyal ammunition, to be used from the police battery, are as well drawn as if painted by Solomon Williams.

Look ye at this grand picture: Alderman Darley, the stone-cutter, and Mr. Babington, the celebrated lawyer, dispersing the Catholic Committee. The authority of the *Irish Pole*, which they use on the occasion, appears as imposing, as any handle or pike since the battle of Ross. Look ye, Gentlemen, how Mr. Darley stammers his broken English, while he reproves Mr. O'Gorman, and how he finishes his elocution, by the climax with which he introduces the argument of the Talavera *Pale* Head.

Next, Gentlemen, I shew you the great Cornet Lawder, of the 9th dragoons, dispatching Croppies at Carlow; see the string of twenty dancing to the fife and tabor in Carlow barracks; he is now cutting the string of the highest, to let him dash against the ground half dead—look at Bob Latitat, *Sam Carpenter*, and the Loyalists, how they burst their sides at the jokes and the humours of the Cornet.

Next Gentlemen, let me shew you lame Godfrey, running away from the Army of Mass-lane—old Charly Walsh leads the Pack, and is closing upon the Croppy Hunter, and is ready to seize on the quandam Huntsman as his legal prey.

Next I shew you, the Major in his Study, with his Bible and his Dagger before him; he is now reading Cox's *infernal* Magazine.

Next look ye, Gentlemen, at the inside of the Marshalsea, look to the faces sharply, and see your old 1798 friends; hardly can you recognize, through their rags, the old blazing loyalists, who then plundered in defence of Religion and the Constitution.

Look ye next, Gentlemen, to a swaddling Sermon, the audience penetrated with devotion, and admiration of the inspired bellows-maker—look to the conversion in the faces of the profane Soldiers, and the ecstacy of the old Ladies, at the fall of the Heavenly Dew from the lips of the chosen organ of Life.—Mr. Latouche, Joe Wilson, and Sam Godfrey, are raising their Eyes to give Glory—Mrs. Teigh, in a swoon of adoration, attracts your notice under the Pulpit.

IRISH LAW.

On the 9th of February, two Soldiers, of the Kerry regiment, under the authority of a *Billet*, attacked the house of Mr. WALTER COX, and though the law does not authorize Billets to be good on private

vate houses, while public houses are not charged, they broke open the hall-door, entered the house, pulled the beds and other furniture about, and beat the female part of the family. Mr. Cox, who came home at a late hour, found his military guests smoking and rioting, and had them charged on the Watch, and next morning the depredators were committed by the Police Magistrates, on a charge of burglary; after remaining in Newgate ten days, the indictments, though supported by the depositions of two respectable witnesses, were *ignored* by the Grand Jury, and the fellows were liberated. Mr. Cox was, in a few days after, indicted for selling one of his publications, and the Grand Jury, without any witness, or investigation, but the *laudable stimulus of their loyalty*, FOUND TRUE BILLS AGAINST HIM, and their issue is before the public. The soldiers are laughing at Cox's broken house, and Cox is in Newgate.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

WHO KILLED THE MAJOR? *A Parody.*

1.

Who killed the MAJOR?
It was I, WATTY COX,
With my curious SHEW-BOX,
It was I KILLED the *Major.*

2.

How was the *Major* killed?
With an arrow so keen,
Sped from my MAGAZINE,
The *holy Major* was killed.

3.

Where did the arrow wound?
Oh! it struck him, say some,
In the *Methodist b—m*,
'Twas there the arrow did wound.

4.

Did he instantly die?
O no! to the Liffey
He ran off as if he
Was mad? and at it look'd shy.

5.

Then what did the *Major* do?
Oh! short time there he stood,
'Till he plung'd in the flood,
While many cried out '*hullalue.*'

6.

And was the *Major* drown'd?
Oh yes! plump down he went,
To J—k Fitz—b—n sent
And after three days was found.

7.

Who saw the *Major* die?
The *Dog* and * * * * *
Both good types of *Crawley*,
Happen'd to be passing by.

8.

Who did the *Major* find?
Seven men in a yawl
The whole Liffey did trawl,
And hook'd the *Major* behind.

9.

Did none strive t' restore him?
The Dog went with clyster,
With vomit and blister
And lame D——y before him.

10.

Where was the *Major* laid out?
Oh! they carried him strait
Through the C——e-y—d gate,
And in's own house laid him out.

11.

Who stretch'd his comely corse?
'Twas sweet Mistress L——he
On a soft velvet couch,
And o'er him cried herself hoarse.

12.

And who shav'd the *Major?*
'Twas great orator *Sims*
Who in callipash swims,
'Twas he shav'd the sweet *Major.*

13.

Who did his picture draw?
It was wise Solomon
Of one Williams the son,
That stretch'd his beautiful jaw.

14.

Who gave out the sweet psalms?
Great Sir Reubens and Pack,
With the sanctified Black
Who us'd t' distribute his alms.

And

15.

And who join'd in Chorus,
There was axeltree L——g
With *each hone!* stout and strong,
'Twas they joined in Chorus.

16.

Who opened the ground?
It was opened by ten
Of the Horse Police men,
Whose nags lay snugly in pound.

17

Who carried the bier?
J—k D—y the Speaker,
And S—ce the thief taker,
'Twas they carried the bier.

18.

And who said the last pray'rs?
'Twas the big Beggarman,
Who held up a large fan,
To hide from th' audience his tears.

19.

And who wa'st said Amen?
'Twas COOPER the preacher,
Of Maidens the teacher
How they ought shun the vile men.

20.

Who howl'd the Irish cry?
It was saint WILBERFORCE,
Who rode out of his course
As going to sweet *Delgany*.

21

Who does th' *Major* regret?
E'ery one who did hope
That a strong hempen rope
Sometime would's pretty neck set.

22

Where shall's monument be?
At the front of Newgate
We will place it in state,
Form'd of an old Gallows Tree.

LOYAL SAM. COATES.—*Tune* "*Clever Tom Clinch.*"

This Song deplores the fate of one of the most loyal defenders of the Constitution, in 1798. *He was the Chief in the famous battle of Rathfarnham, where six foot passengers, and a fool, were vanquished by the Riding-house army, and hanged in a cow-house! when half dead, Sam. shewed great humanity, for he put them out of pain, by "Buttering his sword in their guts;" his own happy expression.*

When loyal Sam. Coates found his stags unavailing,
And convicted he stood of a portmanteau stealing,
He turned to the boys in the dock that were lagged,
And he cried, Devil thank them, 'tis well we're not scragged.
Blast their eyes! by their law, I can't guess what they mean,
Once I murder'd and robbed, church and state to sustain;
And now, the Recorder has made a damn'd rout, oh!
God blast him, because I just nim'd a portmanteau.
I flogged, murdered, robbed, in the year ninety-eight;
And I got great applause—is all law chang'd of late?
To plunder a fellow with cash I suspected,
Was then a good proof that I stood well-affected;
But, on such occasions, lest doubt should remain
Of loyalty, I shot a ball thro' his brain.
And for comical murders, such credit I bore,
They call'd me *Joe Miller*, in Beresford's corps.
Well! Zounds, when I m landed in Botany Bay,
I wonder what will all the vagabonds say?
They'll think I came there, I will lay any wager,
As a Government spy, or a friend of the Major;
For how can they think that the laws are so altered,
That an Orangeman could be transported or haltered?
How can they imagine that I, who long bore
The tawe and blood colours of Beresford's corps;
Whose murders and thefts made old Villainy stare,
And frightened all Dublin and county Kildare;
I, who, when M'Can I saw hanging, have said,
God damn 'em, why are they so long with his head?
And turning to Armstrong, Jemmy, my neighbour,
Said, damme, but I'll cut it off with my sabre.
Well, Boys, sure it's hard that I must leave a nation,
Where I murder'd and robbed to effect its salvation.
But, alas! I begin to perceive, when too late.
That there's nothing so vile as our church and our state;
And since law, like necessity, all must obey,
Damn Ireland, and here goes for Botany Bay.

MR. COX,

MR. COX,

Sir,—In your last Magazine, I read a Translation of Mr. Moore's Greek Ode, by a young Gentleman from Kilkenny. I like it very much, and send you the following one, on the Death of Anacreon, in hopes I might entice a Translation of it from him.

Dec. 26, 1810. *Yours,* CLONMELIENSIS.

Οτ' Ανακρεων μελωδος
Απαλων πατηρ ερωτων
Νεκρος επι γης εκειτο,
Κιθαρας τε των αφωνων.
Λογιαι Διος δε κουραι
Μετα Χαριτων πρεπουσων,
Ιμερος τε κ' Αφροδιτα
Πλοκαμους εχουσ' ακομψους,
Περι αυλον εσπειραξαν·
Μακαρων Ερως δυνασπης
Ταχεως ποτ' εξ Ολυμπου
Επι νεκρος πεσασθεις
Χρυσοκοσμοις πτεροισι,
Εσορωσα τον μελισπην,
Χαριτας τε και Κυθηρην,
Ιμερον, Διος τε κουρας
Τι νεκρος δε, μητερ, ειπε,
Κωτακλινεται σοφιστης;
Τι γοων αναστενιζεις;
Λεγε, μητερ, ω Κυθηρα,
Οτι Θεων ανασσα
Αμφωνευσ' εφησε·
Τοτ' Ερως αναστεναξας,
Σταφυλη, κακιστε καρπων,
Συ φιλων αριστον, οιμοι,
Εφενας εταιρον, ειπε.
Τρισσαθλιε των αοιδων,
Απολωλας, ω μελωδε,
Απολωλε και το τερπνον
Κιθαρας γλυκυ-πνεοντης.
Τι αν ουν, ανευ τεριο
Τι δε φαρμακον γενηται;
Πολιαι κομαι γαρ ηταν
Τιμιωτεραι, γεροντι μοι
Πλοκαμων νεων χρυσειων.
Το μελος δε θειον εστι
Γλυκυρωτερον φιλουντων
Το δροσωδον η φιλημα.
Απαλωτερον πτιλων μεν
Πτερυγος εμης τερεινης·
Ο δε βιοτος πεθεινος
Λιγυρεις μετρεις ομοιος
Μετα βαρβιτων κυπελλων
Φιλοπαιγμονων τε κουρων
Απαλους ποδας πνεοντων.
Σταφυλην εγω το πρωτον
Εφιλησα, και δ' εβαπτον
Ακιδας βελων μετ' οινου.
Φιλεω δε μηκετ' αυτας,
Τον απιστον η Λυαιον.
Απολωτο και δ'ανηρ μεν,
Μετα και βροτων εστιτο
Ο κακιστος οστις οινον
Φιλεει Θεον τε δεινον.
Συ δε Ανακρεων φιλητε,
Μετ' εμου πετη πτεροισι
Απαλοις μεν εις Ολυμπον,
Μακαρων οπου δ'ομιλος
Υπερ ανθεων ταπητας
Αλαποφρυας σε θησει·
Το ποτηριον δε πληρες
Εσεται ποτοιο θειου.
Μετα βαρβιτων αεισεις
Χρυσειων μελος γλυκειον·
Τα μεταπα σου δ'εγωγε
Στεφανοις αει θαλειοις
Πυκασω, ροδοισι λευκα
Κρινα πορφυροισι πλεξας.

OBITUARY.

On the 27th of Feb. in her 66th year, Mrs. CATHARINE DOYLE, of Bishop-street, sister to the Rev. M. and P. MORAN, of Adam and Eve Chapel, and relict of Mr. TIMOTHY DOYLE, architect and builder, a man whose respectability, as an artist, was an honor to native talents, and whose character, as a citizen, a husband, and a parent, stood as distinguished among his numerous friends for all the virtues that ornament social and domestic life, as any we remember, or had the honor to record in our miscellany.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The very voluminous Memoirs of the late eccentric Richard Allen, of Kilmir, Esq. Co. of Meath, *shall appear in our next.*

As the First Vol. of the Irish Magazine has been a long time out of print, and a very numerous part of our readers are anxious to have it reprinted, we propose to have it done by subscription, at 17s. 4d. each Volume, bound, to contain thirteen numbers, as soon as sufficient to defray the expense are subscribed for.

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR *APRIL*, 1811.

Exhibition of Mr. WALTER COX.

On Saturday, the 9th of March, this daring culprit, agreeable to the sentence pronounced on him by Lord Norbury, was conducted from Newgate to the Royal Exchange, where the Pillory was prepared for his punishment. On his appearance on the machine, he was cheered by a numerous and respectable assemblage of his fellow Citizens, not less than twenty thousand persons; this honorable expression of the public feeling in his favor, so dissimilar to the putrid opinion of a sorted Jury, gave him confidence, and tended to restore him to his spirits, which suffered a temporary dejection, from the mode of public exposure, intended to fix infamy upon useful labours and honourable industry; and by debasing Mr. Cox in the eyes of his country, would have the effect of putting public opinion, and the country itself into the hands, and under the management, of an English Secretary, an hired Press, and a pensioned Bar.

The public, on this occasion, disappointed the expectation of the enemies of the Press, the repeal of the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and a more equal distribution of the produce of the Irish soil among its inhabitants.

The most marked and unequivocal tokens of approbation of Mr. Cox's conduct, character, spirit, and hostility to his enemies, were expressed by repeated cheers, during the hour he stood in the pillory. If the character given to Mr. Cox, by the Crown Lawyers, was true, that is, that he is a wicked and seditious person, how must the character of twenty thousand persons appear, whose acclamations at the Castle Gates, must have rung to the ears of the Duke of Richmond, in the very seat of his Majesty's Government? Must not these persons be implicated with Mr. Cox, or must not the culprit have a manner of gaining on public sentiment, that, notwithstanding all the obloquy thrown on him in a Court of Justice, he must either possess qualifications, not given to ordinary talents, or his labours are not directed by a base heart or deficient

ficient understanding, that not one solitary instance of disapprobation was uttered during the whole exhibition?- On the contrary, wherever the populace discovered any person, who was supposed, or known to be adverse to Mr. Cox, or the principles which his publication is regulated by, they were hooted, until they were obliged to conceal themselves. Luke White was discovered in Grierson's window, occasionally peeping out, to enjoy the scene; but the fortunate bookseller was obliged to give up his amusement to the resentment and humour of the spectators, who frequently hissed him, calling out, at the same time "a groan for Luke White, the flying stationer." Major Sirr, and other distinguished and ardent loyalists, who were expected on the occasion, kept themselves, very discreetly, in some obscure corner. Lady Belvidere, whose piety we have had the honour of noticing in our list of modern saints, remained in her carriage, in Parliament-street, during the hour.

A Military gentleman, mounted, attracted the notice of the spectators, by the peculiar specimen of satisfaction he seemed to enjoy; posting himself in front of Mr. Cox, and grinning, with considerable marks of humour, keeping his eye on the disloyal culprit; but the reddened hero was obliged to retreat, as a very formidable movement, on the part of the crowd, and some rude expressions, not fit for a loyal ear, indicated an attack, which could not be sustained with safety, from the unequal force that threatened to commence operations. With a good military eye, which can seize on an advantage in a perilous moment, Major R—— seized the advantage of a small opening made in the crowd, and effected a masterly and prudent retreat, under some impressions of fear and conviction, that the inhabitants of Dublin are not as reconciled to military parade, naked counters, and foreign legislatures, as some good people report of us. This is the first time, we understand, that Walter Cox and Major R—— had a public meeting; and we are proud, that the manly North Briton had such an advantage of taking a good impression of Mr. Cox's countenance, it being, by the condition Cox was placed in, a very safe opportunity; for, from our knowledge of Cox, we could assure Mr. R——, had the interview happened on any other occasion, and attended with equal hauteur, it would be chastised on the spot, much to the discredit of his Majesty's arms, to the disadvantage of the service, and to the personal inconvenience, which an officer would feel, in dirty clothes and kicked breeches.

An officer, who serves under Sir Charles Asgill, ought to be regulated by the experience which his commander's history has been so fruitful of. Sir Charles has seen the American people despised and insulted. He has seen them slaves and conquerors; he saw the people, who were declared to be rebels, transformed into sovereigns, and the vicissitudes of British pride cast into so many degrading shapes, that even Sir Charles Asgill, since so distinguished in the history of Ireland, whose military talents are so eminently conspicuous, had the halter bound on his neck by rebels; so low did the character of his nation sink in the country, that prayers were substituted to save a man, where he was sent to bully. Sir Charles owed his life, not to the power of his nation, but to the clemency of its slaves.

Second Trial of Walter Cox.

Tuesday, 26th February, 1811.

MR. MAC NALLY'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF THE PRISONER.

Mr. M'Nally, in addressing the Jury on behalf of the traverser, said, it had become his imperative duty to address them on the present occasion, for the

the purpose of shewing that the publication charged against the traverser, as a libel had not been brought before them, nor supported by that unequivocal evidence which, in cases like the present, was necessary, in order that the Jury might without hesitation bring in a verdict of guilty. The case had been stated by the Solicitor General to be of the utmost importance. If it be of great importance to the public, as the Solicitor General has stated—the Jury would concur with him in saying, it was of equal importance to the traverser. There was one satisfaction, that if the Jury should be induced to give credit to the witnesses, and, from the context of the publication, say, upon their oaths, not only that they had undoubted proof of the printing and consequently of the publication, but that they also believed it to be a libel; yet, in consequence of what Mr M'Nally called a fatal error on the record, the traverser could not feel the efforts of that conviction, unless the point made out on the trial should be previously over-ruled by the twelve Judges; their decision alone would leave him liable to that punishment called for with so much zeal by the Solicitor-General.

It was not his wish to address the Jury on the present occasion; on the contrary, he did hope the case of his client would have been laid before them by his friend Mr. O'Connell, of whom he would not speak, if he were now present, but being absent, he would say that if Mr. O'Connell fulfilled that duty, he would have done it in a manner as impressive, and if not paramount, at least tantamount even to the Solicitor General himself—No man at the bar could have stated the case of the traverser with more effect than Mr. O'Connell could have done. —He warned the Jury against extrinsic and irrelevant impressions; though his heart acted in unison with his understanding, yet, when he recollected the eloquent and powerful statement of the Solicitor General, he was so drawn away by the force of that statement, that he was almost sunk into despair by the conviction that flashed upon his mind, so strongly, that it was with difficulty he could prevail on himself to rise in defence of the traverser, to tell the Jury, that, notwithstanding that extraordinary effort of talent, the fact of guilt had not been proved, and that it was not the orator, but the witnesses to whom they should attend.—He would address the Jury in the sentiments of one of the most learned and constitutional Judges that ever sat upon the English Bench, to whom it was delight and happiness to listen—he alluded to Lord Mansfield, the Chief Justice of England, who in his day was the great luminary of the law; that noble and learned character never let slip unobserved a point in favour of a prisoner. He remembered that great and distinguished character, borrowing his idea from the observation of the immortal Locke, telling a Jury, that when they came into the Jury box, they should come with minds unstained, fair and clear like a sheet of white paper. A Jury that does its duty, were to divest their minds of all they had heard previous to the evidence on the subject before them—of every thing they had read—of every thing the Counsel for the prosecution had stated, that did not afterwards appear in evidence. He was the more anxious to impress this doctrine upon the minds of the Jury, because the learned Solicitor General, in stating the case for the prosecution, had gone into a variety of irrevelant matter, visiting upon the prisoner, not merely what he individually had been charged with doing, but with what had been done by every bookseller in Dublin. Let us examine the evidence of publication. What was the evidence of the traverser having printed and published, or of having procured to be printed and published, the paper in question?

Where

Where did it appear in evidence that the traverser sold the book? What evidence is there that any servant of his sold the book, with the knowledge of the traverser? The testimony of a confused and illiterate police man, a constable; a man that knew something, and recollected nothing; that heard there was a quarrel between the Major and Mr. Cox, the traverser; that could not tell, did not know what Major had a literary quarrel with Mr. Cox; whether it was Major Swan or Major Sandys. This confused witness told the Jury, that he was one of the Major's men; was in the Head Police Office; did not know the number of the house where he purchased the book, until it was shewn to him at the bottom of the cover: that he was sent to Abbey-street to make the purchase; set a rogue to catch a rogue, is as old adage. He meant not to abuse police-men—no, they were necessary evils—so was the hangman—but let it be remembered, that few men become common constables or informers, till they have forfeited public character. This man corroborated as to the number of the house, but there was no positive evidence as to from whom he purchased this Magazine. What is the law with respect to one man, or five hundred men attempting to prove the same fact?—It amounts but to the evidence of one witness; and if there is a failure in any part of the necessary essential evidence, the testimony of five hundred witnesses, so circumstanced, amounts to nothing; it is incoate—it is unsubstantiated. Does it appear that the witness bought the book from Mr. Cox?—No. Does it appear that he purchased it from a servant belonging to Mr. Cox, or any person acting by his order, or his concurrence?—No. In order to support the testimony of this witness, comes a Gentleman of high respectability. Does he say one word in respect of the individual paper produced in evidence? Not a word. Then comes a third endorsement upon this paper, for the purpose of rendering it negotiable evidence; but the Jury would protest the bill, for it was neither accepted nor drawn by Mr. Cox.—No proof of the printing.—No proof of the selling by the traverser: indeed, so far from any of those facts appearing, which constitute unequivocal proof of publication, the very contrary is the fact. He would now call the attention of the Jury to some of the leading features in the publication. The first which pressed upon his mind was a melancholy event. The trial of a gentleman, rightly and truly described by the Solicitor General, involved in treason, a youth seduced by folly—and though of strong genius and great talents, not perfectly right in his understanding. The figure of that deluded and infatuated youth, when standing at the bar of this Court, and before the very Judges now upon the Bench, could never be forgotten. What were the sentiments of that youth with respect to bringing about a separation between Great Britain and Ireland, through the medium of a French force. He was charged with a high offence—so is Mr. Cox. We all remember what he said upon that subject. We all remember he said, "no man shall write my epitaph." But did he not compose an epitaph for himself, that ought to be engraved on adamant—that ought to be engraved on every Irishman's heart. I don't, said Mr. M'Nally, pretend to quote his words, but I give them substantially, and let every man who hears remember:—"If the French approach your shores, meet them on the coast—if they land, destroy every blade of grass and ear of corn—lay the country waste before them as you retreat—fight them inch by inch, and, if beaten, collect your wives and your children and your property together—fortify them in an enclosure—fight your enemy till one man of you only remains, and let that man

man with a torch set fire to the pile; —do all this rather than submit to the French." Such were the sentiments of this unfortunate enthusiastic young gentleman, convicted on the most clear and incontrovertible evidence of high treason. What does this show? It shews that whatever might have been the object of the writer of the present publication, he never could have the intention of inviting the French to invade Ireland. The unfortunate Robert Emmett would not have been of such a party, when living —his dying words contradict the assertion: No—the intention of the writer, in introducing Emmett's name, must have been the very contrary—it must have been to hold up the public recollection the sentiments of that man—it must have been to stimulate every Irishman to destroy the French, wherever they met them invading their native land.

Much he observed, had been said about the liberty of the Press. The Jury would bear in their minds that excellent doctrine promulgated by the Counsel for the prosecution, respecting the constitutional right that every man possesses of publishing his thoughts on public men and on public measures, and of preserving the Liberty of the Press immaculate. Putting down the Press in France has caused the subjugation of the Continent.—What man, anxious for a Free Press, could wish to see the French in this country, whose principle it is to destroy observation and free discussion?

The formidable powers of that great and mighty engine have been truly described by the Solicitor General. Every man who loves his country and her laws must accede to what that learned Gentleman has said of the good produced by its exertions, the evils resulting from its prostitution, and the ruin consequential to its suppression. The Liberty of the Press has supported this country—the Slavery of the Press has shackled the people of France. The extremities of its influence are like virtue and vice operating upon religion, morals, and politics—its errors, however, are excusable. The Press is a centinel, placed upon the outposts of the Constitution, and should never be punished but for sleeping, or neglect of duty. What did Lord Effingham say, in a debate in the House of Lords of England, on literary property? How did that Noble Lord describe the power of the Press and the influence of printing, on the human mind? "If," said the Noble Lord, "the throne was pulled down, and tyranny established; if the Constitution was overturned, and the rights of men trodden under foot, give me," said the Noble Lord, "but a little spot, on which I could erect a Free Press, and I would restore the one, and reinstate the other." The truth of this is well known in France, and therefore it is, that the tyrant of the French is conscious, that a Free Press possesses greater strength than all his artillery. For what purpose did he state those sentiments of the Noble Lord? And fair it was to ask the Jury, if they could be seduced to imagine, that any man who valued this paramount advantage over almost the entire globe, would be so insane as to call in a power that would, in the very first instance, destroy that, by which this writer was endeavouring to get his bread—A free Press. The *innendoes* laid in the indictment are very few. There is no innendo that the publication was with a view of severing Great Britain from Ireland, by means of a foreign force; that view is only asserted—but no proof.—But the Jury being the sole and exclusive judges of the fact of publication, as well as on the question of libel, or no libel—are called upon to say, that explanation given to the context, must necessarily make it a libel.—What is the publication? It is entitled a "*Vision*,"—and what does that import? A dream, a visionary libel; a libel in *nubibus*.—Who does not dream?

dream? Do we not all dream? Will the Attorney General or the Solicitor General, or Mr. Townsend, or any other of the learned Gentlemen who have come to this Court, specially appointed to prosecute the defendant for publishing this dream, say they have not been dreaming themselves? Or that the learned Gentleman, whoever he was, who drew the indictment, was not dreaming.—That learned Gentleman must have been dreaming through the whole of the proceedings; for he (Mr. M'Nally) would venture to prophesy, that whatever verdict the Jury gave, either guilty or not guilty, no judgment could now be pronounced upon that verdict. The objection taken to the indictment, in point of law, must shiver it to atoms. This libel was entitled a dream—then being a dream, he would take the liberty to refer to a very ancient reporter of dreams, the celebrated Mother Bunch. Her general rule is, that dreams must be taken by contraries. If, says this learned reporter, "You dream of a funeral in your family, there will be a wedding. If you dream of a wedding, you will have a funeral." If therefore, relying upon the doctrine laid down by this sagacious reporter Mother Bunch—Mr. Cox, or his Correspondent, dreamed of a separation between Great Britain and Ireland, by means of French invaders, and that to bring such an event about, he also dreamed, that Bonaparte was seated on a triumphant marine car, wearing an imperial diadem, holding in his right hand a two-edged sword, which had a map of Europe engraved thereon, and was coming with one stroke to separate the two countries; he, in publishing the dream, has foretold not a separation between the countries, but a continuation of a s r ng, long, and natural Union. If he dreamed of a successful invasion, his dream foretold the defeat and destruction of the French, if they dared to invade.—In short, whatever he dreamed of according to the true construction of dreams, meant the very contrary; and, of course, the innendoes are the mere visionary vapours of those who inserted them in the indictment, and are, in truth and in fact, the only libellous part of the matter, which they in their slumbers have spread upon the record. Nothing can be more equivocal than an inuendo.—The pleader is called upon to explain initials and asterisks, and fill up the blanks, in what he supposes to be a libel. He does this on the instructions of the agent; and the bill of indictment being found by the Grand Jury, and the party charged with publishing the supposed libel being on his trial, a witness is called to swear to these inuendoes. In the present case, a veteran Sea Officer is called upon to prove an inuendo. He is asked, "Sir, you have, I believe, been in the navy for many years" "I have," replied the veteran. "Answer me then, Sir, as a person well conversant in nautical language, and tell that Court, and that Jury, on your oath, what is a *painter*." The sailor replies "It is a term for a rope attached to the boat, for the purpose of fastening to a ship, or ashore, or any where to secure it" "That is all we want, Sir, you may go down, says the learned Counsel for the Crown, it is clear a *painter* is a *rope*. It is plain, says the learned Counsel, that as a painter, in the sea-phrase, is a rope to fasten a small boat to a large ship, the words "cut the painter," and this dream, must mean nothing more nor less, than severing the connection between Great Britain and Ireland"

This inuendo, (said Mr. M'Nally,) reminds me of an anecdote, that was universally laughed at when I was a school boy. A Mr. Hamilton, a celebrated Miniature Painter, in Dublin, was returning in a boat, from a nautical excursion of pleasure, after having dined at the Pigeon House. This boat was heavily laden with passengers, the waves rolling roughly as she laboured against the tide under the north side of the

the South Wall.—A sailor on shore cried out to those in the boat—"D—n your eyes, throw the Painter over-board." Mr. Hamilton, the painter, immediately changed colour—he applied these words to himself by *inuendo:* he had no idea, that a "painter" meant a rope; so dropping on his knees, and joining his hands, with tremulous voice he addressed the sailors, "Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, do not throw me over-board—I support a mother and two children by my industry."

God forbid the two countries were only tied together by a rope—that the unanimity of the two countries did not depend on an allegiance of heart and hand, of sentiment and principle, of loyalty and freedom, and not a visionary rope! He regretted, that this prosecution had been brought forward; that those visionary inuendoes had been fabricated. If such had not been the case, public curiosity would not have been awakened to read this publication. The consequence will be, that this publication, which otherwise would have slept for ever on the bookseller's shelf, will be multiplied a thousand, and a thousand times, by the reports of this day's trial, which every barrister, and every student, or other gentleman, has a right not only to take notes of, but to publish, provided they do so fairly and impartially. Thus, under legal sanction, the poison spreads abroad, and the evils increase in proportion. He did not mean to dictate to the Jury, but submitted to their judgment that the publication is not a libel. Formerly it was held by the Judges of England, and of course adopted by those of Ireland, that the question of libel or no libel was to be decided on the Bench, and not in the jury box; that the Jury were only to find the fact of printing or publishing, but had no right to decide on the intent or malignity of the alleged libel; whether it was seditious or false was then held to be out of the province of a Jury. But a late Statute, brought into Parliament by the immortal Fox, has removed this monstrous position—and as the law now stands, the Jury alone are competent to decide upon the question of libel. The Statute gives the Judge the privilege of stating his opinion to the Jury upon the publication; but it gives him no deciding authority. If the Judge should be of opinion, that a certain publication is a libel, he has a right to give the Jury his opinion—but no more—but he has no right to say, you must find, subservient to my opinion—for the opinion lies only in the breast of the Jury; on that point the Jury are omnipotent; the Judge subservient; should the Judge and the Jury disagree in their construction on the publication, the prisoner would in that case have the benefit of twelve voices to one. If the Jury were of opinion that the intent of the traverser was different from that with which he is charged by the indictment, let that other intent be what it might, they could not find him guilty; a doctrine which they ought to impress forcibly on their minds, and carry with them into their chamber, when they depart from their box. It had been strongly urged by the King's Solicitor General, that there was another intention manifested by this publication: that is, an intention to revive in this country the horrors of the rebellion of 1798. He was neither ashamed, nor afraid to say, that he knew men, very high in rank, who were certainly connected with that rebellion, which blazed out, for a moment, and alarmed the country; and he also knew this, that at this moment, a more honourable or loyal set of men, or men that would sooner lay down their lives for the protection of their country, did not exist, than the very men he alluded to. At the period of that rebellion, France was holding up the Cap of Liberty to the world, and continued the deception, as an incentive

to

to the world; until tyranny, aided by military power, subjugated freedom—then was liberty trodden under foot in France—and then followed that hatred for French anarchy, and French cruelty, and French impulse, and French oppression, and French slavery—a hatred which took possession of the hearts of every Irishman possessing intellect.

It is not by a rope that Great Britain and Ireland are connected. No, the Crowns are for ever annexed by Acts of both Parliaments, the English and Irish—from the days of Henry II. when that King was accepted of by the Irish, at the Convention at Lismore; and to deny this annexation by printing, was made treason, by a statute passed in the reign of Henry the VIII. By that Convention the Crowns are indissolubly, and for ever, knit together and annexed. He would not even hint at the legislative Union; that was a very different question—the Solicitor General had touched on it with great delicacy, but at present the cause of the defendant did not call it into discussion. He would make but one observation more, which he trusted the Jury would attend to. They were called upon to convict a man, for what? For an imputed libel, without proof that it came out of his hands: or out of the hands of any of his servants: and these were the first points for the jury to decide upon: for if they did not believe that the traverser had published the paper, (of printing there was no evidence whatever) they ought to say, even if it were an indictment for high treason—there is no publication proved, and therefore we must in conscience acquit, let the paper be ever so atrocious in itself. It is true, allegory may be a libel. In the time of Lord Holt, a man was convicted for publishing a paper, styling the Pretender to be prince of Persia: but in that case the publication was proved to the full satisfaction of the jury, and the inuendoes fully explained, that the intent was to restore the Pretender to the Throne.

Lord Norbury charged the Jury, who, without hesitation, found Mr. Cox—Guilty.

The point made at the trial was laid before the twelve Judges; and Lord Norbury, on the Thursday following, informed the traverser, that the point made had been ruled in his favour.

A new indictment was sent up, rectifying the error; he was tried the Friday following, convicted, and sentenced to be confined twelve months, and to be once pillored!!!

Major Bryan's motion, for removing the Duke of Richmond.

The little contemptible factions, that have always tended to divide, and to embarrass the public measures, have again put themselves in organization, to oppose the manly and justifiable resolution, lately adopted by the Aggregate Meeting, at the suggestion of Major Bryan, for an address to the Regent, praying the removal of the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Pole, from the Government. The expediency and justice of this measure, we are surprised to see any Catholic openly dispute; we know, from Mr. Welles'ey Pole's defence in the House of Commons, that he has *private* agents among the Catholics; and indeed, when we reflect, our surprise must abate a little, because we know that the man who is base enough to traffick his country, his friends, and his conscience, in a private market, will not hesitate to apologize for such *human weakness* in a public one.

We cannot see upon what honest or prudent grounds, a Catholic could come forward to be the panegyrist of the Duke of Richmond. The Duke of Richmond, whenever he has appeared in public transactions, where the people's feelings were to be consulted, has in every instance evinced a most profound

found contempt for the opinions of the Catholic body. Whenever his patronage was to be used on the selection of men to office or emolument—he has bestowed it uniformly upon the most virulent of our adversaries. He had enacted an expensive and vexatious system of police, merely for the purpose of placing Major Sirr in a line of power, fitted to the talents and taste of that man. He has provided for the family of Giffard, by bestowing a pension on the father for life, and recommended the son to an high official situation in the Island of Ceylon.

We may be told, that the Duke is regulated by the advice of Mr. Pole; but this answer, instead of being an apology for the noble Duke, is an aggravation of his bigotry, and leaves a strong impression of his character, and of his indifference for public opinion—because he knows the Wellesleys are the most detested family in Ireland, from their arrogance, intolerance, and equivocation.—Europe has witnessed one Wellesley in Spain, toasting the Pope's health and the cause of Catholicity; another Wellesley in Portugal, who is such an enemy to the same Catholicity, as to place centinels on the Churches, to prevent his own soldiers from attending mass. A third Wellesley is the companion of Giffard in Ireland, and under his administration the soldier, SPENCE, was sentenced to transportation for life, for disputing with his officer, on the illegality of preventing him from attending a Catholic place of Worship.

Certainly, in contradiction to this opinion of our's, on the conduct and character of the Wellesleys, two great men differ with us. Lord Fingal, and Sir Patrick O'Connor.

In an ignorant age, we know what deference would be paid to a Lord or a Knight, but at this day the value of titles are so far sunk in public estimation, that they have ceased to have any consideration, where understanding or principle are unconnected with them.

The Irish Magazine and its Adversaries.

The Irish Magazine is charged with contributing to create disturbances among the lower orders, and its owner is described, by the same high authorities, as being an emissary of the French. It would require some more ingenuity than the enemies to the Irish Magazine possess, to prove either cases. In the first accusation, it must appear extraordinary, how the peasantry of the south could be influenced by the Irish Magazine, which they never read; this we insist on to be true, because we cannot afford to distribute it for nothing, and they are so wretched, that so far are they unable to purchase books, they are not able to have a regular supply of salt with their potatoes; and thousands of them cannot read. It is to be regretted, that misrepresentation of so atrocious a tendency should come from men of the first rank, and with the horrid view of stamping a character of turbulence and ferocity on a brave people, to injure them in the opinion of the empire, and to deprive an honest man of his liberty, by poisoning the minds of a select Jury, on the days of his many trials—Trials, as Mr. Curran said, on a like case, that tend less to make him a criminal, than to hunt him down as a victim. If the real causes of the melancholy condition of the poor, which drives one part to the gibbet and another on the bayonet, were honestly to be investigated, it would appear, that rack-rents, which annually expel the industrious from the dwellings of their fathers; tythes, that rob industry, and exasperate, by its mode of collection; fanatical magistrates, and Farming Societies, that mock improvement, by giving to the brute what should be shared with the man, are among the many causes that vex the people into acts of insubordination. Our publication is read in Dublin and its vicinity, to a great ex-

tent, and we have heard of no serious disturbance within the range of that circulation, since its first appearance.

As to the author of it being paid by France, as was plainly given in charge against him, cannot be proved by the condition of his circumsances, and the state of his family: were any of his enemies to read the schedule of his affairs, and know his abstemious habits, they must say his labours are not rewarded by his employers; or, were they to visit his cell in Newgate, it would be seen, by the absence of every comfort within its gloomy walls, where the sun affords but a sickly ray, from the many refractions it has to linger through, before it struggles through the deep windows of his prison, and after reasoning a few minutes on the character of Mr. Cox, and the privations he wastes under, will the honest mind convict him of earning such misery by inlisting himself in the service of a foreigner?

It is part of our condition, since we have been sold into the degraded state of provincial debasement, that our resident gentry, who are fastened to the soil by the scale of ambition, who would make their fortunes as adventurers at our bar, who aspire to legal distinction and judicial emolument, to be the creatures and sycophants of the men to whom they have transferred us, and that their zeal must be testified by their industry; that violence must be exercised, and guilt exposed, not so much, it must be confessed, to detect crimes, as it is to punish, by anticipation. The English Minister must be assured of the vigilance of his deputies, by the vigour of their investigation: occasional victims must be produced, as the marks of official care; and examples made to an agitated community, or there would be no merit to prove loyalty, nor evidence of turbulence. A man may dream, like Walter Cox, and though his visions would appear harmless in an independent community, they must be constructed into evils by those who have an interest in misrepresentation, with their masters, who would silence us into subjection. An Attorney General can mount to a title, by a simple exposition of servitude; he may bask in the sunshine of power, and earn the plaudits of a distant senate, by taking one individual from his family. Walter Cox can be plucked from the society of his suffering countrymen, locked in a cell, but the victim to British justice continues useful; he makes by his misfortunes a step to ambition, to fame, and to power, on which any man may mount, who has strength of mind to withstand the groans of a fallen country, and to hearken to the wages of guilty elevation.

Importance may be thus obtained in another climate, but can security be the consequence at home? Can the man who sells himself, promise, that an entire nation can be made ignorant of the injustice of an Union, of its numbers, of its geographical superiority, of the application of its produce, to the prejudice of its inhabitants, of the insulting and expensive parade, of vast military establishments, of the loss of its gentry, of the pernicious and artificial distinctions, of religious jealousy? No, not all the law, nor all the affectation of bar solemnity, nor all the conjured horrors, that an Attorney, or Solicitor General, could muster, to make up the picture of crime, or to excite ignorance, to abuse truth, can perfect subordination, while trade is monopolized, or eating withheld; for while ever eating, or commerce, are in use, they will be valued and sought after, though all the armies in Europe, and all the statute books, were arrayed against them.

The Scoto-Milesian Antiquities.

The period at which the use of letters commenced with the Scoto-Milesians, may be placed almost immediately

ately after their emigration from Spain to Ireland. All circumstances are in favour of this opinion. The difficulty consists in ascertaining from whom they received them, whether from the Greeks or Phœnicians.

The Druids, says Cæsar, did not commit their mysteries to writing, but in all public acts, they made use of the Greek characters: this has induced a belief, that the ancient Britons and Milesians borrowed their alphabet from the Greeks. by means of the Druids. This supposes an intercourse between the Greeks and the British Isles. St. Jerome, in fact, relates, with some ancient authors, (Quær. in Gen.) that the Greeks were spread all over Europe, along the coasts, and the neighbouring countries, as far as the British Isles. But what is asserted here by St. Jerome, and the authors he followed, is to be understood of the ancient Greeks. Herodotus informs us, that this part of Europe was unknown to the modern Greeks. Polybius, who lived after him, says, that neither the Greeks nor Romans were acquainted with the British isles. Dion, of Nice, affirms, that in the third century, it was a matter of doubt whether it was an island or a continent. We cannot, in consequence, attribute this intercourse to the modern Greeks; exhausted besides, by long wars, rather subjects than allies to the Romans, and inadequate to such great undertakings. So, if we mean to suppose, that the Greeks had any intercourse with the British Isles, we must recur to far distant periods, that is, to the times of the most ancient Greeks, as they are called by Cambden, *Græci vetustissimi*, who frequented these islands, says he, either as pirates or traders. After all, it is far from being certain, that the Greeks ever had any established or regular commerce with the British Islands. Perhaps, some of their vessels, by chance, touched at these parts, as the fleet of the Argonauts, which, Adrianus Junius asserts, had landed in the country, or some other trading vessels, which the tempest might have cast away on the coasts. If, in fact, they had ever made themselves masters of the country, or usually carried on any commerce with them, how can they be supposed so completely ignorant of them at the time of Herodotus? And if their establishments were much later, how could they have doubted, as we are told by Dion of Nice, whether they were Islands or a Continent

As to the Druids, we have no proofs that they came from Greece. We might suppose, if we pleased, that they received their alphabet from the Phoceans, a Greek colony, that settled at Marseilles, about 600 years before the Christian æra. But there still remains a difficulty. The ceremonies of the Druids, and the care they took to conceal their mysteries, seem to have a greater connection with the ceremonies, and hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptian priests, than with the Greeks. So nothing hinders us to suppose, that the first Druids came from Egypt to Spain with the Gadelians, and that they followed the Milesians to Ireland, from whence they scattered themselves, in process of time, all over Britain, Gaul, and the other countries of Europe.

As to the opinion of those who affirm, that the Milesians received their alphabet immediately from the Phœnicians, their conjecture appears more probable, on account of the mutual intercourse of these people, whether in Spain, or in Ireland. The similarity, that Cæsar discovers between the Druidical characters, and those of the Greeks, does not militate against this opinion; for as both received them from the same source, the resemblance must have been very near.

It is known, that the Phœnicians were masters of the greater part of Europe, especially of Greece, Assia

minor, and other regions of the Mediterranean. They navigated, says Newton, at the time of David and Solomon, the Mediterranean, as far as Spain, and beyond it; (Chron. p. 12). They carried every where their sciences, especially navigation, astronomy and letters, and the coast of Ireland, says *Ware* (Antig. Hib. c. 1.) and Bochert, were known to them. The Spanish origin, that ancient authors ascribe to the Scoto-Milesians, and the epoch of their emigration from Spain to Ireland, compared with these circumstances, strongly insinuate, that the use of letters flourished at an early period amongst this people, and solidly support the opinion of those, who conclude, they received them rather from the Phœnicians than from the Greeks. The use of letters united to a taste for History—the necessity of preserving their genealogies in all their purity, in order to ascertain the succession to the throne, is a strong presumption of the use of History among them.

The Scoto-Milesians, as well as the Jews, had powerful motives to induce them to preserve their History, and the Genealogies of their principal families. The means they employed to transmit their traditions, shews them to be a nation equally versed in letters and civilization. By a fundamental law of the nation, it was necessary to be born of the house of Milesius, in order to ascend the throne, to the government of the provinces, or to possess great offices, either in the army or legislature. The respective interests of the nobles and those of the people, required at this time some measures to avoid the clashing of interests; and prudent laws were enacted, relating to them. OLLAMH FODHLA, who reigned about three centuries after the establishment of the colony in this Island, appointed the triennial meeting at TEAMOR. He instituted the offices of Antiquarians in the different provinces, to preserve the atchievements of their heroes, and the genealogies of families. He decreed, that the genealogical and historical registers of these Antiquarians, should be examined at the triennial meeting, by commissioners named for that purpose; he ordered the several punishments against such Antiquarians as would have prevaricated in the exercise of their office: he ordered finally, that extracts from their particular registers, thus examined and approved, should be inserted in the great book or register, since called the PSALTER of TEAMAR, because it was written in verse, according to the practice of the ancient Arabians. This regulation was frequently renewed and confirmed by other monarchs, and the meeting was regularly held, down to the introduction of Christianity.

Independently of these registers, we still have, from the time of paganism, the *White book*, and that of *Conquests*, copied entirely into the *Psalter of Cashel*, and in other more recent productions. CAIRBRE LIFFEACHAIR, Monarch in the third century, composed the history of the kings his predecessors; a copy of this was preserved till the last century in the Abbey of HY-COLOMBKILL, and Sir George M'Kenzie, in his defence of the royal line of Scot's land, says that he saw it. Since the Christian æra, we have the book called *Na Geart*, (of rights) written partly in Irish, and partly in Latin, by St. Benignus, disciple of St. Patrick, the Psalter called *Na Rann*, those of Cashel, of Armagh, *Cluain-mac-nois*, *Cluain-aignach*, and *Gabhala*; the books of Fiontain of Leix, of *Gleann-da-loch*, of Roscrea; of Kilkenny; the Martyrology of Marianus O'Gorman, written in the eleventh century; several ancient *M. S. S.* of the Church of *Cluain-mac-noise*, translated into English in 1627, by Conall Mac Geoghegan.

Grand

Grand and Petty Juries.

The character of this boasted palladium of our liberties, is not much improved in Ireland; like other valuable articles of colonial produce, not worth exporting, it appears on the decline, or, if we are to judge by the apparent scarcity of Jurymen, which appeared on the *three trials* of Mr. Cox, Dublin must have suffered a considerable diminution in its population since the union: as the court was obliged, at least, the managers on the part of the Crown, were compelled to resort, with every little deviation, to the same men on the panels, to try every case, in this business; perhaps from what we know, who are obliged to confess our ignorance, on such affairs, by the unfrequency of papists being applied to in such cases, that the oftener a certain set of men are drilled in the Jury trade, the better they are qualified to conduct the business. Mr. Cox had the full benefit of this improvement in our municipal and statute usages, though he was not acquitted, he had the advantage of being managed by men, strictly conversant, by their habit and experience, to be learned in the Law. Were an Englishman, who has been in the habit of reading the lists of Commission and Sessions Grand Juries, to judge by them the amount of our population, he would imagine, by seeing the same names invariably summoned, that Dublin, instead of being a second-rate city in Europe, was a sorry village, a decayed district of the empire.

Certainly, where bread is to be weighed, markets inspected, or dunghills presented, more of the population is consulted in the name of Jurymen, than in such vital circumstances as the trials of Cox; whose visions, though as inexplicable as any chapter in the revelations, required men of letters and experience, to judge of them, from the interpretations of Counsellors Saurin and Bushe! and indeed, from the manner and the intimacy of Crown Lawyers and Jurors, and the politeness of Judges, the guardians of the public weal, we would not dare again to dispute the salutary efficacy of training Jurors to the law, as well as Judges and Counsellors.

As this sheet is obliged to go immediately to press, we have not sufficient time to give a perfect list of gentlemen, or copies of Jury lists, which we intended to insert, from official documents made in the last year; at present we say, that there is one man in High-street, who is never out of a Sessions Grand Jury, except when on a Commission one; and we have the name of a Taylor, who considers it part of his commercial speculations, by the frequent appearance he makes in judicial *habits*.

In our next number we will lay before the public, one year's complete list of Grand Jurymen, by which they will be able to have a better understanding, how such things are conducted.

Mr. Wellesley Pole and the Orangemen.

This Gentleman, when defending the measures adopted by the Irish Government, towards suppressing the Catholic meetings, admitted, by the distinctions he drew of Irish parties, that the Orangemen possessed an higher degree of rank, in the opinion of the Government; "For," says Mr. Pole, "had Protestants, Dissenters or Orangemen, presumed to sit and deliberate in the manner the Catholics acted, the Government would think itself justified by suppressing them." Here the superior order of Orange Societies are assigned the regular rank and order of superiority, which his Majesty's ministers acknowlege, in this case, to be their right. This we always considered to be the fact, from the paucity, or rather connivance

nivance, with which their errors are overlooked or winked at. We have observed frequently, in our pages, what a degree of alarm has been driven through the country, whenever a disarmed, deluded, starved and naked peasantry, have plundered a barn, or stopped a coach; such a studied manner of enlarging the crimes of a handful of beggars, into all the horrors and consequence of rebellion, that the public mind, has been so agitated and artfully prepared, to see with indifference, victims dragged to the gibbet, without feeling one sensation of pity for their sufferings, or strength of mind to inquire into the causes of their inconsiderate acts of useless desperation. Yet suspicion or jealousy, or humanity, if they dare go abroad, would ask, why an armed rabble are not noticed, who had hunted a Catholic Priest, from his bed to his grave, in Mountrath; who have plundered and defiled a Catholic chapel, in Enniskillen? insulted and murdered Catholic Soldiers, on their rout to meet the common enemy? with numerous instances which happen every hour, and an abject press dare not offend, by recording. Even the decency and artifice of inquiry, were not adopted. Sergeant Moore, the usual precursor of special Commission, was not appointed to a professional excursion, which itself would give a decency and dignity to forms, if we were not too contemptible, even to be beneath the notice of a little legal humbugging.

Character of England, by Mr. Curran, on Hamilton Rowan's Trial,

29th OF JANUARY, 1794.

"England is marked by a natural avarice of Freedom, which she is studious to engross and accumulate, but most unwilling to impart; whether from any necessity of her policy, or from her weakness, or from her pride, I will not presume to say; but that such is the fact, you need not look to the East, nor to the West, you need only look to yourselves.

"In order to confirm this observation, I would appeal to what fell from the learned Counsel for the Crown, (Attorney General Wolfe,) that notwithstanding the alliance subsisting for two centuries past, between the two countries, the date of liberty in one goes no farther back than the year 1784.

"If it would require additional confirmation, I should state the case of the invaded American, and the subjugated Indian, to prove, that the policy of England has ever been to govern her connections more as colonies, than as allies; and it must be owing to the great spirit of Ireland, if she shall continue free Rely upon it she will ever have to hold her course against an adverse current; rely upon it, if the popular spring does not continue strong and elastic, a short interval of debilitated nerve, and broken force, will send you down the stream again, and re-consign you to the condition of a province."

The Irish orator, to use an expression of his own, has in this case proved, and the Act of Union re-cognizes it, that, "Heaven has not the monopoly of prophecy."

New Publications.

The Farming Society have very loyally and laudably procured one of the legal editors of the Patriot Newspaper to write a large octavo volume, in defence of their institution, against the calumnies of the Irish Magazine. The learned and loyal writer, who is as dull and tedious as any editorial doctor or lawyer usually are, undertakes to prove that the disturbances in the south of Ireland are caused entirely by reading the same dangerous publication; that the peasantry have not the slightest sense of jealousy for the superior dwellings and food which the hogs and horses enjoy, as insinuated by

by the Irish Magazine; that they even express on every occasion their approbation, not only of the care and education of their neighbouring brutes, but are highly gratified when they witness the pigs and beef departing on English excursions. The book clearly shows, by unquestionable authorities, that the people would never have dreamt of clean straw, warm blankets, thatched houses, animal food or bread, only for the poisonous pages of the Irish Magazine. The author also asserts that a tythe proctor, or a whipping minister, would be held in high estimation only for the same nefarious production.

We regret that the learned writer has not told his readers in what miraculous manner a man, who has but three pence a day to maintain, educate and clothe his family, can obtain the Irish Magazine, as it would require one week's wages in every month to purchase it.

Sir Robert Van Cutlass, late of the riding-house army, and a member of the society instituted for the discouragement of vice, has given to the world a very ingenious work on the manner of treating the poor, or rather of disposing of them. The learned knight is a great advocate for the manufacture of caravats, lately established in Mayo by the gentlemen of that county, and praises the plan adopted there for proving a man's loyalty, and giving a military education to a gentleman's children. His essays on political economy are well written and very judicious. He shows that a young gentleman may acquire a perfect experience in *l'Art Militaire*, and at the same time put down insubordination, without any expense to the state. For, says our author, hanging a fellow will stand the county, even on the cheapest terms, thirty pounds, whereas in Armagh, Banbridge, Enniskillen, and Mountrath, things are done at an expence something less than four pence each, the prime cost of the powder and slugs; hanging has another disadvantage attending it, as no person derives any knowlege from it but the hangman. This little treatise is dedicated to Serjeant Moore, who visits the disturbed counties, and sees nothing.

Proposals for mowing the grass on the Custom House Quay, guaging whiting, counting fire bricks, measuring cider, and such articles of commerce as Dublin carries on, by the act of Union, with Liverpool and the canals of England. This valuable book has not been noticed by any of the British Reviewers. In point of style, arrangement, and cheapness, it possesses considerable merit, which must recommend it to a place in the libraries of Major Sirr, John Foster, Enniskillen Woulaghan, Major Sandys, Justice Wills, Archy Jacob, Tom Galvin, Hawtry White, William Hugo, and other distinguished patriots, for disposing of our superabundant population;—hot pressed, with an elegant type and good paper, by the Dugdalian Press, price to non-subscribers, two shillings British

A very voluminous work on the Law of Sedition, has just appeared, the author not known, but is said to be written by one of the legal editors of the *Patriot* newspaper. The writer, in page 941, declares it to be a seditious motive in any writer or speaker who draws any parallel between the trade of Ireland and America, or by comparing the tranquility of America, with the disturbed state of Ireland, intends to insinuate that tythes and Bishops, and foreign landlords, are injurious to our civic and political happiness. The learned writer explains a seditious intention must exist where a man would decry our happy Act of Union, by comparing the tonnage of Irish shipping with that of America, because the comparison is made to show to the people of this enviable corner of the world, that happiness and opulence have been obtained by quarrelling

relling with a nations benefactors. He further explains the traitorous and dangerous practice of wicked writers, who comparing persons of different countries, would debauch the public mind, to the prejudice of our most illustrious statesmen. For instance, says this gentleman, page 1091, seditious fellows, like Cox, often compare Mr. Foster and Lord Howick, who very laudably would provide for our superabundant population, to Benjamin Franklin, who was an advocate for increasing a nation's strength by augmenting its people, for the invidious purpose of reflecting on two of the greatest statesmen of the age; besides, says the book, it must be a gross and impudent abuse of the liberty of the press, to put such a character as a rebel and a printer, in competition for public consideration, with a Lord and a Lady's husband, who are the most distinguished statesmen for their humanity and patriotism, from TALLONS TOWN to WESTMINSTER.

American Catholic Prelates.

Translation of a letter, from the original Latin into English, of the Catholic Bishops of North America, to the Catholic Bishops of Ireland.

To the most illustrious and reverend Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States of America, send greeting in the Lord.

"We have received, venerable Brethren, with gratitude, and with the respect which is due to your distinguished merit, the letter, dated Feb. 26, which you addressed to the Bishops of the whole Catholic Church.

"We are resolved, with the Divine assistance, to preserve the unity of the Church of Christ, and to assert and defend that authority of the Holy See, and that primacy of honour and jurisdiction which the Chief Pontiff is possessed of, and which are essential to the maintenance of this unity. We are equally led by sentiment and by duty to profess our fidelity and obedience to Pope Pius VII. who now holds that supreme station. We adhere, like members to their head, to this incomparable Pontiff; and since, as St Paul says, '*When one member suffers, the other members partake in the pain*, how much more sensibly must we feel the bitter afflictions of this our Spiritual Head!

"We lament, in common with you, venerable Brethren, and we are animated with a pious indignation at the idea of a revered ancient, being turned out of his house, and driven from his country; of an innocent Bishop being cruelly oppressed; of the Head Church being stripped of its patrimony; and of a most meritorious Pope being overwhelmed with contumelies.' It is our duty to confess that we, in particular, are under the greatest obligations to the venerable Pius VII. since it is owing to his wise and apostolical conduct that this portion of the Lord's flock, situated in the United States of America, has been formed into a regular Ecclesiastical Province, consisting of the Archbishop of Baltimore, and of our Suffragan Bishops.

"We firmly trust in the Lord, that the same invincible fortune which shone forth in Pius VI. of happy memory, will, at all times, be equally conspicuous in his successor, Pius VII.; and we have not the smallest doubt that he will continue to exhibit, for the consolation of the Church, that invincible firmness in bearing afflictions, which he has hitherto manifested, whatever it may become his duty to pronounce, to transact, or to endure.

"In the mean time, we declare before God, that we will respectfully listen to the admonitions of our Holy Father notwithstanding his captivity; and that we will yield a cheerful submission to his directions and ordinances, provided they bear the proper and genuine character of the voice of Peter, and of the real intention and authority of the Supreme Pontiff.

But

But we shall not think ourselves bound by any briefs, or other document of any kind, which may be circulated in his name, and under his alleged authority, unless every the least apprehension of his not enjoying full and perfect liberty in deliberating and resolving, shall be removed from our minds.

"And should the chief Pontiff depart this life, (which God forbid should happen in the present perilous state of the church), we, no less than you, venerable brethren, are fully persuaded that God will not be wanting to his church, which, tho' it should, even in a considerable time, be deprived of its chief pastor here on earth, would be exposed to less mischief, than if any person, by force or terror, were to place himself in the chair of Peter; and thus the mystical body of Christ were to be torn to pieces by a fatal schism. Hence we are resolved to instruct the flock committed to our care, to acknowlege no person as the true and genuine successor to St. Peter, but him whom the far greater part of the bishops of the whole world, and the whole Catholic people, in a manner, shall acknowlege as such.

"If we, who are hardly yet known among the Christian Churches, thus venture to declare ourselves to you, our venerable Brethren, it is in consequence of your sending to us, in common with the other Bishops of the Catholic world, your late Encyclical Letter; for it would be highly unbecoming us not to acknowlege this high mark of the esteem in which you hold us. As to yourselves, you are seated in those Episcopal Sees which have been illustrated, through a long series of ages, by the virtues of the Holy Prelates, your predecessors, in them. In imitation of them, you conduct the people, intrusted to you, by example, as well as by instruction, in the Ancient and True Faith, and in sincere piety; and together with them, you exhibit, in defiance of all human artifice, fraud, and violence, a rare and perhaps singular instance of invincible fortitude in preserving and fostering the Catholic Faith.

"We humbly commend ourselves to your prayers, and we earnestly beseech God to shew all favour to your Country, your Churches, and each one of yourselves.

"Fare ye well, most Illustrious and Reverend Prelates.

"JOHN, Archbishop of Baltimore.
"LEONARD, Bishop of Gortyna, Coadjutor of the Bishop of Baltimore.
"FR. MICHAEL, Bishop of Philadelphia.
"JOHN, Bishop of Boston.
"BENEDICT JOSEPH, Bishop of Bradstown."

"*Baltimore, Nov.* 11, 1810."

Fragment of a Tour in Silesia, by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

On my return from Russia to France, I found myself in company with a number of travellers of various nations, in the post-coach which travels between Riga and Breslaw. We were seated two and two upon wooden benches, with our trunks at our feet, and the open sky above our heads. The vehicle travelled night and day, thus exposing us to all the inclemencies of the weather; and, to add to our misfortunes, the inns on the route could supply us with no refreshments, except black bread, malt spirits, and coffee. Such is the manner of travelling in Russia, Prussia, Poland, and most of the countries in the north of Europe; and after having thus traversed several immense forests of fir and birch trees, and passed over extensive plains without number, we entered among the huge mountains, covered to their tops with beech and oak trees, which separate Poland from Silesia.

Although my travelling companions understood French, a language now-a-days universal in Europe, they spoke very little. One morning at day-break, we found ourselves on a hill in the

neighbourhood of a castle built in a most delightful situation. A number of streams meandered through long avenues of linden trees, and formed at the bottom several small islands, planted with orchards in the midst of luxuriant meadows. Lower down, as far as the eye could reach, we perceived the rich plains of Silesia, covered with excellent crops, villages, and pleasure-houses. These plains were watered by the Oder, which in its windings resembled a rich girdle of azure and silver.

"Oh, what a charming view!" exclaimed an Italian painter, who was going to Dresden; "it reminds me of the Milanese." An astronomer of the academy of Berlin replied; "Here are delightful plains; we might here trace a long base, and these steeples would make a fine series of triangles." An Austrian baron, smiling disdainfully, then addressed the geometrician, "You must know, this estate is the noblest in all Germany; all these steeples you see, are dependant upon it." "That being the case," replied a Swiss merchant, "the inhabitants must all be slaves. Upon my soul, it is a poor country!" A Prussian Hussar officer, who was coolly smoaking his pipe, took it gravely from his mouth, and said, with a firm voice, "No person is so great as the King of Prussia. He delivered Silesia from the yoke of Austria and her nobles. I remember, when I was encamped here four years ago. What fine fields for fighting! I would establish my magazine in the castle, and my artillery on the terraces—I would line the river with my infantry, put my cavalry at the wings; and with thirty thousand men I would defy all the forces of the empire. Long live Frederick!" Scarcely had he resumed his pipe, when a Russian officer took up the conversation. "I would not," said he, "live in a country which, like Silesia, is open to all armies. Our Cossacks ravaged it last war; and, had it not been for the regulars who prevented them, they would not have left a cottage standing. It is worse at present. The peasants may complain against their lords for this. The citizens have even greater privileges in their municipality. I like the environs of Moscow much better." A young student of Leipsic thus answered the two officers: "Gentlemen, how can you speak of war in so charming a place? Give me leave to tell you that the very name of Silesia comes from Campi Elisei, the Elysian Fields. It would be better to exclaim with Virgil, "O Lycoris, hic tecum consumerer ævo!—O, Lycoris! here with you could I calmly wait for my dissolution" As these words were pronounced with warmth, a pretty little milliner from Paris, whom the ennui of the journey had lulled to sleep, awoke, and, at the sight of so charming a prospect, exclaimed, in her turn: "Ah, what a delicious country! it wants nothing but Frenchmen!" "What do you sigh for?" said she to a young Jewish rabbi, who was sitting by her side. "Do you see," said the Jewish doctor, "that mountain there with its lofty peak; it resembles Mount Sinai." All the company here burst into laughter; but an old Protestant clergyman from Erfurt, in Saxony, contracting his brows, said angrily: "Silesia is a cursed country, because the truth is banished from it. It is under the yoke of Popery. You will see at the entrance of Breslaw the palace of the ancient dukes of Silesia, which is now inhabited by a college of Jesuits, who have been drawn from every other part of Europe." A fat Dutch merchant, purveyor to the Prussian army in the last war, replied, "How can you call a country cursed which is covered with so many blessings? The king of Prussia did well to conquer Silesia; it is the brightest jewel in his crown. I should prefer a rood of ground here to a thousand acres in the Mark of Brandenburgh."

Disputing

Disputing in this manner, we arrived at Breslaw, and alighted at a very good inn. While waiting for dinner, the conversation turned upon the owner of the castle we had just passed. The Saxon clergyman assured us he was a miscreant, who commanded the Prussian artillery, at the siege of Dresden; that he had destroyed with his poisoned bombs that unfortunate city, part of which was still in ruins, and that he had acquired his estates by contributions raised in Saxony. "You are mistaken," replied the baron, "he got them by his marriage with an Austrian countess, who made a bad match of it. His wife has most reason to complain.—None of his children can enter into any of the noble orders of Germany, because their father was only a soldier of fortune." "What you say," replied the Prussian Hussar, "does him honour, and he would be amply rewarded now in Prussia, if he had not left the king's service at the peace. He is an officer that cannot shew himself any more." The landlord, who was spreading the cloth on the table, said, "Gentlemen, I see you are unacquainted with the officer of whom you are speaking; he is a man loved and revered by all the world: there is not a beggar in all his domains. Although a catholic, he relieves poor travellers, let them be of whatever country or religion they may. If they are Saxons, he lodges and feeds them for three days, as a compensation for the injury he was obliged to do them during the war. He is adored by his wife and children." "You ought to know," said the Protestant clergyman to the landlord, "that there is neither charity nor virtue in his communion. All he does is pure hypocrisy, like the virtues of pagans and papists." We had amongst us some catholics, who would have raised a terrible dispute, when the landlord took his place at the top of the table, according to the custom of Germany. A profound silence reigned during dinner; and every one ate and drank like a traveller: we fared sumptuously: peaches, grapes, and melons, were served up as a desert. The landlord desired his wife to bring (between dinner and tea) some bottles of Champagne wine, with which, he said, he would regale the company, in honour of the owner of the castle, to whom he was under particular obligations. The bottles were then brought, and putting them before the French milliner, he begged her to do the honours. Joy beamed in every countenance, and the conversation became sprightly. My countrywoman presented the landlord with the first glass of his wine, saying, that she had been as well treated by him as in the best inn at Paris, and that she never knew a Frenchman who surpassed him in gallantry. The Russian officer now admitted that there was more fruit at Breslaw than at Moscow. He compared Silesia to Livonia for fertility; and he added, that the liberty of the peasant made a country be better cultivated, and their lords happier. The astronomer observed, that Moscow was very nearly in the same latitude as Breslaw; and consequently susceptible of the same productions. The Hussar officer remarked: "In truth I find, that the lord of the castle, whose estates we have just passed, did well to quit the service. After all, our Great Frederic, after having fought gloriously in the war, passed part of his time in gardening, &c. cultivating with his own hands the melons at Sans Souci." All the company were of the Hussar's opinion. Even the Saxon clergyman said, that Silesia was a fine and good province: that it was a pity it was in a state of error; but he doubted not, but that liberty of conscience being established in all the states of the king of Prussia, the inhabitants, and, without doubt, the master of the castle, would soon return to the truth, and embrace the confession of Augsburg. "For," added he, "God never al-

lows a good action to go without its reward, and it is one which we cannot praise too much in a military man, who has done mischief to any country in the time of war, to endeavour to benefit it during peace." The landlord then proposed to drink the health of this brave officer, which was done, amidst shouts of applause.

No person refused to drink with the fair milliner, except the young Jewish rabbi. He dined by himself upon his own provisions in a corner of the room, according to the custom of the Jews when travelling. He rose, and presented to the lady a great leather bowl, who filled it to the brim, which he drank at one draught. "Come," said she, "what are you thinking about, doctor—the country which produces such good wine? Is it not as good as the Land of Promise?"—"Without doubt," replied he, with a smiling air, "all wine must be good when poured out by such fair hands." "Do you not wish," said she. "that your Messiah were born in France, in order that he might there assemble his tributaries from all parts of the world?" "May it please God!" replied the Israelite; "but he must previously make the conquest of Europe, where we are at present so miserable. Our Messiah must be another Cyrus, who will force the different nations of the earth to live in peace with each other, and with the whole human race." "God grant it!" exclaimed most of the company.

I admired this variety of opinions among people who disputed so violently before they sat down to dinner, and agreed so cordially before they rose from it. I concluded, that man is wicked in adversity, for it is surely a misfortune to many people to have an hungry stomach:) and that he is virtuous in prosperity; for when he has made a good dinner, he is at peace with all the world, like Rousseau's savage.

I drew another more important inference, which was this: that all these opinions, which had for the most part shaken all mine by turns, proceeded merely from the different educations of my travelling companions; and I had no doubt that every man would return to his own way of thinking; when by himself.

Wishing to strengthen my judgment upon the various subjects of conversation, I addressed myself to a neighbour who had kept continued silence; and one whom I perceived to be of a placid temper. "What do you think (said I) of Silesia, and the lord of the castle?" "Silesia," replied he, "is a very fine country, because it produces fruit in abundance; and the lord of the castle is an excellent man, because he relieves the distressed. As to the manner of judging of it, this differs in each individual according to his religion, nation, condition, temper, sex, age, the season of the year, even the hour of the day; and, finally, the education, which gives the first and last bias to our judgment; but when we refer every thing to the virtues of the human race, we decide correctly. It is by the general and grand reason of the universe, if we may be allowed the expression, that we ought to regulate our own individual reasons, as we regulate our watches by the sun."

Ever since I witnessed this conversation, I have endeavoured to judge of every thing like a philosopher. I found also, that it was the same with our globe and its inhabitants as it was with respect to Silesia; every man forms his ideas according to his education. Astronomers can see nothing in this world except a globe like a Dutch cheese, which revolves round the sun, according to some Newtonians; military men see nothing except fields of battle, and promotions; the nobles think of nothing but seignorial domains and vassals; the clergy dream of nothing but mitres and benefices; merchants look for commerce and money

ney only; painters see nothing but landscapes; and epicures flatter themselves with prospects of terrestrial paradises. But the philosopher considers this world with respect to its relations with the wants of men; and he regards mankind themselves with respect to the wants they have among each other.

Waterford, Feb. 13th, 1811.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

By the insertion of the following article in your independent columns, you will oblige yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

It must be extremely grateful to every friend to Ireland, to find that a special commission has been held in the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny, as from amongst the amazing numbers confined in the several goals, many of them for very atrocious crimes, a number of examples have been made, which will, I hope, afford a salutary warning to those other misguided wretches who still continue the practice of such savage acts; particularly as they must perceive that when such frequent inroads are made on the public peace, the public voice must, and has loudly called for a something like an adequate reparation. It is painful to humanity to witness the immolation of so much human blood, even though sacrificed to the country's weal, it being perfectly evident, that had it been issued at a more early period, it would be productive of vastly better consequences, the evil not being so matured into strength as it now is, as the persons concerned were less numerous, and as it would be a means of restoring some lives to the defence of the country that now stands so much in need of it. However, we cannot avoid allowing that such daring outrages, such fierce licenticusness, must ever beget violent remedies, violent restraints. At the same time that I hope every benefit may result to society from such a rigorous administration of justice, I must express my astonishment, that as the commission was likely to check (for prevent it will not) the growing disturbances, that it was not resorted to before Caravatism had assumed so formidable an aspect, had produced such fatal issues, or had, pestilence-like, spread its baneful wings all through the south of this kingdom. And I much dread whether, many as are the examples that have been made, that they will now be productive of any salutary effect; as the friends of the now suffering, consider their scandalous end the less disgraceful, many of their other friends and neighbours likewise suffering, at least we know it is "Solamen miseris socios labere dolores;" and as the common people consider the more concerned in the perpetration of a crime, the less does the individual incur of the guilt, and the less shame attached to suffering in consequence of the commission of the crime. This, though in morals, may be erroneous, is certainly their opinion, and "inead interdum vulgus rectum vedetur. It being *generally* conceived that some *possible* good may be derived from the victims to the commission, I would ask, "why a man, of all others the most disliked in the judicial capacity, of whose *equal* administration of justice so very unpopular opinions are formed, why this man is appointed to preside where is requisite such a judicious combination of strict, rigorous justice and prudent well-timed mercy?" His character in this capacity is happily expressed in a late patriotic poem.

"When T——r *lends to power his ready* hand,
"Roars the *quick* fate, and *their's* a miscreant land."

Now that something more than a *show* is made by our government to attempt quelling disturbances, that, had they been looked to in time would ere now

now have ceased to exist, it will strike every one that it should be general, should include *all* and *each* of those *known* to have *violated* the laws, whether they be magistrates or caravats, or officers or shanavests, or under whatever denomination they be, should *all* suffer and undergo the punishment, the consequence of their crimes. No sooner are those deluded, ignorant people known to have violated the law, than they are hunted out, and delivered up to the arm of justice, to inflict on them such punishment as their crimes may merit, and deservedly; for were it otherwise, and were they allowed to violate the peace with impunity, then there would be an immediate end to civilized society. But how must they feel, when they see some, only superior to them in rank and property, though *at least considered* to have infringed on the law of the land, *daringly strut about, insultingly exercising authority* the law *denies* them, *wantingly committing acts* tending to enrage and force those devoted victims into the commission, perhaps of those very crimes, for which they are now about to be deprived of existence. How, I again ask, must they feel, when they perceive these violators of the peace scarcely to be noticed, or to be checked, but in some sense the rather encouraged? Surely these unfortunate, ignorant people, though highly culpable, are not so much so as the higher order or class; for they (the people) being generally ignorant of the law, incur but the guilt of disobedience to it, whereas the others, being essentially bound to a knowlege of it, from the various natures of the emolumentary place and situations they hold, are doubly reprehensible, incur an aggravated, an almost unpardonable guilt; would allow those infringers, violators of the peace, thus to elude trial or punishment, and inflicting the vengeance of the law on the devoted heads of the illiterate peasant, be that equal administration of justice, or would it not be the grossest abuse of it? Evidently yes. But it is now become a maxim of British policy, that unless fostering and supporting a *faction* in this country, allowing every power and authority to *one set of men*, Ireland could never be kept dependant on England

Ill-fated Ireland! how much longer must you continue the slave, the abject slave, of such policy? It is not with the most remote idea of exculpating the conduct of Caravats, &c. that I have spoken thus, of rekindling any spirit of animosity amongst Irishmen, but with indignation at the non-prosecution of those in rank, both Military and Magisterial. Justice looses its fullest value if it be not *equal* —it looses all its intended purposes if it be not fairly administered: it's no longer justice, but it's mere shadow. Must not the most ignorant Ministry be well aware, that when people imagine the food presented to them, is but a cover for poison; that it is not the most honeyed name that will make them partake of it; when they once conceive that laws and tribunals are, even in a remote degree, perverted from their institutions, they ever find in those seemingly corrupted, at least degenerated establishments, but new motives, new incentives to disorder. Partial observers look upon Caravats, &c. as the cause of public uneasiness, whereas, in fact, they are but the effect of it; for were order or subordination strictly enjoined and enforced, a species of persons, to whom in that case it would be almost a sentence of obscurity, would not be nourished into so dangerous a number as they now are, by the heat of intestine disorders. All wishing well their country, must look upon its present state with sorrow and indignation; but their hands are bound, they are in a great measure despoiled of that power which would enable them to maintain the rights and privileges of the people, or reconcile their maintenance with the strength of Government.

vernment. However limited the authority be with which the Regent is intrusted, it is to be hoped he will make such an use of it as will tend to the deliverance of his subjects, to the salvation of the empire. Never was this kingdom in a more dangerous situation, never was more prudence, firmness, and ability required to save it; and happily for the nation, never were these virtues more fortunately conspicuous than in the Prince.

Waterford, Feb. 19, 1811.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

You will do but an act of justice to the public at large, by the insertion of the following act, committed in this city, on Thursday night last, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, by a set of young *bucks*, under the denomination of gentlemen, but whose conduct upon this occasion, should degrade them to the lowest rank in society. Being on that evening with a country friend, and happening to pass down the quay, our attention was very much engaged by a noise, as if of a horn; upon coming up nearer the place from whence the sound proceeded, we were quite astonished to find the centinel on the city goal, at the Ring Tower, and the most public part of our city, was forcibly deprived of his musket, and most violently knocked down, by some one or other of those fine dashing bloods. The Turnkey of the goal, hearing the noise, and upon his coming out, was also knocked down, and had his coat torn to very atoms, as can be yet seen by these wishing to come at the truth of what I advance. I understand the centinel was put in confinement by the officer of the guard, for allowing himself to be deprived of his gun, but which, through the exertions of one of them, who then began to consider the enormity of their crime, he again obtained. Now, Sir, after this brief recital of such an act, you and the whole country with you must see, that something more effectual than a Special Commission must be resorted to, to put down this evil-spreading spirit of taking arms, at this truly awful period, when the victims due to the offended laws, are now about to be sacrificed; when every exertion should be used, every good example set, and held forth by our gentry, to these deluded ignorant people, who have so long disturbed the peace of the country, do we see the wholesome lesson of obedience to the laws, bid open defiance to the law itself, trampled on with the most sovereign contempt, and those appointed to guard our families from insult, ourselves and properties from molestation, to be beaten, to be deprived of their arms, the means of preserving us. Is conduct like this to pass unnoticed? Is it because those gentlemen do not stile themselves Caravats, or by some other factious name, that they are to go unpunished? because they rank high in society, that they are to disturb the peace of our city, and spread terror from their howls and cries at that hour of the night, and all this with impunity, or evidently riot? for, as the Judges said in their addresses to the Juries, it is of no matter under what *denomination* men may *range* themselves; if they *violate* the law, *punished they must be*; and it now remains to be seen, whether *wealth* and the *title* of *Gentlemen* will *screen some* from the *vengeance* of the law, whilst we see its melancholy rigour exercised in the great number of convictions at our Special Commission. I have heard much blame attached to the soldier for suffering himself to be disarmed; but a word or two will exculpate the soldier, and prove him to be a loved child of humanity. On the horn above alluded to, being blown, (for I believe it was attached to a whip,) the centinel, as usual, cried out, who comes here? and on his receiving for answer, no friend of yours

by

by J—s C—t, he levelled his piece, and desired them keepat that distance from him. In utter contempt of this warning, they rushed at each side of him quite suddenly, grappled at his bayonet, and thereby succeeded in taking his musket, which, as I before mentioned, were restored to him; his gun was not loaded, nor had he time sufficient to load; as, were he in the act of doing so, his life would be much endangered. From this statement of the transaction, you will feel yourself, as a friend, an old and tried friend to your country, the necessity of giving it publicity; as, should no other punishment be inflicted on them for so daring a violation of the law, it may perhaps prevent them in future from committing such wicked acts, upon discovering they are well known—and it is with a sincere and fervent hope, that this publication will prevent others, as well as these committing such inflammatory acts, that I request your insertion of this in your patriotic columns. To expatiate on the enormity of *this* crime, committed by *such* men, is more than I am adequate to. But I trust justice, *equal* justice, will not suffer itself to be contemned, so outrageously offended, will not suffer them to escape punishment, and will hold them up to public detestation, for so wantonly disturbing the tranquility of our notably peaceable city; especially as their conduct affords so bad an example in those perilous times. The facts I have stated are well known, and the actors in this riotous scene equally well known. I have sent these particulars, and in much the same terms to two of our Newspaper Editors; by one it's receipt was not acknowledged, by the other it was; and the reason alleged for its non appearance, was, that it was in process in an official way, and that it would therefore be indelicate prematurely to speak of it; whether or not this was the case, or whether, were it so, it was a sufficient reason to refuse its insertion, I cannot determine; to the Editors of our papers every thanks are due for their unceasing exertions in the country's cause—but I cannot refrain from thinking, that in this instance, they have been wanting in a great degree in their duty to the public, by suffering this atrocious crime to remain unnoticed, while we see their papers at times *bending* beneath the *load* of accusations against persons called Caravats, &c. Surely it is not because the friends of those disturbers of the peace are high in magisterial capacities, or are men of consequence, that their inroads on the law are to elude punishment; by no means; justice, to be so, must be *equal*, and consequently, *all* violating the laws must be held criminal; and in my mind, none can be more criminal than the acts of men knowing the laws, high in society, and who are known to be the most unmerciful, when an illiterate peasant, accused of crimes not of half this magnitude, would apply to them for character, or perhaps a slight indulgence in some other matter. This matter, since I have written this letter, I learn has been looked to in an official way, but is now what we call "hush'd." How must the friends of those deluded victims, who have fallen a sacrifice to the peace of the country, feel, when they see those gentlemen disturbers of our city's peace, daringly strut about contemptuously, slighting the deserved censure of every friend to Ireland, and in fact assuming more consequence than even I suppose, for shewing so much high blood, as knocking down a soldier on guard. If acts like this pass unnoticed, unpunished, dreadful must be the consequence. I am informed, something of this matter has appeared in the Evening Herald, but you have more of the facts as they actually happened, I being a looker on.

Yours, &c.

CIVIS.

From

From the PILOT, a London Paper, of March 15.

When we saw, lately, in the *Dublin* papers, that Mr. Walter Cox had stood in the pillory, for printing and publishing a political libel, we could not help being shocked, that an offence which is at the worst but an abuse of liberty, should have received a punishment now almost exclusively connected, in this country, with a crime which is an outrage on human nature. The conduct of the mob, to whose indignation that punishment is designed to expose the sufferer, was, indeed, we are happy to find, such on that occasion in *Dublin*, as to heap disgrace on the authors, rather than the victims of a sentence so ill appropriated. It is some excuse, perhaps, for the authors of the sentence, that, for the honour of *Ireland*, nothing is known in that country of a crime, the detestable perpetrators of which having been so frequently of late exhibited in the pillory, have, as it were, obtained an exclusive property in it; insomuch, that no crime consistent with the name or character of a man, is any longer disgraced by being doomed to it. But, however honourable it may be to *Ireland* to be a stranger to the infamous offence with which the pillory has been connected in *England*, it is not much to the credit either of the condition of the press, or the spirit of public justice in that country, at the present moment, that while an approximation to British improvement is professedly sought, printers are punished there in the same manner that——monsters are here!

ST. DOMINGO.

The French division of Hispaniola contained, in the year 1790, 497,000 souls, which are reduced, by the wars of RIGAUD, TOUSSAINT, and the devastation of the French, to about 100 000. General PETION, like a king at chess, holds possession of the south side of the island, at the head of the Brown Colour——a man educated in Europe, of prepossessing manners, and mild disposition. His revenues arise principally from the rents of confiscated estates, though these are not inconsiderably aided by the export and import duties. By means of a general requisition of all males above fourteen years of age, he musters about 9000 men; and has lately increased his population, by collecting the people of colour who left Spanish St. Domingo. After such a draught of the male population, it may easily be imagined that the harvest is left to be gathered by females——the prude, the coquette, the beldame, the beauty——all set to work; and the whole of one sex reaping, binding, and pulling——while the other is cutting, gashing, and charging.

CHRISTOPHE the other king in this long-contested game, is in possession of the north side, at the head of the Black Colour, and can bring into the field about 100,000 men. His fleet is also the most numerous, and consists of two corvettes, nine brings, and a few schooners, commanded by a white admiral. He is now attempting to increase this formidable armament, by purchases in North America. Though CHRISTOPHE is a ruffian in character, and fond of governing by the scymitar, the Spaniards seem to consider him as the least formidable neighbour; and a defensive treaty is said to be in agitation between them.

Usurpation being in these times a fashionable profession, there has recently sprung up a third Monarch in St. Domingo, a certain Philippe Dos, the cleve of TOUSSAINT, late in the employment of CHRISTOPHE, but now at war both with PETION and him. Seated among the populous and fertile mountains of Mirbalais, in the centre of the island, and bordering upon the Spanish dominions, he has increased his numbers to more than 6000 per-

sons; and hopes to increase them still more, by the nature of his defensive system—pledging himself never to invade his enemy, but only to call his subjects out when his lines are actually attacked. While the French division of St. Domingo is torn to pieces by the wars of their barbarous and semi-barbarous Chiefs, the Spanish part remains in the most profound peace and tranquility.

"To convey an idea of the aspect of this country," says Mr. WALTON, Secretary to the expedition which captured St. Domingo, and resident British Agent there, in his history of that island, "would rather require the fancy of the poet or of the painter, than the narrative of the traveller; for, to mix the beautiful with the sublime—to depict shores lined with the mangrove, often bending under adhering oysters—scattered fields of luxuriant coffee, bearing flowers to rival the white jessamin, and berries the coral cherry—the cocoa grove—the light-coloured cane and guinea grass patch, intermixed with the useful plantain, waving bamboo, and cocoa nut—the orange walk, bounded by tufts of palmettoes—wild shrubbery in perpetual green, confined by the aloes hedge, or shut in by native forests, covered with flowering woodbines of varied tints and continual odour, and watered with the gushing rills, that fall in natural cascades from the mountains, crowned with deep overhanging woods, interspersed with plains and natural meadows—grottoes and abrupt precipices—these diversified yet harmonizing features of nature might all equally swell the scene; but bid defiance to the numbers of the one, or the canvass of the other." I. 82, 83.

"Rains in St. Domingo are periodical, as in the other islands. Hurricanes are seldom experienced. The thermometer rises in the plains to 96 deg. standing at the same time in the mountains at 72, 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The vegetable productions of St. Domingo are, the mahogany, a tall, straight, beautiful tree, with red flowers, and oval, lemon-sized fruit. When this tree grows in a barren soil, the grain of the wood is beautifully variegated; upon rich ground, it is pale, open, and of little value. The manchineel tree affords, for furniture, slabs interspersed with beautiful green and yellow veins like marble; but the dust of this wood is of so acrid and poisonous a nature, that the sawyers and carpenters are forced to work with gauze masks to protect them from its injurious effects. St. Domingo produces fustic, lignum vitæ, the bark of which the natives use for soap; the capa, impervous to worms; the dwarf-pine, used for candles; braziletto wood; the cotton-tree, of which beds and hats are made; the cedar; the sand-box tree, the fruit of which explodes with the noise of a pistol; the palm-tree, which fattens hogs, and supplies timber-houses, hats, and baskets; the palmetto-tree, growing seventy feet high, with a cabbage at the top; the dwarf palmetto, the berries of which are used for low spirits—sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa—the calabash, which supplies the place of Wedgewood's ware; the plantain, the staff of life in the West-Indies—the varilla, quassia, simarouba, sarsaparilla, indigo—tobacco, turmeric, ginger, and rice plants.

"The European, on landing, is struck with the novel and variegated foliage of a tropical hemisphere. The orange, or golden apple of the Hesperides—the shaddock grove, and alcoves covered with the creeping grandillo, in flower and bearing fruit, form, at noon, a delightful shade to enhance the conviviality of a dinner party. The pomegranate, the sweet swelling acacia, the red and white franchipane, equally ornament the prospect, and perfume the air.

"As a matter of curiosity, I cannot

not but mention, that, in travelling along the road, the horse sometimes steps on a spreading bed of the sensitive plant, that instantly droops, as does the loaded corn to a gust of wind, with the suddenness of magical influence. The tea plant runs wild, but is only used as an excellent pectoral. The almond shrub has the peculiarity of perfectly affording the taste of that kernel, on mastication; and is used in distilling, to give to cordials its rival flavour. The aloes serve only for fences."

Eight leagues from the capital are the gold mines, known by the name of Buena Ventura. It was here that Garay and Diaz found that wonderful grain of gold, which weighed 3600 pesos, equal to 200 ounces. It was found by an Indian woman, and purchased by governor Bobadilla for the King: but it went down with the ship which contained it, to the bottom of the sea To the south are the mines of Giraba, where several persons have enriched themselves without touching a tool. The Maroons, who occupy the hills of the latter place, procure, with the gold they collect, part of their clothing, for they have no other trade. Mr. Walton once purchased a square bottle of grains from them, containing 45 ounces.—All these mines have been closed by a Royal Decree, and men stationed at the mouths of the mines; and all enterprizing chrysophilists threatened with the most exemplary punishment. St. Domingo produces also silver, quicksilver, the loadstone, jasper, porphyry, agates, antimony, red ochre, and amethysts. In old times, says Mr. Walton, from Herrera, the mines of La Vega and Buena Ventura produced annually 460,000 merks of gold, besides what was sent away in ornaments.

"Even now, after the great successive ravages, and pillages, the country has undergone, it is not unusual to see a grazier or woodcutter come down from the mountains, with massive buckles a pound each, two gold watch-chains, and perhaps a poor silver watch to one, a rosary, large double buttons, hat buckle, &c. which he parades as ornaments, and thinks the most respectable finery. Their church ornaments were also very heavy; but though they had withstood the temptation of Touissaint, and his sooty cohorts, when possession was given him of the country, they soon disappeared after the entrance of the white French Government. Such, even at those times, was their boasted fraternity to the Spaniards."

Is not this picture a little overcharged? Upon referring to the Reports and Tables of the Bullion Committee, we find that this grazier, who comes skipping down from the mountains with a pound weight on each foot, carries upon his whole body golden ornaments, to the value of £130 or £140 sterling. And yet we must say, in justice to Mr. Walton, that there are graziers in St. Domingo who own 12,000 head of cattle, which they often sell in herds at six and eight dollars apiece. The graziers on the Spanish Main, whose flocks (and therefore, probably, whose buckles) are still larger, take great pride in paving the halls with the knee-pans of horned cattle slaughtered from their own estates.

In speaking of the marine productions of St. Domingo, Mr. Walton has a curious anecdote of the land-crab.

"The land-crabs found here are of an immense size, burrow in the sands, and at night issue in great numbers. It is on record amongst the natives, that on the above occasion, in the still of the night, the English landed an ambuscade to surprize the Spanish camp, which, being unprepared, and consisting of irregulars, had it been pushed, must have certainly fallen.—The advanced line, from the first boats, had already formed, and were proceeding to take post behind a copse, when they heard the loud and

quick clatter of horses feet, and, as they supposed, of the Spanish lancemen, who are dexterous, and whose galling onset they had experienced the day before. Thus believing themselves discovered, and dreading an attack before their comrades had joined, they embarked precipitately, and abandoned their enterprize. But the alarm proved to be these large land-crabs, which, at the sound of footsteps, receded to their holes; and the noise was occasioned by their clattering over the dry leaves, which the English soldiers mistook for the sound of cavalry. In commemorating this defeat, considered highly miraculous, the inhabitants solemnly celebrated *la Fiesta de los Cangrejos*, or the Feast of the Crabs, held on the anniversary of the day, when an immense solid gold land-crab was carried about in procession, equal in size to the head of a drum. This valuable, and curious piece of plate, collected principally from the devotion of the people to this feast, and in celebration of their supernatural release, long held an undisturbed place in the sanctuary of the cathedral; but its massive weight was too tempting to the French, when they arrived, who soon took off its hallowed character, by passing it through the crucible.

These animals, we have heard, have also been met with on the coast of Ferrol, and at the Helder Point, and are fatal to Commanders unacquainted with this piece of natural history.

Spanish St. Domingo contains at present 103,000 persons, of which 30,000 are slaves,—the rest all colours under heaven. But the European Spaniards are few, and principally Catalans, who come out in search of fortunes. Their largest city, St. Domingo, contains about 20,000 persons. In the cathedral church of this city were buried the remains of Columbus, removed from the Carthusian convent of Seville, together with the chains which were put upon him, and which he wore in his passage home. When the island was ceded to the French, his descendants directed the brass coffin, in which the whole was contained, to be removed to the Havannah, which ceremony was performed on the 19th of January, 1796. The ashes of this great man were carried down to the harbour in procession, and, under the fire of the forts, put on board a brig, which conveyed them to the capital of Cuba, where they now lie, but without a monument.

"I cannot forbear," says the author, in speaking of this cathedral, "to notice a peculiarity of Don Pedro De Prado, long a venerable dignitary of this cathedral, the more striking, as, in the habits of intimacy I enjoyed with him, I had an opportunity of remarking it. Unlike the other clergy at the cession of the island, this aged pastor would not leave the flock which God had committed to his early care; though on the Main, where he was born, and had all his relations, much greater dignities and preferments were offered him. With a degree of enthusiastic foresight, even in presence of the French Commanders, he would continually say, that though then old, he was confident he should live to see that sacred spot devolve to its ancient and rightful owners; and on the triumphant entry of the combined armies, though too infirm personally to sing the *Te Deum*, in congratulating the British General on the capture of the city, he cried out in ecstacy, that he that day saw realized, the prayer he had unceasingly made for twelve years; and in the words of Simeon in the temple, on receiving the Messiah into his arms, he emphatically exclaimed, '*Nunc dimittis servum tuum secundum verbum tuum in pace*,' &c; that he could then depart in peace; he had not a wish on this side the grave. It is remarkable that he died a fortnight afterwards, aged 78 years; and to redress in some measure the cruelties of the French, in which he had been at once a sufferer and an eyewitness, he

he left what he possessed to his fellow-victims in the siege, particularly thirteen houses, the annual rents of which are distributed to the poor in daily sums."

In the Dominican convent of this town, the amiable Las-Casas took refuge from the persecution of his enemies, and died.

The French possessed, under the old monarchy, about one fourth part of the island of St. Domingo; inferior, in natural fertility, to the Spanish possessions in the same island. What the value of the whole settlement would be in the hands of that active, able, and unprincipled people, we may judge, from the immense resources which this small portion of it afforded to old France.

Among the articles of merchandize landed in the various ports of France, from the island of Santo Domingo, in the year 1789, were 84,617,328 pounds of coffee; 3,257,610 pounds of indigo; 1,536,017 pounds of cocoa; 11,317,226 pounds of cotton wool; 2,617,530 dollars, Spanish coined, hard dollars; 57,218 ounces of gold in grains, &c. from the Spaniards, &c. &c.

The gross value of these products landed in France, and before the French duties were paid, was more than six millions sterling. The number of vessels employed in the year 1789, from the different ports of France direct to St. Domingo, was 710; navigated by 18,460 seamen, and measuring 213,460 tons. The value exported from France to St. Domingo in the year 1789, was 4,125,610l. English money. In the same year, an extensive smuggling trade was carried on between French St. Domingo and the Spanish Main, to the value of 2,450,115l. English money. In the same year, there sailed from France to the coast of Africa, 119 large ships, importing 35,260 slaves into St. Domingo, at a profit of more than a million sterling. In spite of the irreconcileable hatred of the two people, a smuggling trade was also carried on between the French and Spanish divisions of the island, to an amount of 1,445,000 dollars. In the year 1789, 684 vessels of the United States of America, entered the French ports of St. Domingo with provisions, lumber, and East India goods; carrying back the produce of the island. The amount of this trade was abont 900,000l. sterling. From this specimen may be inferred what the value of this island would be, if it were completely in the hands of the French; and the advocates for peace with France must be prepared to show, that a good would result from it to this country equivalent to all the enormous increase of power which it would necessarily place in the hands of our rival.

Irish Forum Debating Club.

This institution, which we confess to be unacquainted with, has been served with notice by the Major, that they should not meddle in any political subjects. The learned magistrate, in his bad spelt epistle, remarked, that he understood some of the members had asserted, the club had the leave of Government, "now, by G—d, (said the magistrate) I don't care whose leave you have, you shall not have my leave; if the Government does not protect me, I will not protect them."

This notice had its desired effect, and the club altered the Article for Debate, and substituted, for Thursday last, "TO CONSIDER THE LENGTH OF A ROPE, that would reach from Bray Head, to the next sitting of an IRISH PARLIAMENT." The orators having due notice, had each prepared speeches and arguments for the occasion; but to the surprise of the Secretary, a message was received, by the hands of *Bible-mouth*, just as the chairman took his seat, that the Major had consulted the Battalion of Testimony, who, after

after mature deliberation, having previously taken Heaven into company, by singing a hymn, composed by Brother Dugdale, for the last love-feast, decreed, that it was a political subject, highly improper to be discussed; as they considered a rope from Bray Head, connected with an Irish Parliament, had some affinity with the *Painter Cut*, for which Cox was pillored, and is to starve in Newgate. This construction of the law of Treason, by the Board of Saints, could not be disputed; the meeting adjourned, and matters remain in *statu quo*.

American Population and Industry.

The reader will see by the following report, that the increasing trade, and population, of America, are not in any alarming degree inimical to the Governing powers; we cannot tell, as we dare not, how such things would be at present in that happy Country, if Lord Howick, and Mr. Foster, and such men, had the management of affairs, instead of a Jefferson or a Maddison.

The following statement, on the progress of Manufactures in the United States, is copied from the Baltimore Evening Post of the 20th of December last.

"Ulster county, N. Y. contains 26,576 inhabitants—*who, during the last year, made* 349,329 *yards of cloth.*

"Genneffee county has 12,657 inhabitants; *ten years since it was almost a complete wilderness; who, during the present year, manufactured*

29,767 yds. woollen cloth
86,690 do. linen do.
2,427 do. cotton do.
10,500 lbs. leather.
7,700 gallons whiskey.
1,400 bushels salt.
187 tons potash.

"Jefferson county has 15,136 inhabitants—who, *last year, manufactured about* 64,000 *yards of cloth,* 51,00 *of which were woollen; they hav* 20,505 *sheep.*

"Nelson county, Kentucky, ha 14,688 inhabitants—who, last yea manufactured

190,880 yds. of cloth
76,370 lbs. sugar
200,000 do. hemp
160,050 galls. whiskey
125,000 lbs. spun-yarn
1,000 galls. linseed oil.
23,000 lbs. cut nails
2,000 ditto powder
4,550 hides.

The city of Philadelphia contains 53,732 inhabitants; the suburbs 33,525. Total 92,257.—*Increase in* 10 *years* 30,260.

Connecticut has 261,942 inhabitants. Gained the last 20 years 24,446, in the last 10 years, 10,640.

SLAUGHTER IN CARLOW.

(Continued from our last, Page 109.

Before I advert to the Hell-appalling scenes that took place in the barrack-yard, I feel it imperative to mention the names of those, whose peculiar loyalty enabled them to witness the flesh of men ascend in *fragments*, sufficient, almost, to intercept the rays of the sun—men who could behold the blood ooze from their very loins, whose hard, hard labour, elevated some of them from the *Glazier's creat*, to the carriage or the curricle. Though General Henniker might have omitted his duty, in not recommending such intrepidity to the Government of the country, I am determined to do mine; and to inform generations yet unborn, who they were that tamely looked on, while the *heads* of their grandfathers, as they fell from the block, muttered curses, "deep, not loud," on those that could, and would not save them.—Though Mr. B— may not contend, in point of talent, with the Bell-man of

of the Corporation, he might challenge the Major himself as to his loyalty; but should a doubt remain of the pre-eminent services that this *overgrown man* rendered to his country, I will, in this letter, mention one act of his, which, alone, ought to be sufficient to immortalize his memory;—a child of the name of Simon O'Connor, having the *honor!* of living opposite his door; he had an opportunity of seeing every one that entered O'Connor's house; among whom, he saw a man of the name of Fitzgerald; he sallied forth, accompanied by the well-known Cornet Lother, but, as Fitzgerald did not succeed in obtaining change for a five guinea note, which was the sole business that brought him there, he escaped, while our Carlow *Polyphemus* was buckling on his armour; on their entering the house, the child, for he was but *ten* years old, from the *well-known* character of Mr. B—, took fright, and burst into tears, which, he contended, amounted to a proof of his knowledge of Fitzgerald's guilt, which, he said, was collecting money for the use of the rebels; he tore the child from the arms of his mother, and led him, with a rope round his neck, to the rere of his own house, where, he either suspended, or attempted to suspend him, from the back of a jaunting-car, until rescued by Mr. Wall, now Captain in the Carlow Militia. But I have too far digressed, and shall now fulfil my promise; giving, at the same time, preference to each man's name, according to his merit:—Mr. B——!!!!! Sir R—— B——, R—— C——!! Rev. R—— R——, Captain of Yeomen and Justice of the Peace!!!—— C——!!! D—— H——!!! N——!!! Rev. J—— W——!!! F——, R—— F——! F——! R—— J——! J—— J——! J—— E——! C——! &c. &c.—Reader, among the numerous victims, that were sacrificed to the *avarice* of some, *revenge* of others, and *bigotry* of all, no one so peremptorily challenges your attention, as the gentlemanly Knight, Sir Edward Crosby: and shall therefore, commence the Barrack Slaughter with his fatal catastrophe—but, before I proceed, I must inform the public how little calculated he was to conciliate the affections of the higher order of this truly *enlightened* and *liberal Country!*—his figure was manly, and his countenance dignified and determined—he was tall, well-made, with penetrating eyes.—he saw no company, for he could meet none congenial to his mind—he was no party man, but, from his hatred of *oppression*, he incurred the displeasure of the aristocracy of the country.—it was natural that such a man should become an object of suspicion, to the *Heroes* of 98.—So conscious was he of his innocence, that, on the evening of his arrest, which was May the 29th, he, with two of his children, advanced to meet a squadron of the ninth, which he saw approach his hall-door—they seized him—hurried him into town, even on foot; so that when he arrived in the Barrrack-yard, he was literally covered with dust.—I question if my Lord Talavera was arrived at the Pigeon-house with Massena and his suite, whether the devotion of the *yellow tribe* would equal that of the Carlow Bloods, on the arrival of the Knight. He was cast into prison, where he remained for twelve days; during which time, Hell itself was ransacked, and *whipcord* floated in air, to procure the death of a better man than any that surrounded him.—But as his trial has been already before the public, I shall merely mention one circumstance, that has escaped observation; it was this: while the notorious *Informer*, *Finn*, who was both his prosecutor and servant, was giving his information—another of his domestics, of the name of *Taaffe*, was extended

extended on the Triangles; *mangled*, something in the manner of a Caged Negro; to which, the Major failed not to turn his attention, whenever *Conscience*, appalled by *Perjury*, closed for a moment the blasted lips of the *Informer*—so eager were his enemies for his blood, that, lest his respite should prevent it, he was executed at the hour of *nine* at *night!!!*—It was said that his respite did arrive previous to his execution, and that it was found among the papers of the *Loyal Robber Wallace*, then Postmaster; a man, who, if his honesty kept pace with his loyalty, bid fairer for being Postmaster-General, than he did for the rope.—Not satisfied with the blood of the Knight, he was given for dissection to surgeon M———, a Monster, that carried the science of *Torture* to a degree, that would put Milton's Satan to the blush, to see himself outdone by a Devil in human form.—Oh! to see the Canibal after chopping off the head of the victim, swing it round in air, forming a rainbow of blood over the heads of the *Carlow Loyalists*.—But to describe him in the act of riveting it on the terror-striking spike, "would stop the circulation of the blood—and make the hair stand erect like quills upon the back of the fretful Porcupine."—It is to be lamented, that among the pious souls that *burned* for the *Constitution*, not one could be found to remonstrate against taking down the head of the Knight; as it served for a target for the young Fry or Orangeism, against which they discharged their stony ammunition—but none so conspicious as the Maily Lailer and Club-footed Glazier.—

A CARLOW FRIEND.

(To be continued.)

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

Letters received from different parts of the country, mention the improved state of civilization the lower orders have arrived to since the last Special Commission. The peasants, who were formerly most notorious for their carniverous appetites, and which they used to such unlawful purposes, have returned quietly to their former habits of living; not one of them now entertains any more notion of animal food, than a cow or a horse, so, that every thing is restored to its usual channel. The Farming Societies may now proceed with their improvements undisturbed, and no jealousy can any longer exist, to the prejudice of their speculations—they may now feed, fatten, and transport, to their own emolument, and the comfort and happiness of our preaching and weaving brethern in England. These happy tidings of reformation, are not confined to the living; for the fellows who were hanged, are as reconciled to the new order of things, as the most loyal would desire.

The new Barracks, now nearly finished, at Golden-bridge, within one mile of James's-street, make a favorite lounge with the people of the Earl of Meath's Liberty. On Sunday last, more than five thousand persons spent the day, viewing the building, and admiring the architecture, and the great convenience every apartment is constructed with, for promoting the health and comfort of the young gentlemen, who are destined to occupy it. The great pleasure every person evinced at seeing such an important improvement, added to that part of the county, and the rapid progress that has been made in its erection, was very lively expressed on every countenance.

The multitude, who were principally manufacturers, appeared dressed in Union uniforms. The men wore the elbows of their coats, irregularly slashed, like the niches in a Spanish doublet, their hats slouched and gapped, their shoes in slippers; their shirts were not on, or concealed. The women, had their petticoats of different

rent lengths, ornamented with perpendicular fractures, which bore all the character and fashion that time gives to drapery. The children were as naturally accoutred, as if they were snatched from the clouds; in short, every thing and person were strictly applicable; barracks, rags, and idleness, are inseparable companions in Ireland, as in other climates.

Wednesday, the 20th of last month, was appointed, by proclamation, as a general fast in this country. The obedience of the Irish in such cases, is not surpassed by any class of his Majesty's subjects. It may be a matter of dispute among the learned, whether the lower orders, who compose the peasantry, can be ranked among carnivorous animals, as the custom of eating flesh is not, within the memory of man, familiar to them. Mr. Foster, in the House of Commons, almost explained the little intimacy an Irish pot has with animal food, when he spoke of our favorite regimen, potatoes, as he was pleased to name that useful root. These facts, that tend so much to prove our loyalty in Fasting, would be as well established among our enlightened fellow subjects, or rather our masters in England, as the well known story of wearing tails is believed among the preaching and weaving inhabitants of that country, if the contrary did not now and then appear, on special commissions; where fellows, of real Irish breed, have been convicted of running their lives against a beef steak, or a pork griskin, and have patiently reconciled themselves to the Gibbet, by reflecting, that though they committed a felony, they had the advantage of one good meal in their lives.

Saturday evening, March 23rd, his Grace the Duke of Richmond honored the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, with his presence. His Grace as we foreseen, from the concourse of Policemen, and Battle Axe Guards, very skilfully distributed through the house, was received with loud acclamations. Long live the MAJOR and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, was reiterated from all parts of the house.

Graciously as his Grace was acknowleged, we are sorry to say, the selected plaudits were not regulated by a better attention on the part of the mob managers, to forms, and a proper line of respect, sufficiently marked; for as on the appearance of the ANVIL ACTOR, Bradbury, and his brother Buffoon, the house was rent into pieces, by such loud and continued approbation, that the Quality in the boxes, were literally bothered, and shewed very strong indications of what they felt, by the want of taste on that part of the audience, as well as the indecency by which they conducted themselves, that by giving such approbation to one side, tended to discourage the other. As for our part, having very little interest in the squable between a Duke and a Mountebank, on the race for fame; and as a countryman has got the start of his Grace, we think it more prudent to leave the ajustment of the dispute to the parties themselves.

Waterford City Grand Jury, and the Irish Magazine.

The Grand Jury made two presentments on the 23d of March; one was two hundred pounds for the House of Industry, and an article in the Irish Magazine, "The Painter Cut," as a seditious libel. We confess, we are strangers to the names of those Jurymen; but, from our knowlege of the manner Juries are managed from Enniskillen to Dublin, and from Dublin to Cork, we presume to say, the Dooleys, the Sirrs, the Giffards, and Sims's of Waterford, gave such another trial to the Irish Magazine, there, as it would expect in Dublin. That is, loyal shoemakers, without LASTS, Shavers, without chins, and Majors without commissions, without hearth-

stones, or rent rolls, were the judges on this literary subject. For our part, we despise, and care not for such men; we will continue our duty, with the approbation of our honest countrymen, which is best expressed, and we defy contradiction, when we say, that the sale of the Irish Magazine is more extensive in this country, without any aid, but the public opinion, than all the Government papers together, with the support of the Treasury.

Enniskillen, and Trial by Jury.

We have been frequently obliged to lay before our readers, the various acts of intolerance and depredation, committed in the distinguished town of Enniskillen, where religion and loyalty march hand in hand, to carry in their coward route the faggot, the sword, and the bible, from the College to the Mass-house; by the light of whose burning ruins, the Historian may write the History of that policy, that converts one part of the population into executioners, and the other into victims.

Whenever official duty presents a law officer of the Crown, demanding justice, on the part of the King, against an accused printer, or other culprit, accused of political offences—it is the custom to preach a long discourse on the invaluable trial by jury. The theory of this subject appears very handsome in our books, and it loses little of its beauty, even in the hands of a dull special pleader, whose vehemence of language is mistaken for eloquence, and his coarse gestures and awkward similies are substituted for the graces of forensic ease, and classical dignity. We say in the teeth of such men, however abilities or truth, or honor, are blindly supposed to be the companions of great names, that the Catholics of Ireland have not the advantage, to the extent other denominations of Irishmen enjoy, of the trial by Jury. We will only quote the proceeding of the Court and Grand Jury of Enniskillen, at the Assizes, March 18th, 1811, to support our assertions.

Assizes of Enniskillen.

On Monday last, the Honourable Solicitor General, and the Honorable Justice Fletcher, going Judges of Assize for the North-west Circuit of Ulster, came into this town, and opened the Commission. On the following morning they proceeded to business—Mr. Justice Fletcher in the Crown Court. The following Gentlemen were sworn Grand Jurors:

Major-General Archdall, Foreman.
Henry Brook, Esq.
Hon. Colonel Creigton,
Blayney T. Balfour, Esq.
Gerard Irvine, Esq.
J. Richardson, Esq. Rosfad,
Lieut. Col. Montgomery
Jason Hassard, Esq.
John Armstrong, Esq.
Edward Archdall, Esq.
George Nixon, Esq.
George Lendrum, Esq.
William Stewart, Esq.
Richard Dane, Esq.
William Tredennick, Esq.
Henry Leslie, Esq.
J. Richardson, Esq. Summer-hill.
Samuel Lyle, Esq.
James King, Esq.
Francis Graham, Esq.
Montgomery Nixon, Esq.
John Aiken, Esq.
John Crofier, Esq.

A number of trials for having unlicensed Stills were proceeded on, none of which were of any consequence, except that of John Robinson, for shooting at —— Delany, Revenue Officer, near Ballinamallard.

Delany proved the firing of several shots, but could not identify the person who actually fired any of them.

Lieut. Parkinson, of the 90th regiment, who commanded the military composing the party, was called, whose evidence corroborated that of Delany.

The learned Judge then summed up the evidence in a perspicuous manner

ner, and pointed out the dangerous tendency of trespassing the law in this way. The Jury retired for a few minutes, and returned a verdict of—Not Guilty.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice FLETCHER, &c.

THE PETITION OF THE

REV. E. KERNAN,

SHEWETH,—That your Petitioner has been Parish Priest of Enniskillen since the year 1800, from which period he has constantly administered the rites of his Church to all such persons, confined in the county gaol, as profess the Catholic Religion.

That with respect to the inhabitants of the county of Fermanagh, there cannot exist a doubt, that a great majority of the population is Catholics.

That by reason of your having the kindness to declare, at the last Summer Assizes, "*that you would enquire into the truth of the above stated fact, and that, on finding the majority of the population to be Catholics, you would, in that case, require the Grand Jury to appoint a Catholic Chaplain to the gaol,*"—*Your Petioner has ever since performed the Religious Duties towards the Prisoners, prescribed by Act of Parliament.*

That on account of the party spirit and distinctions, which unfortunately prevail in this country, your Petitioner despairs of being appointed Catholic Chaplain by the Grand Jury, and of receiving any remuneration for his trouble.

He has, therefore, no hope of the salutary provisions of the Act of Parliament being, with respect to him, carried into effect, *but through the kind interposition of a constitutional Judge.*

Petitioner begs leave further to state that Catholic Chaplains have been appointed in every county of the N. W. Circuit, with the *single exception of the County Fermanagh.*

EDW. KERNAN, P. P.
March 18, 1811. of Enniskillen.

COPY OF AFFIDAVIT.

The Rev. EDW. KERNAN, Priest of the Catholic congregation of the parish of Enniskillen, maketh oath, and saith, that, according to the rules and discipline observed in the Catholic Church, no Clergyman of the Catholic Church can officiate in his parish, or attend prisoners of that persuasion confined in the county gaol, without the *express permission of this Deponent;* and that, therefore, the prisoners must be deprived of the attendance of a Clergyman of his Church, unless the Grand Jury shall be pleased to appoint this Deponent. Deponent further saith, that he is convinced no *religious, moral, or loyal objection* can be justly imputed to him.

EDW. KERNAN, P. P.
of Enniskillen.

March 18, 1811.

Sworn before me, this 21st day of March, 1811, by virtue of a Commission to me directed for taking Affidavits in the county, and I know the Deponent.

ANDR. MONTGOMERY.

CERTIFICATE ANNEXED TO AFFIDAVIT.

We certify, that the facts stated in the above Affidavit are true and correct, and that such is the rule and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, used and acted upon since time immemorial.

J. REILLY, P. P. of Kinawly.
J. GOODWIN, P. P. of Clinis.
J. KEENAN, C. of Enniskillen.
D. BOYLAN, P. P. of Tempo.

The above-named Gentlemen appeared to be examined in Court, and to give *viva voce* evidence of the truth of the facts stated in Affidavit.

It is observed, that the Judge asked the Grand Jury, if there was any objection to the moral character of Mr. Kernan?* and though they were all present, yet not one of them could adduce

* To this question he could obtain no answer.

adduce a single instance of his having ever done an act that would sully the reputation of the most upright Minister of the Gospel.

Here our readers will observe, that though the County of Fermanagh is Catholic, as the great majority of its inhabitants profess that mode of worship, yet not one Catholic is ever on the Grand Jury. In this case, where the business of the Rev. Mr. Kernan was expected to be discussed, so much is the exclusion of the Catholic body from the grand inquest of the county, studied by certain persons, that it was necessary to apply to the Army, for three officers, to make perfect the pannel;—the consequence was, that the Catholic prisoners are denied the consolation of a clergyman, and, like those brave men, whose valour contributes so amply to the honor of the British ranks, from whose sick beds, in the Island of Sicily, their priests were ignominiously driven, by orders of Sir James Stewart—they may perish, without the advice of that religion, which is intended to call the penitent into the walks of honor and order, or to conduct the convict to the throne of mercy. No, these considerations are laughed at in Enniskillen. The Catholic soldier is allowed to contribute to the honor of the British name, and the glory of a Wellesley, or a Stewart, but when in the hour of death, or in the absence of the battle, he presumes to approach his Maker—he finds that bayonet, with which he marched to victory, interpose between him and that Altar, and those sacraments, which his education and his faith taught him to be strong in battle, and reconciled in defeat. Leaving Enniskillen and its Grand Juries, insulting the parents and children, and brethren, of the soldiers under Wellesley and Stewart, we will say a few words on the same subject in Dublin, on every occasion, where trials of any importance, where the Crown is Plaintiff, or we may say on every Grand Jury, the names of Dooley the Shoemaker, of Rossborough, of Leet the Taylor, of Wilson the Ironmonger, and of others in the same obscurity, are invariably called on to exercise the duties of Jurors, and Catholic merchants, and tradesmen, distinguished for their wealth, education and character, are not noticed by the officers, who have the regulation of such affairs; Randall M'Donnell, we suppose, wou'd make as incorruptible, and well informed, and in every instance, as well fitted for a Juryman, as Mr. Rossborough; Mr. Hamill, as well qualified as Mr. Dooly; Mr. Nicholas Mahon, as his neighbour Leet, the Tailor; Lord French, as Wilson the Nailor; or the thousands of Catholics, who never appear on Juries, as the Protestant beggars and bankrupts, who are ever before the public.

Crow-street, and the Catholics.

On Saturday night, 23d March, during the performance of the *Soldier's Daughter*, Mr. N. Jones introduced a cut on Oratory, of his own composition, at the same time looking very earnestly on the Duke of Richmond, in the stage box, "*Your modern Orators beautify their speeches by fine phrases, to hide their hypocrisy.*"

The Irish public who support the Stage and its vagrants, must feel highly gratified to see Catholic rights so handsomely treated in a new quarter, the Duke of Richmond in the Chair.

Another Knight!

Sir Arthur Clarke, of Gt. G—'s-street, Knight of the *Bath*—with a salary of 400l. per annum, to physic the Bank of Ireland!!

Pillory Anecdotes.—Facts.

Ald. C——n front seat in window, Royal Exchange.

The

The Major on the roof of ditto, like King David espying Bathsheba.

Major Ramsey, riding *boldly* up to Watty, while pinioned, with a *look* of impudence and *cowardice*.

Bradbury, the Buffoon, damning his *hies* and limbs, but he'd a *moind* to *scelp* a turnip at the *willain*.

Look on *this* picture, and on *this*."

A *felon*, whom Bladder-chops called a *respectable man*, in the best apartment of Newgate, for a few weeks, and to be let loose, to commit new depredations.

A Bookseller, at suit of *Ex Officio*, *made a public spectacle on a pillory*, for an attempt to support the liberty of the Press, imprisoned a year, &c.

Letter to Mr. Cox, in Newgate.

Sir,

As your confinement must occasion a considerable loss to your property, if some friends do not occasionally throw an eye over it, to prevent, or point out any dilapidation, or waste, that may tend in any manner to injure you, and your valuable establishment, I think it my duty, as an admirer of your publication, and as a neighbour, to warn you of any injury passing under my view, that may in any manner, however trivial, or however remote the consequences, either hurt your feelings, or diminish your profits. Every person who values your labours, or has any knowlege of your resources, know, that the Major is part of your floating property; one of the most valuable items in your stock, and one of the best finished articles in your manufactory. This character of your property, I know to be just, and while you remain in his Majesty's custody; unable to shepherd your flock, I shall consider it a duty I owe to my country, to you, and to my conscience, to watch over the Major, and, like his Guardian Angel, warn him of approaching danger; for alas! if the dagger, the pistol, or the gallows, were to interfere against him, to what a state of humiliation would your Magazine be reduced, by the loss of its most valuable ornament! For should private spleen, or public justice, incautiously, or maliciously, rub such a man out of the society of his country, it could be only done by persons whose Vandal taste would make them enemies to the Press, to the Irish Magazine, and to you, dear Sir, in your captivity.

By these premises, which I defy any man to dispute, I shall be regulated, and every hour that I can spare, shall be devoted to the care of the Major. As I have assigned to myself this department, in the care of your goods and chattels, I trust some other active friends, will do as much in other cases.

It was on the day of your exhibition, I commenced my operations in defence of you and your Magazine. Standing at the corner of Parliament-street, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of females, who happened to discover his Highness, or as the poor Publicans address him, by extorted adulation, "his Honor," peeping from a window, at the feast of loyalty; with one voice, you would think by the regularity of the proceedings, the ladies saluted him, by calling on God to blast his soul, and that they might have the pleasure of seeing him going to rest, like poor Jemmy. They were proceeding in a long list of imprecations, which, indeed, alarmed me, as there is an old proverb, that "Curses never fall upon sticks or stones;" for, said I, if only one of these impieties hit, Cox is as much injured as if the entire were effected! So much did his interest, and the safety of the Major, influence my feelings, that I had the hardihood to expostulate, not with the intention of deprecating their wrath, as to implore their discretion; my efforts were ineffectual; they mistook me; and hastily accused me of being

a friend of the Major's; that I wished to save him; that I was the Agent of his loyalty, and an apologist for his sins. The result of their hasty deliberations was, that I was stricken, not by the hands of enemies, but our common friends, who, not being in the secret of our literary and political economy, and only regulated by their indisposition to loyalty, if such things could be named regulations, did, contrary to my feelings, and to the statute, so pelt me with stones, and so disfigured me with mud, that I returned to my dwelling, so careless of you, and so disgusted with the dangers my new occupation exposed me to, that for more than four days, I had neither resolution nor temper to resume my voluntary duty.

It was only on yesterday, my spirits and strength were equal to the fatigue of my trade of *surveillance;* and indeed, if you were to know the entire of the severe duty of the last twelve hours, you would have no doubt of the live y attachment I have for you, and your good friend.

About eleven in the forenoon, I attended at the Office, and had the pleasure of seeing his Honor doing justice; and was as charmed with his healthy appearance, as I was astonished at the wisdom of his investigations.

At one o'clock, I followed him through several streets, until he entered a little old house in Wood-street, which I learned is a temple dedicated to Swaddling holiness, where there is held twice in every week a *Board of Grace*, for the purpose of distributing religion and loyalty, and for raking up Preachers from among the cinders and sinners of Society.

I very reasonably judged, from the nature of his mission in this assembly, there could be no apprehension for his Honor's safety; this pleasing idea was made plain to me in a few minutes, by the numerous company that thronged into the meeting. Among others of the holy brotherhood, I distinguished Sir Ruebens Legboard, the Big Beggarman, Mr. Gallagher, the Pulley Maker, Mr. Latouche, Kent, the Huxter Man, Gribbins, the Old Clothes Man, Baxter, the Drum Major, Wilkins, the Nailor, and several others of the most distinguished Preachers. After going through a variety of business, and hearing a very appropriate discourse from Mrs. Deborah Spindle, from Manchester, against Popery and Pike-making. the assembly dispersed. Strict to my duty, I waited for his Honor, not indeed without feeling some uneasiness, as he appeared, by turning his head towards Bride-street, to have an intention of going in that direction, where a parcel of fellows were repairing a chimney, and singing Erin go bragh. I was shocked at the danger that at the moment hung over the Irish Magazine, for I was apprehensive, if his Honor was discovered in his transit, by the elevated seditionists, they might have ruined the Magazine establishment, by one *Brick-bat;* but I was happily relieved, by the good-nature of brother Dugdale, who took his Honor by the arm, and led him another way; while he amused his Honor with a critical comment on Bible exercise, a new plan of which is now preparing for another course of Martial Law, by Corporal Firethatch, a distinguished statesman and loyalist.

At four o'clock, I watched his Honor to his own house, and as my dinner hour was come, I thought no harm could happen him, surrounded with the troops of the garrison, until I could resume my occupation at some future hour.

Till then, I remain,
Your's,
O'DUANE.

Mathematical Questions.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

On perusing your justly admired publication of the present month, among the valuable productions contained

tained in the pages thereof, appears a paper from Mr. John Moran, Mount Byrne Lodge, highly pleasing; its conciseness, and the number of queries depending on the theory of right angled triangles, cannot fail in exciting the curiosity of every gentleman skilled in the Analytic art. Since the time of Mr. Euler, many able Mathematicians have given solutions to this problem, but not one of them, I believe, is reduced to the form in which it appears after the above gentleman. Justly laudable, then, must his claim be to a precedency among the Irish Mathematicians, in the solution of this eminent problem.

If a solution different from the last mentioned, or any that has come in my way, should meet your approbation, giving the following a place in your Magazine, will oblige

Your's, &c.

PETER PHELAN.

To find three Square Numbers, the sum of every two a Rational Square.

SOLUTION.

Let a, b, c, be the roots of the three required Squares, $a+nb$ and $c+fnb$ the roots of two other squares, then $aa+bb=aa+2\,anb+nnbb$; and $bb+cc=cc+2cfnb+ffnnbb$; from these two equations $a=\frac{(1-nn)}{2n}\times b$; and $c=\left(\frac{1-ffnn}{2fn}\right)\times b$; but $aa+cc=bb\times\left(\frac{1-nn}{2n}\right)^2+\left(\frac{1-ffnn}{2fn}\right)^2$ is to be a rational square; hence $4\,ff\times\frac{(aa+cc)}{bb\;nn}=ff\times(1-nn)^2+(1-ffnn)^2$ must be a rational square, by expanding the members of the last expression, and collecting the coefficients of n^4 there arises $ffn^4\times(ff+1)-4ffnn+1=sq.$; make $4ffnn=ff+1$; then the required expression becomes a rational square $=4ffnn\times ffn^4$; put $f=\frac{a}{h}$ and $2fn=\frac{m}{h}$ then $n=\frac{m}{2a}$; make $b=4\,amh$; then a, b, and c, will be expressed by $(4\,aa-mm)\times m$; $4\,amh$, and $(4\,hh-mm)\times a$ where ah are the two legs, and m the hypothenuse of a rational right angled triangle.

SOLUTION TO QUERY 1ST.

Put c^4, m^4, h^4, three biquadrates, and $cc+mm-hh$ the root of the required square; then from the equation $c^4+m^4+h^4=(cc+mm-hh)^2$; $cc=\frac{mmhh}{mm-hh}=\frac{mmhh}{aa}$; a, h, m, being the sides of a rational right angled triangle, as per Notation; hence $c=\frac{mh}{a}$ by reducing h, c, m, to the denominators a, and rejecting said common denominator, ah, mh, am are the roots of the three biquadrates required.

SOLUTION TO QUERY 2ND.

When the sum of two numbers $=1$; the difference, and difference of the squares of those numbers will be equal, make $\frac{a}{a+h}=$ one number, then $\frac{h}{a+h}=$ the other, whose sum is one, the sum of their squares is to be a $\square$; hence $aa+hh=mm$, where a, h, are the legs, and m the hypothenuse of a rational right angled triangle.

SOLUTION TO QUERY 3D.

Put $x=$ the side of a square whose area $=xx$; then $xx+x$ and $xx-x$ are to be two squares, their dce. $=2x=\frac{a}{m}\times 2x\times\frac{m}{a}$; hence $\frac{ax}{m}+\frac{m}{2a}=$ root of the greater square, and making the necessary equality $xx\times\left(\frac{mm-aa}{mm}\right)=\frac{mm}{4\,aa}$; but $mm-aa=hh$, hence $\frac{hhxx}{mm}=\frac{mm}{4\,aa}$; extracting the root $\frac{hx}{m}=\frac{m}{2\,a}$ and $x=\frac{mm}{2\,ah}=$ the root of the required square, as required.

SOLUTION

SOLUTION TO QUERY 4TH.

Put $1 =$ sum and x the difference of the numbers; the difference and difference of the squares in this case being equal, the problem will be solved by making $1+2x$ and $1-2x$ squares, make the latter $=1-v)^2$, then $x = \frac{2v-vv}{2}$ this substituted in the first expression, gives $1+2v-vv = (1-nv)^2$ a rational square, from which $v = \frac{2 \times (n+1)}{nn+1}$ the numbers are $\frac{1+2v-vv}{2}$ and $\frac{1-2v+vv}{2}$ as required. Put $nn-1=h$, $2n=a$ and $nn+1=m$ then $\frac{1}{2}+x = \frac{(h+a)^2}{2mm}$ and $\frac{1}{2}-x = \frac{(h-a)^2}{2mm}$ as required.

Query the 5th, is the same with Query the 1st, and needs no further demonstration.

A PROBLEM.

To find two numbers whose sum being increased and decreased by their difference, and the difference of their squares may be all square numbers, the sum of the numbers being greater or less than unity.

Anecdote of the Rebellion.

In the year 1798, four Hessians rambled from the encampment at Blessington, then under the command of General Moore. The fellows, whose object was plunder, entered the village of Eightstown, County Kildare After plundering every cabbin, which they could do with impunity, as the men were all absent, either through dread, or on their duty as yeomen, the ruffians entered one house in particular, whose owner, John Burke, was of the latter description, and was absent at Naas.

After rifling the house of money and other articles, they were proceeding to an indecent outrage on the woman of the house, who was confined to her bed by a fever. Her screams at the diabolical attempt of the monsters, so roused the indignation of a man of the name of Richard Mitchell, who was concealed in the house, that regardless of his life, he determined, at the risque of every thing, to preserve his friend, and punish the wretches. He hastily seized a pitchfork, and attacked the four, and actually drove it into the eyes of one of them, on the bed, who instantly expired The other three were so surprised, that they fled in the greatest confusion, leaving their booty and their dead companion behind them. Mitchell pursued them towards the camp, on the advanced posts of which they were stopped, by the Glengarry Fencibles, taken into custody, and by the command of the lamented and gallant General Sir John Moore, were tried by Court Martial, where they were found guilty; two were flogged, and the third cut his own throat, to avoid the punishment his wickedness and cowardice so much deserved.

Review of Swaddling Preachers.

THE REV. MR. VERDUN.

This legal Apostle of grace, sanctified manners, and machinist in preachment, stands as eminent in street eloquence, as any member of the Board of Saints. His virtues are best told, when we say, that in sanctification, and justification, which have added him to the members of that great tribunal, by a superior number, by many quires of love-feast tickets he holds, and less acts of back-sliding than any of the chosen, from those days of evangelical inspiration, when Whitfield squinted conviction over the graceless dead, in his celebrated Sermon to tomb-stones in Salisbury church yard, which the books of grace, say, as it is written, that the penitent graves acknowledge the word, by a miraculous rumbling in their bosoms, and a corresponding movement, which

which shook the vegetation that covered them, from their roots. So great is the effect of this brother's dexterity, in sounding the alarm to sinners, that it is acknowledged by the calendar of holiness, in Whitefriar-street, he has called more shoemakers from sensual labours, to holy idleness, and preaching gesticulations, than Kent the Huxterman, Gallagher the Pulley-maker, or Mr. Latouche's tenpennies together. His manner of casting out devils, as was lately evinced in the case of Serjeant Goldfinder, late of the riding-house army, before a committee of Kevin-street nailors, surpasses any effort of sanctified *hocus pocus*, since the days of John Huss or Count Zizendorf. The departure of the provoked devils, on their ejectment from the purified Serjeant Goldfinder, was accompained by flashes of fire, so stinking and so ardent, that they threw the military vessel into a temporary suffocation, and burnt a hole through a thick bundle of briefs, that were placed on the window, through which they were directed by the process of grace to depart.

This great miracle has caused such a sensation to the entire profession of devil hunting, that brother Kent is preparing several cases, for the opinion of the Wesleyan counsel, to know whether he can have leave of absence, according to precedents now in his possession, to undertake a journey to Wolverhampton, to cast out a devil, from the body of his uncle, a hinge maker, and psalm-singer, who picked up one of the imps of Satan, while quarrelling with his rib, on the length and breath of justification.

To return to Mr. Verdun, and to his works of words, when his inspired mind is pleading the cause of Jesus, against unlawful and unholy possession, and his seraph tongue whistles, tipped with the points of life, thrilling dismay to the guilty tenant, who is banished from corner to corner, from one hiding niche to another, until the invading beast is driven by the artillery of the gospel from its last citadel.

As a writer, Mr. Verdun possesses great merit. His Hymns to the Major are much admired for their point, goodly measure, and loyal terseness; they have been printed in one volume, quarto, by Dugdale, edited and set to *nose* music by Ebeneazer Bloodgood, trumpeter to the Black horse, and are much sung by the congregation of Saints, under the protection of the Bible and Farming Societies.

His little work on the Divine Law of a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, is the best essay written in swaddling English, on the *lex talionis*, as to bear the palm of law literature, in the opinions of Bloomfield, Cassidy, and other great authorities, from Blackstone himself, who has written so much in his book of "Public wrongs" on this question. This book has secured such a character for Mr. Verdun, for his ingenuity and skill in profane and sacred jurisprudence, that it is supposed he will be made Chief Justice, or at least Archbishop of Armagh, whenever the great expedition of Saints and Preachers, now fitting up in Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield for the conquest of Popery in Ireland, have overturned idolatry, and laid a foundation for the reign of the Saints.

Mr. Verdun has lately, in a Sermon, preached before the select society of justified Drum Majors, proved that the Lord is our best defence; that he can do any thing to protect the called, and explained, to the satisfaction of his military hearers, that in case of invasion, the Bible would be our salvation. That if it were possible to fortify our shores as we do our souls, with the *lines* of life, by throwing up fortifications of well bound-Bibles, and outworks of Hymn-books, that the cannon of the invader, like the artillery of Satan, would be rendered useless, and then the reign of the Gospel would prevail over the machinations of the French and the pike of the turbulent.

The Union and Counsellor Casey.

The fatal consequences of this measure are severely felt in every quarter of the country. Every man of fortune appears hurrying out of it, with a pace and anxiety that nothing but some serious alarm could make necessary. A few days since, the Marquis of Ely disposed of his beautiful seat, near Rathfarnham, and has abandoned the country for ever. This general passion among the higher ranks for emigration, must be attended with the most serious evils, to every class of the industrious ranks of life. Already has Dublin suffered to an alarming extent; its shops, its tradesmen and manufacturers exhibit nothing but misery and idleness. The general decay which has succeeded the loss of our independence, and the want of the patronage of those who usually spent their fortunes amongst us, must not only tend to reduce this great city to ruin, but operate considerably to widen that breach of disaffection, which the monopolizing character of England, has, so fatally to her repose, and to our safety, so deeply imprinted on reflecting minds. The causes of every evil will be always traced by their effects. We know there exists in England, a kind of contempt for our opinions, and our indignation, on the presumption that between time and force, we will either forget what we were, or abandon our rights, as we can never hope to resume them. We are aware that our observations may be opposed by the power and arguments of those great disposers of nations, and great legal authorities. Counsellor Casey, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, Judges Daly, Smith, Mc. Clelland and Osborne, and other distinguished gentlemen, who have exchanged their country for the rank they now hold in Irish jurisprudence. But if we are so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of such great names, we can produce other men on our side, in support of our opinion.—The present Attorney General said of the Act of Union, "that those who would carry it into effect, had no right to do so; that it was illegal, and he had no doubt that it ought to be resisted by force." We have not heard Counsellor Casey's opinion, or we should give it a place in our miscellany; as we never heard or read of Counsellor Casey, until we happened a few days ago to read over the names of the worthies who brought us to the English market, and plunged Dublin into want, nakedness and ruins.

Brimstone.

An out rider to a druggist being in Bristol, was recommended to a person who was said to deal very largely in the article of *brimstone*. He waited upon him, expatiated at length on the superior quality of his brimstone, and wished for an order. The doctor, surprized, assured him he was mistaken, he did not deal in the article, being a minister of the gospel, and complained of the insult offered him; adding, that if the rider would come to his shop in the evening, he would furnish him with a large stock of spiritual *brimstone*.

Honors for Gentlemen.

When I was in Kentucky, in the year 1794, an Englishman, of the name of Skidmore, who had formerly been a shoeblack, but had become wealthy, happened to say, that there ought to be a distinction between gentlemen and mechanics. The populace were not backward in improving the hint, by parading him in effigy, with all the paraphernalia of his office; and concluded the ceremony by the purifying honors of a bonfire.

WAR.

Why don't people petition against wars in their commencement rather than towards their close? Evils which might have been prevented by a philanthropic foresight, fall as a punishment upon them for their selfishness and cupidity after the mammon of unrighteousness.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

WATTY, MY DARLING!

I saw your most lamentable Elegy on the poor *Major, in your last month's publication, and it was with the greatest grief I learned his sad departure from life.—He was a fine man, and what's more, a great Swaddler.—All the Brethren lament him, and his loss is felt by all retainers in the Gospel; but by none, more than the pious light-bread man of Stephen's-street. "Many a pound of bacon, many a pennyworth of soap, and many a red herring," says this holy Huxter, have I lost in the way of trade, but never grieved for any thing so much, as for your death, Major honey. You were the very key-stone in the arch of hypocrisy." Here he began to cry, and indeed it moved me very much, to see so good a man of the Spirit, thus blubber, like a common piece of flesh and blood. I thought that every part of so fine a man as the Major, would be valuable, and that you, who are a clever artist, might manufacture him into a variety of utensils, as the famous Goldsmith did with Shakespeare's Mulberry tree.—You will find purchasers enough, and you can just print this list of articles, to see how the connoisseurs will take them.*

I remain your affectionate friend,

J. P.

TUNE—"*What shall I do with my herring's eye.*"

1.

Oh! what shall I do with the Major's eye?
Sing *Huggus mos phena sour a ling,*
'Twill make an Eaves-dropper, and serve for a spy,
Sing *Huggus mos phena sour a ling;*
Oh! there's Majors and eyes,
And Eaves-droppers and spies,
Sing *Huggus mos phena sour a ling;*
Sour a buye a leira lena,
Huggus mos phena sour a buye.

2.

Oh! what shall we do with the Major's head?
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
'Twill make as good a Swaddler as ever broke bread;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
Oh! there's Majors and heads,
And Swaddling and bread,
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

3.

What shall we make of the Major's jaw?
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
Old Sampson's jaw-bone, for some Orangeman's paw;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
Oh! there's Majors and jaws,
And Orangemen's paws,
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

4.

What shall we do with the Major's back?
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
We'll dress it, and make it a *Government Hack*;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
Oh! there's Majors and backs,
And Government Hacks,
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

5.

Oh! what shall we do with the Major's thone?
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

'Twill

'Twill make as good a bellows as ever was blown;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
Oh! there's Majors and thones,
And bellows that blows,
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

6.

Oh! what shall be done with his liver and brains?
They'll make a fine *Hell-broth* to cure Croppy's pains;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
Oh! there's Majors and brains,
And Croppies in pain,
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

7.

What shall we make of his skin when 'tis stript?
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
'Twill make as good taws as ever have whipt;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.
There's hides that were stript,
When the lashes have whipt;
Sing *Huggus*, &c.

8.

Oh! what shall we make of the Major's brain-box?
Sing *Huggus mos phena sour a ling*,
'Twill make a fine *Jordan* for you, Watty Cox!
Sing *Huggus mos phena sour a ling*,
There's the Major's brain-box's.
And Jordans and Coxes,
Sing *Huggus mos phena sour a ling*,
Sour a buye a leira lana
Huggus mos phena sour a buye.

ELEGY ON I—— IN F——D, OF C. TIPPERARY.

And is he gone, and shall the mournful muse
In plaintive numbers sing F——d's fall?
He who long time the distain'd lash did use,
Each union Croppy's rebel back to maul.

The pride he was of all our Orange swains,
The Papist's scourge, the peasant's deadly foe;
With Irish blood he ting'd the verdant plains,
And F——r like, did *Erin's* best plants mow.

For ne'er the hoary head or tale of woe,
Or trembling female's pray'r to spare her sire,
Could once divert him from the purpos'd blow,
Or save their lowly hamlet from the fire.

His walk thro' life was mark'd with varied harm,
Trac'd were his footsteps by the crimson flood;
His callous heart was never known to warm,
But when anticipation gave him blood.

What time Aurora shed her wonted light,
To usher in the Monster's natal morn,
Her chariot stopp'd instinctive at the sight,
As when OUR LORD was slain, or *Nero* born.

The bird of night in piercing notes did scream,
And flapp'd the casement near his cradle bed;
Luna unveil'd and shot a sickly gleam,
To show the silent graves cast forth their dead.

With dreadful howlings demons rent the air;
Phantoms obscene the frighted trav'ler crost;
Jove's vengeful bolt the massive rock did tear;
Earth heav'd, Sea roar'd; the Stars their lustre lost!!!

And much did marvel all the village train,
Who thought such monstrous signs of dire portent;
While many said that on our Globe to reign,
Old *Satan* was from *Pandemonium* sent.

Then let the Muse immortalize his fame,
Let baleful cyprus grow around his tomb;
With infamy still coupled be his name,
While **** contains him in her ample womb.

HIBERNICUS.

SONNET

* SONNET BY MR. DES BARREAUX.—He died in 1673.

Translated from the French.

Great God, thy judgments equitable are;
Mercy is still thy darling attribute;
Yet, such a wretch, so full of guilt am I,
Tho' mercy pleads, justice forbids to save.

Yes, yes, my God! my great impiety
Leaves thee the choice of punishment alone;
Thy interest is against my happiness,
And even thy clemency awaits my fall.

Then satisfy thy glory's just demand,
And let my falling tears provoke thy wrath:
Now thunder, strike, and give me war for war:
Falling, I own the justice of the blow;
But marked for vengeance, let me not despair;
Fall where the thunders will, the blood of Christ is there.

THE ANSWER TO MR. DES BARREAUX.—SONNET,

Written by himself.

Yes, sinner, my judgments equitable are,
And my prime joy consists in being kind to you;
As soon as you repent, you feel my mercy,
Whate'er your crime, so it overthrows not my justice.

So that the weight of your iniquity
Should no longer affright you through the horror of punishment:
My greatest interest is your happiness;
Never have I permitted a convert to perish.

My desire is content, and I am glorified
To see you so contrite, and dissolv'd in tears;
I grant you my peace—there is no more war.

You do well to adore the motive that provokes me:
I hurl my thunders against hardened sinners,
And avenge upon them the blood of Jesus Christ.

A MAJOR'S EPITAPH,

(In Imitation of Burns.)

Is there some Major prone to blood,
A Foe to hapless Erin's good,
But, when the adverse storm blows rude,
A cringing Cur,
O'er this spot pour the briny flood,
For here lies ——.

Is there some jobbing Castle hack,
Than Belzebub, with soul so black,
Whose cursed footsteps, blood doth track,
Oh look ye here,
Here rots the friend of *yellow Jack*,
So shed a tear.

Is there some *holy* swaddling chief,
Who lives, by selling oaths,—in brief,
Whose heart is steel'd 'gainst human grief,
Weep o'er the grave
Which doth contain a preaching thief—
A brother knave.

The reptile, who defiles this sod,
Nor e'er lov'd Man, nor e'er fear'd God,
So sacred Laws beneath him trod,
Like any hag,
'Till Jove decreed his vengeful rod,

The Irish Mag.

SHAMROCK.

ON MISS ELIZA T——.

More pure than all the virgin flow'rs,
In yonder vale, that smile so kind,
More fragrant than Elisian bow'rs,
Is sweet Eliza's Angel mind.

Within her bosom dwells a heart,
Unpractis'd, but in human love—
But oh! her Soul—the nobler part,
Is spotless, as the blest above.

The God-like sun may cease to burn,
Or sable night, to chase the day,
But chance shall Heav'n's decrees o'erturn,
Ere from her Love my Heart shall stray.

LEANDER.

ELEGY

* *Des Barreaux, commonly prayed for three things to God: forgetfulness of the past, patience for the present, and mercy for the time to come.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF EDMUND BRAY, AGED 15.

By a Schoolfellow.

Silent the hour, the pitchy sable night,
In awful solemn stillness reign'd around,
When lo!—appeared a Vision to my sight,
And thus bespoke me, in a plaintive sound.
"While thus unthinking, thus supine you lie,
Oh! what a change, to thee, alas, unknown!
Death, tyrant death, (she utter'd with a sigh,)
Has snatched your friend,—poor Edmund Bray is gone.
E'en now his soul has winged its happy flight,
To where celestial bliss doth on him wait,
To hold a place in yonder realms of light,
And Christ's great triumph e'er to celebrate.
And Oh! thou soon shalt hear the funeral bell,
Which to the air its sullen peals will heave:
Yes, thou wilt startle at the direful knell,
Which tolls, to bear poor Edmund to his grave."
And now she paus'd, she falter'd, and she sigh'd;
My throbbing heart beat high, in cold dismay;
I loud exclaim'd——Avaunt, ambitious pride;
For thus we all return to parent clay.
And now resumed the Vision, he has fled,
In the sweet vernal spring of tender life;
Fair budding virtue round him rear'd her head,
E're lopp'd he was, by death's destroying knife.
As when the Sybil vanished from the eyes
Of Roman youths, her prophecies being sold;
So the fair vision, mounted to the skies,
When she her fateful message did untold.
And now, my Muse, resume thy plaintive strain,
Express the emotions of a heart sincere;
Ah tell, the piercing agony, the pain,
Which rent my soul, for one it held so dear.
When fair Aurora, with her gilded beam,
Shot forth in all the pomp of Heav'nly pride;
Waked by the Cock, from such terrific dream,
In happy ecstacy, I joyful cried.
Imagination then has formed the thought,
Gladly arise, from my uneasy bed—
But, Ah, what sad reverse! when word was brought,
Edmund, alas! is number'd with the dead.
Oh, mortal man, think on thy final lot,
Think what a narrow space of life is thine;
Soon shall my much lov'd Edmund be forgot;
The gloomy grave will quickly all confine.
For what's the space of twenty, thirty years,
Or e'en to five score lengthned, when they're past;
Our life's replete with troubles, and with fears;
And to eternity we're verging fast.
Farewell, that voice which oft solaced my ear,
Thy mem'ry in my breast shall never fade:
Oh, let me drop the tributary tear,
In honour of thy much lamented shade.
Oh, tomb, thy precious charge, tenacious keep,
Preserve from impious hands his pure remains;
Oh, let his bones in peaceful quiet sleep;
Nor suffer them to whiten on the plains.
Then while we live, let's do as he has done,
And when we die, may we all die as he;
To sing his great Creator's praise he's gone;
May we enjoy the like felicity.

J. E. B.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF DR. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS;

And with the book, presented by the Author to his Sister, the night before he undertook a voyage.

If e'er thy brother to thy soul was near,
If e'er his sorrows claimed one vivid tear,
If e'er amidst his numerous errors you
One latent virtue fondly could pursue;

If

If e'er he pleased, if e'er his form appear'd
But one soft moment to thine eye endear'd!
If e'er congenial transports wermed thy mind,
And fondly whisper'd that our hearts were joined,
Peruse this book, with candour scan the page,
And shun the vices of the fallen age!
Here truths important—HEAVEN and *hell* are shewn,
Life, *death*, *eternity*, are all made known,
In warmest colors to the mind of man,
The fleeting pleasure of this bounded span,
Finely contrasted with that deathless day
Which joins our spirits when we drop this clay!
So sang the preacher, so the poets feign,
As Swans sing sweetest in their dying strain!
Sounds *mild*, *mellifluous*, *ardent*, *clear*, *divine*,
Breathe forth and radiate each seraphic line!
Whilst here I read, earth from my footsteps flies
On angel wings, I'm wafted to the skies,
The heavenly host to fancy seem displayed,
And purest transports all my mind pervade:
All sublunary objects sink to view,
Fortune, *Ambition*, nay, my PEGGY—you!
If right we weigh time's worth, whilst here below,
If right we measure our last weal or woe,
We yet shall meet, where neither joy nor pain
In ebbs or flows shall short admission gain!
One calm, perpetual, equal happy round,
In these unfading mansions shall be found.
No *Spring* to flatter—*Summer* to mature,
No fruits *Autumnal* plenty to ensure,
No snow-rolled fields meliorate th' earth,
For *renovation* and perennial birth.
Death, *life* succeeds in this imperfect state:
Not so when entered Heaven's triumphant gate;
Then fixed duration shall enhance each joy,
And repetition there shall never cloy;
E'en *hope*, bright *hope*, altho' life's cordial drop,
Is no ingredient in the heavenly cup;
Tho' the grand softener of our sorrows here,
Shall far be banished when we enter there,
Nor smiling cheat us with her partner fear.
Altho' contrasted they are near allied,
And small partitions do their bounds divide.
Here *hope* and fear are ever in one train,
Linked to each other in life's motley *chain:*
Suspence their parent, flings them *shade* and light,
Himself the offspring of bright *Day* and *Night*,
The parent's features stamped upon the child;
One moment fearful, of all joy beguiled,
The next all sanguine and disdaining fears,
'Till the pale *Twin* before his view appears,
Surrounded by his doubts, his glooms, and fears;
But full *fruition* shall such guests dismiss,
Guests too uncertain for abodes of bliss,
No parting there, or else no more be known,
All ties dissolved before *Emanuel's* throne,
That fount celestial lesser springs shall *drown*,
Each stream concentered in that stream profound.

SINNE.

THE SECOND EVE.—A TALE.

Translated from the French of T. CERCEAU, *a Jesuit.*

STOLEN bread the appetite provokes.
The law that prohibits all kind of sin
Is a temptation, an incentive to it.
Are we at liberty, whenever we please
To walk abroad, or home return,
We do not care one fig about it:
But should the law say, that I do forbid,
Thither we run, and thither flies our heart.
In this we all are children of Eve:
Let us not treat her as being too criminal;
Her fault was great, I don't excuse her;
From her we inherit the primeval stain;
But who accuses her in this respect,
Would in her case have done the same.
Thus spoke a husband, on a certain day,
To his dear half, who against our mother
Murmured

Murmured hard, and in a passion blamed her
For having played us such a dirty trick,
Whence, alas! proceeded all our woe.
Alas! said she, to plunge
Her husband and her progeny
Into such misery! The whole, in short,
To taste a tasteless apple;
The taste of mother Eve was therefore bad.
Good or bad the fruit was not the cause,
Replied the husband, of the misfortune, that marred all.
But rather the law, that did forbid the thing;
That was what highly seasoned the ragout.
To prove this, quoth he, I will lay a bet,
That whoever would forbid you here a thing,
On which you would not set the smallest value,
Nay more, what would be very hurtful to you,
You instantly would fly into a rage.
Who I? Says the lady. Yes, you, says the husband.
You would do it undoubtedly, I swear.
And to bet on it now I am prepared.

(To be continued.)

☞ TO THE PUBLIC.

The Readers of the IRISH MAGAZINE *are requested to suspend their opinions on the supposed loss of a certain person, to whose literary assistance some people attribute its reputation; as the Public will find, by the manner the* IRISH MAGAZINE will appear in future, *that it owes little or nothing to either* DOCTORS, DIVINES, or LAWYERS. *If it has sustained any injury, it is only to be attributed to the indulgence it incautiously gave to artificial talents, by inserting the stupid and malicious productions of men who imposed their services under the dignity of Collegiate distinctions.*

OBITUARY.

At Graig, on the 12th inst. Miss Cloney. There never was a brighter example of filial piety and affection than this young lady, which the misfortunes of 1798 afforded her the opportunity of displaying in the most eminent degree. In that year, her father experienced her invaluable attention, previous to his sinking under the weight of affliction, for the misfortune of his only son, Mr. Cloney, still a living example of the virulence and persecution of party spirit in the County of Wexford. His enemies were those of his Country, as they were supporters of the Union, which caused their applications not to be entirely disregarded; but the fatality intended for their victim, could not be completely sanctioned by Lord Cornwallis, though it protracted the period of his confinement and sufferings. This was a subject that roused the mildness and timidity of the sex into heroism: and Miss Cloney, on this occasion, made constant personal solicitations on behalf of her brother, to all that she conceived could relieve him; from the Lord Lieutenant down to the lowest Magistrate. The many severe trials she encouraged, preyed on her feelings, to that degree, that they were, tho' not the sudden, yet not the less certain cause of her premature dissolution. She met her fate with all that piety and resignation that the true principles of religion inspires, and her piety and virtue will long be held up as a bright example wherever she was known. The immense crowds that joined her funeral on her way at every cross road, from Graig to Roidroit, in the County of Wexford, during the progress of 16 miles, demonstrates how highly her virtues were appreciated by all ranks and descriptions, who were emulous in their endeavours to pay this last tribute of regard to such transcendant excellence.

In his 56th year, in Essex-street, at 7 o'clock a few days since, after a short, but most severe illness, borne with Christian piety and fortitude, the Rev. James O'Brien, of the order of St. Dominick, and of Rosemary-lane Chapel.—In him the poor have lost a protector—the widow and orphan must long deplore his loss; and those more intimately acquainted with him (amongst whom were the most respectable in this city), have to regret, what never can be forgotten, their best adviser—their sincere friend.

On the 27th ult. PATRICK MACKEN, A.B. late of Brookborough, co. Fermanagh.

Destined to a professional life, his proficiency had but just entitled him to the object of his pursuit, when snatched from its attainment, at the premature age of 22.

Modest and unaffected in his manners, he engaged the affections of all who were conversant with him. Exemplary and pure in his conduct, he excited their respect and esteem. Placed in the University at a period of early youth, his diligence and ingenuity earned to him her most distinguished rewards, nor will it be to overrate his endowments to pronounce that, had a life more extended been his lot, his country would not have blushed to enrol him among her proudest ornaments.

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR MAY, 1811.

INVASION OF IRELAND.

THE solicitude which our kind and enlightened neighbours of Britain have for our conversion from idolatry and sedition, has been lately matured into a well digested plan, by a concentration and a perpetual alliance of all the sources of grace, and all the variety of Gospel intelligence, from Cornwall to the Orkneys, from Dover to Holyhead, in short the whole Island have taken up the arms of grace, to enter on the Irish Crusade, for the extirpation of Popery and Pike Making.

In the course of the first week in April, the different divisions marched from their respective quarters, singing Al'elujahs, bearing becoming devices on their standards, expressive of the nature of the service. Portraits of John Wesley, handsomely wove on cotton, were borne by the Manchester Saints, who were attended to the distance of three miles, by the Bible Society, who contributed to the use of the divine besiegers, two very handsome travelling pulpits, after the model of the one invented by Mr. Latouche, and his Almoner, Gallagher, the Pulley-maker. The Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Stourbridge divisions, moved together, after hearing a sermon preached on the occasion, by Serjeant Major Snufferchops, of Warwick Local Militia; this great Apostle, and expounder of Grace, threw this part of the combined army, into transports of joyful extacy, not one person but confessed the impression of light, by the loudest acclamations, echoing the word, Holy, Holy, Holy, until the sensations of inspiration died gradually away into a general swoon of heavenly rapture, in which the whole body revelled in sweetest rhapsody, for more than one hour, that their respective spirits spent in a holy excursion to the top Heaven, where they were entertained in chaunts divine, by Wesley's old women, Knox's Saints, Nailor's Mutes, and the departed elect, who died for the Constitution. The Sheffield division moved on the 11th, and were attended by another considerable part of the Bible Society. The standards borne by this

regiment, were ornamented with likenesses of Lord Redesdale, of the Countess of Huntington, of Moses Monsetrap, the rivet maker, Deborah Candlemold, now on the mission in the Island of Otaheite. Every person of this part of the invading army, was armed with a neat edition of the Manchester Bible, a proper Hymn Book, and a stool; with these articles, were added, for general purposes, fourteen well hooped tubs, of different depths and calibres, from which preachers of any size, might shoot off the heavenly ammunition. We have not heard when preparing for the Press, the manner the rest of the army were conducted, except a small division of Jumpers, from Wales, who are to act as light troops in the service; they joined the main body destined to act in Leinster, and were distinguished by a hem of the divine Garment, which brother Gwndy, the Barber, snatched from heaven, at the late festival of the Saints, held at Bangor.

On Saturday, the 13th of April, having brigaded themselves, the whole embarked at Liverpool; and after a pleasant voyage of sixteen hours, arrived in Dublin Bay. When notice was sent off to the Major and the Board of Grace in Wood-street, of the happy event, immediately a council was convoked, and Kent the Baconer, Bible-mouth, Firethatch, Gribbins the Old Clothes-man, Oliver Wadsworth, the Artillery-man, Verdun, the Loyal Expositor, Betty Spindle, and Flukemouth, the Lawyer, who edites the *Patriot*, were ordered down to welcome the army of the allies, in the name of the Dublin Church.

In less than four hours, the debarkation was effected without any mistake, and the artillery and ammunition tubs, pulpits and books, were conveyed under a strong escort of Beresford's Corps, and deposited in the Tabernacle in Whitefriar-street.

In the evening, billets were issued, signed by the Major, and quarters were instantly assigned every person, in those distinguished neighbourhoods of grace and loyalty, Copper-alley, Barrack-street, Kevin-street, and the Coombe.

The most interesting and curious article we noticed with these saints, was a machine, the contrivance of one Bradmuzzle, now preaching the Gospel in Hindostan; it is so ingeniously and philosophically constructed, that with the assistance of a load stone, it is so affected when wheeled over any ground where iron is concealed, it immediately stops, and by ticking in the manner of a clock, declares any buried metal. The object of the holy artist, who was a very well disciplined bellows maker, *(before his call,)* in making this instrument, was to detect buried pikes, which the seditious Irish have concealed for the purpose of future massacres. This contrivance completely disappoints the rebels of this resource, as it will in future be impossible, to preserve their "*sleeping poles, and iron night-caps,*" as they term those tools of destruction, from a certain resurrection.

Mr. Sims's Speech on French and English Parties.

The Irish Forum, so called, *alias* a Debating Society, have taken up this subject in their discussions, and have very warmly debated it for four successive nights. Mr. Sims, the Shaver, whose eloquence against Popery, has so frequently wielded the democracy of the Common Council; demonstrated in a good stile of argument, that the French party mentioned by Mr. Grattan, has been the cause of the emigration of our gentry, and to that cause the present decay of Dublin is to be attributed. "For upon my honor," said the *chin chopper*, "the French party in my own county, (the county of Tipperary,) are

are so well known by their rags and their ferocity, that no gentleman is is safe among them, they appear in the open day light, insulting the Judges of the land by exhibiting uniforms, and at night are employed adding pillage to perjury, for Mr. Chairman, it is but one year next Lammas, since the whole parish of Little Poreen, consisting of sixty town lands, and a population of 2000 persons, made their affidavits that they would never *axe* to taste meat during their lives, and after all, these very fellows, don't let one night escape, that they do not murder and devour, some of the best reared pigs in the county. For my part I cannot see how any man can deny, that it must be a French party, who would assassinate and eat, the food intended for our brethren in England. It was but the other day, my Lord —— of the Farming Society was attacked by a band of these rogues, and actually pelted his honor with turf. Now the duty and the care of the Farming Society, being to supply our English neighbours, surely any persons interrupting such loyal labours, must be a French party, for no man but a French emissary can dispute the right we have to feed the only people who are at this day the envy and admiration of the world. I know the seditious say, that it was not a French party, but an English party that extinguished our independence, that it was an English party and not a French party, who instituted a Farming Society to divert us from ship building, to rear pigs for others to eat, to build styes instead of cabins, to import soldiers and export butter. I have with my own ears heard them say, that it was not a French party, but an English party, that bought our country, and converted the sellers into Judges and Lords. In short upon my honor said the orator, they are in the habit of saying that it is the English party, that take our colonial produce, that is our pigs, and young men, and sends us nothing in exchange, but tobacco and crooked soldiers, what the Irish Magazine term ir-kneed heroes of Birmingham; with all this they assert that it was not a French party that used to transport Irish priests and school-masters, in former times or ignite cabins in modern ones. I shall conclude, gentlemen, by assuring you, that I have been looking over the list of indigent room-keepers, and from their names and abodes I do really think that they must be the French party mentioned by Mr. Grattan, they are not less than 48,000 strong in Dublin, and if I was not obliged to watch over the Constitution, I would imitate, Mr. Ponsonby, Lord Ely, Lord Carleton, Mother Grant, and other patriots by living in London, and leave this distracted country, to be regulated by those Constitutional manufacturors, Barrack builders, who have preserved the glory of Britain and the sale of her commodities, wherever she has unfurled her invincible standards.

Parliamentary Reform.

Mr. Perceval on the debate in the English parliament, relating to Maynooth College, very candidly declared, that he would never allow any further augmentation of the original grant of 8,000*l.* that is only 3,000*l.* more than what is allowed the Farming Society for building dog kennels, and pig houses. "For" said Mr. Perceval, "*I regret, that such an establishment as Maynooth College, had ever been formed, as I consider it a cause of great evil in Ireland.*" This clear and distinct explanation, which we say is the opinion of every Englishman, and has been the opinion of every individual in England since the reformation as any man can inform himself, by looking over the statute books, and on their pages will be seen the Vandal character of the law makers, who declared

priests and school-masters felons, and delivered them over to the mercy of such as would hunt them. After this sentence of Mr. Perceval, which we are conscious is the opinion of his colleagues, and every man who heard him, we hope the Catholics of Ireland, will give over the idle and fruitless pursuit of Catholic emancipation. They have been seen begging at the Bar of the British Senate, every session since the unfortunate Act of Union, and what relief has that senate extended to them? Some may answer they have secured a number of friends in that assembly, and that the justice of their cause, and their uniform moderation, must at last prevail.—We defy any reasonable Catholic to point out any six men in the Imperial Parliament, since it became known by that name, that were not enemies to Catholic emancipation, while in power, and friends when out of power; we allow Mr. Fox to be added to the selection. Some of our aristocracy, who conduct Catholic affairs in a *gentlemanly manner*, are mean enough to fawn on the men who despise them, are advocates for an eternal petition, and have so little feeling for their own honor, and less for their children—that they would leave a legacy of petitions to their posterity.

These are not the Catholics we are speaking to, it is to four millions who are earning their bread, and have nothing to leave their children, but their country, whom we presume to advise, and that advice is to persist in, and demand a reform in parliament, that is a repeal of the Union; as the present mode of representation has been improperly effected, the residence of the Legislature too distant, nine-tenths of its members, strangers to our manners and to the country, and too much influenced by religious bigotry. It may be said we send one hundred representatives to that assembly, we know that—but we know that the men who made the sale after flogging us, are no more fitted to represent us, than it is proper that the other men who sold us, are to be our JUDGES.

Modern history does not furnish such an example of intolerance, ingratitude and temerity, as this severe and arrogant insult of Perceval, nor do we believe there is any other assembly in the world, where four millions of men, would be treated with such insolent *hauteur* without one solitary advocate to repel the foul indecency, that denounces an intire nation, by lamenting that their education should be considered an evil. Mr. Grattan himself, did not even indulge the superficial thinkers of the Catholic body by a flight of polemic eloquence. It appears from all that was said and done on this business, that the age of the penal laws is again to be rescuscitated, that the eloquence of the bayonet, or the arguments of the barrack, are to answer all the purposes of public security, and reconciliation.

Counsellor Casey.

This gentleman, who we understand has been promoted to the judicial rank of a Commissioner of Bankrupts, may be considered among those great characters, of which Europe has been so fruitful, within the last thirty years. Counsellor Casey, has been concerned in disposing of Empires, and in this case, he ought to be ranked among the great revolutionary constellations, that have ornamented and enlightened this hemisphere. Counsellor Casey, though holding no rank as a military man, nor of much distinction for his forensic acquirements, or senatorial eloquence, has done as much to add to the integrity of the British Empire, as the eloquence of a Daly, the vigilance of a Sirr, or the military talents of a Wellesley. For in fact the union had been carried into effect by one Vote, and if Counsellor Casey had not to the prejudice of his extensive practice,

practice, attended at his post on the important day when Ireland was to have her harp broken, and its fragments scattered to ornament a British museum, Dublin would not at present behold, an O'Grady, a Smith, an O'Daly, an Osborne, or a Mc. Clelland, driving their triumphal cars over its ruins. Great men, are distinguished by their works, the fellow who burnt the temple of Diana at Ephesus, immortalized his name on the ashes of that celebrated monument of ancient grandeur. The names of the great patriots who patched up the fallen grandeur of Britain, by sacrificing half of the Empire, to repair the rest, will be written on the disjointed bricks and mutilated columns of departed Dublin, and there will not remain one person able to muster one smile, at the facetious name of CASEY.

The Dublin Press.

The Public, by seeing the condition of the Dublin publications, the little influence the government papers have on the public mind, by comparing the most notorious Print in point of circulation, with those that are supported at the expense of the Treasury, edited by all the hired ingenuity of the sweepings of the Bar, the Church and the Medical profession.

The Dublin Journal, publishes 150 papers every day of its publication, if it can be called publication, that the news men, would not descend to carry, its name is not known outside of the public offices, or such part of them that are obliged, even with reluctance, to allow it a place, among the rubbish of their desks.

The next is the "Hibernian Journal," a daily paper, prints not more than 150 on any occasion and at an expense not less than £2000 a year. This paper is distributed in the same forced manner; and the very idea of servitude, ignorance and corruption, its character conveys, is such, that we are assured, not one number of it, is ever purchased, not even by the servants and creatures of the government.

The next is the "*Patriot*," lately established, under the auspices of the Wellesleys, with a view of leading the people of Ireland, into a conviction of the inestimable advantages the Country have to hope by the Union, to reconcile us to taxations, hitherto unequalled in the history of financial oppression, and to wipe off the stigma which popular indignation, so unfoundedly attach to the names of Foster, Wellesley and Richmond.

This "*Patriot*," publishes daily about 450, and exactly in the same manner with its two companions in loyalty and literature. Several eminent men of all the learned professions, have tried their strength on the *poor Patriot*, and in vain, for it never appeared in any estimation either for ingenuity or originality, but by the usual dull stupidity with which loyalty, without principle, always accoutres itself.

These are the kind of works, that are to call the wandering allegiance of the Irish people, into a steady attachment to a mode of government, founded on the suppression and sale of our independence, on eternal war, and unequal taxation, and these are the kind of publications to which Foster paid 40,000*l.* last year, for distributing proclamations. Mr. Foster, with as much sense, might as well paste his proclamations in his wig box, as conceal them in newspapers, that are unknown, except in the list of public burthens; and yet Mr. Foster had the effrontery to charge the Country 40,000*l.* for such services, and refuse Maynooth College £10,000, towards the education of the Irish priesthood.

The next publication, by which the taste, and the character of the Irish people, may be best understood, is the "IRISH MAGAZINE," It has no patronage but the public opinion, it has neither Doctors, Divines, nor Lawyers,

Lawyers, to give it literary reputation, nor the aid of proclamation, to increase its capital, or to balance its books, and in the teeth of power, of state artifice, and all the arts of Bar persecution, hired loyalty and canting bigotry, it has a circulation of near 4,000 each publication ! ! !

If the world would know what Ireland is and the state of its intellectual, moral and national feeling, we think this short statement will be a sufficient answer.

A CRITICAL ESSAY
ON THE
Scoto-Milesian Antiquities.

(Continued from April Mag. page 156.)

The Ulster Annals, called *Ultonienses* by Usher, partly in Irish, partly in Latin, and finished in the 16th century by Roderick Cassidy, Archdeacon of Clogher, who had written the last part of it.

The Annals of *Tigearnach* of *Cluain-mac-Nois*, written in the Irish language and character in the 11th century.

The Annals of *Inis-Faill*, written in the 13th century, and the *Synchronisms*, or concurrences of events by *Flannus à Monasterio*. The most of these works are still complete. The rest are found in scattered fragments in the books of *Leacan*, *Mologa*, *Moling*, *O'Dubhagan*, *Mac Eagan*, *Macl. Conry*, *O'Bruodin*, *O'Doran*, *O'Duinin*, &c. &c.

All those Authors have written in succession, and have transmitted from age to age, and as it were, from hand to hand, the thread of their History from the origin of this people. Scarcely a century elapses, that the history of each country is not written. The last historians if they be general, constantly renew and refer, in the current century, to what was contained in the ancient monuments of the country; so that if even the originals of these monuments were sometimes lost or consumed by time, they are preserved as to the substance, in modern history.

The existence and reality of these Milesian monuments admit of no doubt: they are quoted by well known authors, incapable of imposition, or vending chimerical accounts for veridical monuments. Keating, Colgan, Lynch, Walsh, O'Flaherty, Kennedy, and others quote them in every page.—Usher mentions the Annals of *Figearnach*, and those he calls *Ultonienses*. Ware quotes the Psalter called *Na-Rann*, written in the 8th century, half Irish, half Latin, by *Aongus Celide* or *Colideus*. He speaks in the highest terms of the Psalter of Cashell, and of its author *Cormac-mac-Cuillinan*, bishop of Cashel, and king of Munster at the commencement of the 10th century. He says, that this book, still extant, is in high estimation, and that the author was a learned man, and well versed in the antiquities of his country.

Sir George Mac Kenzy, a Scotch man in the preface to his *Defence of the Royal line of Scotland*, printed at Edinburgh in 1685, speaks of some Irish manuscripts, that belonged to the Abbey of Hi-Columbkill, which he had seen. Since I began this work, says he, there fell into my hands a very ancient manuscript of the Abbey of Hi-Columbkill, written by *Cairbre Liffeachair*, who lived six generations before St. Patrick, and about the time of our Saviour. This manuscript gives an exact account of the kings of Ireland, whence I conclude, that as the Irish at that time had manuscripts, we certainly must have had some too." There are many things in this book added thereto by the cotemporary Druids. I saw, continues Mac Kenzy, an ancient genealogy of the kings of the Scots of Albany, which agrees with that of which mention is made in our history, at the coronation of Alexander the second, and which is preserved (at Hi-Columbkill,) as a sacred deposit. I saw, says he, another ancient manuscript,

nuscript, which supposes that the *Dalreudini* of Albany had settled (in Scotland) six generations before Eric, whom Usher calls the father of our kings. I find in the same manuscript, that *Aongus Iuirtheampher* reigned in Ireland five generations before our *Fergus* the second, and that in his time the Scots of Albany separated from those of Ireland; this accords with our histories, which relate, that the Scots dwelt a long time in this country, before *Fergus* had settled therein. These very Irish manuscripts agree also with the history of *Cairbre*, of whom mention was made before; these are in fact additions made to his work by our ancient Senachies." Behold the formal and positive testimony of Mac Kenzy as to the reality of ancient Irish manuscripts.

The Ulster Annals, those of Tigearnach, Innis-Fail, mentioned in the catalogue of English and Irish manuscripts, printed at Oxford (vol. 2.) are also to be found with several other Irish manuscripts in the Duke of Chandos's Cabinet in England, who got them after the death of the Earl of Clarendon.

A large manuscript volume in folio, called Leabhar Leacain, was taken away from Trinity College, Dublin, by order of the late king of England, James II. This manuscript was deposited afterwards by order of this prince, (an Act was passed for this purpose, in the presence of a Notary) in the Archives of the Irish College at Paris, where it is carefully preserved. The stile of this manuscript is so concise, and the words so contracted, that scarcely any one can be found amongst those that are versed in that language who is able to decypher it.—The English translator of Keating's History, printed at Dublin in 1723, and after at London, assures us in his preface that there is in the Library of Trinity College, among many other manuscripts, a volume in folio, written on parchment, these several ages back; that this volume contains some extracts from the Psalter of Tara, Cashell, Armagh, and other monuments of antiquity, and that for six months perusal of them, he was obliged to give security for one thousand pounds sterling. Would he presume to publish such an account in the same city, and mention Dr. Raymond who still was living, who had been his security as he says, had he apprehended to be contradicted in his statement? This is not probable.

These monuments, which I have mentioned, with several others preserved in the cabinets of the Irish nobility, are manuscripts that have escaped the fury of the Danes, which, similar to inscriptions engraved on old pillars degraded by time, become useless in a country, where the language is on the decline. Such as have handled this subject these two centuries back have derived their materials from those sources. The excellence of history depends upon the choice of the materials of which it is composed. But it is not in the writings of foreigners, that we must seek these materials We should extract them from the monuments of that nation, whose history we intend to compose. That the Milesians were extremely jealous of their antiquities, the regulations made at the States of Tara, to preserve their annals, must easily convince us. Although their monuments are consigned to a foreign language, a language unknown to the other people of Europe, this does not diminish the truth of the facts they contain.

I know there are some, whether among those who glory in the name of Irishmen, or among foreigners, who strive to invalidate the authority of the monuments of this people, both are influenced by different motives; but all ground their objections on negative proofs, and conjectures deduced from obscure and doubtful principles.

If evidence and authority be necessary to confirm historical facts, they are equally so, when the point at issue consists in refuting facts; and when both these conditions are wanting, all

critical

critical observation must fall to the ground. To support historical facts, neither mathematical nor juridical proofs must be required. Moral proofs should appear sufficient. Reason will not allow us to ask any other, than what the nature of the subject requires. Historical, certainly can be but a moral certainty, grounded on the traditions of a people, on ancient monuments, probable reasons, or on the testimony of men worthy of credit. Our modern historians have never beheld with their eyes, the thousandth part of what they recount. We must presume as much of the tradition of an entire nation, as of the deposition of two witnesses in one particular case, whose veracity is grounded only on the presumption, that they will not be guilty of perjury; so that the most solid foundation of the history of a people, is the common opinion of the natives; from whom foreigners should learn what they wish to know on the subject.

Those censors presume to pass sentence on historical documents, which perhaps they never have seen, and even if they had, they would not be able to understand them. Some of them assert, that the Milesians derive their origin from the Gauls, and that their language is the same with the Breton, that is, an idiom of the Celtic. Others, after the Bollandists, pretend they had no alphabetical characters previous to the preaching of St. Patrick.

They first endeavour to seek the origin of this people among the Gauls; and by dint of calculating and combining the notions they have imbibed from the writings of Cæsar, Strabo, Tacitus, and Ptolomy, they say that Gaul was so fertile, and abounding in fruits, was equally so as to its population, that it was occasionally obliged to send colonies to the neighbouring countries, and doubtless to Spain, on account of its proximity, and that, the descendants of these colonists, had perhaps afterwards sailed from Spain into Ireland. (We see this argument is bottomed upon mere conjecture.) They affect, in imitation of Ptolomy, to distinguish and separate into tribes, the ancient inhabitants of this Island, under different names, such as the Cauci, Menapii, Brigantes, Gangani, Luceni, &c. and investigate the origin of these people in the different countries, with which, as they imagine, those names have any connection or affinity. They derive the *Cauci*, from Germany; the *Menapii*, from Belgic Gaul; the *Brigantes*, from Britain; the *Gangani* and *Luceni*, from Spain; and as Camden says, according to Silius Italicus, of Scythian extraction.

But, besides as Ptolomy could scarcely be acquainted with these people, at a period when commerce was very uncommon between such distant nations, he could know them only by the imperfect relations of some few mariners, who had scarcely ever seen the coasts of that Island. We know that the ancient Greeks, and Geographers, were accustomed to corrupt or entirely alter the proper names of people, of nations, and even of cities, and give them new ones, according to their humour and taste. *Josephus, Lib. 2. cont. Appian Cambd. Britt. p. 27. London.*

These different nations, mentioned by Ptolomy, are as foreign and as little known among the Milesians, says O'Flaherty, as the most distant nations of America; so it is surprising, says he, that men of penetration in other respects, should stop at such puerilities, and shew their ignorance of our history, by such absurd conjectures. *(Ogygia part 1. pag. 26.*

As to the latter, who maintain that the Milesians had no alphabet before the arrival of St. Patrick, they should rest satisfied with what I have said on the language and characters of this people.

The use of letters amongst a people, supposes politeness of manners, and cultivation of mind. We cannot say

say they, suppose that a savage, barbarous, and ferocious people possessed these qualities, such as the Milesians are represented before the Christian æra, by Strabo, Mela, and other ancient authors.

The Romans having never been able to penetrate into Ireland, were very incapable to judge of the manners of its inhabitants. (*Camd. Britt. pag.* 729.) Polybius, more ancient by two centuries than Strabo, declares, that the British Isles were almost unknown, and that whatever was circulated concerning them, was merely the effect of imagination. (Polyb. Lib. 3. pag. 88.) Dion, of Nice, agrees, that in his time it was still a matter of doubt, whether they were Islands or a Continent. So in the first century, Agricola did not know that Britain was an Island, until he had sailed round it by the Orkneys, with his fleet. This is a proof, that at the time of Strabo, who also lived in the first century, the Romans were not acquainted with Ireland; and assures us in his Irish Library, that the authors not knowing what to say of it, had hazarded these descriptions from the accounts some mariners gave, who were wrecked perhaps, on the coasts of that island, where the inhabitants were at that time, what they are at present in the most civilized nations, that is, savage and furious towards such as are shipwrecked on their shores. (*Chap.* 1, *page* 1.) The sincere avowal of Strabo is a demonstration of this; he acknowledges, that he had no witnesses worthy of credit, to vouch for what he relates: *De Hibernia nihil certe habeo, quod dicam—quæ quidem ita referimies, ut fide dignus harum rerum testibus destitute.*

(To be continued.)

Brian Boroihme's Harp.

This monarch who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014, left with his son Donagh, his harp, but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, A. D. 1023, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope. Adrian the IV. surnamed Breakspear, alleged this circumstance as one of the principal titles he claimed to this kingdom, in his Bull transferring it to Henry II. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII, with the title of Defender of the Faith; but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of Mc. Mahon of Clenagh in the County of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner Mac Namara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the right Honorable William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College library. It is 32 inches high, and of extraordinary good workmanship; the sounding board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chisselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm are of silver. On the front arm, are the arms chased in silver of the O'Brien family, the bloody hand supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm within two circles, are two Irish Wolf Dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with escutcheon of brass carved and gilt, the larger sounding-holes have been ornamented, probably with silver, as they were the object of theft. This harp has 28 keys, and as many string-holes consequently there were as many strings. The foot piece or rest is broken off,

and the parts round which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

A Letter from Waterford,

April 28, 1811.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

Regarding as I do, the imbecility and weakness of the present Ministry; feeling all that contempt for them, their whole career merits, and viewing with sorrow and indignation, the result of the various trials for libel, and looking upon their consequences as deeply affecting, the almost, I might say, existence of our happy constitution, as it has been,—since the accession of our present beloved monarch, I cannot avoid noticing their attempts, vain indeed! to put down, as it were, to crumble into dust the palladium of all our rights, "*the liberty of the press.*"

First, by imposing a tax, to prevent the proprietors of Newspapers, &c. from being able to circulate their papers, at the usual rates, hindering people in business and others, sending advertisements, (the only means of emolument, arising from publishing newspapers,) by imposing a duty on these, infinitely higher than in England, and when they find this mode of taxation fail, as soon as they perceive it defeat its main, its municipal object, they then, as the only means left, file informations against, and prosecute all those concerned in Newspapers, Magazines, &c. for alleged libels on the government, on their acts—on cashiered, duelling ministers—and on loyal foreigners, &c. have them summoned to trial, and as if this very *summons to trial*, were to become an evidence of the alledged crime, are ever *FOUND GUILTY*. I am sorry to find, that whilst some persons feel and admit the essential advantages accruing to society, from the freedom of the press, yet indulge themselves in impassioned exclamations against the abuses of it. But those persons must be considered to consult their judgment or experience very little, when they would act thus. *The laws of England as they now stand, are amply sufficient for the protection of the press, if the country be but faithful to itself.* The laws of England provide, as effectually, as human laws can do, for the safety of the subject, in his reputation, his person and his property; and if *private* persons be attacked, their characters traduced, be personally injured or insulted, a double remedy is open to them, by either action or indictment. And if through false shame, indolence or indifference they will not appeal to the laws of their Country, for that redress, they are ever ready to afford, they do a most signal injustice to the good of society, as well as to themselves. To preserve to each individual what he legally owns, to administer equal justice to those claiming redress, to reward and punish according as the laws may merit either, to preserve inviolate the rights and privileges of the people, should be the leading care of all men wishing prosperity to the inhabitants of these realms, as on the protection and safety of individuals, depends the safety of the whole empire.

With regard however, to *comments* or *strictures* upon the *character* of *men* in *offices*, and the different measures they pursue, unless a *very considerable latitude* be allowed, the liberty of the press will be but of very *little avail* to the good of society. If *combinations* like these at present formed, by men in office, be longer continued to suppress all writings without otherwise describing them, than by such general denominations as *libellous* or *seditious*, and if these *combinations* are to extend to *all things*, which may not exactly *agree* with their *private* judgment, no man will venture either to write or speak upon topics of *government* and its administration; a *freedom*, which has ever been acknowledged;

ledged, to be the principal *safe guard* of that constitution, which a *free press* by its *circulation*, has gradually brought to its present maturity. Were this *freedom* taken away we would have no *check* on their conduct. Once take away the *danger* of punishment, of some kind or other, and you will find men commit every species of villainy. But we are told the press has now arrived to such a height of licentiousness, is carried so far beyond the bounds of decency and *truth*, that the acts of our *popular* and *excellent* ministry are constantly held up to *public* detestation and derision, that nothing can escape its envenomed malice, that in fact the newspapers, pamphlets and magazines, have *nearly* all united in the cause of disaffection, only wish to renew rebellion—to upset the constitution. Were I even to allow these premises *true*, I would *deny* that conclusions, such as have been lately *drawn* from *similar assertions*, upon the various trials for libel *would be true*, and for this reason that the *extent of the genuine liberty of the press or general subjects, and the boundaries which separate it from licentiousness, the English law has very wisely never once attempted to define: it should be the office of the Jury alone to ascertain them.* [I will here briefly state, the different modes of prosecuting for libel, and other criminal cases, as it will shew, that a *power* the *Jury should possess*, is *held* and *used* by the *court*,—in addition to its other power, of awarding punishment The mode of prosecution in the case of libel, commences from an officer of the crown by information, in all others, by indictment before the Grand Jury. As then, in the case of libel, either the fact of writing the matter alledged to be libellous, is allowed or at all events can be easily, proved, the *office* of the *Jury* is *entirely nugatory*. Upon this admission or proof, the Court judges of the nature and extent of the offence, and the result of the judgment then formed is the pronouncing the punishment *ad arbitrium* for the crime. In all other criminal prosecutions the Jury decides *at the same time* of both the fact and the crime, the Judge then passes a sentence, not of his *own forming*, not as in the former case *discretional* but a sentence specified by the standing law. The Jury then we find in the the exert not is but a mere *sham*, for case of libel, the power of jurors, they are impannelled here to ascertain from the evidence produced whether the writing held up to their view, be the act of the accused or not, surely there is no authority or power used when the fact is either generally acknowledged or as I before observed very easily proved, but surely it should be their business to pronounce at the same time whether it be libellous or seditious, for if *twelve respectable men* upon their oaths, standing in the face of their country are not *competent* to discover the nature and tendency of the writing, and whether it be of that *pernicious* nature the Judges do *strenuously* labour to point it out to them to be, if they be not capable of seeing its criminal intent, its libellous matter, we must certainly pronounce it to be wholly *harmless*, to be neither *libellous* nor *seditious*, and the Jury by not exercising this power, the chief one they should evidently use, leave to the court the power of *finding guilty* and *allotting punishment*, two offices which leave every thing to the judgment of the Court, not generally practised by it, tile the time of *Mansfield*, nor often since until the *reign* of the *present* ministry. Thus we may see how extremely hazardous it is either to write or speak with *freedom*, whilst the Court possesses such *frightful* privileges. It is very justly remarked by the celebrated Judge Trotter, that words are transitory and fleeting, easily forgotten and subject to mistaken interpretations, and I will maintain that the members constituting the government, have done themselves *more harm*, by putting *forced* constructions upon the late writings

of Cobbett, Gale Jones, Roche, Finerty, Cox and others, and *dragging* them to trial, and consequently punishing them *(inhumanly* as some of them have been, though they did not go so far as to cut their ears or noses off, which I believe they might have done,) than could possibly result to them from *not noticing* such writings. A gay old woman, says the Fable, seeing all her *wrinkles* represented in a large looking-glass, in a furious rage threw it upon the ground, and broke it in a thousand pieces, but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy: "What have I *gained by this revengeful blow of mine!* I have only *multiplied* my *deformity*, and now see an *hundred faces* where before I saw *but one.*" It is ever characteristic of great and heroic souls to shew a particular disregard to undeserved reproaches that may be cast on them, to be free from the impertinent curiosity of enquiring after them, or the poor paltry revenge of resenting them. Many are the instances we find of the kind in the histories of Cæsar, Alexander and other great characters, but vulgar souls can feel no such fine sensations, are of quite an opposite character, and Dionysius like. With regard to the nature of libel, we find lawyers so frequently disagree, we have many instances of attorney generals when having that situation, to hold opinions on the nature of libel, that they totally disclaim when upon the bench, thus proving that the *making* a publication *libellous* or not, *rests solely* with the *Court*, thereby unconstitutionally exercising a two-fold office, it was never meant by the constitution it should discharge or enjoy.

Should you insert this, I shall again beg a corner of your publication on this subject.

I am Yours, &c.

IRENÆUS.

MR. COX.

DR. SIR,

The inclosed article is a free translation of an ancient and curious manuscript, at present in the hands of J. Mc. L—gh—n, Esq. of Cork, the top of which is embellished with a neatly executed portrait of its presumptive author. To your prudence, I submit it for publication, and if it should find a place in your next month's Magazine, I may perhaps succeed in prevailing on the present possessor of its venerable original, to transmit it to you, which I am confident would afford your numerous Gælic readers, no small gratification.

RORY OGE O'MORE.

Shane O'Neill's Catechism of principles, rendered from the Irish, and supposed to have been written for the instruction of his son.

Father's Quest. What countryman are you?

Son's Ans. An Irishman.

Q. What obligations are entailed on the person who is dignified with the name of Irishman?

A. A profound respect and veneration for the ceremonies and pastors of our holy religion—our national laws and institutes, which I swear to preserve as far as possible, inviolate and an implacable hatred against E—h—n.

Q. Who are these Sasanaghs, and why entertain this "implacable hatred" against them?

A. They are a race of sanguinary adventurers, who having by perfidy obtained a footing on our native soil; arrogantly consider the entire country as their own; proclaim as traitors to their government, a people who never submited to its sway; denounce extermination against our ministry, and a total abolition of our sacred faith; (too rigidly virtuous to countenance their atrocity); propose giving us a substitute, a subtile doctrine tinkered up by luxury and licentiousness, to sanction sensual enjoyment and guilty pleasure, and as if to crown this climax

max of crime, our paternal estates are actually confiscated by long anticipation.

Q. What means have you to protect yourselves, against the inroads of these wretches?

A. The justice of our cause, our bravery and our swords.

Q. Have you many prisoners on the one side or the other?

A. None. The laws of war, and of honor, are alike disregarded by our persecutors—their capture is death—callous alike to the dictates of civilization and humanity, and ever ready to embrue their hands in blood, they have changed the generous system of open war into private assassination, and by offering rewards, enhanced in proportion to the dignity of the victim, they instigate the ruffian, and legalize the murder.

Q. What excuse do they plead for atrocities?

A. Verily a thirst of glory and conquest, but their glory is that of the renegado; and their thirst for conquest is a thirst for tyranny.

Q. What course do you mean to pursue in so perilous a situation?

A. By a strict observance of the soul saving duties, imposed on me by my religion, I will walk abroad undaunted, the fear of sudden death cannot then easily appal me; which religion, I swear to the utmost of my power to preserve from ignominy, and its ministers from persecution.

2dly, I swear to preserve inviolate the wise ordinances of our forefathers.

3dly, I swear to instil no principles hostile to universal liberty, a principle which has been transmited to us from sire to son, and which has gained us amongst our degenerate countrymen of the pale the epithet of *Wild Irish*, but our wildness, is the wild spirit of freedom, which throbs within our breasts, and their tranquillity is the dastardly torpor, naturally incident on habitual oppression.

4thly And lastly, I solemnly swear that no exigency of circumstances or individual danger, shall influence me to conclude any treaty of alliance or compromise, with our Saxon *would be* tyrants, but is and ever shall be my fixed determination to carry on perpetual warfare, and endeavour by every means in my power to extirpate them, root and branch, from a country which they have polluted by excesses in the catalogue of guilt, as yet unparalelled.

CATHOLIC MEETING,

At Thurles, County Tipperary.

General Mathew, whose undisguised attachment to the Catholics and to his country, is so gratefully acknowledged by an insulted people, at this meeting. on Monday, the 15th of April, made the following very correct and animated expressions, "We must inevitably fall under the yoke of the great conqueror, the Emperor of the French, which, may God, in his infinite mercy, avert, by a timely interference, by opening the hearts and enlightening the minds of our *present* weak and *bigoted rulers*."

By laying so strong an emphasis on the *present bigoted rulers*, any person might understand, that our rulers are not usually bigotted; or, that a change of Ministers would furnish some enlightened men, and of more enlarged and generous understanding, but this is an idle chimera, not warranted by any example in British history, by even a solitary exception; and, for our parts, we have as much dependence for a release from our servitude from a Perceval, as we have from a Sheridan, or from any man that ever traded in Parliament, or basked within the rays of British power. We defy the history of Parliament, particularly since the Union, to quote one Englishman, who ever seriously advocated the cause of the Irish Catholics, or any man who ever affected any attachment to them, that did not recant when

when he got into office. We have been abused so long, by putting our cause into such hands that we are ashamed at the inferior kind of intellect we expose to public view, by inlisting ourselves under the banners of ministerial and parliamentary intriguers, who made us the footstools to their elevation, and after reaching their destination, kicked us among the gaping rabble who raised them. If the Irish aspire to distinction, to relief or protection, they should display the character of men, who are at this day the only defence Britain has in this last struggle for her independence. If we cannot call on the gratitude of Britain in exchange for our services, and be heard with any decent respect, we ought to demonstrate our spirit, by our silence, rather than disgrace our character by heedless applications. The age of petition has passed away, and the age of justice must be the next; he that persists in the first, in the teeth of experience must be an idiot, and he that denies the latter, has learned nothing from time.

ABBE MAURY's SPEECH.

(Continued from our Magazine for March, page 127.)

Where is the Divine or Canonist who has ever taught that not only a Bishopric, but even the smallest ecclesiastical title could be suppressed, without the intervention of the spiritual authority. We challenge and defy our adversaries to bring forward or cite, even one example in the whole history of the Church. It is then the cause of discipline that we support, when we have recourse to the legal forms, which we never shall give up. The noise, tumult, uproar and bustle of this assembly may suffocate and suppress my voice, but not the truth —no, it is alive in the bottom of my heart, and the nation hears me even when silent!. That nation, in whose name you pretend to interrupt, oppose and contradict me, has sent you here to make laws, and not to dictate to me my opinions. Who are the innovators of principles? Are we the fabricators or inventors of systems contrary to all rules? Are we substituting authority in the place of reason? Do you dare to accuse us as innovators, when in order to attack our doctrine, in your tumultuous discussions, you are obliged to tread under foot with pride, insolence and contempt, the principles of the most learned, able and esteemed writers of all the Catholic Countries, Churches and Ages? Ah! you are running with such rapidity in your roads of destruction, that you should at least allow your victims to lay the chains of the law before you when you dart, armed with all your power in order to annihilate us. You say, you will mark all your new Departments with the august title of the *Faith of Christians*. Ah! gentlemen, you could not then erect those monuments of your piety, without adding as trophies, the banners of your desertion and revolt against religion.

This sacrilegious usurpation of power does not intimidate the legislative conquests of Monsieur Camus. According to him, this so much desired union of Church and State, dooms the Church to a perpetual state of dependance, and resistance would be considered as rebellion. His erudition and logic were very near leading him to heresy in this tribunal; but if he has not articulated or expressed it clearly, I defy him to give an orthodox sense of his explanation of the Pope's authority. He acknowledges, he says, in the successor of St. Peter, besides the two titles of Bishop, and Metropolitan, in the province of Rome, another particular title, which is that of *Centre of Unity;* and so he confounds one of the prerogatives of the Holy See, with what he calls a title of Pope, says, that St. Peter received a special mission of watching and exhorting, but that is far from being a jurisdiction properly called. The induction

that

that Monsieur *Camus* draws, is not expressed, but it is clear and obvious. It is of faith that the sovereign Pontiff, who has the same power that St. Peter had, enjoys by divine right, a supremacy of honour and jurisdiction in the universal Church; and consequently, what Monsieur *Camus* says, is incorrect, and what he means is heretical. *The Nation he says, ought not to be controuled by particular decisions, whose objects are different;* does he forget what sovereignty is? France has done away all the ancient forms, like so many erasements scattered on the surface, in order to elevate a great palace; we don't mean to enter into a minute discussion of all the metaphysical questions concerning sovereignty, as foreign to the subject; no, we shall only examine one point alone, and pray you to pay attention: the point is, that you are not the sovereigns of religion, and that religion is subject to God alone. No, no, you are not the spiritual legislators of the church; you cannot therefore, either abolish or annul her laws, and substitute laws of your own; and the will alone of the temporal sovereign, will never cause the law of the Diocesan circumscriptions to cease; our legal forms constitute our public right, your authority cannot alter them. As the two powers, whose objects should never be confounded, are in themselves totally independant of each other. We have not commissioned you to destroy those forms that you call measures.—Change them as you please in the administration of your own laws, but leave to us the exercise of our laws in the discipline of the church that has prospered and flourished under their empire. You say you have prohibited them, as being so many ramparts against despotism and we reclaim them in order to protect and guard ourselves against despotism. And you render their protection but too necessary to hope that we never shall renounce those old erasements, in which we are sheltered from all tyranny in order to follow you to that new palace, where your view, in admitting the church, would be to oppress, domineer and rule her with insolence.

Let us not be tired of discussing the strange reasonings and arguments of Monsieur Camus; he tells us that when the Missionary Augustin, Apostle of England, had multiplied the number of his proselites in that island, Ethelbert, King of the province of Kent, gave him in the City of Cantenbury, a convenient place to establish an episcopal see which he endowed most magnificently, and from this he concludes that the civil power has a right to institute Bishopricks—but should such arguments of petty lawyers profane this tribune? Is it to be surprized that a Missionary who goes to an idolatrous country, to propagate the faith, should favour the views of the king who wishes to have an episcopal See erected in the capital of his kingdom? But can this wish of the prince be considered as a canonical Institution? Does the church by consenting strip or deprive herself of her spiritual jurisdiction? Does the king, who embraces the Roman Catholic religion and authorises the exercise of it in his kingdom, and to whom, for so doing, every respect is paid, thereby acquire the right of suppressing episcopal Sees, established by the church, with the consent of the sovereign? What an induction, what a consequence, what an inference, what a logical conclusion! However *Monsier Camus* follows his point, and in order to shew the precision and conclusiveness of his arguments according to the rules of logic and to prove the competence of the civil power, says that S. Gregory, was for establishing three Metropolitans in England, at Cantenbury, York and London, but that he only erected a Bishopric in London! *Risum teneatis amici?* As if a simple project was a legal institution,

tion, as if the not executing it was an argument of the Pope's incompetence, who had formed the project. When such inconclusive proofs are brought forward, it clearly demonstrates the lameness and debility of the argument. What acuteness, sagacity, refinement, subtility and quickness of discernment!

According to the doctrine of the egregious *Monsieur Camus*, so extensive and unlimited is the power of the national assembly, in matters of religion, that they can even proscribe it,—Oh fatal power, that consists only in the power of *becoming guilty*, but a power, he says, however, that existed in the assembly and nation:—But, gentlemen, confound not the assembly with the nation, and don't imagine that their powers are the same. You are the representatives of the nation, but you are not the nation.—Delegates who comment as they please on the procuration or act by which they are empowered to act, can add nothing to the authority; they are only deputies. The nation has bound you by mandates, to which by a solemn oath you have promised to be faithful: the nation then has limited your power. You would require a more special, peculiar, extraordinary and particular power to change the religion of the State. This Mission has never been given to us—no, the kingdom has not left it's belief at your mercy,—you have got no power to proscribe the Religion of your ancestors and fellow-citizens, and a sad trial of power in that respect would be soon the last effort; what do I say? not only the nation has never given you this ideal imaginary power, of which however you avail yourselves, in order to aggrandize your authority and competence, in a despotic, tyrannical, and absolute manner. Your written orders shew the contrary, you have formed this Hypothesis purely illusory, in order to attribute to yourselves by a sophistical, fallaciously subtle and logically deceitful inferences a power too true and real. You know full well *M. Camus* that we could not destroy the Christian religion in France without being guilty of the greatest of crimes; what consequence then can you draw from a power, which you have not, and which you could not exercise, unless invested or authorised, without offending the nation? Is it thus that legislators should establish and extend their power? It's an axiom in law, that whatever justice condemns or reprobates, shou'd not be done, *non potest justus quod non potest justè.* Nothing then can be concluded from that pretended power that by no right or authority belongs to you, and that if you dared or attempted to usurp it, you would become essentially guilty should you exercise it.

M. Camus contradicts himself; he attributes to the assembly, the power of suppressing the Catholic religion, and he says *that fatal power would be only that of becoming guilty*—this scandalised me very much when I heard it from this tribune; but my astonishment was augmented, when I saw the writing of M. Camus, wherein this insupportable assertion is sealed and signed by many Parish Priests, a Benedictine Monk and an Oratorian Priest, who all acknowledge, they say, in the principles he has established as the foundation and basis of his opinion, as also the inferences he has drawn, the most exact truths, conformable to the Catholic faith, and the discipline of the primitive church. How is it that members of the clergy could adhere to such doctrine? They, who acknowledge no other religion, but the holy Catholic to be that of the State. They, who should have with the greatest indignation quitted the assembly, if the pretended power that Mr. Camus attributes to it, of dooming to destruction the Roman Catholic religion, had been ever deliberated; is this the principle they consider as an exact truth? I candidly acknowledge

ledge it to be the fundamental proof of Mr. Camus's opinion, and for that very reason Ecclesiastics should immediately oppose it as contrary to faith, and has no real foundation.—Here I stop, lest I should give too great a scope to the *crowds of reflections, that are heaping on my mind,* when you repeat the famous maxims, that the church is in the state; you equivocate, in order to take away by a sophism a legislative jurisdiction, that never belonged to you—if by the word *church* you mean the temples, it is evident that they are in the territory of the state—if by the word *church,* you mean the Ministers of the religion considered as citizens, it is manifest and clear in that sense, that they are in the state, and consequently subject to the civil power in all temporal matters—but if by the word *church,* you mean the faithful, it is incontestable, that all the members of the state are also in the church, because they have entered it by baptism, that has incorporated and made them members, and that they are obliged to obey her laws. Sovereigns in like manner according to the same meaning belong to the church; so it is as true to say, that the state is in the church as it is to say, that the church is in the state—what must be then concluded from this axiom, that they are constantly repeating, and that can with equal advantage be retorted against our adversaries? This is the consequence to be deducted, as sovereigns, when they enter the church, are not subject to ecclesiastical authority as to temporals—the church entering the state, has not submitted the spiritual power, received from Jesus Christ, to the civil power.

They have recourse to another miserable, low, petty-fogging equivocation, which is, as the territory being merely temporal, that it belongs to the civil power to regulate the extensiveness of the bishoprics and parishes.—This *M. Camus* looks upon as unanswerable, and I consider it so trifling, nugatory and insignificant, that I am astonished how you would conceive it as a serious objection,—if by the word *territory* you mean the soil and land, it indubitably belongs to the civil power, but that is not the acceptation of the word *territory* in point of jurisdiction, it is not then implied to the surface of the earth, but to the men who inhabit it; the church has a right to fix and appoint the boundaries with regard to spiritual objects. Bishoprics comprehend really nothing but the numerical quantity or number of the faithful assembled in her fold. The church from the commencement has appointed, fixed and determined the extensiveness of the Diocese, according to Holy Writ. *Attendite Uobis et uniaerso gregi in qou vou Spiritus Sanctus posuit Episcopos regre Ecclessiam Deis quam sanguine suo.* Look to yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops, to govern the church of God, which He hath purchased with his own Blood. Acts. 20. 28. The Ministers of the Gospel, must in the first place take care of the salvation of their own souls, and in the next place of their flock, of the souls committed to their care and to the *Church;* especially such ministers of God, who are *Bishops, placed* by divine institution, to govern the *Church* or the churches under them, the word *Bishops* by it's derivation signifies *overseers or superintendants,* but the signification is to be taken and expressed by the custom and Ecclesiastial use of words.

It then belongs to the civil power to regulate spiritual functions; the Church alone has a right to appoint to each of her Ministers, the borders of the jurisdiction with which she intrusts them.

When Monsieur *Camus* after having exhausted all the sophisms of chicanery, false erudition, and a spirit of party, is not ashamed to say, indeed, that the

the *Bishops*, as successors of the Apostles, have inherited all their spiritual power, and that the Apostles in point of jurisdiction, never knew what the circumscription of territory was. Monsieur *Camus*, proves to a demonstration, that he never read the history of the Church, or at least, he supposes a little too scornfully, that we forget it. It is not true that the Bishops have a right to exercise so unlimited a jurisdiction as that of the Apostles. The extraordinary mission that the first disciples of Jesus Christ, received from their divine master, when the christian religion was established, ought not to be assimilated to the ordinary power of the Episcopacy, since the discipline of the Church has marked out its limits—so without entering into the discussion of right, facts are sufficient to protect us against Monsieur *Camus*. We learn from holy writ, that the Apostles went to different countries to exercise their divine ministry. Eusebius, in his history, leads us to the very spots visited by their spiritual conquerors. Andrew, in Achaia; Philip, in Phrygia; James the Greater, and Matthew in Judea; Bartholomew, in the east, or perhaps in India; Thomas, among the Parthians, Persians and Medes; Simon in Egypt; Judas, in Arabia and Syria. The prince of the Apostles, at Antiochia, where he establised his first See. St. James the Less, was solemnly installed Bishop of Jerusalem. He assisted the first Council of the Apostles in that city. We read that he spoke the last, as a Diocesan Bishop, and gave his vote the last, and the result of the Council was principally formed from what he said. St. John founded and governed several Churches. He established seven in Asia, and seven distinct Dioceses, the territory of each was different, so that no Bishop could govern it as to spirituals, to the prejudice of the Bishop appointed, from the time of the Apostles. St. Mark, disciple and companion of St. Peter, had been appointed the first Bishop of Alexandria. St. Paul appointed Timothy, Bishop of Ephesus; and Titus, Bishop of Crete. St. Paul, himself, declares that he should not meddle with the government of the Churches founded by the other Apostles, and he refused to exercise his ministry there. It is then evident, that notwithstanding all that Monsieur *Camus*, and his great master of divinity, Monsieur De Mirabeau, can say, the Apostles have established different Dioceses, and circumscribed the territories, without the intervention of the civil power. If we consult the annals of the history of the Church, every page will show us the numberless parishes that had been founded and limited by the Diocesan Bishops alone, long before the Emperors embraced christianity, at the commencement of the fourth century.

(To be continued.)

IRISH BRIGADE.

Originally composed of Roman Catholic Refugees.

ITS ORIGIN.

Louis XIV having sent 6300 men to Ireland to the assistance of James II, who landed at Kinsale, 23d March, 1690, from M. D'Amfeville's fleet, a certain number of Irish were sent to France in exchange.—They consisted of the regiments of Montcassel, O'Brien and Dillon, into which the remains of Butler's and Fielding's had been drafted. They reached Brest, 1st May, 1690, and were 5371 strong. On their arrival, they were marched to join Catanat's army in Italy, and were at the battle of Staffardo, August 18th of the same year.

In 1691, in consequence of the treaty of Limeric, several more regiments sought refuge and landed in France, 3d December, viz.

CAVALRY,

CAVALRY.	
Life Guards	100
Sheldon	300
Galmoy	300
	700
DRAGOONS DISMOUNTED.	
King's	600
Queen's	600
	1,200
INFANTRY.	
Guards	1,600
Queen's	1,600
Marine	1,600
Dublin	1,600
Limeric	1,600
Charlemont	1,600
Athlone	1,600
Clankarty	800
	12 00
Total	13,900

Soon after their landing, these regiments were formed into five corps of infantry, and one of cavalry; thus making, with the former, eight regiments of infantry and one of cavalry.

We will name them, and trace each separately until their dissolution.

OF THE 1ST FORMATION.

1. Montcassel in 1694 became Lee; in 1793 Bulkeley; and in 1775 was drafted into Dublin.

2. O'Brien; the Colonel, on his father's death, in 1691, becoming Lord Clare, the regiment then took the name of Clare, which it retained till 1775, when it was drafted into Berwick.

3. Dillon retained its name and hereditary Colonels, two of whom were killed leading it to victory at Fontenoy and Laufield, till the French revolution.

OF THE 2D FORMATION.

4. Dorington in —— became Rothe; in 1766 Roscommon; and in 1770 Walsh, which it was at the French revolution.

5. Albemarle, in 1709, became O'Donnel, and was, in February, 1715, drafted half and half into Lee and Clare.

6. Berwick retained its name and hereditary Colonels till the French revolution.

7. Burke in 1715 went into the Spanish service, whence it passed into the Neapolitan, where it took the name of the King's Regiment, and was extended to four battalions.

8. Galmoy in 1715 was drafted into Dillon's

Sheldon Cavalry in —— became Nugent; in 1733 Fitzjames; and was unjustly disbanded at the peace of 1763, for it had covered itself with glory *even* at Rosbach.

In 1744, a regiment was formed for Lally, then Aid Major of Dillon's regiment, by drafts from the other five, but was reduced again at the peace of 1763.

Before I proceed further, I must state that Louis XIV, was so well pleased with their services, that so early as 1704 he wrote as follows with his own hand, to the Lieutenant Civil le Camus, "that he had always treated the Irish Catholics, who have passed into this kingdom, as his own subjects, and that it is his pleasure that they shall in France enjoy the rights of natural born subjects, without being obliged to take out letters of naturalization for that purpose." This became a law, and was acted upon so late as 1785.

In consequence of the new formations, many officers were displaced. These for the greater part went with Philip V to Spain in 1700, and formed the Irish Brigade in that country. Philip granted the same privileges to Irish Catholics in Spain, which had been granted to them by Louis in France.

It is painful to see one's fellow subjects thus expatriated; and to see them acquiring those rights in foreign countries which for religious tenets were refused them in their own. It is still more painful to see what men were

driven from it, if we judge of them by the services they rendered our enemies.

THEIR SERVICES.

1690—97. The three first regiments were with Catanat, at the battle of Staffardo, 18th August, 1690; made the whole campaign of 1691 and 1692 with him, and are supposed to have contributed essentially to the gaining of the battle of Marsaille, 4th October, 1693. The other regiments were with Luxembourg at the battle of Nerwinden, which he gained 29th July, 1693. In 1696, six regiments were with Catinat at the siege of Valenza.

1701—1713. Sheldon distinguished himself so much in 1701 against the Baron de Mercy that the Colonel was made Lieutenant General, and all the supernumerary officers of his regiment were put on full pay.

On the first of February, 1702, Prince Eugene attempted to surprise Cremona. Seconded by the treachery of Cassoli, Rector of St. Mary la Neuve, he had introduced into the town (partly through a drain under that church) 6000 men, horse and foot, by four o'clock in the morning. Marshal Villeroi, the French Commander in Chief, and all the Generals, two excepted, were prisoners, when a post of 35 men of the brigade which was stationed at the gate of the Po, gave the alarm by repelling vigorously Mr. de Merci, who attacked them with a large force. This gate, on the town side, was closed by a gate of bars, and the Irish had taken the precaution of passing their muskets through the bars, which rendered it impossible for the Imperialists to approach so as to pass their's as they had been ordered.

The taking of Villeroi furnishes an occasion for mentioning Irish officers serving in the Imperial service.

Macdonnell, a captain in Bagni's regiment, was the person who took Villeroi and saved him from great danger. Villeroi writing to the Cardinal D'Estrees has these words: "and, in truth, I must do him the justice to say that he took great care of me. I tempted him, by very considerable offers, to restore me my liberty, or at least to let me escape; but he would hearken to nothing of the sort, and, to his credit, I must say the offers I made him were more considerable than any thing he can expect by war." The marshal was then nearly rescued, but his friends being repulsed, he continues, "I once more had recourse to the officer, whom I tempted by still greater promises, but as vainly as before."

The first offers were a regiment of cavalry, and a pension of two thousand crowns. The second offer was ten thousand pistoles; but Macdonnell was proof against every thing—The names of Taaffe, O'Donnel, Brown, Plunkett, Lacey, O'Reilly, Dalton, &c. have shone with transcendant lustre in the Imperial armies. But to return: Eugene was master of the battery and bastion near the gate of Po, when the regiments of Dillon and Burke sallied forth in their shirts, slinging their pouches over their shoulders, and having nothing but their muskets in their hands. They took seven twenty-four pounders that had been turned to defend the camp, drove the Imperialists from their position, killed the Count de Merci their Commander, threw the infantry among the cavalry in the neighbouring street, and finally swept those very streets with grape shot from their retaken cannon. This turned the scale in favour of the French, and now Eugene had recourse to treachery in his turn. The faithful Macdonnell was detached to shake the fidelity of his countrymen. He offered them service in the Imperial army; higher pay, pensions and rank for the officers described their situation as desperate, and pretended that he had saved their solitary post from destruction, as the Prince Eugene only waited his return to order them to be put to the sword: then,

then, exclaimed Mahoni, who commanded the Irish, the Prince shall wait long enough; you can never have been deputed by a great General; you are a vile seducer; and my prisoner! so saying, he seized and detained him. Meanwhile Prince Eugene determined to make a last attempt against the Irish. The cuirassiers, commanded by their Lieutenant Colonel, Baron de Friburgh, (Count Taaffe was their Colonel) made several charges. They penetrated into the very middle of the fatigued and half-starved Irish. Mahoni seized Friburg's horse crying out "quarter for the Colonel:" but he, resolutely charging, exclaimed "duty is the word to day," and was laid prostrate by a discharge of musketry. The cuirassiers and Imperialists gave way on all sides before the Irish, who soon liberated Royal Vaisseaux's regiment which had blockaded itself in some streets near the market place. Eugene now saw that the best laid plans must fail when resolutely opposed by brave and faithful troops. He thought of nothing but retreat, which he effected as soon as it became dusk. It is to be remarked, that the chief cause of the Prince's success at first, was the total neglect of regular rounds which should never be omitted either in peace or war; and that of his failure, the vigilance and resolute defence of a small guard, regardless of the numbers by which it was attacked.

This exemplary conduct of Mr. Dillon's and Burke's regiments obtained for the regiments of the new formation, the same high pay which the three of the old enjoyed; so highly gratified was Louis XIV. with the conduct of his Irish, as he emphatically called them.

The brigade was at the general battles of this war; at Hochstet, 1703, where Clare's regiment took two stand of colours. At Blenheim, they cut their way out of that famous defeat though stationed near the village of Blenheim, 13th August, 1704. They contributed essentially to the gaining the battle of Cassano, 16th of August, 1705, as Monsieur de Vendome wrote to Louis the XIVth. In 1706, they suffered severely at Ramillies. In 1707, they turned the left flank of the allies of Almanza, 25th April, and thus gained the battle for the Duke of Berwick. In 1708 they were at several sieges in Spain. In 1709 were posted towards the centre of Malplaquet, where after repelling three attacks of the allies, they retired in good order, when Villars was wounded. They forced the lines of Denain, 24th July, 1712, with Villars, and were afterwards employed in taking of Marchiennes. In November 1713 they were at the siege and taking of Fribourg.

1733—1736. In 1733 they were at the battles of Parma, 29th June, and of Guastalls, 19 September. In 1734 at the siege of Philisbourg.

1741—48. Till 1744 they were encamped at Flanders, for the purpose of invading England or Ireland. In 1745, they contributed essentially towards the gaining of the fatal battle of Fontenoy, May 11th. Col. Dillon was killed leading his regiment to the attack, and the next day Louis XV. came into the camp of the brigade to thank them for their services. They lost on that day one third of their men, and one fourth of their officers. In 1747, the attack of the village of Lauleldt fell to their lot. They lost 131 officers, including another Colonel Dillon, and 1600 men, but carried it on the third attack. In 1748 they were at the siege of Maestricht.

1756—1762. In 1756 Lally's regiment went to India; they were employed during the whole of this war; and 1761 acquired (after the manner of the ancients) the surname of Fitzlar for Monsieur de Narbonne, by the bold defence they made under his command at that miserable place. They soon after saved the French quarters by their resolute defence of Marbourg, killed the general Bredetibach

tibach who led the attack against them.

In 1769—1770, two regiments were employed in Corsica.

American war. These regiments were seen distinguishing themselves at Savanah, Tobago, St. Eustatia, St. Kitt's; in short they were actively employed both by sea and land.

Such is the account of the military career of brave men whose services have been lost to their country for such a series of years.

In October, 1794, such officers as had resisted the impulse of the French revolution, were embodied in the English service on the Irish establishment; but they were sent on colonial service, where they soon mouldered away, and some of the officers names are still to be found on the half-pay list.

Mr. Bradbury the Anvil Actor.

This distinguished jumping performer, departed from Dublin a few days ago on his way to Cork, where he is engaged to perform for a few nights. To the credit of the taste of the citizens of Dublin, they have in assisting Mr. Bradbury, by their patronage, at his benefit, enabled the polished Briton, to figure in his dog cart, and swear his "Hyes," away in the Dublin smoking Clubs, with considerable eclat. Mr. Bradbury's benefit produced him five hundred pounds: this is bringing his broken English and bruising abilities to a good market indeed, and no person among us has any objection to see such eminent worth rewarded, with the exception of a few hungry weavers in the Liberty, and some disaffected enemies to British worth, in the Four Court Marshalsea. Mr. Bradbury's great merit has not been neglected by his brother Actors of the Irish stage. On the Sunday preceding his much regretted departure, a deputation of them, waited on him with a present of a *piece of plate*, on which was inscribed a very handsome compliment, detailing his great worth, eminent talents and gentlemanly demeanour, and an acknowledgement of the great honor the Irish stage derived from his instructions, in the Anvil and knuckle exercises.

The deputation was very politely received by the gentleman, and were prevailed upon to wait for Breakfast, which, with some difficulty they consented to, but what must be the amazement of the Bouncing Thespian, who expected a massive piece of silver, when he took off the envelope, to find it was literally a piece indeed, being an exact half of a Staffordshire plate, on which was written by a pen the address in full length. The disappointment he felt at the value of the article, was so great, that he was on the point of seeking satisfaction *a la Mendoza*, when the facetious addressers burst into a fit of laughter, and making their exit, left their friend to dispose of his *Piece* of plate to the best advantage.

Important extracts from Newspapers.

General Sarrazin, has commenced a literary campaign against Bonaparte. He asserts, what indeed every man knows from the lowest officer in the Police, up to the president of the Farming Society; that Lord Wellington is the greatest general in Europe. That his skill at the battle of Talavera, has not been surpassed even by Moreau—that the discretion his lordship displayed, after that affair, when he abandoned the scene of his victory, his baggage and sick, to his defeated adversaries, and enabled him to form a junction with General Hill and his late namesakes, the distinguished *Hills* of Torres Vedras, by whose assistance his lordship looks down with contempt on the beaten and starved slaves of the Corsican.

By

By letters from our Correspondents in Tipperary, Waterford and Kilkenny, we have the pleasure to learn, that the late Bar sermons, and subsequent acts of *disposal*, have led to a compromise between the gentlemen and their surviving tenantry, the latter have entered into a non-eating treaty, by which they have bound themselves to resign the use of animal food for 31 years. This compact, will contribute considerably to aid the landed interest, and enable them to apply all their attention to improve the size and condition of the cattle, intended for England, and secure them a safe and cheap mode of conveying the favoured creatures in their transit. The country will save considerably by this happy plan of reconciliation, as it will not have to pay the missionary serjeant, who is the precursor of Special Commissions, the great sums he charges for his travelling expenses.

We have read in a list of eating assemblies, that Mr. Ponsonby gave at his house in London, one of his opposition dinners. We do not remember a term more appropriate than this for an Irishmans' dinner in London, for in fact, it is in opposition to the safety and prosperity of this country. Had the Irish gentry the spirit or the honesty to dine at home, Dublin would not, at this day be crumbling into ruins, and its inhabitants covered with rags, and filled with disaffection.—Palaces would now be building instead of barracks, nor would we be accused of seeking relief from bankruptcy by illegitimate remedies, or as the parliamentary language of our seceded friends insinuated forming french parties.

There are several plans in contemplation, beside the old hackniied one of hanging, before the opposition members, who are patriots until they get into office, and the *in*-Ministerialists, who become patriots, when out of office, for reconciling the people of Dublin, to heavy taxes, the loss of its Parliament, want of ships, customers and commerce. As to America, its quarrel with the mother country, its victories and subsequent prosperity, are constant objects of comparison, which the disaffected, *alias* the undressed and the idle make, with the present condition of Ireland; it is seriously understood that this very embarrassing source of evil, cannot be actually cured, until America is again reduced to her former allegiance, and nothing appears easier, as soon as Napoleon is dethroned and guillotined, and his son is in the hands of the governesses of the Foundling Hospital. For which great purposes Lord Wellington, is now preparing to go to Paris, while Mr. —— is cutting Lady Arabella Denny's chemises into *swaddling* cloaths for the Pseudo king of the *Romans*.

Yesterday, an immense consignment of heavenly ammunition for the conquest of Popery, was landed at our Custom-house, from England: it consists of sixteen remittances of grace, from the Manchester bible society. Four are for Mr. Shaw, six for Mr. La Touche, two for the Major, one for Dugdale, and the board of grace, the remaining three are to be divided between the bayonet loyalists, otherwise the Woulaghan's, of Enniskillen, the priest-hunters of Mountrath, and the caravat makers of Tipperary. The bibles are bound and lettered, the hymn-books handsomely illuminated, and the stools of substantial carpentry.

If every lame person in Ireland, made as much by the Union as Judge Daly, we would not have so many work-houses, nor so much disaffection; he should be a very crooked fellow indeed, who would be angry either with our civil or political condition. Though a man could not go *straight* to market, yet he could go when he pleased, and like Baron *Delay*, he could make amends at the table, for what he lost in the street. A man over a leg of mutton, and a bottle of claret, must be lame, in the extreme, if his legs or his tongue embarrass him in table amusements.

A very

A very splendid dramatic piece, under the name of the *BASTARD*, is now acting in Portugal, under the auspices of my Lord of Duoro; the language is selected from Savages poem, and Hume's account of the battle of Hastings; the part of William the Marshall, the principal character, is done to admiration by an Irish gentleman, being his first appearance since he left Buenos Ayres. It is prefaced by a very poetical description of the 'tented field,' and an admirable display of the magic of *fieri facias*. Written by broken Beresford,

Letters have been received in Dublin, from an Irish agent in England, who is employed to explain the Catholic petition, to the enlightened people of that enviable part of the unbroken empire, that give the most flattering assurance our case is in a great state of forwardness; they state that as soon as the inhabitants of Birmingham, Nottingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Norwich, Exeter, &c. are taught to read, no doubt can be entertained of the impression that will be made in our favor. The only opposition it meets is among some of the miners in Cornwall, who have lately learned to spell, but they are so busy preaching the gospel, that they will not listen to any carnal affairs, by any persuasion, until the coming of the Messiah, which a tin assayer, promises is to happen on the 29th of October next; in fact the nether or subterranean saints, are so active preparing new clothes to meet the holy visitor, that they have not an hour to spare to any other business.

We are desired to contradict a report, very industriously circulated, that Mr. HORISH appeared at Mr. Beresford's auction, for the purpose of buying the *ci-devant* banker's coach. We are assured, Mr. Horish had no more notion of sitting in said coach, than he had of sitting in his own breeches, the day it was cut from his body, in the Riding-house, when an adjournment was made by the taws, from his back to his posteriors, for assuming the name and rank of Lord Charlemont, and compassing the management of the Peer's property in Marino. Mr. Horish had no other intention by attending at the bankrupt's sale, than to purchase any seditious spoons, cups or pictures, should any such articles be exposed to public auction.

CESSATION OF ARMS.

We hear on indubitable authority, that Justice *Axletree* has not commenced the spring campaign, against the HENS in Artane, that all the outposts have been withdrawn within Jervis-street; the consequence is, that the old women who commanded the adverse party, have resumed their EGG manufactures, and the poultry range in undisturbed felicity.

Yesterday, *Luke White's green apron* was taken to Luttrel's-town, to be new fringed, preparatory to the expected election for new members, to represent the county of Dublin; it was borne by Doctor Tailor, of Kilmainham, and attended by a vast concourse of Catholic freeholders, who have gratefully promised their interest, in return for the protection and kindness their brethren received from the flying stationer, when high sheriff, by packing them closely into the cells of Kilmainham, with a preference of the longest flags, and the most silent opportunities of repose. Mr. BERNARD COILE, who was then an involuntary tenant, has kindly offered his interest in support of the *literary* candidate.

We hear that a reconciliation has been effected by the interference of the Major, between the two loyal and religious sects of *COOPERS* and *CURRIERS*. In the year 1801, they were one body, but were separated by a schism, or a difference of opinion, on the geographical situation of the sixth Heaven, or the upper story of glory, one party headed by Mr. Cooper, the pocket-book maker, had a very handsome map of their opinion engraved, in which it is laid down on a scale

a scale of grace, invented by that Mercator of heavenly navigation, John Bunyan, that heaven is divided into twenty six *halves*, fourteen of which are round, and are laid out for the residence of married saints who have preached the word, and died in the odour of justification. This great district is marked on the map, "the Heaven of Couples," or, as Mr. Kent the baconer has it, the breeding cage of the blessed. The other twelve *halves*, are disposed into as many regions, divided by parallel lines, and each appropriated, to the holy, in proportion to the justice of their claims and services. This division of the Plunket-street Church, took the name of *Cowpers*, from the name of their chief.

The other party who were mostly old women, whose vision could not distinctly observe the delicate divisions and compartments on the map, gave up the doctrine of eye work, for ear knowlege, and were carried off by the eloquence of Alderman Hutton, the Currier, who laid out his drawing rooms in Leeson-street, into pews and stalls, and there preached the word, and christened his followers by borrowing a name from his trade, "the Glorified Curriers."

On Sunday night, some malicious traitors, as yet unknown, disfigured the elegant monument, erected by the aldermen of Skinners-alley, to the memory of the late Justice Bell. The elegant Close-stool, representing that used by his master, Baron Hamilton, executed in bronze, from a drawing, done by Sir William Beechy, face painter to the Right Hon. John Foster, which finished the upper part of the tomb, was feloniously carried away. Rewards to a considerable amount, have been offered by the Farming Society, of which Mr. Bell was a member, for the detection of the sacrilegious depredators.—*See the Dublin Journal.*

Newgate is to be enlarged; plans to the purpose have been laid before the Grand Jury, by the city Architect, Mr Baker, and the work is to be proceeded on, in the course of the summer. The spirit of improvement in Dublin, is not so much decreased since the Union, as some seditious writers assert: for we defy any nation to shew better built Gaols or Barracks, or more of them than Ireland can furnish. The rich have very prudently absconded, with the legislature which they sold; and the dispute, if any exists, remains to be adjusted by the only inhabitants left, the soldiers and the beggars, one body is retained to fight for wages, and the other to rob for a livelihood.

It is in contemplation, on account of the superabundant population of Channel-row, to augment the salary of the present monarch, the lineal descendant of Benjamin the first, the founder of the Rag Dynasty. There is no establishment in Europe, better governed by *Law*, than Channel-row, nor where the liberty of the subject is more revered, as far as white-washing, water gruel, and pump water, can remunerate for logwood rasping, hemp beating, bug hunting and other national objects of profit and pleasure.

The only act of *leze* majesty ever known to be committed in this loyal dominion, was done on Sunday last, by a strong female, who has been indulged, as a perquisite, to travel one day on every week, to make collections in the City; while asking her passport, she had the audacity, under the pretext of whispering his serene majesty, to snatch some half dried snuff which she observed quite useless, quivering on his highness's dexter nostril. We are proud to hear the culprit is in custody, waiting her trial, which we hope, will end in an exemplary punishment, to the terror of other evil doers.

On the third of last month, the Major's Birth Day, was celebrated by the Battalion of Testimony, with increased

creased splendour. The late brilliant victories obtained by Lord Wellington in twenty six battles, gave unusual spirit to the company; several official letters detailing the happy news, written by Mrs. Tom Reynolds, of No. 2, Baker-street, London, late of Kilkea Castle, to Mrs. S———, were read by Sergeant Bible-mouth, which confirmed the happy intelligence. Dinner was on the table at 5 o'Clock: after dinner several loyal and well selected toasts were given, among others:—

The Major, the King and the Constitution.
The healths of Feris the Attorney, and Earl Carhampton.
The healths of Mr. Giffard, and the Duke of Richmond.
The Glorious and Immortal Memory.
The Dagger Societies of Dublin and Enniskillen.
The Farming Society, and its Poet Laureat Mr. Grierson.

Mr. Firethatch gave his favorite toast, at the same time drawing his Dagger, "May he never wear this, that would not be ready to *give* it," tune by the band "*see the conquering Hero comes.*"

"Louse Trap Lodge, and its worthy proprietor," which was attended by a facetious performance of several loyal tunes, done with great vivacity, on a long horn Comb, by Bible-mouth.

"The Health of Enniskillen, Woulaghan, Major Dennis and the other patriots, who tried and hanged Sir Edward Crosbie.

"Luke White, the flying stationer, and may he be next representative for the County of Dublin!

"Our Glorious Constitution, and may the improvement it received in 1799, and the heroes who transplanted it, be immortal.

"Mr. Ponsonby, and Sergt. Moore, who travels through Ireland, and can see without rebel spectacles."

After spending a few hours in the most convivial enjoyment, the gentlemen adjourned to their respective night duties.

We have an account from Spain that a man of the name of Hepenstall, died there, covered with glory. We remember another person of the name, better known as the "Walking Gallows," dying, covered with lice.

By accounts received at our office from Sandymount, Comfort-lodge has been thoroughly repaired, and a treaty offensive and defensive, has been entered into between the second Daniel, *alias* the heel Doctor, and Tipperary. The Doctor or the second Daniel, has undertaken, to write down in good literary rubbish, the Irish Magazine, and the Catholic Committee, for which national services, a bed is to be erected in the upper story of the garrison, for the Doctor's use; he is also to be appointed head of the medical staff, to the Sandymount Army, and visiting Physician to the Hibernian Journal, during its present lingering indisposition.

The present literary owner of Comfort-lodge, apprehending a siege from the Mass-lane army, has advertised for proposals from Builders, to repair the *Chevaux de frize* of glass bottles, in front of the lodge, and to build a porch, as an out work, to be garrisoned by the Doctor, who is retained to *wrestle* with the invaders, while the main body are preparing their arms.

The Major had an ingenious plan for blowing up the Irish Magazine, ready for working; but has relinquished it for the present, at the advice of Tipperary, who has staked his *credit*, that the Doctor will effect the business, to the satisfaction of every loyal man. Already has the gymnastic physician, pulled part of the under works away, which himself had furnished, and there is little doubt, that half a dozen good shots, from the same artillery, will so confound the temple of sedition, that its extermination, must be the consequence, some time before the Millenium, prophecied by Brother Chatter-tub, Chaplain to the Major.

The

The Patriot, and the Hibernian Journal, and the learned Lawyers and Doctors, who edite these vehicles of refined taste, and ardent loyalty, have placed Lord Wellington, in the highest ranks of military fame, your Moreaus, Blaneys, and Bonapartes, are nothing to my Lord of Duoro. Notwithstanding all the wonderful marches and countermarches of the Hero of Talavera, we presume to say, he owes less to his skill, than he does to a couple of great Generals, to whom very little merit is attributed, we mean *General Hills*, and his friend, *General Hunger;* one has so well covered, my Lord Talavera, as to defy all the genius of Massena; and the other made such a well conducted attack on the Camp of the French General, that he was obliged to submit to the imperious circumstances, and abandon his position by a precipitate retreat.

On Sunday last, while a car was debarking Doctor Trevor and family at Lucan, a report was spread through the village, that Browney's Cow, after committing considerable depradation in Dublin, was advancing on the south side of the town, in the shape of a buttermilk churn. This awful report reached Major Sands, who was busy mending his stockings; the "poor gentleman," was so alarmed, at the name of the common enemy, that he flung his work away, and in his fright upset a jug of *pattern* whiskey, a present from Lame G———, and a mether of subscription broth, made by the neighbouring gentlemen, for the comfort of suffering loyalists.

Fortunate Escape.

Mr. Cox, I would not dare to occupy the sheets of your wide-spreading Magazine, with the fate of ordinary men, but, when the very existence, of the most extraordinary, nay the BEST man in Carlow, has been in danger, and the BEST, and largest prop of the Cambden Administration nearly undermined, I would think myself culpable, were I not to congratulate the 98 conquerors, on his most miraculous escape. On the 28th, inst. as this overgrown man was moving on the quay, wrapped in deep meditation on the utility of fattening bullocks instead of men, he was terrified by—by what do you think reader? Why, by the *roaring of two furious Lap-dogs!* whether it was the extraordinary size of the man, or the *ghosts* of 98, that alarmed the little animals, is a problem, on which, the people of Carlow are greatly divided—be that as it may, he considered the insult offered to himself; and, in the language of Pill-lane, handsomely complimented the owner of the dogs; swearing, that he would fine him 20*l.* for keeping such *brutes!!* contrary to the statute of the country; the man had the audacity to remonstrate, in the plain, unadorned language of the Quaker; fool that he was! had he prostrated himself before this self-fed, *bullock feeding man*, kissed the ground three times, and begged his "honor's" pardon, he might have saved himself his twenty pounds; and, what would be of twenty times more importance, should Colonel Mahan again become law-giver in Carlow; the friendship of the BEST man in Carlow. Perhaps Mr. Cox, you may think it strange, shut up as you are, within the gloomy walls of Newgate, that you should be accessary to the misfortune of the Quaker, yet, believe me, it is a fact: for our Carlow Polipheмus, anxious to support his prosecution by witness, repeatedly requested the name of a sturdy boatman that stood by, who very laconically answered, "well, if you must have my name, it is "Watty Cox," the answer so galled his "*honor*," that, the hardy son of Neptune, was obliged to seek protection in his natural element; expecting every moment his little bark would be assailed by some rocky fragment, hurled by a Cyclopian hand.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

THE PAINTER

Walter Cox and the Duke of Richmond.

These three distinguished characters and cotemporaries in Irish politics, date the history of their connection from the year 1792. The origin of the dispute, and we may say very correctly, the literary and military lives of Watty and the Duke commenced at or about the same period. The first circumstance that gave it existence was a summons issued in January, 1792, by the Goldsmiths' corps of volunteers, signed by their secretary Capt. Matt Dowling of the grenadier company. This summons called on the corps to meet on the next Sunday at the parade ground, *St., Michael le Pole*, Great Ship-street, the orders ended in thefollowing words—" *last year of slavery, would to God I could say it was the last hour !*" A copy of the paper fell into the hands of that amiable English peer, the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Lieutenant, who consulted his Privy Council, and they unanimously agreed, it insinuated something about " Cutting the Painter." Communication of the alarming circumstance, was made to the Parliament, afterwards so distinguished for the handsome manner they flogged their constituents, and altered the representation and Constitution, by selling what they had only in trust. The Parliament, as all English formed Parliaments have done, since the year 1689, affected to feel the signal of separation, and by an address, requested that the cutting conspiracy should be crushed by the executive. The Lord Lieutenant, as guardian of his Majesty's rights, issued his proclamation against the volunteers, and on the day of the meeting of the offending corps, the civil power under the direction of Ald. James, of orange memory, and his buttermilk colleague Ald. Warren, with colonel Lenox, now the D. of Rich, who commanded the 35th regt. aided by the entire garrison and the artillery with lighted matches, surrounded the parade, denouncing death to the volunteers, if they should dare to appear in array. This serious movement and declaration of war, which lead to our present provincial wretchedness, by the dispersion and extinction of the men, who wrested Irish independence from proud Britain, in 1782, was considered by this small body of men, as it deserved; they immediately called a council of war to consider of the propriety of venturing out, in the face of an enemy so superior in numbers and appointments. After mature deliberation, it was agreed, that the force they had, was not adequate to meet the British, but every man admitted, by the opportunities past, and the temper now evident, in the conduct of their adversaries, that something like " Cutting the painter," was not settled at Dungannon or College-green. Walter Cox, who though a youth, had the command of the second company, was distinguished, on the insulting occasion, and his sentiments were highly approved by his brother soldiers, and his superior officer Major Bacon, who was afterwards hanged, by the sentence of a court martial, on charges for " *Painter Cutting*" the 4th of June, 1798. Our readers by this statement, will see that Mr. Cox, and the nowDuke of Richmond, had a military meeting on the subject of the Painter, so far back as nineteen years; but poor Cox, had very little conception, that in 1811, the same Duke, should, in the person of the Att.-Gen. wouldhave the satisfaction of committing him to Newgate on the ideal intention of " Cutting the Painter," by inuendoes collected from a vision.

After this military trial of strength, in Dublin, colonel Lenox, and his regiment volunteered their services for Belfast, where the business of " *Painter Cutting*," had made considerable progress, by the rebellious call, which its inhabitants

habitants made on all the people of Ireland, without religious distinction, to unite for their common good. To this act of painter business, they added another, for they celebrated the anniversary of French liberty, and the triumphs of that people over the combined despots, by the most marked and unequivocal sincerity and joy.

The colonel and his gallant regiment, performed many acts of heroism in Belfast. They cut down the sign posts that bore the heads of Dumorier and Franklin, the latter person exactly coming under the description of a "*Painter Cutter*," had his effigy burnt as a terror to all seditious persons.

The house of Thomas M'Cabe, an eminent watch-maker and silversmith, was taken by storm, and its windows and furniture punished in a summary manner. M'Cabe's disposition to Painter Cutting, was indisputable, as he had written over his shop: "*An Irish slave licenced to sell gold and silver*"

The business between Mr. Cox and the Duke, stands thus, the Duke is in a palace, and Cox is in a prison; but so variable has been the affairs of society in Europe, within a few years, prisons and palaces have so often changed their tenants, no man can with any accuracy say "I shall stop here, this limits my fate and my fortune."

Louis the XVI, surrendered his palace to his dog boy, one mounted the scaffold, and the other the triumphant Car. Louis was whispering to the executioner, while Hoche, was breaking up thrones.

SLAUGHTER IN CARLOW.

(Continued from our last. Page 176.)

Though it is contrary to order to have commenced the Barrack slaughter with the much lamented Knight, Sir Edward Crosby, still, from the great interest, the public must always take in the fate of such a man, I thought it admissable to introduce him first on the bloody theatre. It may be unnecessary to inform the public, that there was a Court Martial established in the Barrack yard; but it is absolutely necessary to inform them, who they were: that sat in judgment on their Fathers, that put them on trial for their lives, without an hour's notice to procure evidence for them—a Jury to try them—a Lawyer to plead for them—a judge to advocate for them—a friend to intercede for them—or a public to pity them. Who they were that sent them from the dock to the block, with all their imperfections on their heads; denouncing judgment in these horror-striking words:—"you shall live but twenty minutes! you shall then die, without benefit of Clergy!!—your head shall be struck off! and your body given for dissection!" As I do not recollect the names of all the Red Judges that sat in this charnel-house, I will just mention those whose very frown was death, Col M———n, Major D——s, Capt. R——n. The rest were officers of the North Cork and Armagh Militia. To form a proper notion of what those Red Judges were, and what the fate of the prisoners, you have only to recollect, that busy Sam Carpenter, was no less than Judge Advocate! Lord preserve us! Sam Carpenter, Judge Advocate!—The first sacrifice that was offered, was four men from Tullow, among whom was a man of the name of O'Connor. A man, that shall live in the mind of his country, whose name shall be lisped by rising generations; while that of the tyrants, shall rot in the page of history, "like Cromwell's, damned to everlasting fame." They were brought before the Court Martial, but, as no evidence appeared against them, they were solicited by the Court, to give that information, which alone, should preserve

serve them from the torture which they saw prepared for them. The prisoners acknowledged that they were United Irishmen; said, they believed the whole population of the country were so; that they could not exist in society without being so; but any other information they could not give; that they were ready to suffer any punishment which that Court thought proper, rather, than shed the blood of any man. Vain remonstrance! Blood they must have; aye, and the "pound of Flesh" too; they were ordered to the triangles, where a scene presented itself, as difficult to be conceived, as described. They were stripped, naked as nature, save their under clothes. It would be difficult to pronounce, whether the preparation for the torture, or the torture itself, was the most excruciating; for, as the monsters that tied them to the Hell-invented instrument, were a kind of infernal giants, in tightening the cords, I have seen the joints fly from their sockets, with a noise, almost equal to that of a pistol shot. Now, reader, if you have a soul that can feel for suffering humanity, behold four of your fellow-creatures, in a situation, that would bring tears from the tiger of the desert. Behold the image of God, mangled in such a manner, as must disgrace any country, where the Gospel, or, even Alcoran, raised its voice.

Oh! what a sight! four of the fairest of God's creation, tortured for amusement, just as the Romans did the brute creation, in their Amphitheatres. As the four were tied up at the same time, so eager were these hunters of human game, to lap the blood of the victims, that, but for the satan-like countenances, and military array that glared on every side, one might mistake the place for a hurling green, as the red uniform, falling to the ground, every hero was in his shirt, doubly armed, with the Devil in his heart, and Cat-o-nine tails in his hand; they advanced to the work of death, but, as all could not do duty at the same time, they succeeded each other "like giants refreshed." During the torture, which lasted until the whipcord rebounded from the bone, O'Connor was heard to exhort his fellow sufferers to the following effect: "Irishmen, die like heroes, your country will remember you—shed not the blood of the innocent—let not the word Informer be written on the foreheads of your children, that posterity, turning to them, may not exclaim, "behold the descendants of Luttrel; the bloody children of Cain!" Then turning to his tormentors, "Monsters, exhaust yourselves—glut your vengeance—gorge on our life-blood—you cannot kill the soul; you can never conquer the mind." When the butchers could not prevail on them to perjure themselves, or swear away the lives of their countrymen, they took down the gory victims, and, through a mistaken mercy, terminated their sufferings, by hanging them out of the lamp-irons; reserving O'Connor, to try what human nature could suffer; or the Devil, in human form, invent. There was a strong contention among the blood-hounds, for the honour, (as they called it,) of dispatching the man, who, was, both an ornament and credit to his country; but the Major interfering, decided in favour of Martin, whose avidity for blood, entitled him to banquet on the prey. Will it be believed on the Continent of Europe, the plains of Hindostan, or States of America, that English connection so adulterated the human species, as to produce men, sufficiently base, to transform themselves into gallowses, and become walking gibbets, on which, to crucify the image of God? When the land monster (Martin,) was laden with a freight, which he was unworthy to carry, he ran three times round the Barrack Yard with the martyr on his back!! while the blood, distilling from a thousand wounds, smoaked beneath the feet of Colonels!

Colonels! Majors!!! Magistrates! and the BEST!!! man in Carlow. The beast, during his hellish course, at intervals, let down the victim, still holding fast the rope; not so much to obtain breath, as, to gratify the Carlow bloods, by giving them an opportunity of insulting the dying man; whose last words were, "my country, and my God."

"The last faint accent trembled on his tongue,
"That, now, inactive, to the palate clung.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

(To be continued.)

To the Proprietor of the Irish Magazine.

SIR,

At a time when religious bigotry and intolerance are giving place to the lenient and healing principles of justice and moderation, when the demon of discord is fleeing before the bright standard of christian and brotherly affection, and the torch of civil and religious dissensions, about to be extinguished, when our humane and enlightened Protestant brethren, are co-operating in the great and just cause of Catholic Emancipation, and attempting to wrest the poinard out of the hand of the bigoted and furious fanatic, who would still dare to attempt to plunge it in the breast of his neighbour, on the false grounds or plea of, "*the Church is in danger*:" I cannot but notice the enlightened sentiments professed by the Protestant gentry of the county of Tipperary, in alluding to the conduct of the High Sheriff of that county, who refused to convene or sanction a meeting of those gentlemen, for the purpose of discussing and supporting the Catholic claims in their Petition to the united Parliament.

I am the more impressed with their manly, generous and liberal sentiments, as being a native inhabitant of the county, and consequently must feel an interest with numberless others in the cause of that intended meeting, at the same time that I applaud the noble and spirited conduct, which guided them, and am happy to think they have not been last in the ranks of those illustrious personages, who wish for a radical reform, and union of all his Majesty's Subjects. You Sir, know, that the Catholics of Ireland have ever felt grateful to men of true worth, and know how to appreciate the conduct of enlightened characters. Yet they are at the same time conscious of their own dignity and preponderance, and consider a grant of their claims, only as their natural birth right and inheritance. But Sir, that there are still men of bigoted and prejudiced principles, both in and out of office, who would wish to rekindle the fires of persecution, and stir up again the seeds of religious animosity, is a fact, so plain in itself, and resting on such solid grounds, as requires no argument of mind to support, yet to name, individually or personally, any of those base, degraded and pestiferous characters, would be consigning myself to their merciless and vindictive malice, and bringing me under the iron rod and scourge of arbitrary miscreants, who glory in depravity and persecution.

Yes sir, the case and unmerited sufferings of Mr. Peter Finnerty, are too recent in my memory, and the unjust martyrdom you yourself suffer, a further preventative to my being as explicit as I would wish, or risking myself on the shoals of self created and despotic power.

But sir, as to the motives which influenced the conduct of the High Sheriff of the County of Tipperary, and the source from whence he derived his authority, in precluding the Protestant meeting, I shall forbear to comment, as this case has been brought before the imperial and united assembly of the nation, which is fully competent to judge of the merits or demerits of the ground, on which said meeting has been precluded. Though, indeed

indeed, thus much will I say, that I see no reason why that or any other lawful or constitutional meeting, of any class of his Majesty's subjects, should be prevented from taking place, or that an investigation of the civil rights and liberties of the subject should be prevented by any power, source or authority whatsoever, for any party arrogating to itself such authority, is contrary to every principle of moral and divine law, and the party so acting deserves the scorn and execration of mankind. And as for the futile plea set up in respect of the Caravat and Shanavest systems, it is only a poor pretext to hinder the friends of the Catholic body from declaring their sentiments at this critical and awful period.

But sir, it seems as if we are for ever doomed to be sacrificed by minions in power, and to be bandied about by those unfeeling miscreants, who daily glut themselves with, and delight so much in blood and persecution, as if we were or are not of the common race of mortals, or have not feelings like other men. You see then Sir, how necessary it is for us to be unanimous in the cause for which we have united. The cause of equal freedom, rights and toleration, with that of our fellow subjects and countrymen; a cause which animates and is dear to every individual, be his station in life what it may; and which (as has been said before,) is his just and lawful inheritance, by every human and divine right; for when God created man, he created him free, not to be subjected as a slave to the whims or caprices of any individual. Why then divest him of this privilege, bestowed on him by a beneficent and all-wise Creator.

Brethren and fellow Countrymen! It is for the first time I address you, and weak as my abilities are, yet a sense of of your long unmerited sufferings, has been my only motive for trespassing on your attention, and claiming your indulgence; an indulgence which I hope you will extend to me. It is, therefore, by unanimity we shall break the fetters by which we have been so long shackled; and by lawful, zealous and unceasing appeals to the wisdom of the Legislative Assembly of the nation, overthrow that mound of intolerance, persecution and bigotry, which for three centuries has defied and resisted every effort of reason and religion, and kept us out of the pale of the Constitution. That I may live to hail this glorious day, a day which shall unite all Irishmen and subjects, in the bonds of true christian and brotherly affection, is the sincere wish of a feeling and honest

HIBERNIAN.

Cork, April 20, 1811.

A Skilful Doctor.

A humorous story on this subject, is related in a French writer. A lover, whose mistress was dangerously ill, sought every where for a skilful physician, in whom he could place confidence, and to whose care he might confide a life so dear to him. In the course of his search, he met with a man possessed of a talisman, by the aid of which spirits might be rendered visible. The young man exchanged for this talisman half his possessions; and, having secured his treasure, ran with it to the house of a famous physician. Flocking round the door, he beheld a crowd of shades, the ghosts of those persons whom the physician had killed. The same vision presented itself, more or less, at the house of every physician of eminence in the city. One at length was pointed out to him in a distant quarter of the town, at whose door he only perceived two little ghosts. "Behold," exclaimed he, with a joyful cry, "the good physician, of whom I have so long been in search!" The doctor, astonished, asked how he had been able to discover this? "Pardon me," said the afflicted lover, complacently, "your ability and your reputation are well known

known to me." "My reputation! why I have been in the city but eight days, and in that time I have had but two patients."

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

It is certain that the knowledge of medicine is involved in many difficulties, has advanced slowly, and is far behind that of every other science. Yet the improvements which have taken place in modern times, and the substitution of experiments for theory and system, affords to future generations a happier prospect. The principle of a late interesting publication,* the prevention of diseases by a physical education, or the diffusion of physiological knowledge, is peculiarly deserving of encouragement and praise. The *arcana* of this profession, like all other mysteries, has covered infinite iniquity and mischief. To those disinterested men of genius who have unveiled truth, and simplified the sciences, the world will be indebted for light and happiness.

Christening of the Pole Spa, at Kilmainham.

This Spa was discovered last summer, while some workmen were clearing foundations for the new Barracks. The water has been recommended by Doctor Trevor, as a sovereign remedy in Cutaneous cases; but Surgeon D— has just published a list of cures, performed under his own inspection, that prove the superior efficacy of this Spa, to any other in the world. The work may be had at the Doctor's Hospital, up two pair of stairs, in a large house in Marlborough-street. The Doctor has no doubt, that under God, thro' his agency, if a broken leg or arm, were treated in proper time after the accident, the fractures might be cured in an hour and twenty minutes.

As the Spa is within the District of the Metropolis, the Police Magistrates have taken it on them, to give it a name; and have appointed a Special Commission to inspect into its properties, who are to report accordingly. Surgeon L——, who is as learned in his profession, as he is loyal, for which he has 900l. a year, reports, that the water communicates such a property to walking canes, by immersion, that a patient's pulse may be accurately felt and tuned, without being nearer to the person than two yards. Through the medium of the cane, the Doctor shews the great utility of this discovery, to physicians and surgeons, who are paid for visiting Jails, Lazarettoes and Mad-houses.

The Major claims the right of giving a name to the Spa, and insists, it shall be called the POLE Spa, in honor of his illustrious patron, of the Talavera family; but this name has been rejected, on the suggestion of Firethatch, who is very learned, having exercised the profession of a Charter-house School-master, before he became a Statesman in 1798. For, said this great officer and disciplinarian in Bible exercise, the word POLE, can be construed into two meanings: the *loyal Pole*, and the *seditious Pole*; every man who loves the constitution, understands the distinction, but so cautious should we be in this affair, that we ought rather to sacrifice our feelings, by giving up the name of *Pole* in this business; lest the uninformed rebels, might conceive the *Well* was named after their *Poles*, for there is as much difference between a *Wellesly Pole*, and a *Pike Pole*, as there is between his honor the Major, and Browney's Cow, and were the *Pole* to be used incautiously in this instance, it would be a handle for the disaffected, whilever there exists a Major, Bishop, Soldier, Tax-collector, or Beggarmen of English manufacture in this prosperous *end* of the Empire.

This discreet and loyal explanation of the adverse *Poles*, coming to the ears of the disaffected in the Earl of

* Beddoe's Hygeia, or popular Lessons on Health.

Meath's *Liberty*, Dolphin's-barn, and Kilmainham, a meeting was convened, which took place at the Spa, on monday last, where it was unanimously decreed by acclamation, that the Spa, should bear the name of Pole, and to immortalise this solemn act, they ordered, an iron headed pole to be dug up, from one of the Magazines in the neighbourhood, and had it erected on the spot, where they knelt down and with considerable marks of devotion, told their beads, and said their prayers before the iron mounted Idol. After going through the ceremony, they restored it to its place, with its sleeping companions, wishing it a happy and speedy resurrection. *requiescat in pace.*

A LETTER OF

Mr. Alexander Pope to M. Racine,

SON OF THE CELEBRATED FRENCH POET, OF THAT NAME.

In Answer to one Written to him on the Subject, of his ESSAY ON MAN:

The moral tendency of which, Monsieur RACINE disaproves. This Letter is not to be found in any collection of Mr. POPE's Epistles.

SIR,

Nothing had delayed my acknowledgment for your most obliging letter, but the expectation of that agreeable present with which you have honored me, the book itself.* The only allay to the pleasure it gave me in reading it, was to find, that you imputed to me principles, I never was guilty of. But then again, your declaration, that you did not understand the original,† that you could not be certain, whether it really contained those principles or not, and that you had done this only, because others had thought they found them there; this, Sir, I must look upon as a great and extraordinary proof of your candor, your temper, your charity.

But I assure you, Sir, a total ignorance of our language has not been so fatal to me, as an imperfect knowledge of it. And all the beauties of Mons. de Resnel's versification have given less advantage to my Essay, than his continued mistakes of my doctrine and reasoning, have injured it. You will see them sufficiently exposed in the work I send you, (written by the learned author, of the Divine Legation of Moses,) and I flatter myself, that the Chevalier Ramsay, who has so warm a zeal for truth, will take the trouble of explaining it to your full satisfaction: after which I may trust to your own justice.

Upon the whole, I have the pleasure to answer you in the manner you must desire; a sincere avowal, that all my opinions are intirely different from those of Spinosa, or even of Leibnitz; but on the contrary, conformable to those of Mons. Pascal, and Mons. Fenelon: the latter of whom I would most readily imitate, in submitting all my opinions to the decision of the Church. I have the honor to be, with just regard,

Sir,

Your most humble, and most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

London, Sept. 1, 1742.

* Racine's Poem on Religion.

† The Essay on Man.

Popish Rebellion.

Sir Richard Musgrave, the government newspapers, and all its living agents, describe the Rebellion of 1798, as a Popish Conspiracy.

By a short review of some of the circumstances & an account of the leaders of that Rebellion, the reader will see, how undeservingly the name of Religion has been introduced into the history of those events, as the men who accuse the rebels of bigotry, were the only bigots, concerned in the melancholy transactions of the times they describe. We have official returns, that 139 Catholic chapels were burnt by the pious loyalists, and we defy any person to name one Protestant house

house of worship, that ever a rebel entered or profaned; and yet this war, was called a popish insurrection; tho' the men who persevere in giving this character, have such evidence before their eyes, they still continue characterizing the oppressed Catholics, to render them odious among the intolerant and savage part of the people of Britain.

If it were a Popish Conspiracy, it has been the only one in History, that selected Protestant leaders to the exclusion of its own communion. For example: the Reverend Mr. Porter, a Presbyterian Clergyman, was hanged at his own meeting-house door, for forwarding this Popish Conspiracy; William Orr, was hanged for the same, Henry M'Cracken, William Dickey, and Munroe, all Presbyterians, fought and were executed for this Popish Plot. To this list we will add, the Counsellors Sheares, two brothers also executed, Oliver Bond, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Theobald Wolfe Tone, who were disposed of in prison; Capt. Perry, hung at Edendery, Sir Edw. Crosbie, at Carlow, Counsellor Bagnal Harvey, Mr. Grogan, and Captain Keugh, at Wexford; & Major Bacon, in Dublin. We could say many hundreds more of nearly equal rank, who died for this alledged plot. The Protestant and Presbyterian gentlemen, who were expatriated, are so numerous, that it requires more than our limits would at present allow to give a correct list of them. Men, whose talents and virtues were not inferior to any in Europe. Arthur O'Conor, Counsellor Thos. A. Emmett, Counsellor William Sampson, Gen. James Napper Tandy, Matthew Dowling, Esq. Henry Jackson, Esq. &c. may convince the impartial inquirer. Can be supported by any shadow of reason, that such men who individually were an honor to human nature, could engage in, and conduct a conspiracy, directed against the lives and properties of their own relations, their parents and infant children?

Sale of the Major's Library, continued.

Mr. Cox, to whom Sir Reuben's Legboard has assigned the place of Auctionier, to this great literary collection, has resumed the sale, which was interrupted by the truant whimsies of the Doctor, whose department it was to write down the catalogue. Mr. Cox ascribes this serious interruption to his business, to Mr. Tipperary Fitzsimons, of Comfort Lodge, commander in chief of the Sandymount Brigade, which he exercises every Sunday, agreeable to a statute made and provided for that purpose, in the reign of his late Dutch Majesty, of Glorious and Immortal Memory.

An Historical and Genealogical view of the Princes of Idoagh, from whom the illustrious race of the Brenans are descended. The Brenans at this day, are allied to the Poles, another great family, whose ancestors settled in Westmeath, about two hundred years ago, being then very great full Corporals in the British army, who came to Ireland to civilize us.

This book is written by the Wrestling Doctor, who clearly proves, that his family were losing principalities, when the O'Mahons, O'Bryan's, O'Connell's, O'Gorman's, and other Septs, were digging POTATOES. This valuable work clears up a disputed point, in the History of Potatoes. As the Doctor insists on the authority of some manuscript leaves, inserted in a printed Manual, belonging to his ancestor, a Prince of Idoagh, who flourished in the year 1264, where the coal pits of Kilkenny were since *erected*, that potatoes were at that early period, used as ammunition, in an engagement between the Iberian Scots, and the army commanded by Fertoagh O'Brenan, on the borders of the then

flourishing city of Caterlough. This completely refutes the pretensions of Sir Walter Raleigh, to the invention of potatoe-digging. 2 vols. Quarto, printed at No. 169, Byrne-street, Carlow.

History of the Union, and the masterly means made use of to effect that great national object, by Claudius Triangle, late of the Exchange. The author, whose experience in the taw trade, is now indisputable, draws a very original character of the great patriot Foster, who resisted the Union in public, solicited a subscription for his independence, and rendered himself such an object of abhorrence to Ministers, that, they never neglected imposing some heavy employment on him, as a chastisement for his opposition; this charming book is printed in Tallons Town, by Messieurs Fay, Bird, Hamill, and Delahide, and is very scarce.

Three thanksgiving Sermons, preached by the Major, to a select society of Saints, at the curriers' Meeting-house, in York-street. The subject of those discourses, is founded on the four and thirty Victories gained by Lord Wellington, over Massena. The Major's description of that loyal family, the Hills of Torres Vedras, to whose assistance and hospitality our brave armies owe so much, is very affectionately drawn; his honor takes it on him to describe the family, which he says he was intimate with when a child; he remembers the eldest boy, when he was not an inch taller than the handle of the poor-box. The reader of those valuable works will be astonished at the vast intelligence the Major possesses in Divinity, Geography and family Literature. Printed by Dugdale, one vol.

A very interesting History of British generosity, written by the company of Majors. The learned gentlemen in an immense number of cases, shew that no people in the world, have done more for their colonies, than the English have done in Ireland. We select two cases from the work, for the elucidation of the subjects therein treated. "The establishment of the Dublin and Farming Societies may be ranked among the greatest institutions of modern times, and the illustrious name of Foster who presides alternately over them, will be revered while British policy continues to be esteemed in any corner of the world. "For," says our authors "if the Dublin Society, had not patronized the linen trade, we would have no linen trade, and the fatal issue would be, that we would be following a better trade, the woollen manufacture, to the prejudice of our brethren in England, who weave our wool that grows at home, and sends us long journies to buy flaxseed that grows abroad; and were this well regulated policy, not ingeniously pursued, the Irish would be the rivals of their National protectors, they would be rich and turbulent to the detriment of a connexion, that every loyal man values as he does his life. This great society has directed the public attention to, another point of view; they are about draining the bogs. This embraces two great National objects: the first is, it has been known in the course of the last rebellion, that the bogs were used as military positions, where the Rebels retired in safety, until they could renew their depredations; now by drying up those bogs, like cutting the military roads through the mountains, these recesses so dangerous in civil war, are for ever removed; certainly great numbers will be starved for want of fuel, but as an insubordinate and superabundant population are so inimical to society, the injury is nothing

The second object which bog draining contemplates, is to divert the public attention from commercial affairs

as some seditious writers, had lately taken much pains to persuade the Irish, that, their harbours, geographical situation, and natural condition as Islanders, fitted them better for a commercial people, than perhaps any other nation on the Globe; and were they once to direct their thoughts to ship-building, and other external relations, no person could foresee the trouble and expense it might cost the Empire to bring them back to their original employments, so necessary to preserve the connexion. So far the Dublin Society has rendered commerce of no consideration, and so weakened the means of disaffection, by statistical surveys and bog draining, that it is intitled to the thanks of the United Empire." Milliken.

Hints for the preservation of the Game, by a Tipperary Man-hunter. The writer, whose experience in the manufacture of Caravats, is of a long standing, lays down rules, which, if strictly followed, will direct any capacity, how to promote a profitable insurrection, which a man of loyal character, may as safely put down, after converting it to a proper use, such as elevating himself in the opinion of the superabundant population men, and be able to draw from their fears, or policy, a comfortable and lucrative station, where vigilance is thought to be a necessary qualification. This work went through four editions in the course of a month, and at present is out of print. Enniskillen, Printed at the Crown and Dagger, by the Woulaghan Press.

Memoirs of the Travelling Serjeant, his description of the disturbed Counties, and the atrocious murders committed on the pigs and poultry, by the ravenous peasantry, is written with great legal and loyal spirit, and shews a considerable intimacy with the nature and intent of the British Constitution, as exercised in foreign parts; such as Connaught and Tipperary. His refutation of Cox, the Magazine Writer, is a work ably composed and conclusive. Cox had insinuated in the following words, such diabolical and important reflections, that we cannot forbear inserting them, as a further proof of this seditious character, now so properly laid up. "Mr.—— you are now well known, in the accused Counties, or in other words, those districts where the pigs are killed by the starving peasantry, and where the peasantry are killed by the loyal Orangemen, where you attend alternately as Ambassador and public accuser; tho' you have been exercising those two characters, I never understood your reports were not followed by a Special Commission; and though men were killed, Priests hunted, and houses burnt, it has not appeared that any others but the pig killers have been brought to the gibbet." The answer is too voluminous for our pages, but we recommend it to the perusal of our loyal readers. 2 vols. Quarto, by the Dugdalian Press.

Anecdotes of Henry IV. of France.

Henry, king of France, having one day attended mass, and being about to approach the altar of communion, M. de Roquelaure, regarding this as a favorable moment to obtain a pardon for one of his relations, who had offered violence to a magistrate in the discharge of his duty, threw himself at the feet of the king, and supplicated him, for the love of the Being, whose body he was about to receive in the sacrament, and who had promised forgiveness to the merciful to extend grace to the culprit, who was ready to throw himself upon his clemency. Regarding him with a severe aspect, "Go," said Henry, "and leave me at peace: I am astonished that you should dare to make to me a request of this nature, when I am going to protest before God to do justice, and to implore pardon for having at any time omitted so to do."

Dur

During the league, Henry having laid siege to the town of Chartres; the besieged, after a long resistance, came at length to the resolution of surrendering themselves. The Magistrate, on his appearance before the conqueror, began a tedious harangue, which he had been for some time meditating, by declaring that the city, in submitting to his majesty, acknowledged his divine and his human rights: "And (said Henry, interrupting him, and quickening his pace to enter the town,) the rights also of my cannon."

The Swiss being on the point of renewing their alliance with France; the provost, the merchants and the sheriffs, wished to give a festival on the occasion; and, for the purpose of furnishing the necessary expense, requested of Henry permission to lay an impost on the cisterns and fountains. "Search," replied the good prince, "for some other means of effecting your design; I do not chuse to regale my allies at the expense of my people; it belongs to God to change water into wine."

A LITERARY KNIGHT.

The late Sir William Dillon, who was one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the County of Westmeath, was for a considerable time after he received the honour of Knighthood, so ignorant of the manner his *Christ name* should be written, that the summonses he issued were addressed in this manner, "By Order of Sir William Dillon, *Night*, &c.

CITY FRANKING.

Shortly after the Union, Mr. J—, eminent Hatter of Dublin, was elected to represent the Corporation of Letters, in the Common Council. The morning after his appointment, the Wag, a neighbour of his waited on him, to congratulate him on his appointment, at the same time requesting he would favour him by Franking a few Letters for the Penny Post, a privilege, which in the absence of Parliament, was invested in the Corporation Representation.

This proud authority of Franking, poor J—— believed, sat down and wrote on a bundle of covers, which he continued to do daily, until the vast number that passed into the Post-Office, attracted the notice of the Officers of the establishment, who were cruel enough to strip Mr. J—— of his imaginary importance, by writing a sarcastic letter, advising him not to continue dirtying the Letters intended for circulation, besides embarassing the Carriers, by the obscurity which the affected dignity of his scrawl, threw over the superscriptions.

A COPY OF AN *ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT;*

FOUND IN THE RUINS OF STACUMME COLLEDGE.

ABouT the Time that HXoboZl 1/16 4GGGp19th Centy. WGF2AAZ3 3Mo9EgggZEnnPry*LUTtrell CAme. WJozln9ovgccMMovlar8.8.6Wnolld, JAg77.1r CAMDEN!!!—oooooopppy 2/3 2/3 9rs: MAJor put the purse Kko17: Own Pockett..rrrsS995 1/4 4. AAggrZll.::t MMN took Teellings watch from the Wife. And put it in OWn poke VzzTA4:GGxlngzooffaptt buz-11.4aacqLT.rrvg: Rubens. gave GIMGoslin a PAIr of Old stockings··,, VatzMsssqqSnnng 1/4 66 1/2 VJGz 1/4 GGGG· ANDoe gAve 20·l to the Support of THE loyAlists that Year 6 11/28·!!! ooooppVggF22mnzGBDpooZitt·Qngrss9988.: J. C. BBBBd gave Chrothers A Blue ribbAnd!!! in Zllggfrr SttT5.5. HEMENstALL got a golD medal: 66 grllooPg: is Now in Glooori IIIJ: KttrspLngVoooRJl. 1/4 ÆouRoboZtPqnSSSssssII . . . . Ægrss Vo22 20/67 31/32 Oh LAWDEr: LAWDEr III·· oooopppgr 1/2 7ttruvenlg. QQRMo5AnL9·3/55 6nnnBB445.ZtS.

Prolln·,

Prolln·,, S. borrowed HEveYs mare & never RETUrNd her.·!!! ·· QQQllzT· Hell is. not. yet full. Till JoRd. NORRrrrBy½.. GGVgrco-TLT9⅝7 NXXoFgpz = AZGnn ASgill· oh VIggqr⅞965Ro7. W4JT7 XXLD ggMLAtoUche. sold her. eArrings & RRno ½.BIBLES··BIBLES!!!, pqrOGGllnor LTms

NEglltt.V.Ner7·9·gp DArly CAme And CTuVooGGGGGR POle was Very. sorry for the JouRney!!! RasJ·GÆ at qmfz 4GPJ lezz ⅝⅝V= UzY Oh JuDKin JuDKin. where Are YoU gone!!!—Xylly O. P. gArzm⅝4. LTmotvDR·: Mr. C-V 21⅞ uu.———

—N.B. CARroll has got A pair of NeW-legs JJFoLXxyz!!!——

TO MR. WALTER COX.

Sir,

In your Magazine for March last, you were pleased to communicate to the public, some theorems of mine, on indeterminate problems, for which please to accept my thanks. I have herewith sent a few original theorems, (at least they appear so to me,) by making room for them in some future Number of your impartial Miscellany, you will oblige, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

John Moran.

PROBLEM 1.

To find three square numbers, the difference of every two of which shall be square numbers universally.

THEOREM 1.

Let h=hypothenuse, a & b the legs of any rational right angled triangle, whatever then $\overline{h^2+a^2}\,\rangle^2+\overline{2ab}\,\rangle^2 \times h$; $\overline{h^2+a^2}\,\rangle^2+\overline{2bh}\,\rangle^2 \times a$ and $4abh \times \overline{h^2+a^2}\,\rangle$ will be the roots of the three squares universally.

If a=3, b=4, and h=5, the numbers will be 2165, 2067 & 2040 in their lowest terms. If we take a=4, b=3, and h=5, the roots will be 11285, 10324, and 9840. Hence every rational right angled triangle we assume, furnishes two different answers by changing the legs about the right angles. See Euler's Algebra, quest 16th, second volume, page 229. Although I do not wish to arrogate to myself any decided pre-eminence over my ingenious countrymen, yet I flatter myself, it will be universally allowed, that Mr. Euler's mode of investigating this problem, falls far short of the noble simplicity exhibited in the above universal theorem.

PROBLEM 2.

To find 4 whole numbers, the sum of every two of which shall be rational square numbers universally.

THEOREM 2.

Retaining h, a and b, as in the first Notation, we shall have

$$aa \times \overline{3a^2-2b^2}\,\rangle^2-a^4$$

$$4aa \times \overline{2a^4+7a^2h^2-b^4}$$

$$4a^4 \times \overline{a^2+11b^2-h^4} \times \overline{12a^2-b^2}$$

and $a^2 \times \overline{\overline{4a^2-2b^2}\,\rangle^2+\overline{a^2-b^2}\,\rangle^2}$ for the four required numbers universally.

If a=4, b=3, and h=5, the numbers will be 10304, 92098, 3385, and 34640 being the least numbers possible, where note, that a must be always assumed greater than $b\sqrt{2}$, otherwise one of the numbers will come out negative. ☞ This problem is not to be found in Euler.

(To be continued.)

PHYSICIANS.

The Romans having banished from Rome the Greek Physicians who had signalized themselves in peopling the regions of the grave, the following reflection was made by Cato: "The Greeks, jealous of the glory of the Romans, and being unable to conquer them in the open fight, have sent their executioners, who kill us in our beds."

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

MR. COX.

SIR.—*By inserting the following lines in your very valuable Publication you will oblige*

CALLIOPE.

Two linguists late of great degree,
Differed about P, O, L, E,
One had it that doughty name,
From an ancient catch *pole* came,
The other said, the anomalous word
Was to final fate referred,
And its possession doomed to rule,
For the dark Tartarian *pool*.
Great criticks they yet stooped so low,
As to contend about an O.

NAUGHT.

THE SECOND EVE.—A TALE.

Translated from the French of T. CERCEAU, *a Jesuit.*

(Continued form our last, page 191.*)*

They say a sum of crowns, a mighty sum
Was, upon trust, agreed upon between them.
I will command nought painful to be done,
Resumes the mild and gentle husband.
This I order. When to the bath you go,
The pool on the left lies on your way
If you be able to pass it by for the space
Of one short month, and be discreet enough
Not to plunge into the brink of the filthy bath
With both your naked feet, you gain the wager.
But as you pass take care of shipwreck,
Else you must pay the wager instantly.
The novel was, now, to speak the truth,
A very puddle, a sink from the inner-yard,
To avoid it one would make a circuit.
At this challenge both laughed heartily;
To it the Lady eagerly agrees.
The bargain, no doubt, was good.
As sure as if lodged in her privy purse,
Already was the cash put out to interest,
She thought of making this and the other purchase;
New jewels, trinkets would adorn her toilet,
And chiefly a good and fashionable gown.
Off then she goes, as usual to the bath,
Not without privately ogling the pool;
This was sufficient at the outset,
She confined herself to this for the first time.
Going, returning, she soon got accustomed to
The greenish water, the dirt, the scum;
Time reconciles us to all things:
She did more, she got a relish for it.
The mind of man, is sure, a strange compound,
And when I speak of man, in this respect,
Woman is included in the species
At least for two parts, and half a quarter.
The present fact renders the thing notorious.
The Lady fancied, (if accounts be true)
It would afford her great delight
To muddle in black and putrid water.
These the first effects of the wager,
Although the water in the bath was neat and clear,
It was disgusting, if compared to this;
Perhaps the devil too had interfered.
The Lady still was quite discreet
And mentioned nothing of it to Jenny,
Who followed her; she was her waiting maid,
And what was worse, they say, her confidant,
Of pliant temper, a very knowing one;
She understood her lady s semi-tone;
Her soul's besides so very complaisant,

That

That in a century or more, that I may
speak the truth,
She would not answer her good Lady, *no.*
But now sufficient of the waiting maid,
Let us return to the dear Signora.
At every instant her desire increases,
Scarcely can she remain so long in harness:
The pool was still the more enticing.
To resist, efforts were requisite,
She still drew nearer to its brink.
The bath no more, but now the pool
She seeks, capricious taste!
There many a duckling muddled.
She pointed them with finger out to Jenny,

And much she envied them; and had the
Lady
Been able fairly to exchange with them,
She would most gladly wish
To become a duck, at least for a short
time.

But very often the immediate occasion
Leads us much farther than we do desire,
Once the Lady stopping at the verge,
Happened to slip her foot out of the
shoe,
And with the sole just slightly touched
the pool;
Yet the good Lady here was pleased to
stop;
And then, through scruple, quick resum-
ed her shoe.
Not but she felt great combats in her
breast;
However, a little virtue's not amiss.

But the husband through a little chink,
Watching his wife, and marking all her
movements,
Laughed in his sleeve, and counted on his
fingers,
That she would never hold out for a
month.
He counted well, as history observes,
Two thirds, nor near had not elapsed
When lo! the fatal day arrives.
The treacherous husband who had wit-
nessed all,
Resolved to cheat his better half.
Said he was going to give orders about
the vintage,
Then to take a walk, and return in the
cool.
He went to his fields, and shortly after
By a circuitous rout stopped at the far-
mer's;
There he lay snug, and played the spy.
Soon he sees both the Lady and waiting
maid
Begin the march with all their rigging.
On her way she pauses at the pool,
Contemplates, and can scarcely leave it.
As if she quit the edge of a pellucid foun-
tain;
She sighs; at last she tears herself away,
And to the hot bath bends her course.

But in the bath she burns with hidden
fire,
She quits it sooner than had been her
custom,
Pensive of mind, of restless gait, disturb-
ed,
She frets, and quarrels with herself in
vain.
The passion urges, her heart is wavering
And virtue beats but with a single wing.
Do you see, Jenny, too much I suffer?
Said the Lady, giving out the anthem,
No bet or wager can avail,
I say and openly declare,
That I do not value them a straw;
I am resolved to go into the pool,
You may offer on this what opinion you
please,
Let it be known, or unkown,
It is all one to me; My life's at stake,
If I cannot gratify my wishes.
Is it then Madam so great a matter?
Says Jenny—why so much mystery?
I suspected this: you are very good
Thus to perplex, and thus disturb your
mind.
Do you want to do it? well you ought to
do it.
In the first place the master's absent.
Who will see you? Not one, I promise
you.
After all you run no risk of losing the
wager,
What a great misfortune! will you starve
with hunger.
Content, in a word, surpasses riches.
For the plot shall be so well contrived,
That you will enjoy both gain and plea-
sure.
Go-to, thou art too valuable, says the
Lady;
Let's not defer the project to the mor-
row.
Upon which, they prepare, tuck up their
garments,
And to the pool they fly with speed,
And that in their fine bare feet, and shoes
in hand,
The Lady goes first and in good order;
Jenny the maid, formed the rear guard.
Going along they carefully observe,
Whether any Spy should be on the look
out;
Not one appears, and the master's distant.
Her feet are burning, at first she ventures
One into the water, to sound the ground,
Withdraws it, the next resumes its place,

Which its also suddenly withdrawn.
In short, having made some wry faces,
Down go both feet, and touch the bottom
Even to the mud, the mansion of the frogs.
God knows how great the joy! 'tis devoured at leisure;
She is quite restored; puddles, muddles,
And never did bath afford such pleasure.
During this time, the husband, with your leave,
From his nook observed the whole at ease;
And blessed his stars,
That he had not exposed to greater trial,
A virtue so raw, so frail.
From it some evil might have happened:
He shuddered at the thought, and thus reflecting,
Thinking the affair was carried far enough,
He goes to the Lady with a bantering smile,
A ghost would have inspired her with less fear.
Quick, quick they fly, they scamper off,
But bare foot folks don't run too fast,
The husband o'ertakes the Lady in the hall:
Well, said he, on first accosting her,
What think you of the fatal apple?
Is Eve, at present so much to blame?

☞ The substance of this Poem, is taken from Cæsar de Histerback, a Monk of the Cistercian Order, in his work *De illustrium Historiarum memorabilibus*, Lib. IV. c. 76.

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

The annexed Song may not be uninteresting to many of your readers. It has not yet appeared in print, although several copies have been distributed in manuscript. It was sung by the author in a private company at Wexford. You will, doubtlessly, form an high opinion of the clear understanding and subtle intellect of that faction, so honourable to Ireland, whom our rulers uphold, when I tell you that one of the company on hearing it, avowed himself an orangeman, with a most appropriate observation. "I" says the enlightened young gentleman, "have been an Orangeman for such a time (specifying the time) and never before heard that song." It met the young man's approbation, and he begged a copy of it. This loyal youth is the son of a gentleman, who moves in the first circles at Gorey in the county Wexford, and nearly related to the notorious HUNTER GOWAN.

LUCIUS.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

Assemble ye champions, accustom'd to rule,
And let not your ardour one moment grow cool!
The papists want freedom, and say 'tis their right:
Behold with what liberty these fellows speak,
Now they solicit their bonds we should break,
Grant them an inch, and an ell they will take,
The reform d religion herself is at stake,
The Church is in danger, and we must unite.

Orangemen! Orangemen!—take the alarm,
Let us combine to prevent any harm,
The protestant cause is in a bad plight,
The Popish petition the GREAT did embrace,
And for such vile conduct were chuck'd out of place,
Nought now remains but to crush the whole race,
But this must be done with a seeming good grace,
The Church is in danger, and we must unite.

In

In Ross there are heroes of valiant renown,
Who Croppies unarm'd did make to lie down,
And chopp'd off the heads of the dead men so tight.
We Orangemen rul'd with an absolute sway,
The widows of Croppies brought to a Low-Key,
We had trsdsemen amongst us and bloods of the day,
There were shoemakers, tailors and magistrates gay,
The Church is in danger, and we must unite.

Yet an Orangeman's life is so valued a boon,
That we must not rush into danger too soon,
But stay in the rear of the army so bright:
But when danger's over, we then may push on,
Set fire to the houses, without sparing one,
Pursue all those croppies whom we behold run,
I mean ev'ry peasant without pike or gun,
The Church is in danger, and we must unite.

No mercy we'l show—they must die without hope,
Those minions of Rome—the base fiends of the pope,
We'l hew them all down, with joy and delight:
And then sally off to the very next town,
And boast of our deeds with an Orangeman's frown,
We'l live on free quarters—in wine troubles drown,
And swear to support both the king and the crown,
The Church is in danger, and we must unite.

ON THE DEATH OF MASTER JAMES LYONS, OF TUAM.

What mean these badges of sad sullen grief?
Which know no comfort, can find no relief:
Why sighs of sorrow mixed with bitter tears?
With their dull sounds pierce through my wounded ears.
Why sunk in anguish *Tuam's* drooping head!
Alas! the answer, my dear child is dead.
While sordid views induce the cringing train
To tune the string and prostitute the strain,
In polish'd lines the vices to adorn,
Of those who seem for mankind scourges born;
Shall not a good, a pious, learn'd youth,
Endow'd with virtue, modesty and truth,
Whom death, grim tyrant, in his fell career,
Has stretch'd untimely on the fatal bier,
Shall not, I say, such rising virtue claim,
A line's small tribute to his honor'd name?
" The tragic muse may in some happier day,
" Swell her bold note and tune to thee her lay;
" Till then receive the humble debt of praise,
" Which conscious weakness to thy merit pays.
" Hail sacred shade, by heaven itself rever'd,
" Whom thy sweet virtues to thy friends endear'd.
Who could excel, nay who with him could vie?
To pay the debt of filial piety.
For him the classics op'd their copious store,
Great was his progress in their precious lore,
Each useful science with true taste combin'd,
Took full possessions of his ample mind.
What pen can paint, what language can express,
His gentle manners and his mild address?
His modest tongue with emphasis express'd,
The virtuous thoughts that sway'd his noble breast.
Firm were his steps in virtue's steady way,
No devious path could lead his mind astray.
His was the art, with unaffected ease
To win the hearts of mankind and to please.
Strict he obey'd religion's charming voice,
And by her dictates fix'd the happy choice
Of truly following her inviting call,
And for her sake of sacrificing all.
Methinks

Methinks I see him, while her benign sway
Directs his footsteps in the auspicious way,
Arrive within St. Patricks' sacred walls,
To study science in his learned Halls.
But while I feel the fond extatic glow.
Alas! the tear of sympathy must flow.
These raptr'ous thoughts I must again give o'er
When I reflect that LYONS is no more:
For while the splendor of his virtue's blaze
Grew brighter still and shot refulgent rays,
Indulgent Heav'n on seeing how insecure
Is youths' frail bark, amid corruptions lure,
Would not allow the youth t' attempt its ways,
Lest he should stray in its entangled maze.
Kind Heav'n, I say, on seeing him ripe for joy,
Transferr'd to bliss, eternal bliss, the boy.
Cease then your mourning let your sorrow cease,
And envy not the Saint's eternal peace.

AMICUS.

THE POWERS OF SONG.

Immortal train who guide the various song,
How sovereign breathes each genial pow'r!—
Bidding warm valour fire the warrior throng
Or melting down to love the ev'ning hour
Sweet spoke each strain which erst o'er classic land
Melodious trembling from th' enraptur'd lyre,
Could raise the warmest passion at command,
Or thrill the coldest breast with heav'nly fire.

Oh! who when HOMER sounds the string,
And tells of battle, death, and glory,
Can pause from seizing fancy's wing
To realise his dreams of story?
Hark!—'tis the trumpet's brazen roar
Which clangs o'er ILLION's battle field!
And see each chieftain flies to war
Heart to heart—and shield to shield.

In vain the mother clasps her panting child:
In vain the wife exerts each tender pow'r:
Not all her claims can check his transport wild,
"Nor curb his proud soul in that ardent hour,"
And now, hark, hark, from plain to plain,
The furious shrieks of war resound:
Kings—Chieftains—Gods and Men,
Burn and burn—and rage around.

Oh who feels not his bosom beat,
Big with ire and big with heat?
Oh what claim—what tie shall stay
The hero, from these scenes away?
But now be calm each wand'ring thought,
For lo! 'tis WALLER wakes,
The sylvan pipe in some sequester'd grot;
Or 'neath some pine tree's classic shade,
All nature's glories blooming round his head.
From whence its flight his gen'rous fancy takes,
Like summers genial heat and blush;
Bidding each latent grace, in wanton streaks,
Forth o'er the tulips pale cheek rush:
And stealing rapture from her viewless goal,
With such sweet ardour vibrates thro' the soul.

Now ev'ry strain can charm her inmost ear,
Can fill her eye with rapturous tear,
Can thrill hope's pulse with transport sweet,
Can bid each slumb'ring wild wish beat:
Can raise each gen'rous hope, by lyric measure,
And melt e'en care to love and pleasure.

Thou too, inspirer of the patriot song!
Is there one heart, one mind, one soul,
One kindred thought th:o'out the patriot throng,
Whilst thy full strain bursts from the living lyre.
Can with the hero's hope—and martial fire,
Refuse to roll?

Oh no, the passion that it wakes,
The blood stain'd mem'ry which it shakes,
The ardent hopes and fires that glow,
In ev'ry hero's nerve unstrain'd
The patriot streams which purely flow,
Thro' ev ry Irish vein unstain'd:
Shall never cease thy gen'rous fires to meet;
Shall never cease with kindred hopes to beat,

Hark

Hark! methinks from freedom's shrine,
Breathes a soothing voice divine:
To ev ry Irish heart alone,
Admitted—welcom'd—felt and known,
And which as stealing on the day,
In blessed whispers seems to say,
Hear, Erin hear! 'tis freedom's glow,
Gives each native fire to kindle:
And which when sparkling tends to shew,
They never more are doom'd to dwindle,
Wav'ring at will the pulse of ev'ry heart,
Like NEPTUNE's west wind on the vast expanse,
Giving the briny waves to roll,
And come and go in many a wanton dance,
Bidding each mighty pow'r of song and soul,
Sublime as Heaven's sublimest Pole,
Burst on the senses, and as they impart
Ten thousand sweet and inexpressive pleasures
Still throb each pulse, still charm each heart,
Until Immortal "MILTON" poured his measures.

Now hark! 'tis fancy's own immortal child,*
From midst the gloom of ALBION's darkest days,
As when at morning peeps the sun's bright rays,
So pour his *seraph* souls with music wild
And thrills each wondr'ing sense with extacy,
Strong as the mountain rill which headlong rolls,
Thro' LAPLAND's dreary fields in many a maze,
Pure as the snow which wraps th' extremest poles,
And stern as the martial frown of Liberty.

Nor must the muse confine her stage
To each rich classic field alone;
Nor any kingdom—throne or age,
Nor any clime nor any zone:
For see e'en o'er those desart plains,
Where CHILL's sultry summers glow;
With kindred sway she also reigns,
And oft where murm'ring waters flow,
Or thro' the windings of some rocky dell,
Wild as his own uncultur'd fields,
She bids the Indian tune his uncouth shell,
His savage soul to music yields!!!
Oft too o'er Greenlands' snow clad field,
Where summer's warmth—nor science glows,
The rugged soul—the native snows
Proclaim the muse's pow'rs are felt
And leaning on his blood stain'd shield
E'en the fierce Chief can feel his proud soul melt.
Behold! now from their verdant hills,
Whilst rapture every bosom thrills,
Rous'd by the fire of native song,
Pours the joyous rustic throng:
And as they act each mimic measure—
Friend immur'd! or chief who bled
Pourtray'd in action, through the soul
The tide of patriot passions roll
For brothers lost, yield their life's blood treasure.

Whilst near some blooming roseate bow'r,
Erst fir'd by songs resistless pour,
The village grey beards throng around,
To hear the pipe's harmonious sound;
Chearful and light as if youth's healthiest rose,
Blush'd on their cheeks and blossom'd on their brows.

Oh Sacred Nine! if rous'd by your command,
Some patriot bard should string his lyre;
Should sing each war that thinn'd Iberia's land,
And gave her hamlets to the fire:
Should speak of glories grasp'd before;
Of hostile chiefs and laurels faded;
Of peace and freedom felt no more;
Of justice flown—of slav'ry dreaded.
Oh! who can tell while the deep anguish rolls,
With rapid course through her son's ardent souls;
What latent Martial fires may wake,
To save Iberia's sinking land:
To arm each heart—and arm each hand;
At freedoms' shrine to leave the thinking blade,
To burst the despots blood stained yoke,
And like Heaven's colt at one full stroke,
Sever the bonds which tyranny has made.

JUVENIS.

* SHAKESPEARE.

BON MOT.

In the autumn of 98, a rebel of the name of MURPHY, was pursued for six miles through the county Wicklow, by a corps of Yeomen Cavalry: he at length came to a river which he leapt in fine stile; an old man at the other side exclaimed "that is a great leap"—"by G— so it ought," said Murphy—"I had a long run to it."

On

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN COLCLOUGH, Esq. of TINTERN-ABBEY,

Who fell in a Duel with W. C. ALCOCK, Esq. on *Saturday, May 30th*, 1807.

(By a relative of the Deceased.)

Lamented friend! thy sorrowing fam'ly's boast,
Nor valu'd truly but when wholly lost;
Tho' join'd by kindred, and by blood allied,
Thro' life's rough path we travell'd side by side;
Nor blood nor kindred my affection drew,
Intrinsic worth I found, and lov'd, in you,
Thine was the heart that felt the widow's grief,
The ready hand that stretch'd the kind relief,
The breast that beat with friendship's throb sincere,
The pitying sigh, the sympathetic tear,
Yet, killing sight! these eyes beheld thee fall,
For whose dear life thy friends would part with all.
Curs'd be the * fiends, by endless ages scorn'd,
(How e'er by Sceptres or by Crowns adorn'd,)
Who sanctioned first the DUEL's bloody strife,
Which, for a giddy word, would ask a life;
Forbids the tender charities to feel,
But plunge in friendship's breast the vengeful steel,
How many sires their murder'd sons deplore;
What orphan children weep their sires no more!
How many widows, daughters, cease to share
The husband's fondness, or the brother's care!
Such, honour! are thy fruits, beneath whose shade
Love, friendship, gratitude, and duty fade.
Who own thy laws, their reason must resign,
And spurn all statutes, human or divine.
Did'st thou in sweet retirement still remain,
Nor seek the heights of public life to gain,
At TINTERN spread the hospitable board,
Lov'd by the wealthy—by the poor ador'd;
Still had thy virtues beamed on all around,
And peace, and joy, the happy circle crown'd;
Apprentic'd orphans still thy bounty bless'd,
And age and infancy thy care confess'd.
But now no more the shelt'ring hut shall rise,
To shield the shiv'ring wretch from wint'ry skies;
No more by thee, as delegate from Heav'n,
Food, raiment, learning, to the poor be giv'n;
No more thy praises charm thy mother's ear,
Thy filial duty draw'th extatic tear.
Yet, shall thy friends, and chiefly he whose grief
Now seeks in mournful strains a soft relief,
Of thy lov'd worth the faithful guardians be,
And when they seek a model, think on THEE.

THE "NEW DROP," A COMICAL SONG,

Humbly inscribed to Messrs. Fum, Hum, Glum, Mum, Tag, Rag and Bob-tail!!!

To be said or sung in whatever time or place and by whom it shall please the Lord————Mayor.—To the Tune of "Madam Fig's Gala."

YOU have heard of the grand Fancy-Ball!
Where Alderman *Minikin's* breeches
Oh HONE! to his ankles did fall,
For want of a pin or some stitches;
I fain would relate this good joke,
If I had not a theme more diverting;
For sure 'twill your laughter provoke
To hear of FUM's famous drop curtain.
Chorus—Rum ti, &c.

Oh! FUM, 'twas but pitiful spite
To destroy *Zafforini's* grand palace,
And erect, like a dunce, on its site
This *dirty new-drop* of a gallows:
The muse now her frolics must stop,
Since FUM in a halter has caught her,
And cramm'd down her weasand this *Drop*,
To complete his *Theatrical slaughter.*

But

* Francis the First, King of France, and Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany who challenged each other, and, from whose example commenced the practice of duelling in modern Europe.

But indeed 'twere an excellent plan,
If we thus could dispose of the actors,
And *suspend*, from its frame, every man,
As at Newgate they *gag* malefactors;
'Twere a sight more diverting by far
Than to see WATTY COX on his *shew-box*,
Or the CLOWN and CON. HUGHES in a car
Banging-up like a couple of low bucks!

Marinari, without any *hum*,
Excels all your Raphaels and Guidos,
Assisted by wonderful FUM,
He makes classical *Devils* and *Didos!*
But of FUM it is said in the house,
And of *Jobson* his bull-headed *Foreman*,
That each has about as much *Nous*
As Mac Nally, or poor Johnny Norman!

Billy Shakespeare, I pity your case,
In this labyrinth of dullness entangled;
No wonder you hide your sweet face,
So by botches bedaubed and bemangled:
I suppose, now, that *rawney—boned* blade,
With a club in his fist, like shillelah,
Is one of the bear-leading trade,
FUM, HERCULES, CRAMPTON or DALY.

There are clouds like *Judge Bladderchop's* wig,
Pig's puddings, or fat apple dumplings;
Where the *Virgins* are stuck up a-gig
To the people displaying their *plumplings*.
There's the daggerman's wife by my *soul!*
Like an actress, all humbug and blarney;
"Arrah! what has she got in that bowl?"
Why a pint of hot punch for P. KEARNEY.

But who's that old Fury in chains?
'Tis some Banchee, or shocking she-wizard,
Or one of our tragedy *queen's*
With a dagger stuck plump in her gizzard;
In search of so ugly a spectre
I'm sure you might ransack and range hell,
Yet BRADBURY swears that "the *pecture*
"Is *k*either SIMP—SON or a *h*angel."

But the best of this beautiful scene,
And the things of all things I admire, is
The bow of *blue*, *orange* and *green*,
Bent across by a beauty call'd Iris,
Which in *H*english is Irish, 'tis clear,
So let none call the union a brainblow,
Which in plund'ring our SUBSTANCE so dear
Left a SHADOW of hope and this *Rainbow!*

Having finish'd my song, I'd be sorry
Its *merits* should go to such poets
As B—N—N, H—G—S, K—— or C——Y,
Or C—N—Y the chief of our low wits.
The players will "curse it for trash,"
Being *folks* of high *larning* and *gumption*;
But the town, that *bestows* them their cash
May laugh at their pride and presumption.

Rum ti, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

On a certain well known Major taking a Silver Cup with the words "Erin go Bragh," inscribed on its side—Vide Curran's speech.

A couple of Majors intending to dine,
Had order'd some venison, claret and wine,
But resolving to stifle all thought of the past,
And push round the Joke and the jest to the last,
Agreed that as glasses were getting too small,—
To procure *vi et armis* from Thomas Broughall,
(A cup that was destined a traitor to fall,)
Who regardless of King, Constitution and Law,
Had inscribed on it's side the words—
"Erin go Bragh."

L. M. G.

Garristown, March, 1811.

The following Lines in the manner of the celebrated OSSIAN *on the death of the lamented Mr. JOHN CARROL of Baldwinstown, County of Dublin, who was executed the time of the Rebellion, may perhaps meet the approbation of those to whom he was dear.*

Blow lightly on his grave, Oh! ye winds! nor break the repose of the youth who sleeps in memory among the heroes of old,—touch not the green blade that sorrows on his tomb for he was lovely as the dew dropping rose, that reclines from the beams of the sun.—Brave as the brown waves of the ocean that lash the distant shore. But he is gone. The deeds of the warriors of past times animated his breast,—he sank on the bosom of his country,—his fall was glorious.—The soul touching harp of the children of Erin, shall soothe the sorrows of her mourning

mourning fair featured daughters.—Like the wide extended leaves of the dusk nodding forest, the actions of the brave shall be wafted afar.—The fate of the martyrs of *Liberty*, shall be treasured in the heart—Oh! *Carroll!* let not the lamentations of the children of thy blood-stained country disturb thy rest—let the wild waves that wash the borders of the green fields of Erin, tell thy fate to the murmur-sounding rocks—that the friends of thy youth may catch the pitying sound and weep o'er thy grave, in fond recollection.

L. M. G.

Garristown, March, 1811.

OBITUARY.

At his house in Three-stone-alley, at a very advanced age, Mr. Ebenezer Boynewater, silk-weaver, and Grand Juryman to the city of Dublin, an office which he invariably attended to, and the duties of which he discharged with the most faithful regard to the interest of the Protestant ascendancy, and to the well being of affairs as laid down by the principles of the constitution, as by law established by the conquest of Ireland, in the memorable periods of 1690, and 1800. The first of which was secured by the blood of our ancestors, at the Boyne under the Glorious and Immortal William the III. and the second by ourselves, and at the expense of our counters, under the ininvincible American Cornwallis, by the aid and assistance of Counsellors Casey, O'Grady, O'Daly, Osborne, Smith, Bladderchops, Fitzgibbon and other illustrious heroes, whom Irish gratitude, will place on the pages of history, for the instruction of future ages. Mr. Boynewater was never known in the course of 60 years to absent himself from a Grand Jury, never was fined for his non-attendance in that long period, in which he exercised the office 240 times. The City of Dublin cannot boast of such an active citizen, except Wilson, the nailor, who for his time of life approaches very closely to the character of Mr. Boynewater. Mr. Wilson has been only 59 years a Grand Juryman, was sworn to exercise that high office 156 times, and was never absent from his post on any occasion except on the memorable campaign which Alderman Warren made against the pigs, when Mr. Wilson composed one of the army, whose services were so distinguished on that great event. Mr. Boynewater was greatly distinguished as a Theologian, and on several public and private occasions, preached with great effect to very crowded congregations. His sermon on the seditious life of Napper Tandy, preached before the Aldermen of Skinners-alley, of which loyal and ancient Society he was a member, and one of its greatest ornaments, is not inferior in point of style and Evangelical strength, to any of the Latouches' school; and considering the length of it, so well wove, and the thread of it, so even, that it is a kind of Classic in Methodistical studies, a new edition of it has been lately edited by the Major, and printed at the Dugdalian press, with a handsome dedication to Mr. Latouche, by the pen of Gallagher, the pulley-maker.

We understand that Mr. Abraham Firethatch, uncle of Corporal Firethatch, an old iron merchant of Kevin-street, one of the members of the Society for discountenancing vice, and formerly a serjeant in the triangle regiment, so distinguished in the Rathfarnham campaign, is to succeed Mr. Boynewater in the office of Grand Juryman. To qualify himself for the important station, he has put himself under the instruction of Mr. Nose Organ, music master and first Hymn-singer to the Board of Grace in Wood-st. who has undertaken to teach Mr. Firethatch how to read round hand, and sign his name straight and readable, in less than four weeks.

At Old Connaught, near Bray, where he went for the recovery of his health, Mr. Thomas Ging, of Mill-street, tanner; a most respectable honest man; his virtues were many, his faults few; he was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him.

The readers of the Irish Magazine are respectfully informed that the first number, so long out of print, which began in November, 1807, is now in the press, and will be published on the 1st of June next, and every successive month, another number will be published, until the two first Volumes, are compleated. Gentlemen who wish to patronize this new Edition of the Magazine, by leaving their address, at the office, will have a preference in securing such copies as they order.

☞ We are requested to assure the public, that the words, which were spoken on the stage in the Play of the "Soldiers Daughter," which we attributed to Mr. Nicholas Jones, were not spoken by that Gentleman.



THE MAJOR

Surveying at the Battle of Waterloo

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR JUNE, 1811.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

With this month's publication we give an engraved representation of the *British army of Saints*, bringing in the engines of sedition and popery, pikes and crucifixes, which the respective preachers discovered in the course of the mission, by the assistance of the machine invented by Brother Bradmuzzle, for the detection of concealed pikes. The Major seated on a cannon as Chairman.

The wonderful instrument had its efficacy proved to a numerous assembly held on Tuesday last, at Corporal Shop-board's seat at Kilmainham, the Major in the chair. The day was observed as a love feast to give religious dignity to an epoch, as brother Dugdale remarked, that will be observed with due remembrance by the elect while there remains on this sublunary theatre any taste for true religion or mechanical ingenuity.

Brother Mumble-verse was first introduced, bearing the documents of his mission, with the assistance of the division under his command; the burthen consisted of 241 pikes, discovered near Golden-bridge, buried four feet seven inches and eight lines under the surface: among them was the identical one used by the ragged Rebels at the christening of the POLE Spa, a large beads with its crucifix and decades were tied to it enveloped with a paper on which was written some words, supposed to have an unlawful meaning, they began in this manner *Deprofundis*, &c. and as the Major and the Brethren confessed, though they had been *called*, they had not the gift of tongues; the strange manuscript was ordered to be forwarded to Brother Baconback, chaplain to Lord Redesdale, to have his Lordship's translation of it, for the use of the mission. The pikes and the other instruments of disloyalty and idolatry, were heaped together on a fire prepared for the purpose, and the ascending smoke from their ashes was lifted to heaven by a chorus of hymn singers, led by that great composer and preacher of the word, Sergeant Biblemouth.

The next person who entered her works with the register of light, was

Sister Martha Limbertongue, who received the rudiments of grace in a brass foundery, at Wolverhampton. She produced a considerable number of different relics of Irish growth, one was the identical pike that Father Roche rode on, in his journey from the Dublin Directory to Ross, which he performed in an hour and eight minutes, having dispatches of importance to regulate the battle. This pike is indisputably the very one described by Bishop O'Mara, in a sermon preached before the king, and has the name of Murtagh Cassidy, the maker engraved on the blade, in *unknown characters;* it is fourteen feet long. The Major advised this pike should be forwarded to Sir Richard Musgrave, that he may have its history, and the affidavits of the ghosts of the loyal men it murdered, in the next edition of his history.

Brother Abram Pigiron, whose department it was to ransack the workshops and fields about Lucan, for saints and pikes, produced an old soldier, who had the care of a bellows in New Holland, though bothered since the American war, yet the words of grace were sounded with such effect, that the first verse of that popular "Hymn, of the Major's, *In vain doth Satan seek my soul,*" shot with such force that it bored a hole through the auditory nerve, that reached to the soul, and the man of war was restored to his hearing, and rank in the army of light, in four minutes. The engine was also applied over the surrounding fields, where sixteen pikes were discovered, originally intended to be used in the siege of Luttrel's-town, at present woodlands, the seat of the flying-stationer; with these pikes were found four dozen of crucifixes, that were buried in the year 1796, with their owners, who were capitally convicted of idolatry and rebellion, on their way to mass, and buried accordingly, by the Porters-town loyalists, agreeable to an ancient usage, established by Cromwell, and revived by the hero of Aughrim, for putting men of property and mere Irish out of sight. These articles were punished in the prescribed manner, attended with hymns and drum-beating.

After collecting and burning an immense number of the instruments of sedition and popery, a sermon was preached by the Major, which was acknowleged by the groans of several sinners, who felt the impressions of love and forgiveness, by all those extatic grievings which a general swoon and a visit to the heights of glory, distinguish the called. During the excursion which the souls of the called made to the elect, Brother Shop-board, had the table laid and had a long grace said, which prepared the repast for the divine travellers at their happy return. After regulating the repast with apostolic abstemiousness, the several divisions departed to their respective destination.

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

Sir Charles Asgill arrived in town from England on Monday last. This great and interesting circumstance has been announced through the medium of every paper in Dublin, nor could they spare a column to a more distinguished or greater character. Sir Charles, when much younger than he is at present saw himself going to be hanged, by the sacrilegious hands of rebels, in America, but Providence disappointed his vulgar enemies, it saved him, and avenged the indignity by allowing him to see other rebels going to the triangle and the gallows in Kilkenny.—It is confidently reported in the gospel circles that Mr. Latouche, means to entertain the Board of Grace in the course of the Summer with a series of Sermons, on a four mile course in his new travelling pulpit. The principal object of these discourses are, to convert the inhabitants of Bray, Enniskerry, Old Connaught, Powers court, and that line of treason and popery, and

to

to make a collection to convert the Jews, for the latter purpose; the brothers Verdun, Kent and Gallagher, are retained for the benefit of the mission.

Very alarming reports were in circulation some days ago, that Major Sands and Lord Carhampton were dead: we do not know any establishment that would suffer more by such a melancholy event than the Irish Magazine; for in fact, the two illustrious men, are part of its stock, and the most valuable articles in its pages. While there is any esteem for great names, the heroes of the Prevot, of Prison Ships and Aughrim. will always be valuable to a British reader; and Luttrell and Sands, will stand first on the list of those great candidates for immortality, who have had the opportunity of being registered in the pages of the Irish Magazine.

Cromwell was the father of our Farming Societies, and no man or sovereign made so ample a fund for the purpose; he granted five millions of acres towards the institution, and to this day this great establishment forms a very particular feature in our domestic economy, and is conducted agreeable to the intention of the beneficent founder. The five millions of acres, were bestowed for the purpose of feeding his liege subjects of England. The successors to his gifts and policy continue the spirit of the first settlers, they apply the whole produce with the utmost regard to the original foundation, the English eat our food, and the Irish continue on their journies to the gibbet, for disputing the legality of the question.

A news-paper named the *Dublin Evening Express*, has made its appearance within the last month. It informs the public that it is a *Catholic* publication. We are proud to see such a document, so ably handled, and so well finished with loyalty, because it refutes those bad men who have asserted that Catholics were stupid and seditious. We remember no publication of the day that displays more humour, sound reasoning and constitutional strength. Its affection for Lord Wellington, whose talents, as a General, no one disputes, is truly praise worthy, but the Editors have not told their readers, when they are detailing the destruction the French made of the Churches in Portugal, that it is as sacrilegious to punish a man for going to Mass, as to pull down a Mass-house. Europe knows that the first case has been proved in the English house of Commons, the second case is to be proved by the Dublin Evening Express.

The Catholics of Dublin have detected a second "*Patriot*," and are as busy giving it their patronage as they so liberally bestow on its namesake.

Trial by Jury.

The term Grand Jury of May last, was formed of fifteen Aldermen and eight Sheriffs Peers. Certain people are in the habit of praising the equality of the laws, and the constitutional protection which every subject enjoys under their administration. If zeal, ignorance and hypocrisy, did not guide, the cant of words, would any man who reads such lists of Grand Jurors dare to say, that it is a fair or equal application of the trial by jury to pick up 23 men, most of whom are ignorant of the laws, deficient in that taste which men of improved talents and high minds always display in the cause of justice, and every one of whom of such inadequate means to be independent, that they are to a man either the paid agents of Government, or fawning expectants: has the trial by Jury so degenerated, or is it so difficult to be understood, that it cannot be exercised but by a small number of men, and those men must be Aldermen, reducing it into a trade, and the most ignorant of the community selected to study it? The Catholics who make a great majority of the population and property of Dublin are particularly in-

jured by this perversion of the trial by Jury, as they are studiously kept out of Grand Juries, and their properties, lives and liberties deposited at the disposal of men, most of whom have received such education as they possess in Charity-schools, or since they arrived to a state of manhood.

Mr. Giffard the mob Orator, is about spending the remainder of his life in England. The passion for emigration, so predominant with our gentry and the brute creation, is so general, that if it continues another year, even DOG flesh in Dublin, promises to be as scarce as mutton is among the Caravats.

We read, that when the Dogs of ancient Rome betrayed the Capitol to the Gauls, the indignation of the people was so great against the canine race, that the traitorous brutes abandoned the city in one night, and left their post to the geese. Our emigrant DOGS have done otherwise, they leave our CAPITOL to the care, of what Swift termed "*Lobsters.*"

Our Correspondents in the Counties of Tipperary, Kilkenny and Waterford assure us, the greatest tranquillity prevails in every part of those distinguished districts. Not one ounce of animal food has been tasted by any of the peasantry, since the last visit made by the Ambassador Sergeant. The dead whom the commission dispatched for their appetites, are as quiet as the Farming Society could wish, and the living as abstemious, so that the emigrant cattle, travel without any interruption on their English excursions, and the resident Caravat makers have no reports to make, favourable to the growing estate and graceful eloquence of the legal missionary. Man, it is said, was made to praise God. In Ireland it is otherwise; man appears there, as if he was made for no other purpose, but to be hanged or starved; his life is for one description of his fellow creatures, and his food destined for another; he is hanged to serve the bar, and starved to serve his neighbour.

Mr. Giffard, one of the Committee for collecting subscriptions for the suffering Portuguese, has very handsomely subscribed five pounds out of his pension of 1400*l.* a year for the same loyal and benevolent purpose; the Duke of Richmond has given two hundred pounds out of his salary of 30,000*l.* a year. When men who receive so much of the public money are so parsimonious, it can be no evidence of disloyalty, if the bankrupt shopkeepers contribute nothing. We believe the loyalty on this occasion is exhausted, as Mr. Campsie, (whoever he is,) continues to stand at the end of the list, and his guinea, without a solitary follower.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin calls on his fellow citizens, as he terms the bankrupt people of Dublin, to subscribe for the relief of the Portuguese. We would be glad to hear from this man, what relief can be spared by a city in a state of ruin, with 48 thousand manufacturers starving; abandoned by the rich, sold by its legislature, and overstocked with an immense military force? This gentleman, whose name we learn is *Hone*, for we confess, we are so careless how petty authority is now conducted, that we never ask, who the loyal Barber, Cook, and whiskey-sellers, are, that occupy the Civic Departments. This Mr. Hone is a police-man, and has 500*l.* a year for State services, consequently his allegiance or his loyalty is equal to his salary; and to evince it to his employers, he undertakes to collect money in Dublin, which if he succeeds in, he may be hereafter termed the miraculous Hone; he then performs what the taxgatherer and the soldier united cannot do. We are aware, if Mr. Hone is disappointed, that our allegiance will be suspected; but as we entertain very different ideas with Mr. Hone,

Hone on this matter, as the whipping season is over, we confess, in the name of the people of Dublin. we do not care one *rap*, of what Mr. Hone, or any hired man says to our prejudice. Allegiance is an exchange for protection, and, as it appears in two forms in this country, for two evident purposes; mouth allegiance and heart allegiance. The former is practised thro' fear, and wants sincerity; because a man who has been ruined by the sale of the country, by the absence of our gentry, and the declining value of his industry; if he boasts of allegiance, it must be mouth loyalty; heart loyalty or allegiance, is due by every man like Alderman Hone, Judge Daly, and other learned men: such as Counsellor Swift, who, have been provided for, out of the properties of the mouth loyalists.

A flying Camp, to be composed of the straightest men in the Triangle and Sandymount armies is appointed for the protection of the Coast of Dublin, in case of invasion. The head quarters is Ireland's-eye; several great geniuses in the art of war, are mentioned as the persons, who are to manage this important trust; among others; Archy Jacob, Claudius, Major *Row-di-dow*, and Lord Blaney; if the latter hero, is honored with the appointment, we would advise, from some vigorous acts of his Lordships, that the neighbouring peasantry, would respectively be furnished with clocks, lest they should incautiously appear in the line of march, before the proper hour, any morning.

Dublin Evening Express.

We predicted when we heard of the firm that undertook this publication, that it would form a wretched example of the weakness of human intellect, for we defy any person conversant in the history of newspapers, to produce such a sample of trash, and such an affectation of excessive loyalty, confounded together, in an unexampled mass of the most embarassed obscurity, that perverted language and undigested ideas could produce.

We are informed that it is written like others papers of the day, by Lawyers and Divines. Heavens! how education is perverted through the pride and folly of parents, that it should be thrown away upon the silliest blockheads in society, and two professions imposed on by the intrusions of men who would not be fit to guide the deliberations of a village smoaking club. To be stupid in itself is no great degree of criminality, but it is such folly to think to cure it by the aid of the schools, or the mechanical directions of College rules or distinctions, we do not really know any degree of reprehension or ridicule, such monstrous incapacity ought to be treated with; such men presume to think that genius is to be had by a species of inoculation, that the *Ferula*, or the profession will invert the order of heaven, that fools can be changed into philosophers, or dunces into poets.

We conceive that a learned man who is stupid, is nothing else, but a catalogue of books, or a vast almanack that registers events, in which there are no other talents necessary, than a long memory and sedentary habit of industry.

The authors of the EXPRESS, are as loyal, as all stupid men are, who have no ideas between the distinction of allegiance and protection, and like all Irish Catholics, who fawn upon their persecutors, their professions are considered insincere, and are justly treated with contempt; for a man is either a fool or a knave, who can have as much affection for the hand that flogged him, as that which healed his wounds. Can it be expected, that any man who by the Act of Union has lost all the hopes and expectations he promised himself, is as attached to the Constitution that ruined him, as he was to that under which he once prospered

prospered; can a Catholic be as attached to a mode of administration that deprives him of trial by the Jury, as the Protestant is who enjoys it in all its purity?

The most distinguished act of the unmeaning loyalty of the *Express*, was on the subject of sending the Irish Militia to England; they were so well handled for their nonsense by the *Evening Herald*, that the wretched scribblers, in a subsequent publication, in attempting to explain themselves, nearly occupied one page of their paper, with the most foolish unmeaning rubbish of words we ever remember in any print; we defy the whole board of paragraph makers, to produce such nonsense as the following extracts which we copy from the *Dublin Express* of the 18th of May: "It is true, that besides the Act of Parliament authorising the interchange of Militia, the consent of the respective Militias is to be had. To shew how little we fear temporary odium, we will not delay our open declaration—that if the ACT shall pass, he who would obstruct the effect of the Act—whoever would go farther than the EXPRESS has gone, if he is neither a stupid man, nor extremely playful on a most serious topic, must be the enemy to Catholic Emancipation, and this word includes the whole sum of Ireland's hope. In expressing this, we totally abstract from the evil of such an attempt and from all legal criminality." To this piece of *clear obscure*, we add another from the same paper, which for the present will conclude our observations on the dirty subject. "Have we indeed so perfectly unlearned every fact and particle of Irish history, as not even to surmise that the great extinguisher of all quarrels high and low, in the sister Country—of quarrels between Church and State in the reign of Henry II. between Normans and English in the time of John—between the Gascons and Normans of Edward II.—that the pacifications of the white and red Rose, and of Scotch and English, and of high church and low church has uniformly been IRELAND? Are we become so wanton from intoxicating prosperity, as to desire to *behold the armed reconciliation* of Reformists and Stockjobbers, of No-Popery men and manufacturers, on *Irish ground?*"

Hume describes Cromwell's parliament prefacing their discussions, "by seeking God by prayer." Our parliament who sold us in 1799, imitated invariably Cromwell's fanatics, for we remember each day of their sittings, while they were disposing of our independence, our properties and industry, which was to bury Dublin in ruins, and consign its inhabitants to beggary; the hired hypocrites began their sitting by a solemn appeal to heaven, under the direction of a holy *Fugle-man*, they named a chaplain, "*Praise God Bare-bones*," never went through the legerdemain and monthly grimace of devotion better than our flogging lawmakers exhibited on the evening they were laying our country at the feet of the English minister.

No men were marked with greater tokens of "Lord seeking," on this occasion, than Counsellors Casey, O'Grady, O'Daly, Smith, M'Clelland, Osburne, Bladderchops, Messrs. Latouches, Beresfords, and the long list of law merchants, and triangle doctors, who formed the majority for carrying what they called the *Union* into a law.

Poetry, from the Dublin Evening Express.

We think we will gratify our readers by making a quotation from that loyal and literary publication; at least we think we shall not fail in amusing them, by the following sublime passage from the paper of the 18th of May:

"Because we cannot suppose, that Providence which seems to have elevated the English Flag, as a signal to all nations enslaved, does, notwithstanding aim a blow at her existence—and that a blow, so annihilating, as would sink her tall cliffs below the pilots fathoming line, nor leave a peeping

a peeping rock, for the mariners exclamation, "England was there, once queen of the waters."

This must be allowed is a very entertaining and clear passage, if it is not prose, perhaps it is poetry; no person can dispute it as a capital sample of the art of *sinking*.

We beg pardon of Mr. Campsie and his Guinea-note, subscribed for the relief of the Portuguese; the clergy altogether of St. Nicholas without, have only given *two* guineas to the same charitable purpose. Were the people of the *United* empire, to know the means this body of the clergy possess, the height of their church, and the number of their congregation, they would not be surprised at the smallness of the bounty. The subscribing clergy amount to four in number. The church is only thirty feet from the ground to the boars head on the steeple, for the cross has been rejected more than seventy years, four months and twenty-one days, and the congregation number no more than fourteen persons, *viz.* the sexton, his wife and six children, two men who contract for whitewashing the church annually, the two church wardens, one parish constable, and one old woman a widow, whose husband was killed by a fall from the roof, in making an attempt to repair the teeth in the boars head, about twenty years since.

Hibernias Letter from Kilcock.

SIR,

Should you think that the following little anecdote, relating to your well-beloved friend, the *Major*, worthy of a place in your Magazine, you may depend on its being a fact. I give the name and place of residence of the farmer, to whom it happened; who is a simple honest man, and would confirm it to whomsoever might take the trouble to enquire. It is generally reported, as you have great influence at the Castle, that you are resolved to petition the Duke of Richmond, to confer the honor of knight-hood on the *Major*, in gratitude for that gentleman's having so long, and so eminently promoted your interest and popularity; then his friends and the public will be gratified, by addressing him by the title of *Sir Major*.

Your sincere admirer,

HIBERNIA.

In April, 1793, at the commencement of the Rebellion, a man of the name of Murthough, land-holder and resident in Pattinstown, near Kilcock, County Meath; sold a bullock, at the fair of Celbridge, to a respectable looking man, at a reduced price. In the winter of the same year, Mr. Murthough went to Dublin to sell corn; while he stood in Thomas-street Market-house, waiting for a purchaser, he was accosted by a well dressed man, in a military surtout and boots, resembling in his person the description given of your notorious friend and benefactor the *Major*, who rudely, *and ala-mode, Sir;* took poor, astonished, quaking Murthough by the collar, and authoritatively enquired whether he knew him? Murthough answered with an oath, that he did not. Then cried the gentleman, with pretended anger, still holding him, I will make you know me. The affrighted farmer, believing him to be *Sir Major*, from whom no person ever experienced mercy, already fancied himself writhing under the strokes of torture, or suspending in the air; roared out with vehemence, "that I may never go home to my wife and children, if ever I seen you before *Sir*," at which the gentleman burst into a fit of laughter, and told him he was the person to whom he sold the bullock, at the fair of Celbridge the April before; that he had gained considerably by the bargain—at the same time putting half a crown into Murthough's hand, bidding him drink his health. Murthough joyfully accepted the donation, frankly confessing his suspicions and fears, adding, while taking off his brogues and shewing his wet stockings: look here see, by G—d I could not help it, my poor feet are possing in my brogues, with

with the fright I was in, on account of the d—nd name of hanging, and whipping, every one that comes into his clutches, that cursed *Major* has. What! returned the gentleman, reddening with resentment, do I resemble that assassinating traitor, who wades through the blood of his wretched countrymen? By G–d I would much rather be compared to the greatest pickpocket in Europe, than to such a diabolical wretch; on whom and in whose family the curse of Heaven will most assuredly fall. I beg your honor's pardon, cried the honest farmer, taking off his hat, it was your coat that made me think so. My coat, said the gentleman, damn my coat! it shall never go on my back again, and if I had any substitute to keep out the cold, I would never take it home with me. Well! Sir, replied Murtough, in a contrite tone, I heard that he was about your size, and always dressed as you are now, and by G–d, continued he, there is not one in the whole country, who is not as much afraid of him as of the very devil himself, for he kills all before him. Well, my honest fellow, returned the gentleman, I forgive you this time, but I will take care in future, that no person shall mistake me for such a ——— again; and I must inform you, that I never felt a keener insult in my life, than, that unintentionally given by your comparing me to such a miscreant.

Kilcock, County Meath.

MR. COX,

SIR—I wrote you a few days since an account of the death of a poor man, who was shot in the neighbourhood of Tyrrel's-pass some time since. I have now to acquaint you of another outrage committed in this country.

On Easter monday night four cows, the property of a magistrate of this county, were attempted to be boughed: the miscreant succeeded in disabling one, and slightly wounded the other three; mark the consequence; every publican for several miles round was summoned to declare on oath, who were drinking in their houses on that evening; one or two were taken up on suspicion, but subsequently discharged, and a reward *to an immense amount* is about to be offered, for discovery of the inhuman perpetrators of the outrage: which, I trust in God will have the desired effect.

Now, sir, I would not trouble you on this subject (as it is not extraordidary to take those steps on such an occasion) but that it will form a curious contrast with the apathy with which the magistrates (Catholic and Protestant) viewed the death of unfortunate Keegan; and will shew clearly with how much more care the lives of bullocks, &c. are preserved than that of a peasant: especially when the former happens to be *Protestant* and the latter Catholic.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader.
J. M.

Kilbeggan, 27th April, 1811.

The Letter alluded by our Correspondent has been mislaid, but we remember the substance of it. A poor fellow of the name Keegan was returning to his Dwelling on the evening of the 10th of April last, near Kilbeggan County of Westmeath, in a state of uncertainty of the road, the night being dark and being intoxicated, he rapped at the door of one of those privileged armed men, of whom we are obliged to speak so often, with an intention of getting advice, or assistance to help him home; but was answered by a musquet shot, that killed him on the spot. The mangled and bleeding body lay at the door of his murderer the next day, until the friends of the poor man were allowed to bury it. As our friend observes, the life of our Protestant cow, attempted, creates more alarm in a certain quarter, than the murder of 20 *mere Irishmen.*

MR. COX,

Mr. COX,

I am a poor old woman much aggrieved, and am told you are the person I should apply to, as you take the part of the oppressed. Know then good sir, that I have been an inhabitant of this town of Carlow for sixty years, in which time I witnessed many changes, but few for the better. I have been reduced to earn a few pence to support life by selling apples, and kept a little standing in Castle-street, which I paid honestly for, but a neighbouring maggot-boiler's wife, felt her nose offended by the smell of pickled pork which was sometimes on, or near my little table, and applied to the * Great Officer of the town, (I can't tell all his titles, but we used formerly to call the gentlemen in his office (for they were then gentlemen) Sovereigns, now I think this man stiles himself the Great Mogul, or something of that sort.) She was getting rich, and I was poor: he compelled me to remove to a place where I cannot get a purchaser for one pennyworth, in the course of the week, now I must go beg; while this niece of Rose Haughey's glories in my downfall, yet I can't blame this upstart, as much as the others that took her part; some of whose pranks I intend telling you of.

God be with the good times, when †Old Truth and Honour, owned this corporation; the poor were then protected, and our own ‡ Major (not like other Majors) partook not of tolls or cranage, and would not let me or any like me be oppressed, but as I said before, changes have taken place, and since the great Lord Charleville purchased this Borough, we have felt a great change indeed. *The Chief*, placed by his Lordship over the town, has by his artifice contrived to keep the situation for some time back, (what would not *l.*500 a year induce him to do?) but he has not been equally successful in his endeavours by parade and blustering to make himself feared or respected.

He was an Officer of this county militia in the year of 1798, then under the command of Lord Blaney. our poor countrymen that fell into his power found him a white livered dog, and woefully experienced the truth of the old saying, that mercy belongs to the brave only. Since that, he has pushed himself into notice, some say *intruded* himself into it. Being a poor unlearned woman I don't know the full meaning of the word, but suppose it is, that he had no pretensions to keep company with great folk, and indeed how could he? tho' poor I am, I am too proud to suffer any saucy fellow, to compare *his Grandmother* to *mine;* my Grandmother was a virtuous woman, and left no spurious breed behind her. I must not be too troublesome to you on family affairs and lest this letter should be too long, I will only add one act out of many which will shew this *would be* great man, in his true colours. Some short time ago three officers of the seventh dragoons, who made it a practice to abuse us poor Irish, wherever they met us, and even went to our Chapel of a Sunday and offered money to see the Shew, as they called it, attacked two boys in the street at night, who were going peaceably to their homes, and were abusing them in a gross manner, when a poor shop-boy interfered to save his townsman, he was immediately apprehended by the guard, and this our great chief Bashaw, or whatever he calls himself, put the poor fellow to gaol, ordered him to be confined in a *dungeon*, where he lay until his trial; and to crown all, as he was a Roman catholic, this great Potentate commanded, that he should not be allowed to attend at prayers; which the chaplain of the gaol, father Fitzgerald, can attest,—Ah! Good Sir,

* John Bennett. † William Burton, Esq. Truth and Honor is his motto. ‡ Major Eustace.

what are we to expect after this?—are we to suffer in this manner and nobody to redress us? Pride and vanity are setting this bombastic blusterer beside himself, but why should we be trampled under foot for that?—Since the king's commission made him an Esq. and he has strove to do, what the king could not do, to create himself a gentleman, he is all combustible, ready to make a furious explosion, if he does not meet a respect that his conscience tells him he has no claim to, so scrupulously tender is he of the high rank and dignity, which he has not. Dear sir! save us from his splutterings, and his want of sense; knowledge, reason or judgment is nothing to us, it makes him the more dangerous; others may pity and despise him, but we are under his power and want protection; save us from him, and the poor inhabitants of this town will ever join in prayers for you, with

Your devoted servant,

Carlow, POL. DERHAM.
May, 6, 1811.

EQUITY REPORT.

ROLLS COURT.

The following Report of a Case in Equity we lay before the Public with feelings of almost boundless satisfaction.—Never have we received a law report from our Note-taker for which we conceive ourselves so greatly indebted. The Case occurred at the close of the last Sittings in the Rolls Court, and the Reader may easily conceive the effect which the inimitable speech delivered by the Right Hon. J. P. CURRAN, Master of the Rolls, had on the auditory.—It shews in what style and feeling our Courts of Justice estimate and speak of our Catholic Countrymen—it is impossible to peruse what fell from the eloquent advocate of Irish rights and Irish freedom on this occasion, and not lament that he does not fill a senatorial situation, and one on a Bench where he would be more frequently heard.

Merry against the Rev. John Power, D. D. Titular Bishop of Waterford.

The facts are as follows —In 1804, Mary Power, made her will, bequeathing a considerable part of her property, to the Rev. John Power, and others, in trust for Charitable purposes.—Her brother Joseph, then a merchant in Spain, was her next of kin and residuary legatee. He died intestate, and his son the now plaintiff, came over and took out administration to his deceased father, and brought a suit in the Spiritual Court, to set aside the will, as unduly obtained, and as disposing of a large property to Papists, and for superstitious uses. In that Court the plaintiff applied for an administrator, *pendente lite*, and was refused. The present bill was filed, praying that the effects might be brought into Court. This bill was filed only a few weeks, and now, before the defendant had answered, a motion was made by Doctor Vavasour, for a receiver, and that Doctor Power, the acting executor should be ordered forthwith to bring the effects into Court; he relied on the affidavit of his client the Plaintiff, charging, that the Will was obtained by fraud by the defendant Power, and that at best it could not be sustained, as being a trust altogether for Popish uses. The motion was opposed by Mr. Pendergast, who strongly argued against the imputations thrown out upon the conduct of Doctor Power, by the name of this "*one John Power, a Popish Priest.*" He insisted that under the whole circumstances there was no colour for impeaching the transaction; that the bequests were most praiseworthy; that there had already been a decree of this Court obtained by the Trustees of Charitable Donations, affirming the legality of the trusts,

and

and that it would be unprecedented for a Court to interfere in this way, and before an answer came in, or any delay or resistance on the part of the defendant, to put in his answer. Other gentlemen on both sides argued very zealously for their clients.

His Honor [Mr. CURRAN] said, that if the question had been brought forward upon the mere rule of the Court, he should not have thought it necessary to give many reasons for the order he intended to make, but pressed so strongly as it has been, both by the arguments themselves, and perhaps more so by the style and manner of putting them, as well as the supposed policy which has been called in to aid them; I think, said his Honor, I ought to state the grounds upon which I mean to act in my decision. First then, it is urged, that this is the case of an insolvent and wasting executor, having fraudulently obtained the Will. As to insolvency—to be an executor it is not necessary to be rich, integrity and discretion are the essential qualities of an executor. If the testator thinks he has found these in an executor of humble means, this Court has no power to controul him; he may bestow his property as a gift to whom he pleases. It would be strange if he could not confide it as a trust to whom he chooses; I know of no necessary connexion between wealth and honesty; —I fear that integrity is not always found to be the parent or the offspring of riches. To interfere, therefore, as is now sought with this executor, would be little short of revoking the will. But it is said this Will has been obained by fraud, practised by this "one John Power." No doubt this Court has acted, where strong grounds of suspicion of fraud and danger of the property being made away with have appeared; but do these grounds appear now to this Court?—Here his Honor recapitulated the facts sworn to, and said, I see no semblance of fact to sustain such a charge. Who does this "one John Power, a Popish Priest," turn out to be?—I find he is a Catholic Clergyman—a Doctor in Divinity, and the Titular Bishop in the Diocese of Waterford. And yet I am now pressed to believe that this gentleman has obtained this Will by fraud. Every fact now appearing repels the charge; I cannot but say that the personal character of the person accused repels it still more strongly. Can I be brought, on grounds like these before me, to believe, that a man having the education of a scholar, the habits of a religious life, and vested with so high a character in the ministry of the Gospel, could be capable of so detestable a prophanation as is flung out upon him?—Can I forget that he is a Christian Bishop, clothed not in the mere authority of a sect, but clothed in the indelible character of the Episcopal order—suffering no diminution from his supposed heterodoxy, nor drawing any increase or confirmation from the merits of his conformity, should he think proper to renounce what we call the errors of his faith?—Can I bring my mind to slight, or rather on no grounds to believe, that he could trample under his feet all the impressions of that education, of those habits, and of that high rank in the sacred ministry of the Gospel which he holds, as to sink to the odious impiety imputed to him?—Can I bring myself to believe such a man, at the dying bed of his fellow creature, would be capable with one hand of presenting the cross before her lifted eye, and with the other of basely thieving from her those miserable dregs of this world, of which his perfidious tongue was employed in teaching her a Christian's estimate?—I don't believe it; on the contrary, I am, as far as it belongs to me in this interlocutory way, to judge of the fact, as perfectly convinced, that the conduct of Doctor Power was what it ought to be, as I am that

the Testatrix is dead. But, said his Honor, I am called on to interfere. it being a foolish bequest to superstition, and those Popish uses. I have looked into those bequests—I find the object of them is to provide shelter and comfortable support for poor helpless females—and clothes, and food, and instruction, for poor orphan children. Would to God I could see more frequent instances of such bequests! Beautiful in the sight of God must it be—Beautiful in the sight of man ought it be to see the dying Christian so employed—to see the last moments of human life so spent in acts of gratuitous benevolence, or even of interested expiation—How can we behold such acts, without regarding them as forming a claim, as springing from a consciousness of immortality? In all ages, the hour of death has been considered as an interval of more than ordinary illumination, as if some rays from the light of the approaching world, had found their way to the darkness of the parting spirit, and revealed to it an existence that could not terminate in the grave, but was to commence in death. But these uses are condemned, as being not only superstitious but Popish uses. As to that, I must say, that I feel no disposition to give any assistance even to the orthodox rapine of the living, in defeating even the heterodox charity of the dead. I am aware that this objection means somewhat more than directly meets the ear, if it means any thing. The objects of these bequests, it seems, are Catholics, or, as they have been called, Papists; and the insinuation clearly is, that the religion of the objects of this woman's bounty, calls upon me to exercise some peculiar rigour of interference to abridge or defeat her intentions. Upon this point I wish to be distinctly understood; I don't conceive this to be the spirit of our existing law, nor, of course, the duty of this Court to act upon that principle in the way contended for. In times, thank God! now past, the laws would have warranted such doctrines. *Those laws owed their existence to unfortunate combinations of circumstances that were thought to render them necessary. But if we look back with sorrow to their enactment, let us look forward with kindness and gratitude to their repeal. Produced by national calamity, they were brought, by national benevolence, as well as by national contrition, to the altar of public justice and concord, and there offered as a sacrifice to atone, to heal, to conciliate, to restore social confidence, and to give us that hope of prosperity and safety, which no people ever had or dared to have,* EXCEPT WHERE IT IS FOUNDED ON A COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS, A PERFECTLY EVEN AND EQUAL PARTICIPATION OF JUST RIGHTS, AND A CONSEQUENT CONTRIBUTION OF ALL THE STRENGTH, OF ALL THE PARTS, SO EQUALLY INTERESTED IN THE DEFENCE OF THE WHOLE.

I know they have been supposed to originate in religious bigotry—that is religious zeal carried to excess—I never thought so. The real spirit of our holy religion is too incorruptibly pure and beneficent to be depraved into any such excess. Analyse the Bigot's object, and we see he takes nothing from religion but a flimsy pretext in the profanation of its name; he professes the correction of error and the propagation of truth. But when he has gained the victory, what are the terms he makes for himself? Power and profit. What terms does he make for religion? Profession and conformity. What is that profession? The mere utterance of the lips—the utterance of sounds, that after a pulsation or two upon the ear, are just as visible and lasting as they are audible. What is the conformity? Is it the practice of any social virtue or christian duty? Is it the forgiveness of injuries, or the payments of debts, or the practice of charity? No such things. It is the performance

ance of some bodily gesture or attitude. It is going to some place of worship. It is to stand, or to kneel, or to bow to the poor-box, but it is not a conformity that has any thing to do with the judgment, or the heart, or the conduct. All these things Bigotry meddles not with, but leaves them to Religion herself to perform. Bigotry only adds one more, and that a very odious one, to the number of those human stains which it is the business of true religion not to burn out with the Bigot's fire, but to expunge and wash away by the Christian's tears.—Such invariably in all countries and ages have been the motives to the Bigot's conflicts, and such the uses of his victories; not the propagation of any opinion but the engrossment of power and plunder—of homage and tribute. Such, I much fear, was the real origin of our popery laws.—But power and privilege must necessarily be confined to very few. In hostile armies you find them pretty equal, the victors and the vanquished, in the numbers of their hospitals and in their zeal, so it is with nations; the great mass is despoiled and degraded, but the spoil itself is confined to few indeed. The result finally can be nothing but the disease of dropsy and decripitude. In Ireland this was peculiarly the case. Religion was dishonoured, man was degraded, and social affections were almost extinguished. A few, a very few, still profited by this abasement of humanity. But let it be remembered, with a just feeling of grateful respect to their patriotic and disinterested virtue, and it is for this purpose that I have alluded as I have done, that, that few composed the whole power of the Legislature which concurred in the repeal of that system, and left remaining of it, not an edifice to be demolished, but a mere heap of rubbish, unsightly, perhaps pernicious, to be carted away. If the repeal of those laws had been a mere abjuration of intolerance, I should have given it little credit. The growing knowledge of the world, particularly of the sister nation, had disclosed and unmasked intolerance; had put it to shame, and consequently to flight! *But though public opinion may proscribe intolerance, it cannot take away powers or privileges established by law.* Those powers of exclusion and monopoly could be given up only by the generous relinquishment of those who possessed them. And nobly were they so relinquished by those repealing statutes. Those lovers of their country saw the public necessity of the sacrifice, and most disinterestedly did they make it. If, too, they have been singular in this virtue, they have been as singularly fortunate in their reward. In general, the Legislator, though he sows the seed of public good, is himself numbered with the dead before the harvest can be gathered. With us it has not been so—with us the public benefactors, many of them at least, have lived to see the blessing of Heaven upon their virtue, in an uniformly accelerating progress of industry and comfort, and liberality, and social affection, and common interest, such as I do not believe that any age or nation has ever witnessed.

Such do I know was the view, and such the hope with which that Legislature *now no more*, proceeded so far, as they went in the repeal of those laws so repealed. And well do I know how warmly it is now remembered by every thinking Catholic, that not a single voice for those repeals was given or could be given except by a Protestant Legislator. *With infinite pleasure do I also know and feel, that the same sense of justice and good will, which then produced the repeal of those laws, is continuing to act, and with increasing energy upon those persons in both countries, whose worth and whose wisdom are likely to explode whatever principle is dictated by*

by bigotry or folly, and to give currency and action to whatever principle is wise and salutary. Such also I know to be the feeling of every Court in this Hall. It is from this enlarged and humanised spirit of legislation that Courts of Justice ought to take their principles of expounding the law. At another time I should probably have deemed it right to have preserved a more respectful distance from some subjects which I have presumed, but certainly with the best intentions, and I hope no unbecoming freedom, to approach. But I see the interests the question has excited: and I think it right to l t no person carry away with him any mistake, as to the grounds of my decision, *or suppose that it is either the duty or the disposition of our Courts to make any harsh or jealous distinctions in their judgments, founded on any differences of religious sects or tenets.* I think, therefore, the motion ought to be refused, and I think myself bound to mark still more strongly my sense of its impropriety by refusing it with full costs.

Newgate, Medical Board.

An unfortunate young man, now a prisoner in Newgate, Dublin, who was convicted of beating a person that worked in the same house with him; was taken dangerously ill, about six o'clock in the evening; immediate notice of his alarming condition was sent to Doctor Mills, one of the four or five visiting physicians; to whom the citizens of Dublin pay very handsome salaries. Mr. Mills did not deign to attend, until the next day about ten o'clock—thus a respectable young man and a stranger in this country, being a native of Wales, was left in the most painful and perilous misery, without advice, consolation, hope or assistance, for sixteen hours.

As we are neither city doctors, grand jury men, nor reputed loyalists, we confess our ignorance of the secrets of jail government: yet we believe we are guided by as much humanity, as the most loyal and learned of the medical board, or all the barbers, cooks, and shoemakers in the corporation; therefore we would advise, that Doctors Lake and Mills, would, to prevent unseasonable hours of sickness, and that no person might hereafter plead ignorance, have written or painted in some conspicuous part of the prison, the following notice "Ordered by the attending physicians, that no person presume to commence any fit of sickness, on any day after working hours."

MILLS, LAKES AND ARCHERS.

Waterford, May 13th, 1811.

MR. EDITOR.

Sir,—I lately communicated to the public, through the medium of your respectable publication, the opinion I held of the danger arising to these realms, from the prosecution of so many persons for libel. This opinion I am glad to find is also held by every one wishing well to his country, in a particular manner by my Lord Holland, who in his late admirable Speech, on the nature of that power the government exercises, through the agency of the Attorney General, in filing informations *ex officio*, against those accused of libel; has laid open in the clearest point of view, the very pernicious consequences, that may, and actually have resulted to the public good, from the exercise of such an unlimited authority, vested in such hands. It may possibly happen, that it would not be so *highly* dangerous as is generally imagined, that a government should profess such an authority, but certainly, it should be so regulated as never to be used, but when the nature of the case called for immediate prosecution, as being of so dangerous a tendency, as might speedily and materially injure the country, or a something of that nature. However,

However, where a power is vested in an individual, however learned or impartial he be, there is an evident danger to the subject, for few there are in the present state of political society, whom we find so strictly virtuous, as to be *ever* solely actuated in the discharge of his public duty by pure patriotism; when I say this, I would by no means be thought to reflect on any particular individual. There is another manifest danger to the subject, as this power gives an undue influence to the crown that lessens his liberty, as it prevents him finding fault with his oppressor, or making known his grievances. Still more so if the truth be told, which is now considered as an aggravation of an alledged libellous writing. And notwithstanding the number of persons who have been prosecuted and found guilty of libel, of a wish to destroy the constitution, to cause disorder and insubordination in the army, to upset the government; still do we find it as it has been during the reign of the present ministry; we find the soldiers as orderly, as obedient as ever, and the constitution *yet* existing. The constitution of England, if properly upheld, in a great degree as it now is, I conceive one of the happiest in the world. I see in it, very nearly to perfection, most of those advantages that man can enjoy in a social state; a constitution of government sufficiently monarchical, to preserve order and decorum in society, and nearly popular enough to secure freedom. Were it otherwise, did it extend to either extremes of despotism, or democracy? did it not stand upon the very centre it now does, the restraints upon freedom would operate in the same degree, though not in the same manner, for whether this restraint be produced by an undue influence of the crown, by an overawe of the court, or by the turbulent licentiousness of the rabble; the barrier is in either case destroyed, and whether it allows the peasant or the noble access to our company, the tyranny is equally insupportable, the society will be, as actually enslaved. To a free press, do we owe all the benefits we enjoy, by the circulation of a free press, has our constitution arrived to its present splendour. To those who consider magazines, newspapers, &c. as abusing the yet undefined liberty of the press, as being no restraint upon wicked men and measures, I will say in the energetic language of the patriotic Junius, "In that state of abandoned servility and prostitution, to which an undue influence of the crown has reduced the other branches of the legislature, our ministers and magistrates have in reality little punishment to fear, and few difficulties to contend with, beyond the censure of the press, and the pain of resistance, which it excites among the people. While this censorial power is maintained to speak in the words of a most ingenious foreigner, both minister and magistrate are compelled in almost every instance, to chuse between his duty and his reputation. A dilemma of this kind being perpetually before him, will not, indeed, work a miracle on his heart, but it will assuredly operate in some degree upon his conduct. At all events, these are not times to admit of any relaxation in the little discipline we have left."—Newspapers, &c. are said to be sowers of sedition, the upholders of faction, the principal vehicles of abuse, &c. but generally speaking, their present respectable characters, will at once refute so base an assertion. Truth and justice have their claims upon all men. Our abhorrence of tyranny, oppression and any invasion of our rights, and that in the most public manner, is ever due to the good of society. A manly resentment against mischievous characters, an uncontrouled discussion of the conduct of public men and measures, an impartial criticism of every thing

thing under public review, are the prerogatives of every free spirit, they peculiarly belong to the inhabitants of these kingdoms. And I will not hesitate to say, he betrays a right constitutionally inherent in him, who from any mean or personal motives forbears to exercise it. And in what other way can people shew their displeasure or their resentment, than thro' the medium of newspapers, &c. I am sorry I can say, *et quando uberior vitiorum copea?* It is next to an impossibility however to prevent party spirit, and consequently occasional abuse, &c. from insinuating itself into the public prints, as they must generally avow certain principles, and must throughout support those so proposed principles, else they immediately fall to the ground. But, what renders it so very difficult to restrain abuse or detraction, is this, that all parties are equally guilty of it, and that every one who can handle his "grey goose quill," is upheld and patronised by those great men, whose ambition and interests he endeavours to support, often by the most vile and imfamous means. "I have never yet heard of a ministry," says the celebrated Addison, "who have inflicted an exemplary punishment on an author, that has supported their interest, with falsehood, scandal, and treated in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure, upon one of those infamous writers, who makes his court to them, by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor; we should quickly see an end put to a race of vermin, a scandal to government! a reproach to human nature! Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history, and fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons, who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those arms, which he seemed to make use of against his enemies."

Were a line of conduct like this pursued by the government, we should quickly see an end to those jarrings and bickerings, that now so much reign in the journals, particularly of the metropolis of these realms. But as things now are, "the hope is vain, the thing is impossible." A free press is to the constitution, good health and nourishment, as the organ of speech, to the finest feelings of the heart and acquirements of the mind; and if a different latitude be not allowed in the discussion of the subject of the day, in representing to a benign sovereign, the wrongs and privations under which his people may suffer, it is no longer of any use, it becomes a nuisance. If it be but the vehicle of party—if it bend at the nod of power—if it become but an instrument in the hands of tyrants, to overcome the defenceless, or if it be used as a mantle covering,

> "Th' oppressors wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns,
> That patient merit of th' unworthy takes."

It is not only a nuisance, but an evil of the greatest magnitude. But thanks to the guiding Star, though the attempts to put it down have been as great as could be well made, they have proved abortive, it is still triumphant. Under the inviting banners of a free press, we will be a happy people, we will yet come to political existence. And I will need say, without the smallest dread of contradiction, that whoever wishes to put down a free press is an enemy—nay worse, a traitor to his country, to the constitution, and for such a crime should forfeit, I had almost said his life: well may we say of *him*, what has been said of another, aye, and a much greater degree, that he—

"Was

"Was fit for treason, stratagems and spoils,
The *motions* of his spirits were dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
——— let no such man be trusted.

The attempts to put it down, have proved as all the other; yet of its feeble parents, once for all I say: if we suffer the press once to droop, it dies; suffer it to die, and we are at once enslaved.

IRÆNUS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE *JUVENILE SONS of ERIN.*

Un honoir la feile Phadrig.

The anniversary of St. Patrick falling on Sunday, the same was celebrated by the Juvenile Sons of Erin, at the Albany Coffee-House, on Monday the 18th inst. After partaking of a truly appropriate supper, the following toasts were drank, interspersed with recitations and many original songs.

1. *St. Patrick's Day*—On the next return of it, may our *Shamrock* flourish fair, the monumental marble record *Fitzgerald's* virtues, and the epitaph of *Emmet* be inscribed by a freeman's hand.

Tune "Patrick's Day."

2. *Ireland*—"Green gem of ocean's ring." May your regenerated harp once more be struck to the sound of joy, and your hills and vales echo with the shouts of emancipated man. *Ah! pooh! botheration, dear Ireland's the nation."*

3. *America.*—Land of peace and plenty—May thy inhabitants continue to emulate the example of their fathers, and may the hand of despoiling tyranny never disturb their happiness—"*Hail Columbia.*"

4. *The memory of Erin's virtuous Patriots*—Who preferred death to the endurance of despotism. "*Behold where the Heroes of Erin repose.*"

5. *WASHINGTON*—He fought for *independence; JEFFERSON*—Writer of the *Declaration of independence; MADISON*—The man of the people's choice—He will support independence. Then let every man whose heart ever formed an independent wish, drink *Washington, Jefferson* and *Madison;* compared with whom the kings and emperors of the earth are no more than glow-worms to the sun-beams.—"*Go where glory waits thee.*"

6. *The memory of Orr.*—'Tis sufficient that we name him:

Who whiter strives to paint the new-fallen snow,
Or add vermillion to the pink or rose?

7. *The Vice-President of the United States;* and the *American* members of both houses of congress. Their motto, Union of the States, no foreign alliance, and an orderly observance of the laws. "*While Europe's mad power o'er creation is raging.*"

8. *The memory of Carolan*—One of Ireland's numerous bards.

—in Gratitude's tear shall his name be enshrin'd,
And the long silent harp shall re-echo his name.

9. *The Shamrock*—May its columns never be polluted by calumniating the soil that gave it birth, or its growth impeded by a chilling eastern blast; but may its young and tender fibres continue to vegetate until the luxuriance of its little leaves become ornamental to Columbia. "*There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle.*"

10. *The memory of our late Vice-President and Treasurer.* "*Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their tombs.*"

Mr. M'Creery, favoured the Society by transmitting to the President, the following beautiful song, to the tune, "*Gramachree.*"

The tears that burn on ev'y cheek
And gush from ev'ry eye;
The trembling lips that cannot speak
What prompts the heaving sigh;

Tho' strong they mark our grief and woe
For those who'll ne'er return;
How weak alas! the pangs they shew
With which our hearts are torn.

Ye youthful sons of Erin, weep,
Oh! yes—let tears be shed,
Your two lov'd chiefs in silence sleep
Rest with the mighty dead;
Go hang your harps on willow trees
Where night her shadow wings;
Some Sylph, or Fairy in the breeze
May lightly touch the strings.

No—strike the sounding harp aloud
And sweep the chords along,
Their Ghosts delighted, from their cloud
Shall hear the patriot song;
Ere while, which fir'd their souls with pride—
The song of liberty,
And toss'd the echoes far and wide
'Let Erin's sons be free.'—

Now sooth with strains of other days
Which die upon the ear;
And now with wild, impetuous lays
That warriors love to hear;
Boroimhe's bold harp shall still be heard,
While tyrants bend the knee,
And boldly swept by many a bard
Ring 'Erin Gramachree.'—

This favourite Irish tune, lost none of its native melody in being sung by Mr. M'Farland; the united plaudits of the company, fully testified their approbation. The president next gave:

11. *John M'Creery*—May his persevering exertions to secure from oblivion the relics of our national music continue to procure him that applause it justly merits. "*The Bard's Legacy.*"

12. *Liberty of the Press and toleration of Religion*—Sure pledges of an enlightened, free and virtuous people. "*What angel form is that descends?*"

13. *Miss Balfour*—Erin's patriotic child—May her harp still continue its pleasing vibrations; and when she takes her last slumber, may the green turf over her breast vegetate the *Shamrock* and white daisy; the one emblematic of her country, the other resembling her own pure soul. "*When in death I shall calm recline*"

14. *The Belfast and Dublin Harp Societies*—Revivers of the song of other times. May the spirit of the ancient bards hover over their proceedings; and inspire them to complete this patriotic undertaking. "*O! had I lived when Ossian sang.*"

15. *The fair sex*—"I love thee, I have spoke it." "*None can love like an Irishman.*"

16. *Our Countrymen* in all parts of the world, who this day celebrate the Anniversary of our tutelar Saint—"*Let the toast pass.*"

VOLUNTEERS.

The Torpedo—A scientific child of an American artist. May it receive the fostering care of the nation, until its parent completes his handy-work. "*Hope told a flattering tale.*"

General Valency—The Irish linguist and antiquarian.

The memory of Miss Brooks—The elegant translator of ancient Irish poetry. Recitation. "*Harp of Erin, wake to glory.*"

The memory of Russell.

"Never did a martyr with more lovely grace
Part with a world unworthy to possess him.

Scotia Minor—descended from the same stock; may her hardy sons unite with those of *Scotia Major.*

Our Native Country—ever dear! but liberty still dearer.

Theobald Wolfe Tone—Alpha.

Robert Emmet—Omega.

Our countrymen in Petersburg, Va. who are this moment (1 o'clock) toasting our party. May they never want a potato to share with a friend.

The memory of Brian Boroihme, who finally expelled the Danes from Ireland. "*Strike the harp! raise the voice! sing the song of great Brian!*"

St. Patrick's Benevolent Society of Philadelphia.

On Monday last, at 10 o'clock, the Members of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, assembled in Union hall,

hall, and unanimously elected the following persons as officers for the ensuing year.

President.—*Wm. John Duane.*
Vice President—*John Maitland.*
Treasurer—*Daniel M'Karaher.*
Solicitor—*Bryan Drum.*
Secretaries—*Wm. A. Bars & Patrick Callen.*

COMMITTEE OF CLAIMS:

City—*Robert Kean, Thomas M'Clean & Philip Reiley.*
Northern Liberties—*Hugh Gray & Philip Reiley, B.*
Southwark—*Archibald Little & Con. O'Donnell.*

At three o'clock the society sat down to an excellent entertainment, provided by Mrs. Dunn, and after the removal of the cloth, drank the following toasts.—

1. *The Day*—on its next return, may the resurrection of Erin and its delivery from seven hundred years of British Bondage, be celebrated with the heart felt enthusiasm that liberty creates—9 cheers.

2. *The American Eagle*—" Fostered under thy wing, we'd die in thy defence—6 cheers.

3. *Erin*—Gifted by nature with all that could render man happy, but by foreign oppression rendered most miserable—may the last yell of her cruel tyrants soon be heard—6 cheers.

4. *The Sovereign People*—May they teach their agents, that the blood and treasure of freemen were not expended, nor the constitution of the union framed for the purpose of creating an undue *treasury influence*—three cheers.

5. *The Liberty of the Press*—May the man, who dare assail its freedom or controul its energy be ranked with an Arnold and a Burr—a Giffard and Luttrel—3 cheers.

6. *The Congress of the United States*—Its purity and existence depend upon the vigilance of its creators—when the people tolerate impostors, they merit imposition—3 cheers.

7. *James Madison*—President of the United States—may he cease to confide in those whom the people cannot trust, so that the confidence which he has merited, may never be destroyed.—8 cheers.

8. *George Clinton*—Vice President of the United States—Should the liberties of the nation ever again depend upon a single vote, may his bright example guide the patriot and appal the mercenary tools of British agency and American toryism.—17 cheers.

9. The memory of the patriarch of American Freedom *Benjamin Franklin.*—" Where liberty dwells there is my country."

10. The memory of *Washington*, the great and good—some may equal but none can excel.

11. The memory of general Montgomery, and the other Irishmen, who shed their blood in support of American independence—May their glorious examples ever animate the sons of Erin, who seek to enjoy in the land of their adoption, the blessings denied them in the land of their fore-fathers.

12. The memory of Robert Emmet and the other patriots of Ireland, who suffered death by the torture, the bayonet and the axe.

13. The sons of St. Tammany and of St. Patrick—May they ever be an united family, and bear in mind that division would give a triumph to the foes of both—the enemies of freedom.

The society after partaking in a very joyous festivity parted with the close of the anniversary of Saint *Sheelah.*

Aurora.

CHARLESTON—MARCH 21, 1811.

St. Patrick's Day, was on Monday (the 17th falling on Sunday) celebrated by the Hibernian society of this city, with their accustomed hilarity After dinner, the following Toasts were drank, accompanied by appropriate airs from a select band of music:

1. THE DAY—Sacred to Irishmen.

"Then oh! my friends this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever,
And may the day we so much love
Be thus with joy remembered ever."
St. Patrick's Day.

2. The immortal memory of St. Patrick.

3. The Land of Potatoes.

"Carolan's receipt for drinking Whiskey."

4. The Patriots of Ireland—may the links that entwine the interests of their country around their generous hearts, unite them, and their efforts render immortal the liberties of the People—*Erin go Bragh.*

5. The United States of America—the abode of liberty, and the persecuted patriot's secure asylum.—*Hail Columbia.*

6. The President of the United States.—*Old head of Dennis.*

7. The Governor and State of South Carolina.—*Carolan's Concerto.*

8. The Exile of Erin—he has here found what he in vain sought for in the land of his forefathers, equal liberty and equal rights—while he drops a tear over the misfortunes he would have prevented to the one, he will ever be found ready to defend the other—*Gramachree.*

9. The Memory of Fitzgerald, Orr and Emmett—sacrificed by Tyranny at the shrine of Liberty—Children of Erin! still bear their memory green in your souls.—*Parting of Friends.*

10. The Memory of Washington—the Father of his Country—beloved by all! Never may his precepts be forgotten!—*Coolun.*

11 Erin's lovely Daughters, and their Sisters of Columbia—the sweet inspirers and reward of patriotism.—*Gracé Nugent.*

12. Union of Sentiment among Irishmen.

"Erin, thy silent tear shall never cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tents unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace."
Kitty Tyrrel.

13. The Harp of Erin—may it be attuned to Freedom in the land of our forefathers.—*Fairy Queen.*

14. The People of the United States—"Thy spirit, independence, let them wear—lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!"—*Garryone.*

15. The Harp Society of Belfast—may their patriotic exertions to restore the native strains of Erin to their pristine beauty, be crowned with that success they so well merit.—*Planxty Reilly.*

16. The Press—unshackled by political tyranny.—*Paddy Whack.*

17. May each succeeding Anniversary of St. Patrick surpass the last in festive mirth and harmony.—*Cean dub delish.*

VOLUNTEERS.

May the arms of Prince George crush the Dragon, which has so long desolated the fields of Erin; and emancipate the poor worshippers of God, in whatever form that worship may be expressed.

The Memory of Judge Burke.

Ireland and her Rights—perdition to her enemies.

The Memory of Colonel Manning.

Equal rights to all citizens—may ignominy be attached to the man who attempts to infringe them.

The renowned Irish Advocate, John Philpot Curran.

The following Gentlemen were re-elected to serve for the ensuing year:

Simon Magwood, *President,*
Edmond M. Phelon, *Vice-President,*
Thomas Malcon, *Treasurer,*
Thomas Stephens, *Secretary.*

IMPORTANT.

In the New-York Advertiser, there is an important communication, of which we can only now give the substance. It is stated on the faith of an express from Nacogdoches, that the insurgents

insurgents had nearly conquered all the kingdom of Mexico.—They have taken the name of Americans—they declare they are no more Spaniards—when the sentries hail *qui vive*, the answer must be *America*. All the provinces of Coahuilla, Byscaya, Monlerrey, la Colonia, &c. had revolted—all the European officers had been obliged to fly.—"The grand plan is *Independence*, and the expulsion of the European Spaniards." The Government troops refused to act, and the insurgents were in every place received by the people with acclamations of joy.

ABBE MAURY's SPEECH.

(Continued from our last, page 127.)

A judge is invested with the right of deciding, judging, and passing sentence, when he receives it from the legislative body and the king. If he arrogated the power of deciding matters foreign to his department, and appointing delegates as he pleases, all his decisions would be null and void, as exceeding the limits of his jurisdiction; it is the same with regard to the government of the church—the power of order is of divine right, but the jurisdiction is determined by the church that assigns to all the Pastors of the first and second order, their territory and flock, the church alone can appoint them—yes, the church delegates the jurisdiction to every bishop, after receiving the radical power of ordination. So each diocese has its own Pastor: Should there be many, there would be none at all. It is then false that every Bishop is *an universal Bishop*. However, this is the principle that must be admitted in order to authorise the temporal administration, to create, suppress, and re-unite dioceses arbitrarily, in a despotic, tyrannical manner, without the interposition of the church, as the national assembly pretends to exercise the right. Now I ask the great, self-created canonist, *M. de Mirabeau* whether I have been exact in my gradation, or whether my arguments have not silenced him and put a stop to any reply? As he is then silent, I take his silence to be an unequivocal mark of his approbation and forced adherence to my principles.

Never has the denomination of *universal Bishop*, contaminated the canons or the discipline of the church. When in the year 582, John the Faster,* Patriarch of Constantinople took the title of Oecumenical Patriarch, we read in the eighth volume of Abbe Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, that the whole church opposed this

* John the Faster, so called from his great austerity, Patriarch of Constantinople, in the year 582, assumed the title of Oecumenical or Universal Bishop, but was very strongly opposed by the Pope's Pelagius and Gregory the Great.—This Patriarch died in the year 595, was highly esteemed for his virtues, but he was of a very haughty, acrimonious and obstinate disposition. His charity was truly apostolic, he gave all to the poor. After his death nothing was found but an old coat and a very bad wooden bed: the emperor Mauritius took it, and slept on it when he was to perform acts of penance. There is a work of his on penance to be seen at the end of the Treatise *de pœnitentia*, by the Rev. Father Morin, of the congregation of the Oratorians, founded by the great, pious and learned Cardinal de Berulle and approved by Paul the V. in the year 1613. Cyriacus, Patriarch of Constantinople, successor of John the Faster, in the year 595, followed the example of his predecessor, and assumed the title of *Oecumenical or Universal Bishop*, and had it confirmed in a council. This Patriarch opposed the emperor Phocas, who attacked the immunities and privileges of the church. The emperor to be revenged of the Patriarch, by an edict ordered that the title by him usurped, should be given to no Bishop, but the Bishop of Rome. Cyriacus, it is said, died of grief, in the year 606. *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique, &c.*

this pompous pretension. S. Gregory wrote to him, that he shewed himself as unworthy of the title of Bishop. He alone should have the title,—don't you know that the council of Chalcedon offered this honour to the Bishops of Rome, by calling them *universal Bishops*, but they refused and declined, lest to the prejudice of all their brethren they would seem to ascribe and attribute the Episcopacy to themselves alone. It would be, as Abbe Fleury remarks, heresy to acknowledge but one Bishop in the church, and to consider the rest only as so many vicars. After ages had experienced the fatal consequence of this ambition of the Bishops of Constantinople, when Cyriacus the successor of John the Faster arrogated the same title. Saint Gregory wrote to him immediately to renounce that profane, proud title. I exhort you (in his letter to the Bishops who were then assembled at the council of Constantinople) never to consent to such a denomination, never to receive a letter where it was written, nor to authorize it with your signature; because if a Bishop be universal, it results then that you are no longer Bishops. I conjure you never to yield to the promises, influence, or menaces of such as would pretend to domineer or exert any authority in the church, in order to cause a division, but to resist and oppose with an Apostolical firmness, constancy, courage and steadiness, innovators; the same S. Gregory refused the title that was given him by S. Eulogius.—I don't, said he, look upon it as an honor what would dishonor my brothers. The supremacy of jurisdiction that the Pope enjoys by divine right in the church, does not (according to the liberties of the church of France) give him the right of an *ordinary* in in this sense, that he could circumscribe, limit and extend, of his own accord the jurisdiction of Bishops, in their own dioceses—if the Gallican church had never acknowledged in the Pope, the title properly called an authority of an ordinary, a *fortiori*, this title and authority cannot be given to any particular Bishop—no, it would be trampling under foot all the regulations and canons of the church, that consecrate the jurisdictional authority of every Bishop;—it would be subverting and turning upside down, all the discipline of the church that was in vigour even before the council of *Nice*, as is cited by the celebrated Venespen, the most distinguished and learned of the canonists. He says, after the death of the apostles, the church wishing to prevent anarchy, confusion or trouble in the ecclesiastical government, assigned to every Bishop, the portion of the flock they were to govern. *Post Mortem apostolorum, canones ecclesiæ, né ex litigioso regimine nôn raró oriantur confusiones et perturbationes in ecclesia, voluêrunt ut singulis Pastoribus, Portio Gregis sit adscripta, quam regat unusquisque ac gubernet.*

Our adversaries are then obliged to revive this proscribed doctrine, in favour of their insupportable, desperate cause, by the virtue of which every Bishop would have the authority of an *universal Bishop*,—a doctrine, too formally disallowed, reprobated, rejected, and condemned by the church to be ever a principle of the common law. *M. de Mirabeau* did not suspect nor foresee the danger to which the system of your ecclesiastical committee would lead him.

Gentlemen—the new plan or system that is preparing for us, is falling and tottering on every side, because our adversaries finding no ring to tie to the chain of our legislative tradition, can give it no other foundation, but the moving sand of opinion; it is impossible that the decree of a legislative body can confer spiritual jurisdiction to the new Bishops, for whom Sees are to be erected, and for the old Bishops, whose territories are to be enlarged—no, they cannot—they have no

no more authority in that respect, than the grand Mogul, or the great Kam of Tartary, or the Emperor of China; the Pope alone, who for many ages exercises the power of the universal church, to establish or suppress Bishoprics or metropolitans, the parties interested should understand each other especially in important cases where the concurrence of both powers is requisite. The liberties of the Gallican church have consecrated this reserve in our public law—I appeal to the decision of all the barristers of the kingdom, to the opinion and writings of many of the members of this assembly, who give a tribute, and ascribe to you this day that plenitude, or rather confusion of powers, and who supported most strenuously a few years ago, the necessity of the Pope's intervention, to proceed to the re-union of the Bishoprics of Digne and Seney.

'Tis *M. Camus* in particular, the former advocate of the clergy, who has supported it in this very assembly, to the fatal and memorable day of that execrable, accursed, infernal decree, destined to rob us of the right of our property, and who, since that time, (as he expects no more from that quarter,) is become, all of a sudden, the most violent and indefatigable persecutor of the clergy; I loudly proclaim and accuse him for that double dealing, time-serving, meanly complying with the measures of people in power, meanly submitting to serve a turn, for that versatility and double opinion, that makes him so conspicuous, as an advocate of time, place and circumstance. I shall instantly attack him in a more open and direct manner: nor shall I confine myself to make known to all, that he supported both sides of the question, for and against it, and as he is of two opinions, it follows of consequence, that he has none at all. But let me unravel his proscribed, unhackneyed, unhallowed, unconsecrated doctrine. I shall exhibit him in the centre of the contradictory principles that he has successively maintained, and let the parties that employed him, then judge; he was well recompensed by one party, and the other appointed him guardian of the archives of the nation—there was question only of the re-union of one Bishopric, when he supported with such energy and vigour, the absolute necessity of having recourse to the Pope, when he solicited the Lord Bishop of Digne to excommunicate the Lord Bishop of Seney, if he only provisionally took possession of his jurisdiction.—This very day there is question of the suppression of fifty three Bishoprics, and this very same famous, double dealing, ambodexter, M. Camus, has the effrontery to say that this can be effected without the intervention of his Holiness. A man, who displays such versatility in his opinions, must have a most michievous bad heart, and a most uncommon, insatiable desire to injure his neighbour; but we are steady, constant, firm and unchangeable; nothing shall make us deviate from the doctrine of our Fathers, to it we shall perseveringly adhere. We have made known to you from the very moment that we heard that your intention was to suppress and unite dioceses, that this could not take place, without the formal authorization of the vicar of Jesus Christ, and our opinion is also, that the Pope himself, could not, of his own authority, without a violation of our liberties, suppress or unite, extend or circumscribe the dioceses of the kingdom—no, such novelties and arbitrary alterations, would not be tolerated, even in the most ultramontane countries. He should act in concert with all the churches, whose diocesan boundaries he intended to change. We positively assert, that if, of his own authority he can do nothing in this matter, that nothing legal can be done without him, and that the

authority

authority of the holy See and the consent of the churches are absolutely and indispensably requisite to legalize your decrees. When we profess this doctrine, we introduce nothing new, we conform to the principles that have been transmitted to us by our Fathers, and that have even been adopted by our adversaries to the present times, that have always been and are still in vigour, in the discipline of the universal church; principles on which the contract of the union, between church and state, is founded:—Gentlemen, you may tell us that you are a constituent body; you arrogate, usurp and assume all powers; there is one as yet independent, to which all your infernal systems and innovations have no call, *i. e.* the divine power of the church. This is the boundary, where your power should and ought to stop, and which you cannot pass without removing all the obstacles that your inability, incompetence, usurpation of authority and the radical nullity of your decrees present to us.

Shew me the divine or canonist who has ever maintained that; I don't even say that one Bishoprick, but even the smallest eclesiastical title, could be suppressed without the intervention of the Spiritual authority. We challenge and defy our adversaries, to quote, or bring forward, even one example in the entire of the church.

(To be continued.)

The Protestant "Patriot."

This newspaper, which we distinguish in this manner from another publication, that exactly treads on the same ground, which may as appropriately be distinguished as the "*Catholic Patriot*," in some remarks which its dull writers, its legal and divine Editors, make on Walter Cox, and the Irish Magazine, say "that the pilloried Editor of the Irish Magazine," since his conviction for his wicked libel, "*the Painter Cut*," appears to have acquired greater audacity, and to be stimulated with renovated malignity against the laws, constitution, and government of his country; for, as if determined to set them all at defiance, he had scarcely set his foot in his prison, when he published a number of his detested miscellany, containing a "supposed speech of Bonaparte to the people of this country." The reader will please to observe, that this speech was published in February Magazine, on the first day of that month, and that Mr. Cox, was committed to prison on the 28th; so far from publishing it after his committal, it will appear, that it was done one month preceding.

The public will see by this cowardly and unfounded insinuation, the character of the miscreants, and measures Mr. Cox has to encounter.—Hired hidden assassins, clothed in all the mock consequence, that insurmountable stupidity assumes from collegiate distinctions. Doctors and lawyers, whom their respective professions have rejected, and are driven to seek subsistence among the fœtid columns of an unread newspaper, published for the purpose of insulting the public feelings.

In another place of this filthy paper, they say that "Mr. Cox, published Shane O'Neill's catechism of principles, which in our opinion, can be considered in no other point of view, than meant as an invitation, to extirpate the English government, and the *descendants* of Englishmen from this country." As to the English government we confess, we have an objection to the manner it is administered by the Poles and Percevals, since some judges of the land abolished the Irish government, by the sale of our Legislature; but we deny the atrocious assertion, which accuses the Irish Magazine, of wishing to extirpate the descendants of Englishmen; tho' there is not as much English in the word Cox, as in the word SWIFT, by two

two letters; yet to the great regret of the former, if extirpation was to take place, he has as much of that valuable English blood to lose, as the *swiftest* hound in Beresford's pack.

Again these miserable scribblers, have the following passage. "He states, (Cox) that he circulates monthly four thousand of his infamous Magazine, and has been obliged to re-print most of his numbers, it is truly a subject, not only of wonder and surprize, but of the most melancholy and alarming consideration, that there should be so large a class of people in this country, who encourage so glaring and dangerous a public nuisance."

It must be wonder and surprize indeed, to these wretches, to suppose, that one of the finest and most populous cities in Europe, could produce so numerous a class of readers, for a publication, that exposes the men, who, at the expence of our independence, are enabled to exhibit their equipages, their austere pride and new titles, the prices of their servitude, and venality before a people, the victims of their cupidity, perishing with want, and brayed down with taxation? yes, wretches, while ever a thousand of the men whom you have sold, remain in decayed Dublin, their voices will be raised against you, who would blaspheme the sacred rights of your country, by calling on your betrayed countrymen, for their allegiance, to what you name a constitution, which you have transferred to another country, and with it all the proud spirit of former Ireland: its industry suppressed, and its native ardour paralized.

"He also libels the laws and constitution of his country, as well as some of the most respectable members of the community in various ranks of life," says this Patriot. We want to know, who are those respectable persons? Does the Patriot mean the men, who sold Ireland? Are traitors and robbers respectable, because decorated with titles or swollen with the pride of guilty elevation, "men who fawn abroad to tyrannize at home;" are they respectable before the nation they have betrayed, and its humbled and degraded citizens? Will such men in the face of the community, talk of respectability, of public morals and of constitution, who have poisoned the sources of life by the extinction of our industry, leaving us no inheritance, but poverty, immortalizing crimes!! and yet these "*respectable men*," in all the solemn forms of bench oratory, will presume to inveigh against the vices they have created, poverty is the parent of immorality; while we are poor, we will steal, but can the judge, who sends to us the gibbet, say he is guiltless? Can he go to his claret with a sound conscience, who has dismissed his betrayed fellow citizen, to infamy and death? If such men are respectable, we have reason to fear; if the British minister, their master, demands the life of Cox, as a matter of public safety, the men who gave him Ireland, will find a *point of law* to justify the measure, and the victim is tossed into the putrid current, that is hurrying away with all that was Ireland.

Anecdote of the gratitude of the Irish Peasantry.

A few days ago, as the Reverend Mr. M'Mahon, parish Priest of Sancroft near Athy, was making a subscription among his parishioners and other liberal neighbours, to enable him to rebuild his chapel. This circumstance being made known to James Dowling Medlicott, Esq. a Protestant Gentleman of Youngstown near Athy, through the medium of one of his domestics, Mr. Medlicott without delay sent the priest £50; Mr. Medlicott had business in Dublin a few days after, and during his absence

his grateful neighbours assembled together to the amount of several hundreds, with plows and harrows, and in a few hours sowed seven acres of oats for their friend.

If the gentlemen of Ireland, would imitate Mr. Medlicott by acts of benevolence or humanity, instead of shooting their tenants on melancholy anniversaries, or starving them to feed strangers; the superabundant population of Ireland would not be so alarming to our Statesmen, as they confess on every occasion where Irish affairs are the topic.

The 87th Regiment and the Magistrates of the County Donegal.

At a late inquiry before the magistrates of this County, the Chairman and his Colleagues, at Letterkenny unanimously agreed that the annual parade of the Orangemen in arms, on the 12th of July, to commemorate the treason of Lutterel and the victory obtained by his ally the Dutchman, over Ireland at Aughrim, is a harmless and laudable act of said Orangemen.

If it is insisted on by our masters, and our deputy masters, the weavers of Ban-bridge, of Mountrath and Enniskillen, that their subjects, the suffering Catholics are to be insulted, annually insulted! by armed men with burnished musquets, for the misfortunes of their ancestors, let the custom continue, but we so far differ from those organs of the law, the Magistrates of Letterkenny, that though the musquets are necessary articles on the solemn occasion, musquet balls might be dispensed with; we are told our superabundant population is to be drawn off, yet it ought to be done in a decent manner, under some form that would not take any of the dignity from the measure to which it is intitled, *special cases* at home, and expeditious abroad, Juries, Law Sergeants, and Crimp Sergeants do things with character and effect; a man has an opportunity of stepping off this stage, according to the laws of his country, and agreeable to the customs of the tented field, the halter, the musquet, or the dysentery: but the ignominy of being shot in his bed or at his fire side, to have to contend in a battle of Aughrim every year, and to be driven to the conflict, without arms is so unfair, and so indecorous, that it might provoke even slaves to prefer dying by wholesale to dying by retail. Thus decency and sound policy ought to regulate the superabundant population men. Annual errors may be one day cured by means very unexpected, for the condition of Europe has been changing those last twenty years, and affairs are not become stationary yet. The ancient dynasties of France, Spain, Naples, and Sweden are extinguished; the petty princes of Germany, have changed their master, and the Representative of the house of Brandenburg has got leave to exchange the baton for the guagers staff. The Orangemen may disappear in Ireland as they have in Holland, and with them the intolerance and cruelty that distinguished the cowardly banditti.

The 87th Regiment so much distinguished at the affair of Barossa, are to a man Irish, and we are assured, not one Orangeman is among that brave body; no, for that band of cowards and murderers, never dare face the enemy, they lurk at home, murdering the parents and children of the Catholics, who are conducting the British standard to victory. The 87th has been honored by the Regent with the distinction of *the Prince of Wales's own Irish regiment*, and are allowed as an additional reward, for their bravery to have a harp on their colours, and a red rose on their night caps. These are not common rewards, the brave 87th are most honorably prepared for the field or the couch, they may

may fight or sleep with the insignia of their glory always with them. While their Sovereign selects them as the most favored of his armies, what are the Orangemen doing? nothing but firing volles of musquetry, amongst the infant children, of the same 87th, while engaged at their innocent amusements, as it happened on July last, in Letterkenny, and about two years since at Newry. Sergeant Moore, has not been advised to look into the affair, nor has there been a Special Commission. If any of the fellows were executed, it has not come to our ears, as our Note-taker, who reports Bar Sermons for our publication, is silent on the occasion.

Louis the XIV. rewarded the Irish regiments of Burke and Dillon, for their singular bravery at Cremona, by allowing them to be known as *his Irish:* he certainly did not ornament their night caps, or colours; he did something more substantial, he improved their eating without detracting from their glory, he doubled their pay

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TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE

IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the following attempt should appear worthy insertion in your honest and *really patriotic* pages, it will oblige one, that can, without affectation, subscribe himself

the friend of Mr. Cox,

AN O'NEILL.

Newry, May 12, 1811.

No more do Erin's bards answer the voice of the harp in the halls or on the hills of the chiefs—No, no, alas! those blissful hours are fled—for silent and asleep in the clasp of death is the soul-conquering melody of *Ossian*, the son of *Fionn*—silent and chill'd by the dreary mansion of the tomb, is the sweet sound of *Carolan* Erin's favorite child, his neglected harp lies mouldering and unstrung—*O'Gnive* too is gone—for, no more, tuned by freedom's spirit, does the string of song vibrate at his heaven-instructed touch—oh! he, too, alas! is now the prey of the none-sparing grave; but his remembrance shall never become its victim—his name shall never slumber on the lap of Oblivion——When I look around, I see, oh! misery! it is too much, I behold the mansions of the chiefs of Inisfail—but cold and sad—dark and silent as the grave are their seats—no minstrel's welcome voice is heard; no harp of joy sends abroad the inviting sound on the blast, that it may strike the ear of the stranger, and welcome his approach.—No, no, alas! their death-scaring owners are gone, and the soul of the heart-raising feast has followed them. Gone they are indeed, for the ruffian hand of the *base intruder* has torn them (as whirlwinds the unbending oak,) from the lofty height on which patriot valour enthroned their mighty fathers. Curses on the unhallowed grasp of ambition, for many and black are the woes of its wrath in Erin.——Oh! Benburb,* when shall I see thee as thou wert, illumed by the hand of mirth, spreading content and happiness around thy walls?—never—never—oh! soul-rending thought—no more does the grief-expelling voice of the bard, proclaim thee afar the habitation of the valiant O'Neill—no; it is silent, and lulled in sleep in the grassy mansion of death.——The owl, in thy mouldering turrets, records, in hideous lay, the triumph of the *intruder*.—Alas! those walls that once boldly scoffed the blows of the tyrant, are now the unsafe refuge of the luckless raven, and every bird of night.—Oh! my soul dies of grief when

* Benburb—An old ruined castle of that name near Dungannon, the ancient residence of Phelimy Ruadh O Neill.

when I cast my eyes on thy ruined, falling battlements; when I muse on the departed days of thy glory, when the chieftains of Ullin rejoiced at the feast of the battle in thy ample halls, these aged, worn eyes, fill with the stream of grief. I can no more, for Benburb is dark and silent—crumbling are her walls beneath the castles of *mushroom* chiefs.—An unfortunate

O'NEILL.

FATHER JOHN MURPHY.

As many ridiculous and unfounded stories have been circulated of this brave, humane and enlightened Divine, we think it a duty we owe to his memory and to the community, to give the following concise account of the manner of his death:

Towards the close of the year 1797, and during that part of 1798 which preceded the insurrection, the murders, rapine, free quarters and burning, were carried to such an alarming extent, that the Catholics of the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, and Carlow, were compelled to take the field, and abandon their habitations to their persecutors. Father John Murphy, as well to avoid the common enemy, as to advise his fugitive flock, joined them in their encampment, and was obliged to take the direction of their operations, which were as yet only defensive; it was at Rockspring he unsheathed his sword. After the dispersion of the rebel force under his command, he took refuge in the village of Tullow, co. Carlow, but so disguised as not to be known even by his most intimate acquaintances; he was accompanied by a brave and faithful companion, of the name of Gallagher, a native of Ferns; as they were strangers, they were not long in the town before they became objects of suspicion, and were taken into custody on the information of John M'Nabb; but not knowing who they were, several interrogations were put to them respecting their occupation, names and former residence; the answers not being satisfactory, Gallagher was tied naked on a post, and there was flogged and questioned alternately, without obtaining from him any knowledge of who his master was, meaning Father John.—After torturing poor Gallagher, by inflicting on him six hundred lashes, he was taken down, and erecting a temporary gallows, they hung him up, but at short intervals would let him down, still demanding him to inform on his friend; his great soul continued to resist all the malice of his tormentors, who were so impatient at his firmness, that they at last suffered him to hang till he was dead.

They then commenced their operations on the silent and meek Minister of the Gospel, who was compelled to witness the sufferings of his faithful friend, and proceeded to search his clothes, for any documents that might lead to a discovery of his name or former condition. In his pockets they found part of his sacerdotal robes and a small vial; at the sight of these articles, the whole body cried out with one voice, "*burn him alive, for he is a Priest.*" They first whipped him, each ruffian taking his turn at the cat-o-nine-tails, which he bore with astonishing firmness, without uttering a groan; they then procured a pitch barrel, and placed it at the door of a Mr. Callaghan, a respectable catholic, saying at the same time, in the hearing of Mr. Callaghan and his trembling family, that they should be entertained with a holy fricasee, as there could be no objection to the incense of a fried Priest.

They then made him fast to the gallows on which poor Gallagher suffered, and with many insults desired him, as he was a Priest, to save himself; they then cut off his head, stripped his body naked, and some of the wretches disputed about his clothes; they then flung his body into the burning

burning cask, and while it was consuming compelled Callaghan to open his windows, to admit the smoke, which they humourously said, 'would redeem him of sin,' after the body and barrel were consumed, they gathered the bones and buried them at the threshold of Callaghan's door. The head was fixed on a pole about fourteen feet high, at the Chapel-gate, and whenever those executioners met a Catholic, they advised him to apply for forgiveness of his sins from his priest, (pointing to the head of father Murphy.)

ORANGE ATROCITIES,

Committed in Carnew, County of Wicklow.

Some time previous to the rebellion of 1798, the armed loyalists of Coolatin and of Carnew, traversed the neighbouring country, advising the inhabitants to come into Carnew where they promised them protections, at the same time using threats, that if they neglected to do so in a certain number of days they should be shot without any distinction. The people were so terrified from the blood thirsty disposition of the ruffians, that none of them noticed what they apprehended to be only a summons to be slaughtered, except thirty-six persons, who had been in custody before, who as soon as they surrendered, instead of getting the promised protections, were locked up in prison. Not satisfied with this trifling number of victims, they sent out another notice that if they did not immediately come in, a strong party would be sent through the country, that should sweep them in by force. This second menace was not noticed, which so exasperated the armed monsters, that they tied the unfortunate thirty-six prisoners in couples back to back and in that condition conveyed them to the castle-yard, at that time a bail-court. The cries and intreaties of those unfortunate victims, imploring their butchers for leave to take their last farewel of their parents and children, cannot be described; after being denied this consolation, they requested a priest to be admitted to them, and they would die with resignation. This application was answered by one of the murderers, *Richard James*, that after they were shot, he would be their priest, and should not want holy water, as he would p— plentifully on them. They were placed against the walls in pairs, as they were tied and every man shot to death. This terrifying example, had such an effect on the devoted inhabitants that they flew to arms, and preferred to fight like men, rather than be executed like dogs. Their subsequent conduct in the day of battle, shewed they were not inferior in bravery, to any nation in the world.

Melancholy condition of the survivors of the ancient Irish Nobility.

Bryan Maguire, Esq. (whose ancestors in the beginning of the seventeenth century, yet held considerable estates, the remains of their ancient patrimony, as princes of Fermanagh,) is, we understand at present, in some hiding place to avoid the resentment which the descendants of Cromwell's coblers, have revived against the House of Fermanagh. Like the Wrestling Doctor's forefathers, the Maguires were losing Principalities, while other men were digging potatoes, the princes of Fermanagh were masters of vast domains, at the time that the Verners, were mending shoes for Cromwell's saints and preaching the word over the coffin of their murdered Sovereign. The vicissitudes of life are sadly instructive, the king of Prussia is now a turnpike man, and his master the Corsican ensign is an emperor. Verners the coblers, are hunting the Irish nobility, and the Orange standard banished from its native country, is unfurled

unfurled for the purpose, among the smoking cottages of the O'Neills, O'Carrolls, and O'Hanlon's of Armagh, and the Maguires of Fermanagh.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

"Reject not dreams, for dreams from Jove descend."

Mr. James Dwyer of Waterford, dreamed that by digging in a certain part of a chamber, in an old castle near his house, he would find a crock of gold. Dwyer tho' an able bodied intrepid man wished, however, to have company. He therefore, communicated his golden dream, to Billy de Courcey, and one Elton, two other stout and redoubtable *boolimsgaichs*, who were of tried courage. These were all engaged under an oath of secresy to divulge their design to none, except the little boy (now Mr. Clarke, merchant of Carrick on Suir,) who was apprentice to one of the parties, and held a lanthern for them. To the castle they repaired about midnight. They soon heaved away the obstructing earth, and penetrated till they were opposed by a large flag. Happy presage! The flag after much ado they stirred, and found that there was a hollow space under it; but behold, while in the act of removing this only obstacle to their hopes, a vehement wind arose; the whole castle shook, the earth trembled. Our magnanimous heroes, whom the whole force of a fair or patern could neither terrify nor put to the rout before, now ran away precipitately, leaving Clarke with his lanthern and extinguished light, to make his way home as well as he could. He however found that the whole of this bustle and fatal storm, was occasioned by a parcel of ill-ominous owls, who were long since the legal proprietors of this old mansion, but on being disturbed at that unseasonable hour fluttered and flew about in all directions, and thus prevented our courageous dreamers, from realizing their hopes, leaving the golden harvest and the fruits of their labour to be enjoyed by some more lucky person, who accidentally visited the castle on the ensuing morning, as Mr. Clarke actually saw the crock, there voided of its contents next day.

A very singular Dream, with the consequent conviction and execution of a murderer.

Portlaw is a small village, though a post and fair town with a Roman Catholic Chapel and a neat Inn, with about 100 inhabitants, delightfully situated at the extremity of a wood, to the north east of Curraghmore, the Marquis of Waterford's domain, about five miles from Carrick-on-Suir, and eight from the City of Waterford. In this town lived a respectable farmer of the name of Adam Rogers, with whom the priest of the parish, Mr. Power was to dine on a certain day, preparatory to which they agreed to go out early in the morning with their grey hounds, to course for a hare, which they accordingly did. After beating about for some time, they came to a style, over a hedge, on the pathway, leading through the fields from Portlaw towards Curraghballintlay as a short cut thence to Carrick-on-Suir. Rogers here stopped short, and addressing the Priest, informed him of a singular dream he had the preceding night; that he seemed to see two men, one an aged delicate little man, and the other a tall, stout, able young fellow; their cloaths he also minutely described, telling the priest withal, that in crossing this very stile, after leaving his house the old man seemed to be murdered by the tall young fellow, with a blow of a stone. Of this circumstance neither took any further notice, than considering the whole as a reverie of no consequence. After dinner, the afternoon being fine,

Rogers

Rogers and the Priest, seated themselves on a wooden plank, outside the hall-door, which was near the road leading from Waterford to Carrick-on-Suir. Here they were not long before two men approached, travelling from the former city corresponding in every particular with the above description. Apprehensive the dream might be realised, the priest and Rogers determined to keep the old man for the night and let the young fellow go off about his business. When the two travellers arrived, Rogers addressed the strangers and after giving them some refreshment, requested of the elderly man as it was so late, that it would be rather distressing for him to reach Carrick-on-Suir that evening, to take up his quarters for the night with him, that as the other man was every way equal to the walk, he might proceed on his journey. Hickey, for so the old man was named, could not be prevailed on by either the priest or Rogers to part with his fellow traveller, so the priest then insisted that both should remain for the night at Rogers's, and set off together early in the morning. Rogers and the priest made Hickey sit down with themselves, while Caulfield (for so the young man was called,) was sent to the kitchen. Hickey in the course of conversation, informed the gentleman that he was a native of the county Tipperary, had a family who lived near Clonmel, that he went about 14 years ago to Newfoundland, made a little pecuniary property there, with which he was now returning to live in comfort with his family during the rest of his life. On being interrogated about his fellow traveller; Hickey informed them, that when he first met Caulfield, he was in want of means to pay for his passage to his native country in Ulster; that as an Irishman he could not see him in such distress, therefore supported him on his journey, paid for his passage from Milford to Waterford, and would not part with him, until their arrival at Clonmel, where Caulfield said he had some friend, who would afford him pecuniary aid.

Notwithstanding the advice and intreaties of the priest and Rogers to Hickey, not to keep company any longer with Caulfield, yet, so infatuated was the poor man, or so firm was his destiny determined on in the book of fate, that next morning he got up at an early hour, set off with his fellow traveller, and, shocking to relate, at the same stile prognosticated by Rogers, as above, was murdered with the blow of a stone in the back of his head, as he was descending from the hedge, by the ungenerous Caulfield. Here Hickey lay till about one o'Clock in the day, when he was found, his brains dashed out, and his pockets and small wallet rifled and plundered. Caulfield, after this murder and robbery, hastened to Carrick, immediately went to the several quays, enquiring for a boat, in which he might take his passage back to Waterford; but as the tide was on the ebb, none could be procured; so Frank Smyth, of Carrick, then a boy, and some others, happening at that time to be on the strand, got Caulfield a runner, who hired a horse for him, and escorted him on the road, by the County Kilkenny side of the Suir, as far as Granny ferry Castle, where he dismissed the boy with the horse.

No sooner had the news of Hickey's murder been known in Carrick, than enquiries were made, and Smyth with all the youths on the strand, informed the particulars of this stranger's application for a boat, &c. The boy, in the mean time arrived, and informed the magistrates that he observed Caulfield's clothes bloody, &c. Upon which messengers were immediately dispatched to request that the Mayor and Magistrates of Waterford would search for the murderer, who after a close search, was found that night, after engaging with a Captain of a vessel

vessel in the harbour, and taking a place as passenger to Belfast, and committed for trial to the county Jail of Waterford. After a few weeks interval the assizes commenced, Caulfield was put on his trial, and however unprecedented the testimony adduced, convicted on the evidence of Rogers's Dream, corroborated by Father Power, Caulfield had sentence of death passed on him by Judge Caulfield, and was accordingly executed.

PETROPOLITES LUCIUS.

CATHOLIC DINNER,

May 7th, 1811.

As our limits will not afford us an opportunity of inserting the speeches of the different Gentlemen, we think it a duty to preserve one at least, from the perishable columns of a Newspaper.

Mr. FINLAY—Sir, You do me an unthought of, an uncommon honor—your kindness to me is embarrassing—it oppresses me—it is excessive almost to pain.—Called here by the depositaries of Catholic confidence, among so select a portion of Protestant rank; made, as it were, the guest of a people, on an occasion, which affects the fate of an empire; such a distinction would exalt the highest, and make the humblest, for a moment, forget their unimportance. I know you have sometimes been accused of stooping, when you confer those distinctions, but your accusers forget, that *true* generosity like yours, may be diffused, yet not diminished—may descend to an object, yet not descend from its value. One good, at least, may follow from this: every Protestant in the country may know and feel that Catholic observation is searching and acute—that the smallest effort in the good cause of Toleration, may be repaid by the rich reward of his country's thanks, of his country's love—that *any* Protestant by doing what every Protestant should do, has a chance to experience those pure emotions, which fill the bosom of the happy man, whom an interesting people condescends to honour.—The manner in which you associate my name, makes the fact still more flattering, You connect me with the youth of the College. If you owe little to the University as an Establishment, you certainly owe much to the students as a class. The Historical Society, in reference to public value, may deservedly be considered as the core of the College. In that assembly, your Question is frequently discussed—they receive it with applause, and decide it with unanimity. The youth of the present day, are rising with notions, civil and religious, far different from those which disgraced their fathers. Their learning is disciplined to the advocacy of truth—they are daily coming forth with the ability to expose the silly argumentation of the hot brained bigot—and the streams of liberality diverging from that spot, are a cooling emulsion to the ferment of fanaticism. As the proxy of my friends, I thank you in their name.—In the spirit of that vanity, which your kindness has kindled, I shall now advert to another relation, in which I had the satisfaction to stand towards the Catholic cause—because, perhaps, the circumstance may have formed some part of the mixed motive, which influenced your favour to me. I gratified my propensities by assisting a friend, to originate a Journal devoted to you. In that lilttle honest plan there was neither party aid nor party object. The duration of the project was too short to be noticed—except that it suggests the debt which you owe to the permanent establishments, who have never felt lassitude in echoing your wrongs, in ringing your cause on the ear of the public. The Press is the best friend of political truth; of course, it is the best friend of the Catholic. King, Lords, and Commons, are not, in strictness, the virtual Sovereign of this great Empire—Public Opinion is the paramount Sovereign.

The

The resistless predominance of Public Opinion, has lately been proved by a novel occurrence: The Chief of the Army—the son of the King, and the favourite of both, acquitted by the third estate—untried by the second—and, I believe, pretty certain of being pardoned by the first. He, even he, found himself compelled to break his Staff of Captain General, in necessary obedience to the high controul of an unfavourable verdict from Public Opinion. I speak nothing of the justice of that verdict—I would not differ with an individual this night—I only speak of the *force* of Public Opinion. Well, Public Opinion is the paramount Sovereign—it legislates for the Legislature—it makes the Law—it is, in fact, the *Lex Legum*, the Law of Laws.

The Press is the Minister of Public Opinion—Public Opinion, by means of the Press, is now satisfied on your claims. In considering the circle of my own acquaintance, I have not the opportunity, the misfortune, to know the man, who affects to reason against your claims. Hesitations and doubts on this subject, can only float in the bosom of a bigot, in the brains of a fool. Time and reason has triumphed over resistance, and the battle with prejudice is fought and won. The Press has done this—the Press has done much—and the Press, in doing this, had much to contend with.

There was a strong opinion, that the spirit of your religion was rather unfavourable to the Genius of Liberty. This opinion sprung from the circumstance, that the profession of arbitrary principles and Catholic Tenets coincided in the last of the Steuarts who filled the throne.

The old Whig whose mind was heated by the contemplation of this character, thought there must be a connexion where there was this coincidence.—The ideas of catholicity and despotism became confounded and associated—by strong feelings and weak reasoning, he effectually succeeded in deceiving himself— he converted an accident into a principle, and a concomitant into a cause.

The opinion was false, but the impression was strong; it influenced many of the good, and some of the wise. To him, whose patriotism we are now celebrating, as I am told, belongs the honour of disabusing the mind of the illustrious Charlemount from the prevalence of that error which his Lordship had inherited. Time and the Press have dissolved this unnatural association; the Press has satisfied all, that your religion has no repugnance, but is friendly to freedom. The religion professed by the heroes of Runnymede, by the most republican of the Cantons of Switzerland, and which has establisbed four Bishops in America, under the sanction of a great Presbyterian Democracy, must be congenial to civil and religious freedom. This is the great truth which the Press has diffused. In fact, the question is at rest; the business of argument is over. The instance of the 2nd James, by means of the Press, is no longer an argument against the Catholic—but, on the contrary, is an argument for the Catholic— because, it affords to all rulers who follow him a warning lesson, and a pregnant proof that measures the most arbitrary are the least powerful, and that even the suggestions of Royal piety, may sometimes require the counsel of good sense.

The Press has proved the wisdom of your emancipation—it may now confine itself to one proposition, "if it must be done, better it were done quickly."—Your cause is good, but your prospect is clouded and uncertain. Misfortune has dismantled the Monarchy of England. Providence has restricted the moral energies of the King. Perceval has restricted the political energies of your Prince. He has tauntingly told him, in the language of the sailor in the Tempest —"You

—" You shall be King of this here Island and I will be Viceroy over you." The Prince would do every thing. He can at present do little—if his inability injures you—be assured that on your account it is afflicting to him. Things must change. Time will not stand still; be full of hope in your fortunes, and confidence in your Royal Friend. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. The Patriot Prince—the Pupil of Fox, can justly appreciate the value of deserving a Nation's confidence and a People's love. *(Applause.)*

But although the Prince at present can do little for the Catholic, surely the Catholic may do much for himself. Bend your minds with a religious determination to the great business, mutual concord; conciliation with each other and coalition with us, is alike your duty and your interest. This is a fair occasion for a social contract for a Christian League, it is a grand and affecting spectacle; for the first time these fifteen years, Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian are seen assembled to tell each other what any child might have told you before, that *your* religion is not *my* concern; that it is a matter between man and his God; that human interference is a sort of impiety. That as the untutored Peasant wisely remarked to the itinerant Preacher, " the habitations for Christians beyond the grave cannot be like a poor man's house in a bog with but one road leading to it—that it is to be hoped and believed there are many, that if I have hit upon the shorter it is my gain—that if you prefer the longer it is not my loss." You smile at the clearness and evident truth of the mild creed of toleration Yet the ignorant or hypocritical resistance to such principles, has for centuries distracted your dear country, and moistened her plains with the tears of her children. Let the business end—we now offer you the olive—we pledge you in peace. Indeed we Protestants feel ourselves in an unsocial situation. There is an excluding mark fixed upon us; not only in this, but in the Sister Country—In England we are Irishmen—in Ireland we are Protestants—assembled here we scarcely know each other—we feel ourselves strangers to each other in the land of our Fathers—let us confound our distinctions in this great common object—and the majestic voice of a united people will extort attention and insure success. But if Providence in its purpose to afflict these countries, should determine to defer this great healing remedy—one great advantage will be gained for Ireland—the associated gentry of the three persuasions will be able to preserve internal tranquillity—it will take from the Minister every excuse for exerting a vigour beyond the law—it will hinder the return of those unhappy times which should only be alluded to for the purpose of persuading you to adopt every sort of conciliation that may prevent their recurrence. Those unhappy times when the Reverend Captain of Yeomen Cavalry unclasping his Sabre in the Church and shrouding his Uniform in a Surplice, presumed to pollute the Temple of God by his presence, and even to insult his Majesty by his prayers. Ascended to expound the mild precepts of Christianity, and descended to resume the business of carnage, or kindle the lights of desolation o'er the land. When the country was set thick with Triangles, and Negro Trumpeters and Fencible Farriers were seen hunting the flying Soul through every Limb—when the misguided Culprit looked on the Jury Box and saw in the Jury Box nothing but Accusers—when Juries were the mere agents of Executive vengeance, and when the Ark of the Irish Government floated on an Ocean of Irish Blood. O my God—does it not make the heart tremble. But I turn myself away. Our conciliation can prevent the return of such times—and if ever England in cruelty to us, or folly

folly to herself, should commit at any future time the controul of the Executive to a "Remorseless, Treacherous, Kindless Villain," the associated gentry of the three Persuasions will, by their moral influence and honest frown, intimidate the Right Honourable Ruffian into Mercy. And now that, as I hope we have approached so near to the great work of a general conciliation, I trust you will permit me to allude to a topic which may be necessary to its completion.

We are of the liberal Protestants of the country, it would be affectation to say that we are any thing less. Unfortunately for our country, a class of our communion, have the misfortune to entertain certain feelings differing from ours, hostile to you—Catholics, this class are no longer formidable—their ranks are thinned by numerous and honourable desertions, and the rising race supplies no bigots to recruit them.—Ignorant, misguided, infatuated men, they are far beneath the level of your indignation. They are objects of your charity as christians, and your piety as men. They have injured you—sorely, deeply your name suffered—be magnanimous—shew them you are able to forgive—let *us* meditate between *you* and them—we will expostulate, we will apply the last words of a dying Prince to the obstinate adherents of a dying Party—*ulterius ne tende odist*, carry your hatreds no farther—and will you not allow us also to add, that you are ready to forget that they are your countrymen? Why should you be resentful, why indignant with the ideot or the madman for their unmeaning conduct—their tricks of desperation are the delirium of the Patient, who, in the frenzy of his fever, turns on his friend or strikes his father.—Catholics! forgive them for they know not what they do.—(*A universal cry of Hear! Hear!*)—I infer every thing favourable from the disposition of mind which you now manifest—and anxiously cherish the lively hope, that the day is near, when we may re-assemble to celebrate the Act of your Emancipation—when every individual in this assembly may express his common duty to the Deity, without loss of civil or social estimation—may pour forth without reserve, in his own manner and in his own words, the devotion of his soul and the allegiance of his heart, to the Prince we honour and the God whom we adore.

American Prosperity.

In the New York Gazette, and Daily Advertiser, January the 7th, 1811, there are 256 Commercial Advertisements, exclusive of 91 ships, destined for foreign ports. Now let any person compare this example of opulence with the City of Dublin, and what a melancholy contrast! Not one ship is to be found in our deserted harbour whose destination is farther than Liverpool, and yet we are called on by every fellow in office, for our allegiance, and we are told "*we* are the *happiest* and the *freest* people on the earth." Certainly if happiness consists in Lords, we have the advantage of America; but if it consists in Merchants, America is much our superior, because as she has the Merchants, she can have the Lords, and as many of them as she pleases, by applying to the manufactory in London, where they can be had on reasonable terms, and short notice, packed-up and forwarded with other merchandize of British growth, in the usual manner such things are prepared, shipped and insured.

Society of Artists, Hawkin's-street.

On Saturday the 25th of May, the annual Exhibition of native Artists, commenced at the Dublin Society-house. The gentlemen, who were chosen to arrange the different productions of the respective pencils, have been as careful to place their own works in the best light, and most conspicuous situations,

as they were to assign to others, tho' of superior merit, the most unfavourable aspects; really some were put out of sight, as if this *Hanging Committee* imagined no subject was properly executed, that had not its character written under their hands. Every painting had a kind of order assigned it, that on other occasions would appear as if regulated by the most strict impartiality. In fact the best paintings, had the highest place in the room, for they were literally out of sight, while the second order of daubs were placed under the spectator's eye. On entering the Exhibition, the first picture that attracted the attention, was a likeness of Mrs. Thompson, wife of one of the committee: while this important part of the shew, had all the share of forwardness, that the vanity of the family could wish—a capital full length painting of the Chancellor, by Mr. Russel, was crammed into an obscure corner. This *Hanging Committee* should have a little more modesty. We would advise Mr. Pack, a member—that in any future Exhibition, before he finishes his arrangements, to consult his friend, the *Major*, who is a most esteemed virtuoso, and properly qualified to give advice for the regulation of *hanging matches*.

Signal instance of Bigotry.

Mr. Cox—To us, your Magazine, like the flowers of the desert, was born to blush unseen, until transplanted by an Amazonian hand, into the bosom of society, where it blooms and blossoms, diffusing sweetness around.—Now, that it is universally read, I beg through its medium to call the attention of men in power, to a grievance that has long continued to operate against the dearest interest of the Catholics of Carlow, I mean the mode of billeting his Majesty's troops; which falls exclusively on that race of slaves—this evil, like almost all others, is rooted in prejudice; for our dissenting brethren, one and all, have taken refuge in the yeomanry, which, they consider, a protection against the unpleasant task of soothing the sorrows of the exhausted veterans of the country—now, little as I understand of Law, I believe the character of yeomen does not exempt a man from being billetted on; for, if the *liberality!!!* of the gentleman! that commands the Carlow corps would suffer him to have it *polluted* by Catholics, in that case, who would be to provide for the necessities of the soldier?—but what makes it doubly oppressive, is, the men for whom the soldier is only necessary, are never troubled on the occasion, I mean men of property: no! no! the soldier must not be billeted where he could be accommodated with a clean bed and a warm fire-side: Oh! no, it would be pity to have a gentleman's hall soiled with the rude footsteps of a common soldier. Where then must he turn to, possing in wet, and drooping from fatigue? to the desolate, fireless, roofless cabin! or the empty counter of the bankrupt shopkeeper—perhaps the reader is not in possession of the magnitude of the malady; if the evil was confined to nightly billets for the passing troops of the country, I would never make it a subject of public complaint; but with us the evil has been permanent. There are three hundred men in Carlow, who would make affidavit, that their houses have been for more than ten years a perpetual *barrack*, for the billets, tho' being issued monthly, by being constantly renewed, makes them eternal—at present we have a little respite; how long will it continue so? how would it be with us if any misfortune should compel our troops to abandon the Peninsula?—well then, as *barrack building* seems to be the order of the day, in the name of the * * * build enough of them. Is it not enough, that we clothe and feed your troops, but they must also barrack

rack in our houses?—now, let me ask the government of the country, is this the way to make *men loyal?* is this the way to attach them to the *constitution?*—let me not be understood, as attaching the smallest blame to the billet-masters, for, in my soul, I believe them to be men of integrity; men, that would do justice if they dare do so with impunity—and here I must express my indignation at the slothful, silent, apathy of the Catholics themselves: I know there is no sin in being a slave; but I know it is more than sin in not wishing to be *free*—why not remonsrate? do not say it would be useless, did you ever try the experiment? make your complaint manfully to the chief magistrate; if he does not redress you, apply to Ld. Charleville, whose duty it is to do so, or if both should fail, it is a consolation to reflect, that you have done your duty and that you are not *voluntary slaves!*—for myself, while I have the misfortune to live in Carlow, and the good fortune to have access to an *independent print*, I will never cease to denounce illiberality to Ireland and the world.—Nor is there, I believe, a county in Ireland, marked by so many examples of *bigoted illiberality* as Carlow—for the Grand Jury are exclusively protestants—the Magistrates are exclusively protestants—the sitting barrister is always a protestant—the Sub-Sheriff is always a protestant; the Clerk of the Peace is always a protestant—the High-Constable is always a protestant—the Gaoler is always a protestant. Nor is the bigotry confined to the law department: for the Coroners are always protestants—the Conservator is always a protestant—the Billet-master is always a protestant—the attending physicians of both infirmary and dispensary are protestants—the yeomen, *thank God*, are every one protestants—nay, the very Bellman, is a *good* protestant—every man in office is a protestant; and that too, in a town, where, almost all are Catholics. Yet it is truly astonishing, as had been elegantly expressed how powerfully the yellow tribe, rough-ride the besotted Catholics. I believe the Billeting Act, commands, that all public-houses should be first occupied, that is, houses paying license; but, the word occupied, being indefinite, throws great responsibility on the chief magistrate. Now, let me suppose what has often happened, that 500 troops were billeted on the town—is it decent, is it honest, to crowd eight of them into the shop of a man, perhaps, labouring under a debt of eight hundred pounds at the same time? And yet, we have seen a billet-master in Carlow, dismissed from office, for having the audacity, to billet men upon those drones, that are fattening on our industry.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

Slaughter in Carlow.

MR. EDITOR,

A report having gone abroad, of a list of informers having appeared in the *Irish Magazine*, but what month, or even year, *calumny* cannot recollect; in which the names of some respectable Catholic shop-keepers now living in Carlow, are said to be mentioned, as having *pensions* for giving private information to the Castle. Now, though it is a digression from my subject, I think it is necessary to shew that this *base calumny* has been propagated for the sole purpose of turning the tide of *trade* from those shops, which is manifest, for the following single reason: whoever takes, even a transient view, of the political world, must see, that the descendants of *Sarsfield* will not be *pensioned*, while there is a *pimp* or a *bastard of Cromwell's* to be provided for. But to remove all doubt of who were the real informers, I will now publish the *principal ones*, that the public may have a grateful recollection of the *services* they rendered their *country*. Among that *constellation*, none raged with such *plague-like* effect, as that luciferian rebel, that traitor to his country

country—that enemy to his king—and blasphemer of his God—I mean the notorious Henry Rogers; and will for the instruction of the historian, give a short account of this *carnivorous man:* I am sorry for the credit of my town, that it produced such a *monster;* for he was born in Carlow, where he was bred up in idleness, until he picked up the trade of a soldier, and entered the Carlow Militia; after his discharge, which was prior to the murders of 98, he returned to Carlow and became a most active agent in the Union, and was employed as Messenger to the Committee; as he attended the principal meetings, he had an opportunity of carrying into effect his hellish designs against his country; after the morning of the Murders he appeared in the gallows-yard, like an evil planet, boding destruction to his fellow men; after receiving the *reward* of his *labour* from the Grand Jury of the County, he emigrated to America, where he received his final reward from the avenging arm of some justly exasperated exile of his country. The next bloodless, lily-livered ruffian, is Finn, the assassin of his country's idol, Sir Edward Crosby; of this unnatural savage it is only necessary to mention, that, after devouring the hand that fed him, he too emigrated. The third miscreant, is a brute of the name of Donahoe, from Tullow, shopkeeper; who after his bloody career, had the modesty to remove to Athy, where, to the credit of that bankrupt town, he was shunned as a West Indian plague, and now wanders an outcast of society, laden with the curses of widows and orphans. The fourth on the roll of infamy, is a fellow of the name of Murphy, from Kelistown; whose name I mention with reluctance, from the large share his family bore in the misfortunes of the times. The fifth, is a grey-headed ruffian, of the name of ——— still living in Carlow!! Aye, and making a fortune too! Will it be credited in Dublin, that a town, so apparently respectable as Carlow, would patronise the man, who, but twelve years ago, VOLUNTEERED to swear away the lives of two most respectable inhabitants? Now reader, "look on this picture, and on this," see the anti-catholics of Carlow, *intoxicated* with *loyalty*, *revel* in the *house* of an *informer*, who is still *drunk with the fumes of perjury!* while the Catholics of Athy, alive to the misfortunes of their country, rang the alarm bell, and, like the watchful shepherd, pointed out the wolf to the flock. But what can be expected, from men, capable, of making a companion of the Turkish-looking Atheist, that had the blasphemy, to dress up his water-dog in the sacrilegiously plundered *vestments* of the County Wexford? After the murder of O'Connor and his comrades, Sunday intervening, the work of Death was suspended until the following morning. But, of the *forty-eight* that were sacrificed in the gallows-yard, or the thousand in the cell of Dionysius or the millions by the ruthless Tartar Gensis Khan; there is not in the bloody catalogue, a fellow, for the butchery committed on a countryman of the name of Wall. To have an adequate conception of the *torture* inflicted on this man, the reader must imagine the scene lies in hell; and that the rebel angels are taking vengeance of *old Satan*, for the loss of Paradise. It was frightful to behold the group of *executioners* that surrounded the victim; some armed with scourges, *intwined* with wire, which being steeped in spring-water and dried in the sun, became hard as strings of steel; while the *rough-riders*, with training-whips, opened the *back*, with as much facility, as the dread Indian would with his murderous scalping knife. Such was the summary execution of this marrow-trying instrument, that, as the flesh

flesh rises from the tube, prior to the fatal roar, so gushed the boiling blood, ere the hollow sound of the *whip* assailed the ear of humanity. Among the *negro-drivers*, none gave such signal proofs of judgment in the scalping trade, as a commissioned ruffian of the Ninth, Quartermaster Knowd; whose services attracted the attention of the surrounding grinning aristocracy!! When the executioners, from excessive fatigue, gave a moment's respite to the victim, it was dreadful to behold the mass of purple jelly that ejected from the mangled loins of the martyr. During the torture, he had many convulsive fits, which awfully shook the triangles; which was answered by peals of laughter from the surrounding *panthers*. *Panthers* they were, for they were spotted with human gore. Oh! it was a sight that would have satiated *Nero* himself! But, lest I should fatigue the reader by fixing his attention too long on the scene of carnage, I will conclude this too long letter, by just mentioning, that after passing the night in a cold, damp cell, he was dragged forth next morning to the place of execution, where, after being whipped a second time, until he expired on the *triangles*, he was suspended in the sun until the following morning.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

[*To be Continued.*]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

On Saturday last, May the 25th, Mr. Walter Cox was brought to the Bar of the Court of King's Bench to receive sentence for a libel, of which he had been found guilty at the close of the last term.

He was addressed by Mr. Justice Day to the following effect:

Walter Cox.—You have been tried and convicted upon an information prosecuted against you for the publication of a false, scandalous and malicious libel, which appeared in the *Irish Magazine*, entitled "*A Vision*," devising thereby seditiously to violate the peace of Ireland, and to inspire his Majesty's Irish subjects with a desire to effect a separation from the Empire by means of a French Army. This information you did not try to defend. Indeed a Defence was too desperate a measure to be attempted, and now, I might appeal to any man of a well regulated mind to affirm, if a more wicked or flagitius libel ever issued from the Press. Its circulation has been too widely extended, to render it necessary for me to recapitulate such a disgusting mass of sedition. I repeat that its object must have been to dissolve the political connection between this country and Great Britain—a connexion upon the one hand, that Great Britain is eminently indebted to, for the glory of her fleets and armies, and upon the other hand, that Ireland is indebted to, for her political constitution, for her Religion, her common law, and the liberty of the Press. What are the means by which you would dissolve so happy a connexion? Rebellion and Invasion, by adding to the horrors of the year 1798, the introduction of a French army, and to lay waste this fine country by fire and sword, to expose our virtuous nation to the brutality of a savage foe, and to have acted here the dreadful atrocities that have been committed in Portugal, by a merciless enemy; and in such a case, what would be your own situation? Is it the sanguinary warfare of Spain, and the grinding extortions of Holland, or the curses, not loud but deep, of France itself, that you would substitute for the liberties of your country? What can be expected by labouring to corrupt the public mind, in Magazines and Newspapers, and disseminating treason? What would be your own fate, if such efforts were successful?

Look

Look for an answer at the example of Palm, the German printer, who, for a single remark upon the tyrant of the continent, was led to instant execution. A free press is the palladium of our liberties, it is the security of our freedom. It is the source of that manly character which places us above other nations: though it is licentious, yet to its honest labours we are indebted for our deliverance from slavery; while it is free, we may repose in safety—but it is like the elements, fire and water; it may in wicked hands be perverted to the most dangerous purposes. It is our duty, however, to take care that it should not lose its force or its character, that it should not become a cloak for malignant designs. It is not enough that the British monarch stands alone against a hostile world, that the British dominions is the only spot in Europe sacred from an invader, but that our own press shou'd ally itself with the enemy is monstrous. Such a press must be put down—it shall not be. The press has become most licentious—it disturbs the peace of domestic life. It attempts to pollute even the spotless ermine of the Bench. Our public establishments cannot escape its malignity. And when such is the state of the press, it becomes this Court, when a strong case comes before it, like the present, to meet it with vindictive justice, and endeavour to stem the torrent of its iniquity. Upon your trial you did not answer, you did not find at the bar any man so lost to the dignity of the profession as to stand forth its advocate. It is indeed so flagitious a libel, that if treason was on foot, I would call it an overt-act of treason. The gentlemen who were concerned for you in this Court, with much good sense urged that its stupidity, and its folly, were its antidote; and in your cause, they threw themselves upon the mercy of the Court; they stated that you had a large family, and that you subsisted them upon the profits of your business, and your Magazine; but surely no man can be permitted to vend *arsenic* for his subsistence—and you cannot even say, "it was your poverty and not your will consented." Because when the verdict was scarcely given against you, you returned to your shop, to expose the libel again, not for sale, for the market was gone, the town was glutted with it. What did you do then? You placed various copies of it in your window with the pages open in those parts which contained the libel, and being consequently placed after each other, you indulged the idle populace, with the enjoyment of your infamy, free of any expence. For repetition of your crime, you were brought to justice at the last Commission, and now you stand here to receive the sentence of the law for your original offence, which is, that you pay a fine to the King of Three Hundred Pounds, that you be imprisoned for twelve months in the jail of Newgate, to be computed from the expiration of your former sentence, and that you enter into security, yourself in the sum of One Thousand Pounds, and two other persons in Five Hundred Pounds each, for your good behaviour during seven years, and that you be farther confined until such security be given.

On the advantages a Lord has in Society.

There has not occurred in the history of nicknames, or in the reports of adjudications, of what Judge Day terms, "*the spotless ermine of the Bench.*" a greater or more serious injury than that sustained by Mr. Walter Cox; by the sentence pronounced on him, that directed he should be pillored, suffer two years imprisonment, pay three hundred pounds, and be held in durance until he should give security to the amount of two thousand pounds for his future conduct

duct. Mr. Cox by a comparison he draws between himself and another culprit convicted at about the same time, for crimes which should be punished by the most exemplary rigour, we mean Lord Louth, infers that if his father had not incautiously taken up the trade of a Bricklayer instead of aspiring to the peerage like Counsellors Scott, Yelverton, and other persons of low Birth, Cox, would not at present be in Newgate, but like Lord Louth, would be revelling in guilty liberty caressed and admired and excused by his brethren, the hereditary Counsellors of the Crown, who try important cases upon their honors. Besides avoiding Newgate, which a Lord like Lord Louth has effected; Cox might be disposing of his country as Lord Louth has done, instead of disposing of his Magazine. The first case would have decorated him like Judge Day, with *the "spotless Ermine of the Bench,"* as effectually as the second has driven him to Newgate. Lord Louth has been convicted of subornation of perjury, of hiring another wretch, to swear against an industrious poor man, father of a large family; for cutting down a tree that never grew in his Lordships Demesne, nor in any other Demesne, nor in any land or water, stone quarry or lime Kiln in the Universe. Here is a noble Lord at liberty, though proved to have committed crimes at which the highwayman would revolt with horror; and Cox, to whom even his enemies cannot ascribe any act of immorality; any act of disgrace or meanness; but the pursuits of honorable industry, is consigned to a prison, and doomed to suffer every privation which suspended industry, and a large family must inevitably occasion.

Laying aside the immorality of the question, or the dispute which Cox and the law have fastened on the Lord, it should teach parents who have the welfare of their children among their most important considerations, to make them peers or peeresses, as precautionary preparations, that must guard them in the practice of those peccadilloes which are inherent in our nature, against those checks which the laws in such matters only intend for the vulgar. There is no country where titles are so numerous as in this United Empire, nor a place where they can be had on more reasonable terms. Mr. Grattan has assured us, before he "*walked after his country to her grave,*" and made his great discovery of the French party in Ireland, a crime which he was accused of himself, by the Doctors of the College, and Beresford's corps; that titles were bought and sold. just as frequent as seats were in the House of Commons. Now, on this authority, a father like Mr. Cox's, who neglects the protection of the peerage, now so useful to Lord Louth, must not be only improvident, but criminal in the extreme, as he leaves an inheritance of infamy with his IGNOBLE posterity.

The greatest anxiety and alarm prevail among the Swaddlers, relative to Lord Sidmouth's bill. An extraordinary meeting was held in Whitefriar-street; the committee sat until a very late hour, and adjourned over till seven o'clock next morning. The proposed regulations will sensibly affect the travelling preachers and exhorters. The meetings are to be continued. Biblemouth and Finethatch much distinguished themselves. From the days of Praise-God-Barebones until the present moment, Zion was never declared to be in greater jeopardy.

Question by Michael Hughes a Blindman of Ballivor near Trim.

You sons of Apollo pray expound, how a chanter of a Bagpipes and regulator-stops may be executed that the sum of the chords of the middle notes makes 17; and rectangle 70; the sum of the chords of the alts 14; and rectangle 45. Also required the sum of the squares of the unisons and semitones that the root of the lesser squares may be equal to the root of the difference of their squares but more 2000.

Maihematical Question.

(Concluded from our last, page 281.)

PROBLEM 3.

To find four numbers, the difference of every two of which shall be rational square numbers?

This Problem is resolved by finding three numbers, the sum and difference of every two of which are square numbers, for the fourth number will be the sum of the other three and is thus investigated, Assume x^2+4y^2, $4x^2+y^2$ and $4xy$, for the 3 numbers, and their sum $5x^2+5y^2+4xy$ for the fourth number, then are all the conditions satisfied, except the following duplicate equality viz. $5x^2+5y^2=\square$ and $3x^2-3y^2=\square$, write vy for x, and divide off by y^2, then $5v^2+5=\square$, $3v^2-3=\square$, here a known case presents itself to our view when $v=2$, now for v write $n-2$ and you will obtain $5n^2-20n+25=\square$ and $3n^2-12n+9=\square$ the first equation multiplied by 9! and the second by 25, brings both under the jurisdiction of the diophantine theory, whereby we obtain $n=\frac{2040}{671}$ hence $v=n-2=\frac{698}{671}$ therefore $671x=698y$, where x and y may be assumed at pleasure in this ratio, take $x=698$ and $y=671$ and by substitution we obtain the four numbers 2399057; 2288168. 1873432 and 6560657, vide Eulers Algebra, quest. 12, vol. 2, page 224.

P. S. I have solved this last Problem universally, and furnished the solution to Mr James Sally, compiler of Jones's Diary, who promised to publish the same in next year's Diaries. Note also that Theorem the first may be thus exhibited.

Assume m. n any two unequal whole numbers, m greater than n, then

$$\sqrt{m^2+n^2\times m^4+n^4}^2+\sqrt{m^2-n^2}^2\times 4m^2n^2$$

$$\sqrt{m^2-n^2\times m^4+n^4}^2+\sqrt{m^2+n^2}^2\times 4m^2n^2$$

and $4mn\times m^8-n^8$ will always be the roots of three squares, the difference of every two of which, will be square numbers universally.

JOHN MORAN,
Surveyor and Valuator of Estates.
Mount Byrne Lodge near Dundalk.
April, 17, 1811.

Jones's Ladies Almanac, 1810, quest 7. requires $2y\times x=\square$, $2x+y=\square$ $x-y=\square$ and $x+y=$ a cube?

THEOREM.

Assume a=hypotenuse b=base and p=perpendicular, of any rational right angled triangle whatever, then we shall have $x=\sqrt{27\times b^2+2p^2}\times\sqrt{a^2+b^2}^2$ and $y=\sqrt{27\times b^2-p^2}\times\sqrt{a^2+b^2}^2$ universally, the solution given in the Almanac of this present year, by Mr. John Doran altho' true in itself, is of a local nature, and furnishes but one answer; but the above universal Theorem, furnishes an infinite number of answers all dissimilar to each other, by assuming rational right angled triangle dissimilar in their sides.

Mathematical Question,

By Mr. Timothy Dillon, Principal of the Mercantile and Mathematical School, Poolbeg-street.

Being called on to survey a meadow in form of a trapezium; I found the diagonal A C, to be 42 one-half, and the diagonal B D, 47 one-fourth, two pole chains; moreover the angles of the field at A, B, C, and D, measured 77° 39', 95° 30', 118° 04', and 68° 47', in a successive order; from hence it is required to determine the sides, as also the yearly rent of said meadow at 6 guineas per acre, by an equation not exceeding a quadratic, with the true analytical investigation.

Note, A question similar to the above may be seen in Simpson's Algebra, page 281, last edition; but the mode of solution adopted by that celebrated mathematician, not being direct, nor (in

(in my opinion) as elegant as it should have been, in consequence of his having assumed a trapezium similar to the proposed one, and supposing one of its sides to be unity; it is therefore, required to give a direct solution to the above problem, independent of the assumption of a similar figure, under the aforesaid limitation, viz. to have it solved by quadratics.

QUESTION

By Master Nicholas May, Pigeon-House; pupil to Mr. Timothy Dillon.

Three ships a port in latitude 25° 15' N. bound for three different ports, situate in the parallel of 20° 55' N.; A sails in the S. W. quarter 310 miles, and arrives at his intended port which is equi-distant from the other two, B sails in an unknown course S. W. and C whose course is the least sails to the Southeast. *Quere* the respective courses, and distance sailed by B and C when the three courses are in arithmetical progression, by a simple quadratic equation.

ON THE HAT TAX.

This tax has been abolished, the *Patriot* newspaper, ascribe this to be an Act of patriotism of Mr. Foster's, though the real cause of giving it up, is, that it was not productive; the amount of its produce did not pay the Clerks who received it, and for the following reasons it failed: though a penalty of ten pounds could be levied on any person who had not a stamp in his hat, yet every person disregarded the consequence and defied the law, by refusing to purchase the stamp; for there is even in the very vilest professions, such a high spirit among the Irish, that the name of an informer conveys with it the most horrid impressions, and as the collection of the duty, required wretches of this description, it failed, for the want of such men. Nothing shews a greater superiority of character which the Irish possess over the English, than the failure of this tax. In England an informer is a species of small gentleman, to whom no infamy is affixed; in Ireland it cannot exist, it would be driven out of a society of robbers, as a disgrace to any thing human.

PURPLE MARKSMAN CERTIFICATE

At the Catholic Meeting, on Tuesday the 27th of May, Counsellor O'Connell produced an Orange Lodge Certificate, found after some one of those priviledged murderers. It stated, the bearer, Walter Hall, to be a regular Purple Marks Man, and is dated from Lodge 526, held at the the house of Peter Daly, Werburgh-street; Michael Walsh Master, and —— Homan Warden. This Hall by being a Purple Marks Man, has arrived to the highest honors of the Craft; to qualify any person to this distinction, it must be proved in Lodge, that the Candidate, *shed* Popish, *alias* Rebel blood, either by hanging, shooting, burning or stabbing!

Varieties, Literary and Philosophical.

Messrs. A Poiteau and P. Turpin, have commenced a work of great interest to the French botanist, entitled, Flora Parisiensis, containing a description of the plants which grow naturally in the environs of Paris.

M. Walckenear is engaged on a Natural History of Spiders, which will extend to 300 plates, designed, engraved, and coloured, by the most celebrated artists of Paris, and accompanied by descriptions in Latin, French, English, and German.

M. Sage, has lately stated in a memoir read to the national institute, at Paris, the efficay of fluor volatile alkali, in cases of severe apoplexy. "For at least forty years, says he, I have had opportunities of witnessing the efficacy of volatile alkali, taken internally, as an immediate remedy for the apoplexy, if employed on the first appearance of the disease. One of the keepers of my cabinet, aged 72 years, robust, though thin, and very sedate, was seized, while fasting, with an apoplexy. He fell down deprived of sense. When raised up he had the rattles in his throat, his eyes were closed, his face pallid, and his teeth fixed together. I drew out his under lip so as to answer the purpose of a spout, into which was poured a spoonful of water, containing 25 or 30 drops of fluor volatile alkali. At the same time two slips of paper, the edges of which were wetted with volatile alkali, were introduced into his nostrils. The teeth were speedily separated, and the eyes opened. A second dose of alkali was instantly poured down the throat. The rattles ceased; speech and recollection returned. In the course of an hour the patient recovered sufficient strength to proceed without assistance about three hundred paces to his own chamber. In another

hour he got up, asked for something to eat, and has since experienced no return of the disorder.' He reports another instance in the person of one of his friends, who was a great eater, and was struck with the apoplexy while at table. "The volatile alkali excited a vomiting, and after that had abated, the patient took twenty drops of volatile alkali in half a glass of wine. His senses returned, and in two hours he was able to walk in his garden."

A premium of a million of livres was offered by the *French Government*, in May, last, to the inventor of the best machine for spinning thread.—1. To spin thread for woof and warp, proper to be made into a piece equal in fineness to muslin made with cotton thread, No. 400,000 metres; corresponding to No. 164,000 ells to the pound weight. The method of obtaining thread of this fineness, must be such as to effect a saving of eight-tenths of spinning by hand.—2. The same for thread equal to fine cambric muslin: No. 225,000 metres; or No. 92,000 ells to the pound The saving to be seven-tenths of the labour and cost of spinning by hand, —3. No. 170,000 metres; or No. 70,000 ells to the pound. The saving to be six-tenths of the cost of spinning by hand. In these savings are included whatever may be obtained in all the preparatory operations to the spinning of the thread. 4. If all these conditions are not fulfilled, 500,000 francs will be granted to whoever fulfils the conditions of the second and third class.—5. The models must be large enough to be used for working, as in a manufactory.—6. The candidates must explain the whole of their manner of proceeding from the raw material to the finest spinning.—7. The machines that obtain the prize are to become public property.

The introduction of machinery into the woollen manufactories at Vervius Hodimont, Aix la Chapelle, and Carcassonne, has given new life to the trade of France; and of seven millions of livres to which their exportations to Turkey amounted, before the Revolution, they have recovered six millions. These machines were introduced by two Englishmen named Cockerill and Douglas, and the government has bought the property; and given them large premiums for various inventions.

ITALY.

The Academy Della Crusca, at Florence, has been re-established by a decree of the French government. It is to be composed of twelve members and twenty associates. The former are particularly charged with the revision of the Dictionary of the Italian Language, the preservation of the purity of that tongue, and the examination of works presented for the prizes offered by former decrees.

AMERICA.

A comparison of the observations made on a meteor which exploded over Weston, in Bonnecticut, in December, 1807, by Mr. N. Bowditch, gives the following results: This meteor, of which the shower that fell was a partial diminution, not an entire destruction, was about 18 miles high in the atmosphere. Its course was S. 7° W. in a direction nearly parallel to the surface of the earth; and its velocity exceeded three miles per second. The least of all the limits ascribed to the diameter of the meteor is 491 feet. A body of this magnitude, and of the same specific gravity as the stone which fell at Weston, which weighed about 225 pounds to a cubic foot, would contain a quantity of matter exceeding in weight six millions of tons. If the specific gravity were at the same as that of the air at the surface of the earth the quantity of matter would exceed 2000 tons; but if we reckon it to be the same as that of the air at the height of the meteor, which by the usual rule for barometrical admeasures is one thirty-eighths of that at the surface of the earth, the quantity of matter would exceed 50 tons. The weight of the whole mass that fell near Weston does not appear to have been more than half a ton.

A chain bridge has been cast over the river Merrimack, three miles above Newbury port, in the state of Massachusetts. It consists of a single arch 244 feet in length. The abutments are of stone, 47 feet long and 37 high; the uprights, or framed work which stand on the abutments, are 95 feet high, over which are suspended ten distinct chains, the end of which on both sides of the river, are buried in deep pits, and secured by large stones: each chain 516 feet long, and where they pass over the uprights, and where the greatest strain rests, they are treble, and made in short links. The four middle joists rest on the chains; all the others are suspended to the main chains, to equalise the floor. This bridge has two passage-ways of 15 feet in width each and the floor is so solid as to admit of horses, carriages, &c. travelling at any speed, with very little perceptible of the floors.

ORIGI

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

A LOYAL SONG,

In humble defence of certain malicious attacks, made on ALDERMAN WHETSTONE'S *Breeches*,

And modestly proving that a MARE *is neither a* HORSE *nor a* MINIKIN-PIN.

Tune—" Your Worship your wings you clap,"
" And think yourself a fine city-cock"
" *Vide Peeping Tom.*"

Address'd to the Author of the " New Drop."

The poet must lower his tone,
Since his *cutting* design I have hit upon;
He has only made use of a *Hone*
As a *Whetstone*, to sharpen his wit upon;
But his worship may caper and bounce,
Nor regard an attack that's so finnikin;
For who would affirm, but a dunce,
That Alderman *Whetstone*'s a *Minikin?*

Now your *Minikin*'s heads are so small
That the ladies are *bother'd* in gath'ring 'em,
But this Alderman's head 'gainst a wall
Would prove a most excellent *battering-ram!*
Besides, from his jowl there's a lump,
†Like the dew-lap of bull's or a chin-cushion;
And in viewing his paunch or his rump,
You'll swear he's no *pin*—but the *pin-cushion.*
Chorus—" Oh his worship may"

Now a *mare*, you see, isn't a *horse! ! !*‡
To be driven like bullocks or beast a field;
But since Adam it ne'er came to pass,
That an Alderman e'er was a Chetser-cheese,
And *therefore* I think it a shame,
For the poet to laugh at his cruel case,
Sure the Alderman was not to blame,
That the stitches gave way in his *jewel-case!*
Chorus—" His Worship may"

For dancing his jig to the pipe,
No one his *gold rein* would be sullying;
But he merits a *metrical* wipe,
For his ignorant bluster and bullying.
For, tho' MARES be allowed to curvet
And caper without e'en a *bit* o' sense,
Thank GOD, they've no privilege yet,
To *scatter their dirt*, on GOOD CITIZENS. (1)
So his Worship may caper and bounce,
Nor regard an attack so finnikin,
For none could assert but a dunce
That Alderman Whetstone's a Minikin.

TOUCHSTONE.

A DE-

† " Deep mouthed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian Bulls."—Shakespeare, hem!

‡ Dear bless us! but thats very queer! ! !—Printers Devil.

(1) Tho' not much encumbered with wit, or the faculty of clear perception, Animals are sometimes known to possess instinct sufficient to warn them when " latet anguis in herba."—a *Mare* knows the way she has travelled before, and will avoid the cart-ruts or precipices; so far instinct is perceptible in our own Mares; but the Hongnhons *Mares* greatly surpass them in that respect, instance the " Grey *Mare* and bay *Filley*." Now we would recommend our *Mare* not to fall into the same error of " bluster and bullying again," for if that should prove the case we shall apply the lash more soundly as the *Mare* becomes more restive.

A DESCRITION OF FOULKE'S-COURT,

Near Ballyspellan Spa, in the County Kilkenny, while in the possession of John Hely, Esq. by whose second son Ham, its beautiful improvements have been lately destroyed.

While drone-like absentees ingulph'd in pleasure,
Their health impair and waste *Ierne's* treasure?
Can then her harp when worth invites b'unstrung,
And Foulkes-courts founder, long remain unsung,
Who, with a true improving taste inspir-ed;
Untainted from the bustling world re-tired,
T' enjoy the rural beauties of his Ville,
Where nature seems subservient to his skill;
For all around, ere cultivation smil'd,
Was one extensive, dreary, barren wild,
Where shady Frescoes form a safe re-treat,
Impervious to th' extremes of cold or or heat,
Or visto's intersects embowering groves,
Where, in his youth, he practis'd secret loves,
Or where an ever blooming neat par-terre,
With od'rous balms, perfumes th' exhal-ing air,
Disclosing fresh-blown, fragrant flowers to view,
The pride of Arab, India, and Peru.
Where those adopted exotics receive,
More lustre than their genial climes could give,
Here may the fair be soothed into sense
From their, tho' mute, yet cogent elo-quence,
Reflect how beauty, fading as a flower,
Becomes th' incessant prey of every hour,
Or how the sens'tive plant abhorring vice,
From mortal's tainting touch shrinks back and dies,
How all, in fine regale both sense and sight,
By blending deep instruction with de-light,
Here westward from the dome, a grove-girt sea,
Where finny and feathered tribes unnum-bered play,
To whom th' inveighling angler's tempt-ing bait.
The parti-colour'd fly, or meshy net;
Or merciless fowler's slaughter-spreading gun,
(Such death-dispensing wiles) are all un-known,
For all around this wide expanded main,
Such Halcyon days uninterrupted reign,
As realize each famed romance of old,
By Bards and superstitious poets told,
What infelt joys must th' envied patron seize.
When these terraqueous scenes he re-surveys,
While Swans superbly grand, his barge surround,
And other birds, whose strains the dales resound;
Or while he, leaning on his lab'ring oars,
The motto on th' adverse portico ex-plores,
Which to his soul, contemplative, conveys,
"*Fallentis semita vitae's*" flexuous maze,
Or while he, expectant of the sun's up-rise,
On Ballyspellan feasts his wandering eyes,
Whose joy-diffusive, health-inspiring spa
Enchains ne'er-sated death's devouring jaw,
And scarce inferior to *Bethesdah's* pool,
Feels neither diminution nor controul,
Should leprous sores, or scurvy, or taint-ing itch
The skin with tumors numberless enrich,
Or nerves abound with joint-distracting rheum,
Or dropsy's threat to burst th' o'erbur-then'd womb,
Or should the pale consumptive maiden wish,
To reinstate the health-displaying blush,
Or wild endearing consorts barren prove,
And yield no living test of mutual love.
Here active Handy* famed from pole to pole,
(The elastic ball to hurl from either goal)
With more success, yet less expence pre-scribes,
Than deep read, sullen, Esculapian tribes
Of bag-wigged Doctors, tho' of vaunted skill,
Who seldom cure but rarely fail to kill.

PLUCIUS.

* Delany a famous hurler of Galmoy, who lived at, and dealt out the Spaw.

As the following Elegy in Leonine verse, composed by the late Doctor Gilborne on the death of the once wealthy and extravagant Kilpatrick, of Corbally, near Roscrea, may be acceptable to your Classical readers; I send it you therefore, with an English translation, for the next number of your useful Magazine, and am your obedient servant, P. Lucius.

Mortuus est tantus, moestos huic edite cantus,
Nam fate saevo primo praeciditus Aevo,
Filius Aurorae, *princeps* matutinae horae,
Natus ad Æoos fraterni nimmonis Indos
Et proprio jussu terrae relegatus Hibernae,
Dives opum summis positisque infoenore nummis,
Mille dedit signa factis et mente benigna,
Vestivit nudos, horrenti frigore crudos,
Pavit et egenos, generosus, pane quotannis
Laetus obæratis avidis liberare tyrannis,
Nemo fuit tristis coram, non esse sinebat,
Cum biberent Bacchi Jorem, tunc nemo silebat,
Saepe nimis gestivit ab occasu Solis ad ortum,
Vivere festive et lascivium sternere scortum,
In vino multus viribus non optime fultus,
Cum facie fulva semper basiarat in ulva,
In Crines nigros ad Lumbos, minime pigros
Omnigenus lusus arrisit militis usus,
Pugnaque Gallorum Aurigatio cursus equorum,
Cum magno nisu lusit palmaria pila,
Cum laeto risu gaudebat tendere fila.
Hic insignis equo canibus agitavit in arvo,
Astutum vulpem cervum cum lepore parvo,
Hic amicorum adessent si millia duo,
Impensas omnes solveret aere suo,
Ille subest planco restatque *pecunia banco*,
Qui parvi fit ficus nunc mihi desit amicus,
Cum Kilpatricio facessit nota Falerni
Cum Kilpatricio marcessit Schola Salerni.
In lachrymas fundor magno moerore repletus,
Sic damno confundor; inanes mittito fletus,

For CONCORD LODGE, No. 308, *at Carrick on Suir revived and opened Nov.* 1790.

Present Master, Rev. James Smyth, of Churchtown, County of Waterford.

Λαοτομια νεοφυσταις ευπραττειν και προκοπτειν.

Νυν δη και οτεϊτι μυχδιτατα εργα λιθεργῶν
Κἀι κλυτοτεχνῆσ μοῦ μυστηρια καλὰ μεμἠλε,
Τηὸ' ενι Βιβλω ταυτ συνθενταση ηὸ'επιταξασ
Οὐτε δεὸς τι ακηριον, ουτε τις οχιος ελοιτο
Αλλ' ὑμμες θρασυκαρδιοι ορκια πιστα σεβεσθε
Γωνιαιη πητρα τ' ὡς δωματοσ εδραιοπηκτοσ
Ασβηστον φιλιαν και ὁμοφρονα θυμον εχεσθε.
Την δε δικην ὁμοξηλον τ'ασκειτε, τιμιωτατα παντων
Ἠδε γαρ εστιν —— Παντες φθειρεσθ' ενθαδ εοντες
Τῶν δια συνθεσιαὶ θεσμοι τε γενοιατ' απρηκτοι.
Ὡς τε Λιθεις προσφυσ μεγαλοισι συνηρωσε Γυψος
Κηρ εστω γ' ὑμων αλυτον ὁμονοια συναρθεν.

LAOTOMIA NEO-MYSTIS ET ALUMNIS SALUTEM.

Iam quibus est animus penetrare abscondita rerum,
Sacricolisque artis nostrae conscribere nomen,
Haud Locus, haud Ætas praecepta hujusce libello
Cordibus evellat; sed state medullitus illis,
Vos castam servate; fidem fulgentibus Ostro,
Haec potior regnis—Absit qui frangere fratrum
Audebit pacta, aut arcana resolvere jura.
Firma velut Prothyris, maneat Concordia vestra
Intrita ceu calce, solent coalescere saxa.
Sic mentes vestrae unanimi jungantur amore.

Petropolitanus Lucius.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

We defy all the codes of the most capricious monsters that ever disgraced the name of Legislators, to produce any thing equal for ludicrousness and cruelty, to the following:

The husband of any Popish recusant convict, not conforming in three months, should be deprived of his wife; and she was to be imprisoned until she conformed, unless he was willing to ransom her at the rate of ten pounds a month. Here is a law, that allowed the mother of a family, to be dragged from her children, her husband and every domestic happiness; to be locked up in a loathsome gaol among the vilest of the human race, nor could she return to the house where her unprotected infants and tender husband resided, to gladden them by her presence, without her husband hired her from her barbarous oppressors, by paying ten pounds a month. *See Woodessons lectures on the Laws of England*, 531.

The stupid authors of the Express newspaper, have the audacity to tell the public that this cruelty and intolerance have abated in England. We say it is false, the Catholics of Ireland have been petitioning the English Parliament since the fatal extinction of our own Legislature, now eleven years, and without obtaining a tittle of relaxation of a Code, that insults and disgraces the best men in the Empire; so far is Catholicity and Irish used as terms of reproach, that it is but two years since the howl of "*No Popery*," was rung through the island of Britain by Perceval, as the signal for a second edition of Lord Gerge Gordon's massacres; and in the face of this undeniable circumstance, this wretched newspaper advises the Catholic Militia to volunteer for English duty. We say the hatred to Popery has not in any manner abated, since our Legislature sold us. General Stewart who commands in Sicily would not suffer a Catholic soldier, even on his death bed, to have any intercourse with a priest; even the panegyrised hero of Talavera, interdicts his Irish soldiers from hearing mass, in a country, where his avowed object is to restore and protect the Catholic Faith!!!

OBITUARY.

At his house in St. Johns, in the island of Newfoundland, Mr. James Bridge, Publican and Sexton, at the very advanced age of 83. Mr. Bridge was a native of the town of Clonmell, in the county of Tipperary, and a very respectable freeholder and elector. His history is written with considerable notice in Cory's review of the civil wars in Ireland, he was a statesman of the most finished order of the British school, coeval and contemporary with the illustrious family of Toler. Mr. Bridge has been distinguished by a very remarkable, and indeed it may be said, a miraculous anecdote in his life and memoirs, for it appears by the Criminal Calendar of the county Tipperary of which a very splendid edition, is now in the press, by the erudite legal pen of the taper mouth Editor of the Patriot, that Mr. Bridge was murdered, buried, and absconded in the year 1768, for which atrocious circumstance tending to diminish the Protestant ascendancy, to withdraw good subjects from their allegiance, father John Sheey a Popish priest, aged fifty-nine years, four months, and twenty-nine days, was hanged agreeable to the statute, in such cases made and provided, for the disposal of Popish priests, and other persons who had the effrontery to inculcate preachment or spelling, to the native *Hirish*, and contrary to an ancient anglo Norman law, which interdicted the use of beards, lands, and begging; very prevalent among the savages of Connaught, Edenderry, and Baltinglass, before the introduction of civilization and settlement, made by the soldiers, apostles, and prophets, of our illustrious Sovereign James the I. of Glorious Memory, and his successor Oliver Cromwell, who established the reign of the saints, and the first farming societies in Ireland.

The readers of the Irish Magazine are respectfully informed that the first number, so long out of print, which began in November, 1807, is now in the press, and will be published on the 1st of June, and every successive month, another number will be published, until the two first Volumes, are compleated. Gentlemen who wish to patronize this new Edition of the Magazine, by leaving their address, at the office, will have a preference in securing such copies as they order.



JEMMY and his MAJOR
Going out in the Morning

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR JULY, 1811.

GOING OUT IN THE MORNING.

TO this Month's Publication we prefix an engraved representation of Mr. O'Brien and his Master, going out on their daily amusements, at the horrid period, when the people of Ireland were given over to every monster as a species of game, to gratify the taste and enlarge the amusements of fiends in human shape; who in the name of God and the King, blasphemed the one, and dishonoured the other, by exhibiting the christian and the subject in every variety of misery, that the most fertile invention in death and torture could in its deepest malignity invent.

Between the battalion of Testimony, the armed Attornies and Lawyers, Beresford's Blood Hounds, and the other innumerable ministers of horror, the unhappy people were kept in a state of the most awful apprehension, the night brought no repose, nor did the rising sun promise cheerfulness, nor did the hearth-stone give security, nor the bed relaxation; for the informer and the murderer never slept, nor did the executioner pause over his lashes, nor relax one minute at the gibbet; old and young were every hour either suffering under the brutal humour of their guards, trembling on the triangles, or expiring on the gallows. None of the authorised monsters of the day were more cruel, industrious in blood, or insulting in language than the Attornies; blood literally rolled wherever they trod, neither sex nor age was spared by those wretches, nor obscurity however remote, or poverty however squalid or disgusting, could either conceal or protect the victim. The opprobious name of Papist was a conviction in itself, and the human game was legalized.

One set of triangles stood in the Royal Exchange, at the gates of the Castle, where every groan and its correspondent laughter, must have vibrated with unerring distinctness at the Viceregal table. The present Earl of K——, then Lord ——, presided at one of those feasts, and actually directed every blow in the torturing of a young man, a Quaker, of the name of Jonas Shaw, whose

death in a few weeks after, was some clear evidence of the skill and strength of the noble Lord and his associates. To the utter disgrace of the Lord Lieutenant and to Lord Castlereagh, to their neglect and carelessness, perhaps it is to be attributed, that the very seat of his Majesty's Government, within the very gates of Dublin Castle, and within thirty yards of his Excellency's bedchamber, in the grand house, at the principal entrance, the torture was inflicted on the body of a young man of the name of Bushe, a Dominican Friar belonging to Denmark-street Convent. This poor sufferer was kept a close prisoner in the guard house; and to amuse the brutal loyalty of the soldiers, he was in the space of three days, half hanged six or eight times, by hoisting him by the neck on the guard house door, where his struggles could afford the greatest amusement to his executioners without taking his life; at last some merciful person had him removed to Kilmainham gaol, where he remained unhanged, until he was expatriated; he lives at present in the state of Maryland. As the Exchange was then the head-quarters of the Yeomanry, and being situated in the centre and principal avenues in the city, it gave an opportunity of furnishing amusement to the whimsical cruelty of the gentlemen on duty, by the great number of passengers that thoughtlessly passed. To be ragged, was a strong evidence in their judgment of rebellion, and woful was the punishment; to have long hair was a sign of hypocrisy; to have no hair, was a sign of sedition, and both crimes were equally punished. To be a countryman, of which description numbers came into town with provisions, a strong presumption was formed he must be a spy, or an ambassador from some rebel camp. The grey coated criminal was immediately seized, dragged in to have a humorous trial, and if no evidence of guilt could be extorted, the poor fellow was stripped naked, and the most indecent industry used to discover had he any wounds that would prove his guilt; sometimes he was discharged with a hearty kicking, at another time he would be ornamented with a Pitch Cap, with which he galloped through the silent streets until the flame expired for want of fuel.

In Essex-street within 400 yards of the Castle, another triangle and Pitch Cap establishment flourished in great estimation under the administration of the Dunbarton Fencibles.

The Shelburne barracks, Stephens-Green had its triangles, *oubliettes*, and pitch cauldron. But the most eminent and distinguished in the dispensation of torture, was Beresford's Riding-house. There the voice of human misery never was closed; it was like the fire of a light-house, in the night it was never out, a constant succession of new fuel kept it in view, you could trace it to its foundations, by the sound or brilliancy it flung from its walls.

Mothers were always to be seen prostrated on the paths to this charnel-house, imploring mercy with one child, while they pressed another unripe infant to their breasts. After satiating themselves on the exhausted victims; after revelling in wine and blood, the military bravoes began the new day by an excursion on new adventures. The drums were braced up, the horse yoked, the triangles, picketing staves, lashes, and ropes, laid in proper form on the car; the gates thrown open, and forth marched the corps of torturers, preceded by the black executioner, the moving gallows, and the music, sounding "*Croppies lie down*," and "*God save the King*" alternately; a noble Lord frequently commanded on those occasions.

The Barracks, Barrack-street, had a very extensive establishment; but, to give every due credit to the Major who

had the management of it, a man who had money might purchase his liberty in many instances, or buy off, a hundred or two hundred lashes; if money was scarce, the establishment would take the price of its indulgence in *kind;* hay, and oats were good articles, and the market price was to direct the valuation; linen cloth, saddles, tandem, and coach harness; military boots, whiskey and wines, were among the enumerated articles of the house. The Major had his prisoners divided, not in proportion to their respective crimes, for not one half of them were impeached of any particular offence, only the general ones of Popery and Poverty. The party who could come *down* to the deputy, who acted as agent between the accused and the Major, could have the choice of any of the two apartments, allowing adequate remuneration; one place of confinement was a good flagged yard; the other was a room thirty feet square. In the yard there was a kind of tent erected, and whoever of the crowd could occupy it during the night, was much better situated than those exposed to the skies; all the disadvantage such as were in the tent were at, that they were obliged to sleep on the flags. Such as had an understanding with Mr. ——— the deputy, were indulged with the room or hall to sleep in; this indulgence was had at different prices, regulated by the apparent means of the prisoner; but, as there were so many candidates for admission, it was usually managed by the caprice of the keeper, his loyalty or the temper he might be in, when the whiskey or his avarice was at variance with his understanding. The fortunate candidate who was admitted, was completely secured against the elements, by the immense thickness of the walls, and the high and strong roof, though the wind passed freely through the windows, they being unglazed; yet, its influence was rather moderating than inconvenient, as they tended to dissipate the vast animal effluvia, arising from the bodies of two hundred men locked in each other's arms, in a room not thirty feet square; for they had no bed, but the floor, never undressed, and were so closely packed when they lay down, that one person could not rise, without a a corresponding movement of the whole line. The vermin were so numerous, that it never came into any persons head to either banish or destroy them, they literally covered the clothes of the unfortunate men, and almost disputed with them for the ground they lay on. The Major had always about forty of his prisoners bolted, this was done by chaining a forty-eight pound shell filled with lead, to the persons leg, for whom this aggravation of misery was intended.

The history of the Prevot prison was no secret, the wretches who obtained their release described it, and no person ever denied any part of the accounts given of it; so careless were the managers of this tomb, how public opinion thought of them, that they appeared daily in every quarter, publicly collecting victims. Towards the end of June, 1798, a party of collectors were galloping through Watling-street, one of them in a whim of amusement, seized on a repectable man of the name of Ryan, a Skinner, who was amusing himself with his infant child; he was taken by the head, and put standing on the ground, or rather hanging between two dragoons, each of whom held him by the hair, and in that condition galloped away with the poor man in the presence of his family; by the time they got near the Prevot gate, their prize was so incapable of poising himself, that he was a burthen on the hands of his executioners, when one of them dispatched him with a pistol, in the open street.

Major Sandys who was then the ostensible agent in these affairs, was brother-in-law to Mr. Cooke, the Se-

cretary under Lord Castlereagh; and indeed if the noble Lord and Mr. Cooke were strangers to the manner affairs were managed in the Prevot, their friend and relation, must have conducted himself with singular reserve.

(To be Continued.)

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

It is an old observation in domestic economy, "when the family dine abroad, the kitchen is silent at home." Our emigrant gentry have realized the adage, they dine in London, and we hunger in Dublin; this evil had its origin in the history of our masters, "*set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil.*" They came here among Cromwell's paupers, and they returned Lords. Time and revolution have performed wonders, the men who waded through blood to distinction, have written their biography in the misfortunes of nations. Ireland and France have an historical and genealogical affinity nearly the same. A Corsican wields the sceptre of one nation, and a Birmingham fanatic legislates for the other; the descendants of Condé are begging in England, and the O'Neills are digging potatoes in Desmond.

History appears in two chatacters in Ireland; the men who travelled from England to speculate in our lives and properties, register us as barbarians and rebels; this is the complexion they put upon affairs, because, in the annals of pirates, success is the first feature in their notions of rectitude. Redmond O'Hanlon is named a robber in the statistical history of Armagh, and the men who wrote it, name themselves honest, because they possess the power and the plunder. So far is one part of history plausible, because no one dare trace misfortune by a fair investigation; if we dare do so, we would defy the world to shew any other character of Redmond O'Hanlon, but that of a high and indignant spirit, who would retaliate on the spoilers of his patrimony, and the murderers of his kindred; and dispute, with his single arm, the right of retaliation and the justice of vengeance; Redmond only wanted an army to be the avenger of his country, Heaven has written his right, and Hell only is his antagonist.

Sir Thomas Osborne has been prevailed upon to occasionally ornament the columns of the Evening Express with his literary assistance. With such an auxiliary, we defy the press, or Swift's menagerie, to produce such another specimen of the diseases of the head.

The garrison of Comfort Lodge has been suffering more than four months, all the privations which a long and vigorous blockade must occasion, the whiskey is now spent more than a fortnight, the two chiefs, the Captain and the Doctor, have been obliged to regale on the short allowance of a quart each day for the last month; to this paucity of ammunition, must be ascribed the dulness of the Riding-house Gazette; however, hopes are now entertained that the siege will be raised in a few days, by the arrival of Wellesley Pole, whose interest with the Mass-lane army will be used to effect a reconciliation between the adverse parties. The Doctor, as he had no occasion to use his shoes within the last month, has been employed repairing them, by the advice of Tipperary, that he may appear before Mr. Pole in as elevated a point of view as possible.

The gallant General Tarleton, in the debate in the English House of Commons, on the exchange of the militias, spoke highly of the sporting advantages our country would afford to the English officers, exceilent fishing and SHOOTING; we are of the same opinion, as to the excellence of shooting. Never was finer game than our country affords, the militia gentlemen will exactly meet the season,

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it began on the FIRST instant and will end on the TWELFTH; the Ban-bridge, Letterkenny, Enniskillen and Newry sportsmen will open the amusements in their respective districts. If the *Ambassador Serjeant* would condescend to count the *game*, and grace the amusements by a bar-sermon, our national recreations would have a character of dignity not to be paralleled since the days of Sir Charles Coote, who, in 1643, travelled among the *mere* Irish with his pistols and bible, while one instrument dispatched the enemy, the other was used to sanctify the measure. The King's enemies disappeared, and the Glory of God was advanced.

The *Broad-stone* Doctor has nearly failed in his literary speculations, he had promised himself that Mr. Pole, would help him to *freedom* and a new wardrobe, in exchange for his Tipperary puffing; but the poor Doctor's experiments in the *Hibernal Journal*, have so cleared up his incapacity, that he apprehends, he must not only pass another winter, in his thin surtout, but be banished from the whiskey feasts of Comfort Lodge.

Doctor Duigenan asserted in the English House of Commons, that the Irish are entitled to no merit for their services, that they fight for money, that the heroes of Barrossa are not entitled to any more commendation, than other mercenaries should claim. The history of their country will prove the contrary, for it will appear that no men fight on cheaper terms; Ross. the Marengo of Ireland, to the knowledge of General Johnson who was present, will prove that they fought fourteen hours without intermission, and never expected a groat.

At the battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May, Marshal Beresford describes a new kind of enemy which had done considerable injury to the allies, this was a body of POLISH pikemen, who unexpectedly appeared and attacked the British on the rere; General Beresford was much astonished, at the uncommon pikes, so very different from those used in his own country. The Irish pikes, had but one POLE to each, but those plaguing pikes described by the Marshal appears to have two POLES. However we have the satisfaction to say, on the authority of the Gazette, that the Beresfords never *flogged* pikemen, with so much credit, as the Marshall did the fellows who appeared on this occasion.

The Right Hon. Doctor Duigenan has insidiously reflected on the Catholics of Ireland, by an attack on Mr. Finnerty, who, the Doctor designates as a journeyman tailor. This is a falsehood, Mr. Finnerty like Franklin, was a Printer; we defy even the prophetic vulgarity of the learned Civilian, to say, that Mr. Finnerty's abilities may not one day, like Franklin's, contribute to enrol his country among the nations of the earth. He may, like his venerable brother tradesman, assist in the expulsion of other Arnolds from the country they betrayed. The history of a Duigenan may be handed down too, with that of an Arnold to posterity, like the monsters described by the Heathen Poets, not so much for their own consequence, as for the talents and taste that gave them immortality.

Had Mr. Finnerty's humble parents reared him in a religion, that makes an Irishman an enemy to his country, his abilities would assure him as high rank in the State, as other humble men, who have worn the unspotted "*Ermine of the Bench.*" Like the Scotts, Yelvertons, Georges, Dalys, and Downes's, he might be sitting and deciding in all the solemn forms of judicial character, sermonizing in Bench eloquence, taming his hungry countrymen, and eulogising the British Constitution in the presence of a trembling

trembling criminal, emaciated with labour, and worn down by persecution.

In our last number we contradicted the servile and stupid assertions of the *Evening Express*, that insists public opinion in England, has abated much of its animosity towards the Catholics of Ireland. We have been fortified in our opinion, by the language of Mr. Perceval, who assured the House of Commons, since our last publication, that public opinion is not so favourable to Catholic claims as some gentlemen have imagined; and the House of Commons, who were listening to the fanatical orator fully coincided with him; for they rejected the Catholic Bill, and even lamented, that such an application had not been prevented at the Union by what Mr. Bankes termed putting it to rest. Mr. Bankes whoever he is, for we acknowledge, we do not know, our Lawmakers, ought to remember, if our rights are to be put to rest, our labours should be postponed also, and if ever that circumstance happens, we believe Britain herself, will share in the repose. Catholics are treated by Mr. Perceval, as dogs were treated by some Pagan Priests of antiquity, they are retained to guard the temple, but are regarded as too unclean to be admitted within its walls.

At the exhibition of paintings at the Dublin Society House last month, a capital likeness of the Duke of Cumberland appeared, under which was written, "*The gift of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, to John Giffard, Esq.;* the enemies of the empire could not wish to see a stranger evidence of the disposition, a certain quarter entertains towards Catholic Claims than this document manifests. We defy any person in the empire to shew any services done by this vulgar favourite, except his industry in reviling his Catholic countrymen, that could warrant such condescension and notice on the part of the Royal donor. The Irish Catholics are beating the enemies of the *cidevant* House of Brunswick, in every quarter of the world, and Mr. Giffard is patronized for abusing the same Catholics.

The Attorney General was pleased to say, when Mr. Cox was brought up to the King's Bench, that it was no excuse for a man to say he wrote sedition for a livelihood. The Law as it stands does not allow such an excuse as want of bread to disturb society; this is a plausible position, but Mr. Cox is seditious for exposing rich men who sold the country by the Act of Union; surely in a moral point of view, with such an apology to supply his wants, he is not so criminal as the rich man will appear to the world, who destroyed the order and rights of his country, to gratify his pride or his avarice.

The man who disturbed his country by selling it, is considered respectable, because he *has* himself decorated with "*The spotless Ermine of the Bench,*" for his treason. Power justifies his criminality, and visits humble and honourable victims, with persecution.

The officers of the seventh dragoons had a harmless table engagement at the Rotunda a few nights since, to which his Grace the Duke of Richmond and such of our nobility and gentry as are yet in Dublin were invited to share the amusements prepared for the gallant occasion. Several well regulated discharges of Burgundy and Champaigne were fired off in the course of the evening, and explosions of loyalty and patriotism so loud, that they might be heard in the camp of Albuera. We are desired in our account of this feast, to contradict an erroneous report in some cotemporary prints, that stated, JOHN NELSON of Holles-street, and Captain Bryan Maguire, of Fermanagh, were part of the company; because such gun-powder characters, could be dispensed

pensed with, where dancing and drinking and the arts of peace are so characteristic of modern heroism. Nelson and Maguire would not only give an unpleasant taste to the wines, but spoil the tuneful harmony of the band, and ruin the measure of the lively heeled *mustachio* dancers, of which a very sprightly group were provided to diversify the amusements of the night.

Trial by Jury.

Several complaints, very justly founded, are frequently made by the Catholics, against the manner the Trial by Jury is conducted in respect to them; the returning officer is always a Protestant, the Grand Jury Protestant, and in all cases where a Catholic is to be tried, for libels, misdemeanours, or charges of sedition or treason the petty Juries are always Protestant. Now as we are made to understand from time immemorial, that Catholics are aliens, and by what fell from Mr. Perceval and his cronies in the House of Commons, they must continue so, and as it is a practice of the Law of England, that when an alien is tried for a capital offence, the Jury is composed, of half strangers and half natives. *Per Medictatem Linguae.* Why not extend this indulgence to Catholics, a kind of domestic strangers?

A general speculation in black-cloth and boroughs, has occupied the Taylors and Members of Parliament within these few days; on the report of his Majesty's bad state of health, John's-lane and Luttrelstown are literally in an uproar. The prices of votes, sewing silk, and drapery, were so variable yesterday, that the Tailors or *Flying-stationers* at the close of the evening, with their best judgment, were not able to reduce the markets to any settled standard.

Mr. Bernard Coile, has promised his interest to Luke White on the expected Election for the County of Dublin—Miles Duigenan has been busy securing the Catholic interest for Mr. Shaw. One good turn deserves another, for no man was more solicitous for the comfort of Mr. Coile than Luke, when the first gentleman was a prisoner in Kilmainham, and the other High Sheriff of the County. Mr. White was so careful of Mr. Coile, lest any mischance might happen in the long journey he had to make between the prison yard and his straw, that he allowed him an escort of fixed bayonets to his long flagged cell. Miles is regulated by a kindred gratitude, for at the time Mr. Duigenan was *killed* at the battle of Hacketstown, and his house in Grafton-street was beseiged, and the treasonable sugars and wines were taken into custody, by the amazonian assistants of the besieging army, Mr. Shaw very handsomely offered to represent the City of Dublin, that said city should not suffer any inconvenience by the absence of its principal delegate.

It appears from the speech of Sir John Newport, on the question of allowing the Catholic Irish Militia serving in England to have Chaplains, that an English Divine, now a Bishop, advised *Catholics should be driven out of the army.* The learned and Rt. Rev. Divine who we presume, owes his Mitre to his zeal, must have a great opinion of the numbers and prowess of his fanatical countrymen; but, we would ask him, if the Catholic Militia soldiers were banished from the service prior to 1798, what standard would now be flying on Dublin Castle? Surely he cannot presume to say, that the crippled nailors of Birmingham, or the sickly weavers of Manchester, would be sufficient to crush the hardy and enraged Irish peasantry; or that the names of Moore and Abercrombie would appear respectable in military history, if they were to depend on their own exhausted and debilitated countrymen. The world know, that if the Catholic Irish were driven out of the ranks, the name of England would be but a tale in the history of nations, that the remainder of the force

force after deducting the Irish who had to fight at Talavera, Albuera, and Barrossa would be fitter for a workhouse than a camp.

Relief of the Portuguese, proposed by the Duchess of Richmond.

LADIES SUBSCRIPTION.

	£	s	d
Duchess of Richmond	25	13	9
Lady Georgiana Lennox		10	0
Lady Jane Lennox		10	0
Lady Louisa Lennox		10	0
Lady Charlotte Lennox		10	0

This example of Princely munificence has had great influence in the loyal part of the Irish fair, they have come forward with such a generous feeling of benevolence and patriotism, that we expect it will not close until ten or twelve pounds are in the hands of the fair treasurer, ready to be remitted to the gallant and suffering People, for whose relief it is intended.

In addition to the above names, the following have appeared in the PATRIOT:

Mrs. Giffard	0	0	8
Mrs. Sirr	0	0	5
Miss Sirr	0	0	5
Mrs. Beresford	0	0	10
Miss Beresford	0	0	5
Miss Biblemouth	0	0	10
Mrs. Biblemouth	0	0	5
Mrs. Tighe	0	1	3
Mrs. Pulley Gallagher	0	0	10
Miss Pulley Gallagher	0	0	5

General Beresford appears with two recommendations to Parliament; first his successful struggle with the French army, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer expresses his victories; secondly, a failure he had in Ireland; though the latter was not any disparagement to his character as a soldier, it must be severely felt by the hero. He lodged the money he collected in Buenos Ayres, with his *legitimate* banker, John Claudius Beresford, but the charge has been so incautiously distributed, that even those great Generals the commissioners of bankrupts are hobbled, to make out any disposeable muster of it. We trust Parliament as General Mathew has very handsomely suggested, will not allow a great General, to go to the plough, for the indiscretion of his relation. If he is to be rewarded with the modern civic wreath, the Coronet, the bounty of his country will not bind it on his brows, without assisting him to bear the weighty honor with becoming dignity.

Four gentlemen from Dublin are on a deputation among the innocent peasantry of the counties of Waterford and Tipperary, now more than eight months. The motives which appointed the ambassadors we are no no strangers to, but we advise such persons as have any intercourse with the devoted poor people, to warn them of being seduced into any unlawful acts, by any disguised and insinuating ruffians. Messrs. M'Dool and Kiley, are allotted for the county of Kilkenny and part of Waterford, Corbally and Gibson, are in Tipperary and part of Waterford.

Mr. Sheridan wishes that such a meeting as that held in London, June the 8th, on Catholic affairs, should be annual, until the object was obtained. We have another very different idea from that understood by the procrastinating politeness of opposition. We do not wish that we should be discindible property, to be transferred from one opposition to another; to be rocked in a long voyage by foolish expectations, and lulled into illusions; to be the bugaboes to one party, and the tools of the other. We insist it is necessary for the tranquillity of Ireland, and for the safety of the Empire, that the Union be Repealed NOW, and Catholic rights allowed in the most exclusive meaning of the words.

There is no country in the world but one, where the law discourages eating; and there is no country but that one, has more of eating materials.

In

In that country the food is reared for travelling, and the people who admire what they educated, are allowed to be shot, or to grace the dignity of the "*spotless Ermine*," they are occasionally hanged. If these three modes of disposing of the men and the food, continue but a few years longer, the country will have nothing in it but musket Judges and wig Judges; meat will abscond, and the people will be exterminated. "*Better to reign over a Church-yard, than cease to Govern.*" — BARRERE.

There are several letters from Connaught, that positively state, and from undubitable authorities, that at least twenty women, were detected on the last Sunday at Boirnabrogue chapel wearing shoes. This alarming intelligence was sent off express to Banbridge, and to the Wolloughans of Enniskillen, and such measures have been adopted among those districts and heroes, which must eventually prevent the contagion of spreading. The Farming Societies are to be consulted before any decisive measure, *a la fusil* are put into practice; from their wise deliberations, we expect the supposed ruffianly females, will meet the correction their arrogance, felony and temerity deserve. "Nothing" as Sir John Temple observes, is "a greater evidence of insubordination in the mere Irish, nor a more distinct authority for apprehending impending insurrection, than when the wretches aspire to mutton, or descend to shoe wearing." *Page* 241, *London Edition, printed at the sign of the Burning Cabbin, St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1643.

Judge Day by the small sum of three hundred pounds, which in his mercy he laid on Mr. Cox, as part of his punishment, appeared not to believe that part of the accusation *made up* by the Crown Lawyers, who accused Cox of being an emissary of Bonaparte's; for had the learned ornament of the "spotless Ermine of the Bench," entertained any reasonable idea of the prisoner, being such a person as the agent of the French Emperor, such a sum as three hundred pounds, would be no severe punishment; it could not prolong Cox's imprisonment, nor be much injury to the Corsicans Treasury. The melancholy truth is, Cox is poor; the Court knew the truth of it, and Cox's Treasury, not Bonaparte's, must produce the 300*l.* or Cox will never see the chearful sun again.

Dublin Evening Express.

The loyal writers of the unintelligible paragraphs of this paper, are pleased to assert, in a kind of bastard poetry, that, "*the Queen of the waters, unfurls her triumphant flag*, as a signal of protection to *all nations enslaved*," see paper 18th May. The servile Divines, Doctors, and Lawyers, who manage this wretched print appear to defy every dead and living evidence of historical facts, they differ from the Franklins, Jeffersons, Adams's, and the other patriarchs of American liberty. We would ask those originals in political literature, where and when was the flag of this Queen of the Waters unfurled for the pure purpose of delivering the oppressed? Was it at Lexington, or at Boston, when its inhabitants were butchered in its streets, and subsequently when a bill was brought into Parliament, which the preamble of stated, that the unoffending town should be knocked down about the ears of its citizens? Was it at Bunker's hill it was unfurled? Was it on the burning ruins of Norfolk in Virginia it was unfurled, for the gracious purpose of delivery? Or on the more recent attack on the Cheseapeake and the murder of Pearce? With all these facts of oppression and cruelty before their eyes, will the Express makers presume to insist what they have said of "*the Queen of the Waters*,"

ters," are true? Can the British flag which was unfurled over unoffending Copenhagen, be said to be calling an oppressed people to protection? Copenhagen, Protestant Copenhagen was ascending in smoke; its Colleges, its Hospitals, and Palaces, were burning under the direction of that flag borne by the Queen of the waters; its King a fugitive, and its Navy carried off, with that foreign flag over its own, as a triumphal exhibition of what the Queen of the Waters performs for the delivery of nations. Will the imprisoned Sons of Tippo Saib, write on the walls of their dungeon, that the Queen of the Waters is the deliverer of Nations? Is the murder of their august Father, the plunder of his capital and the destruction of his throne and dynasty, any evidences of the habitual character of the flag, that unfurls itself for the delivery of Nations? We know these questions are unanswerable, by such fanatical and lying parasites as the wrestling Doctor and the stupid linguist his brother-in-law, we leave them to the contempt, poverty, and chagrin, which their ignorant and unintelligible tedious nonsense merits.

On Methodistical influence.

On Sunday 16th June, a concourse of young men who are in the habit of amusing themselves wrestling in a piece of waste ground, near Dominick-street, were unexpectedly attacked by the Police without any previous notice, and many of the unoffending men were cut by sabres and severely wounded by pistol shots, one of whom died within two days after of his wounds. There has been no massacre since the Rebellion, so wanton, so unprovoked, or so blood thirsty as this, nor one that has met with more merited resentment on the part of the public. We do regret, that the outrageous monsters who perpetrated this enormity, were not punished on the spot, for such an unexampled insult on the laws; they would have met the fate they richly merited, from the indignant populace, whom the shocking outrage collected, had not the miscreants retreated to their watch-houses. The contempt and insult with which this detestable institution treat the public, has long been a reproach on the Government, who suffer such an expensive establishment to exist, so inadequate to its professed object, the protection of the Citizens of Dublin. We hope, that Government will no longer allow itself to be disgraced, by suffering the murderers to escape punishment, nor defer putting an immediate end to the horrid and unpopular Police establishment altogether. Though we speak to the feelings of administration in this manner, we know, that the police magistrates are caressed by power; we know the police was created for the purpose of putting a man into office, who has already, in his long life, shewn a disposition to torment his countrymen on every occasion. We see with what progress Methodism is advancing into power in every department of the State, from the common watchman, up to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; we apprehend, by possessing itself of the magistracy as it has done, and as its precursors, the disciples of "*Praise God bare-bones*," did before, that the unfortunate Catholics will not be suffered to enjoy any amusement, however harmless, without subjecting themselves to military execution; for those canting wretches affect such a respect for the sabbath, they would murder their fellow citizens to prove their devotion; nothing in their opinion should be heard on the Lord's day, but their nonsensical rants; nor any thing seen in public, but their gloomy, ill-looking, and artificial countenances, painted with affected devotion, and distorted by horrid gesticulations, as if the God of mercy delighted to see his creatures in misery going through a vicious devotion, that

that makes a man appear rather a devil at a masquerade than a rational being, enjoying the innocent chearfulness that pleases omnipotence, without being repugnant to well regulated society.

Mr. Perceval is a Methodist, Lord Redesdale is a Methodist, Major Sirr is a Methodist, and his colleagues are members of the same ignorant and perverted society. The whole of the Magistracy throughout Ireland are influenced by Methodism; Sunday amusement, and OTHER amusements and festivals observed by the Catholic Irish from time immemorial, are regarded by the official fanatics, as a species of idolatry, and the unprotected people are treated with the most rigorous discipline; to this dreadful and alarming spirit which unites power and fanaticism must be attributed the anniversary shooting matches, and those sabbath murders which irritate the affrighted Catholics. This modern spirit of puritanism, if not checked by some strong hand at home, or some external accident, promises to do as much injury to Ireland, particularly to the Catholics, as could be expected from the hands of the most vandal invader. We trust the Prince Regent whenever he is delivered from the restrictions which limit his will, and with the assistance of the liberal and enlightened men with whom he has spent his life, that he will stop the progress of this fanaticism, that threatens by its ignorance, its beastly enthusiasm and persecuting character, to shake the British interest in this country, by driving the man, whose valour sustains and honors the British flag, into disaffection and resistance; for we say, it is not safe to deliver over four millions of brave men into the hands, of the most contemptible race of fanatics that ever disgraced British society, since the murder of Charles I.

General Marshal Beresford is canvassing the county of Waterford, to represent it in Parliament, in the room of John Claudius Beresford, his relation who retires. The Commissioners of Bankrupts have discovered, that Claudius cannot any longer sit as a Senator, because, with all their legal investigation, they were not able to discover where the General's money is deposited; the Marshal gathered it in Buenos Ayres, and the Banker lost it in Dublin. We hope whatever little collection may be made in Portugal, it will never be necessary to seek it in the Royal Exchange.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has appointed the Prince of Orange to be a Colonel in the army. The House of Orange is greatly reduced indeed; a House that gave us Kings, and delivered England from Popery and wooden shoes, and Ireland from manufactures and commerce, is obliged to witness its heriditary Serene Highness, stoop so much beneath its ancient grandeur, as literally to be obliged to seek a livelihood, in the humble rank of a Colonel. Though the House of Orange has been degraded by the upstart Corsican, its former services and well merited glory are not allowed to go to oblivion in Ireland. The heroes of Banbridge, Armagh, Enniskillen, Mountrath and Wexford, will never forget their duty to the hero of the Boyne, whilever the law allows them a musquet, or a Papist to afford them amusent in their annual shooting seasons.

Alderman Poole, and the Curriers.

When the fertile and apostolic ingenuity of the late Alderman Hutton, invented the religious sect, since known as the *Curriers*, called so in compliment to their spiritual guide, who was a Currier by trade. They contrived, or the leaders of them did, by the credulity of some old women,

who fell in love with the new discovery to glory, to muster as much money as enabled them to undertake to build a temple for the glory of God, and a vent for the religious *wheezing* of its superannuated female subscribers; for this purpose, they purchased a piece of ground in York-street, and proceeded on the erection of the visible Jerusalem; but, by the time the walls were raised ready to have the roof put on, the fervor of the new saints so abated, or the partial removal of them, on eternal excursions, so embarrassed the funds, that they were obliged to seek assistance among such of the faithful, as would encourage any thing but Popery. Among others, they applied to Alderman Poole, to help them to roof in their tabernacle; pooh, pooh, said the Alderman, I could not think of assisting so new a sect, in the very first act of their mission, to shut up their intercourse with heaven, by allowing a roof to be drawn between the two sanctuaries.

Bench and Bar Sermons.

The season for this species of preachment is about commencing, Messrs. Kiley, Corbally, Gibson and M'Dool from the Head Office, with the assistance of the resident Caravat makers, as a kind of minor precursors, are industriously registering and collecting congregations. From the nature of the industry those gentlemen have evinced in their avocations, it was unnecessary to dispatch the travelling *sergeant* on his accustomed tour. The different subjects to be comprehended in these lectures, will depend on the number and condition of the trembling part of the auditors; there will as usual be a very handsome eulogium on our happy Constitution, and the happy diffusion of morality, protection, and abundance, which every part of it exhibits, since the great improvement it received by transferring the management of it to another country. After this sermon has been repeated to the admiration of the Tythe Proctors, Middle-men, Parson Magistrates, Trading Juries and Man hunters; another will in its course follow. The happy and flourishing condition of the peasantry, and their ungrateful and unprovoked hostility to the peace and welfare of the country, to Farming Societies, *unspotted Ermine*, Caravat makers, and travelling mutton, and other subjects of protection and patronage, which would be justly appreciated in any other country, where there would be any esteem for a Constitution, which is now the envy and admiration of the world. Another professional discourse, or rather routine one, will be preached in its due course, " on the improvement of the high ways, turnpikes and guard-houses; and occasionally, one of the Preachers will sermonize on horse-flesh, on the beauties of the ladies and the urbanity of the gentlemen, and at the end of every discourse, a part of the auditory will be admonished to say their prayers, get new night caps, and prepare for a long journey; and thus the affairs of the Constitution will finish for the season, and the itinerary preachers will be conducted in the midst of rejoicing, accompanied by trumpets, to the social table, and enlivening decanter. *Esto perpetua.*

The public who are in the habit of standing at Mr. Cox's shop windows, are requested to read the paragraphs in the pages of the *Irish Magazine* in a low voice, as it has appeared on Mr. Cox's trials, that a person, of the name of ROBERT SIMPON, who calls himself a gentleman, and the law very correctly calls an informer, has undertaken the care of Mr. Cox's windows, or rather the reporter of any thing which his imagination or loyalty, pleases to convert into disaffection. Mr. Simpson, in the opinion

tion of Mr. Kemmis, Serjeant Biblemouth, and Major Sirr, is a young man of talents and promises in the opinion of those great authorities, to be a great Statesman. However as we have some esteem for our reading customers, we are anxious they should neither offend Mr. Simpson, nor contribute to make his fortune. "A silent tongue shews a wise head," says the proverb—low reading will prevent Mr. Simpson of rising.

Lord Courtney arrived in the United States on the 19th of May, and Lord Louth was deposited in Newgate on the 19th of June. If the people of America, or the citizens of Newgate, have it in contemplation, to ornament their respective dominions with a nobility, we think they never had a better opportunity of inspecting such Right honorable samples.

Mr. Sims the shaver, whose knack as an orator in the Common Council, we have often noticed, has been raised to the rank of General in the Police army. On Sunday the 16th of June, he advanced at the head of a strong division of the Wellesley Poles, or Watch Poles, to disperse a party of mere Irish, who were assembled to wrestle, in defiance of the duties of the sabbath, and in contempt of Abraham M —— one of the Majors Chaplains, who was preaching in a neighbouring field to an absent congregation. The profane fellows were charged with great spirit by Mr. Sims's army, and were compelled to retreat, leaving their wounded to grace the triumphant laurels of the *chin chopper*, whose skill in civism and bravery, has so discouraged the superabundant population, as to be spoken of with raptures, by Biblemouth, Firethatch, and Bulbrooks, and the minor officers, as the best effort of Police tactics.

On Tuesday four draymen and one Lord were committed to Newgate, the former for offending *Sims* the barber, by running away from his pistols, which by an old law discovered by Alderman Stamers spectacles, is punishable by fine and imprisonment, because it is an overt act, that fully convicts a mere Irishman of refusing to be disposed off. The Lord has been abusing his trust as a migistrate, by acting as judge, jury, and executioner in his own cause, if it could properly be termed a cause, where there was no cause. However we hope for the sake of the Country, and the honor of the hereditary Counsellors of the Crown, that people will be deterred from cutting trees on any land, whether the trees be, or be not, on said land. For in Matthew's case, it appears, he was imprisoned 28 days in Dundalk gaol, for feloniously cutting away a tall ash tree, not yet planted. We hope for the credit of Matthews, that the assertion of *Miles Duigenan's Alderman*, is unfounded, who stated that said tree was taken away to make pike handles, for in these disturbed times even the shadows of the POLES, are truly frightful.

Yesterday Justice D—— passed through Abbey-street, on his way to the charitable dispensary, he lately endowed in Potters-lane, at the left hand dung-hill. The Doctor was mounted on his high-boned charger, so distinguished in the Coombe campaigne. Several sailors *destined for long voyages*, customers to the medical establishment, who attended in considerable numbers, received their liquid *dispatches*, for which they paid the accustomed fees and retired.

Mr. Thomas Reynolds, late of Kilkea Castle, and his accomplished lady have arrived in town, from their summer residence in Bath; Mr. Reynolds spends a few days with his old partner, Wm. Cope, Esq. after which he pays a visit, with his friend the Major to Ald. S ——. The public need not be surpised at the strange liberality of the latter gentleman, as Mr. Reynolds has been of the established church, since the identical day he hung John M'Cann.

The

The Wrestling Doctor.

This great genius in wrestling, verse tagging, and medicine, has got himself completely surrounded by a *cheaveaux de frize* of Poles, or in fact he may be said to be covered by a forest of POLES; a kind of literary defence against the intrusion of a travelling species of *Poles*, called catch-poles, very ancient enemies of men of Letters, bad Poets and Doctors without patients. The public are not to understand that the learned Doctor means to Court the protection of the pike POLES, for the Doctor is so loyal since his ancestors resigned their principalities, to cultivate potatoes, that he has utterly rejected the rabble assembly, their murdering iron night caps, and savage companions. The subject matter in which the sublime genius of the Doctor is engaged on, is a defence of the Wellesley Poles and their civic army, the Major's minor Poles, the Poles of a Police; this work would have appeared long since in unconnected prose and straggling verse, but an unluckly blow he received on the *os frontis* from his barber's POLE, by the poor shaver, whose wife was cured of a long life and a cancer in her mouth in less than an hour, by a notable prescription held in great esteem, by the Doctor and his draymen at the Broad-stone.

The Doctor and the Major have entered into a treaty offensive and defensive, for their mutual interests in the Pole exercise, by which the contracting parties have agreed to *Pole* together. The Doctor through the medium of the *Tipperary* Press, is to denounce such persons as he knows to have had any connexion with the pike POLES; and the Major engages to contrive some ingenious plans, with the agency of Biblemouth, to bring the common enemy before "*The unspotted Ermine of the Bench*"

To enable the Doctor to write and inform, in good loyal spirits, the Major is to advance him a few rations of shoes, stockings, surtouts, and whiskey, and a reasonable supply of dollars, to enable him to go to market, and decide a wager, with a person, who said he dare not whet his knife on the Tholsel steps, nor read a play bill at the corner of Mass-lane, within two months from the first of June.

The Doctor is retained to write another work, purely military, it comprehends a new plan of fortifying Comfort Lodge, a telegraphic manner of reviewing the Sandymount army, by which TIPPERARY may be enabled on all public occasions to exercise his troops from the glass bottled tower, without exposing himself to the attacks of the Mass-lane army, the common enemies of distressed loyalty. A prospectus of this ingenious performance may be seen in the Hibernian Journal, or by application to the author on Sunday's, at No. 174 Great Britain-street. Subscriptions will be taken at the Head Office by brother Biblemouth, who will shew to subscribers, the printed dedication addressed "*To the unspotted Ermine of the Bench,*" on elegant type, by J——— C——— the under Editor of the Patriot, and stationer to the Orange Lodges of the UNIVERSE.

Lord Louth's entrance into New-gate.

The reception this noble Lord met with by the inhabitants of Newgate, was as flattering to his Lordship's feelings, as it was honourable to the hospitality of the convicted citizens. When his Lordship's arrival at the gate, was made known, a simultaneous shout issued from every cell in the goal, so loud and sonorous, as to shake the tenement of guilt to its very foundations. The fatal gridiron, vibrated on its bars, for several minutes, an harmony as well measured and as much

in

in tune, as if the fingers of a Handel were giving life to the swelling sounds. When his Lordship, was ushered into view by Dick Hayden, the acclamations were repeated, much to the honour of the managers of the different divisions; Peppard, the one handed robber gave the signal, and repeated the time from his own cell loop-hole, to his brethren destined for a foreign settlement; Kearns the pick-pocket, regulated his division of divers and tenpenny-makers, by striking up a tune which he performed in a very comic manner by shaking a pocket of bad dollars, accompanied with the words of the song,

" *Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,*
" *To quell vice in others as well as in me,*
" *I wonder we hav'nt more company,*
" *At Tyburn Tree.*"

Nothing could exceed the feminine softness of the cyprian fair, on the occasion, nor equal the distress of a part of them, who could not join in the chorus, which must be attributed to Surgeon Lake, whose unreasonable and ungracious restrictions on their voices, greatly diminished the most promising part of the general gaity. On his Lordship's arrival at his destination at the eastern wing of the citadel every disposable individual of the domestics were ordered to their respective functions, to prepare the apartment in a manner suitable to the rank of the illustrious tenant. Betty Cushin, was ordered with her brush to muster the rambling bugs into one corner, that Tom Galvin, might convey them in his bucket to the dust hole, Nimble Callaghan committed burning lime into contact with some pump water, and in less than an hour, his Lordship's drawing room bed-chamber and kitchen, was as completely discharged of its brown inhabitants, and appeared as white, as the day it was kanselled by that great financier Alick Delany and his spouse, whose arguments with Lord Annally and Judge Patterson have rendered Alick immortal in the history of ring droppers pocket merchants and shutter-heavers.

After some time spent in those cogitations, a new tenant naturally feels from his novel condition, which he generally ascribes to the ill nature of the Judge, the ignorance of the Jury, or the corruption of his Law agent; his Lordship took part of a mutton-chop, a few glasses of port, and adjourned to succeed the ejected bugs in his new bed-chamber, which terminated this busy and eventful day.

Abbe Maury's Speech.

(Continued from the our last, page 264.)

After having defended and vindicated the actual discipline of the Church, from monuments of the highest antiquity, must we also prove against M. Camus, that, by renewing the form of our elections, you cannot take from the Bishops the right of conferring spiritual jurisdiction to the Bishops elected? In the first ages, and at all times, the parish Priests have been nominated by the Bishops alone, who were accountable to society; on the contrary, Bishops were elected by the Clergy and the people; according to the famous maxim of St. Cyprian, *all ought to elect him whom all ought to obey*. This maxim was more applicable to the Clergy than to the people, because they are more immediately subject to the episcopal jurisdiction, but they did not think (as in your savage constitution) of giving the election of Bishops to Jews, Protestants, comedians, actors, stage-players, nay, to the very hangman, by giving this right to the simple quality of an actual citizen. The Bishops of a province, and a visitator Bishop, who was deputed to assist, proceeded to the election, in the presence of the Metropolitan. It was not an election, but

but a confirmation given by the Bishops of the province, and afterwards by the Metropolitan, who invested the new Bishops with spiritual jurisdiction. The Bishops were the judges of the election, and they never proceeded to the consecration, but when the Prelates of the province or the Metropolitan confirmed the choice of the people. The election of Bishops has been afterwards reserved to the Cathedral Churches, and this last form of election has been adopted by the Council of Basilea, and afterwards by the pragmatic sanction; but, whatever way they are elected, it is evident that no civil power has ever conferred, and can never confer a spiritual jurisdiction—no—such a power would be null and void, unless it emanated from the Apostles, because their mission is the only lawful source in the Church. I ask you now, gentleman, if we can be considered as broachers, the first inventors or authors of new systems, when we profess this doctrine? I ask, whether you have a right to attack our good principles, when we can point out the disturbers of public order, peace and tranquillity, in the question that is this day agitating against the Church of France? To what aggressors are given up to, to encounter such a combat before you? 'Tis in the name of a Committee of Researches, *i. e.* a Committee, that has humbly appointed itself universal segatory of the Inquisition and despotism; of a Committee, that has never given us any thing but false alarms, that never spoke to us but with a delirium of fear and partiality of calumny, that dooms to destruction the Clergy of France, by denouncing them before this assembly, and giving them over to the fury of an enraged people! Ah! this great Committee of Researches, so worthy of itself being one day researched, could not humble or mortify us more than by praising us—all their denunciations are to us so many titles of glory. All the vague accusation, the injurious epithets that the Speaker had recourse to in this tribune, don't merit the honour of being confuted or detailed—it is enough for us to denounce them to the Nation, that will sooner or later do justice. The defamer, who flattered himself, that, on account of his obscurity, he would escape public notice, deserves from this moment to be cited before this tribunal, when he honours the Bishops of the Kingdom with his insults and outrages. In their name I return him thanks, for a denunciation that should make him alone blush.

This M. *Voidel*, says that Lord De la Lauriencie, the Bishop of Nantes has been in the name of his department obliged to appear at the bar, returned to his diocese after an absence of six months, that he was commanded to execute the decrees relative to the new Constitution of the clergy; that he refused to do so without the intervention of his Superiors in the hierarchial order, and that he considered himself not obliged to acknowledge the demarkation of his diocese in virtue of your authority alone, or of his own; and that the people enraged against him, threatened his life, and that infallibly he would have fallen a victim to that popular Insurrection had not he made his escape at nine o'clock at night; and that in order to make an atonement for his guilty flight reprobated by all our self-created Committees; he should be brought back to Nantz, arrested and deposed, by the simple election of his successor. I relate or rather repeat, gentlemen, what has been told to us; but I am convinced, that posterity will not believe it; but you who heard it will believe it. God forbid I should consider myself at the present moment necessitated to excite your interest in favour of the Lord Bishop of Nantes; by the just homage that I might at any other time

time render to a Prelate, highly revered, honoured, loved and esteemed to this very day by his diocesans. Accused innocence is not praised but vindicated; but how vindicate or justify it from the scandalous address that has been presented to you? The incredible applauses that have so often interrupted this lecture, that should have been stopped in some other manner, shut my mouth for the present moment—No—I shall say nothing of that curious strange piece; you have judged, decided, and passed sentence; but I shall tell it to your reporter:—Is it possible that you could seriously impute it a crime, to quit a town where the infuriated rabble called for his head?—Is it at the risk of his life that our Casuists of the Committee of Researches pretend to oblige him to reside? Must his blood flow in the midst of an enraged populace, that like so many tygers or birds of prey, are panting to glut themselves with it? Ah! complain not of them who pardon a deluded multitude. But rather tremble at the moment when your victims will no longer fly before the dagger of the assassin; at the fatal moment when your principles of liberty will condemn you—For I foresee and foretell, that your sanguinary reign will not last long. The same Reformer, the ordinary Reporter of your Committee of Researches, has discovered that the Lord Archbishop of Paris was absent for more than the space of a year from this capital, and that in tranquillity he governed his diocese from the top of the mountains of Savoy; whereas, it is the sacred duty or obligation of residence, that quickens the apostolic zeal of the denouncer, M. Voidel. I shall observe, that sometimes the Bishops have been reproached for quitting their dioceses and coming to the capital to reside, but it is not to be imagined that an Archbishop of Paris would quit his diocese and reside at Chambery. This reproach in so many other respects singular, is more so for its novelty. Here I could be with impunity generous towards M. Voidel—you all know the sad and dismal reflections that the episode of his report points out. What—the Lord Archbishop of Paris, a Prelate so distinguished for his piety, zeal, regularity, sweetness of manners, and scrupulous exactness in discharging his sacred functions; and on whose mild, gentle, and pacific disposition and resignation, rather too condescending, the enemies of the public good have counted and relied but too much; this benefactor of the people, whose pious donations have impoverished him more than your sanguinary decrees; this Representative of the Nation, who in June, 1789, has been lapidated with impunity, in the open day in the streets of Versailles, at the closing of one of our Sessions, between the National Assembly and the Throne; without even suing, prosecuting, indicting, or lodging complaints against his executioners, without even denouncing this horrid proscription, that has given all Europe cause to suspect the liberty of our decisions. This most venerable and worthy Prelate, who, during the space of three months concurred with us in all our deliberations; after such a catastrophe, such a dreadful event, and finding no protection from the tribunals, has been obliged, notwithstanding his *inviolability*, to call for leave of absence, which he obtained, and seek for protection in a foreign country; this is the same man whom you have the presumption to accuse and arraign for absenting himself. 'Tis this retreat, this involuntary banishment, that made him shed so many tears, for which you reproach him now! Without the smallest consideration or respects for his virtues, for his misfortunes, for his silence, that should at least be so dear to you, you traduce him before us as a violator and transgressor of the laws of residence!

dence!—ah! gentlemen, let it be allowed us to lay before the eyes of the Nation, his glorious inculpableness, to which the denouncers of the ministers of religion are reduced—no—no, we shall not answer them, we shall only repeat the accusations they are planning, and this will suffice to vindicate and justify the clergy of France. It must however be granted, and the picture of this Session is a proof; our adversaries have great advantages over us; they prepare at a distance and in silence, the evils that they resolved to impute to us; when they have collected in darkness all the arms that calumny present from every quarter of the empire, several Committees (whose opinions are never altered by the presence of our advocates) assembled without our knowledge, and trace the plan of the Combat in which they are to engage us; a Reporter is chosen as an organ of their clandestine councils, to which every one brings as a tribute his means of destroying. The orator thus fortified by this mysterious conspiracy, shuts himself up in order *to work us into a Constitution;* he gives orders to his iniquitous, sacrilegious co-operators, who are preparing to support the attack. When the aggressors are ready, the day of combat is appointed: a Session extraordinary is announced to us without knowing the object—the thunder strikes us before the lightning—the deliberation begins with a long and perfidious report, backed at every page by their violent declamations applauded by the Tribunes. The orator prepared in favour of the decree, read with all the vehemence of a sudden inspiration, their discourses composed at leisure—if we call for an adjournment to prepare our defence, an adjournment that is never refused in matters of the slightest importance in the ordinary tribunals, we are not even allowed two days—we are not even allowed time to reflect, the only power that remains for us to appeal to when we defend our rights:—What do I say? the very moment we make our appearance, we cannot be heard—nothing but a constant interruption, whilst our adversaries are allowed to read what they wrote at their ease in their Cabinets. But, gentlemen, I stop—you know how we are heard, and all Europe knows how we are judged. So, being obliged to reply to a report this moment, and to speeches that have been read with such rapidity, that we could hardly understand them, we can only attack the general spirit of the decree that has been presented to us—we are satisfied to prove that your not authorising the convocation of a national council, has legitimated or rather has necessitated our immediate recourse to the sovereign Pontiff. The execution of the new constitution of the Clergy ought to be manifestly suspended, until the holy See has convened by the intervention of it's authority and the canonical forms to the suppressions and establishments of Bishopricks. Nothing provisional can be done in this point against the Clergy, because the provision incontestibly appertains to the legal title and possession. And we have to apprehend but your power, when we oppose the necessity of waiting for the decision, that you have neither right nor authority to pronounce. We have every reason to call for this suspension, for the organization of the Clergy is in contemplation at this very moment. When all the articles of the Constitution will be maturely discussed before a competent judge, it will be then time to examine whether they be conformable to the faith and discipline of the Church, and this examination the Church had reserved according to the declaration of the Lord Bishop of Clermont. We have formally reclaimed it when you proposed the civic oath; an oath, that binding us to the new Constitution before it was formed, and with the precise distinction that we had made of all the objects that relate to the spiritual power,

could

could not be extended to them, laws that have not been established as yet on the fourth day of February last, and that has been but partly pronounced, as has been well observed on a quire of white paper.

(To be Continued.)

Slaughter in Carlow.

(Continued from our last, page 279.)

I have now to call the attention of the reader to the fate of a man, in whose misfortunes, every independent mind must sympathise, I mean the much persecuted Father Travers, then, parish priest of Baltinglass; a gentleman of a most exemplary character; whose love of civil liberty was his greatest crime. He was no sycophant—no half Englishman—no State Priest—no political declaimer—no Magisterial flatterer. When he preached, he preached the gospel, and the gospel only, to the poor. He never insulted their unparalleled wretchedness, by preaching up the excellence of a *system*, under whose withering influence, a *Nation live on roots!!* and *lie on straw!* under whose baleful government, they wanted common necessaries of life. He was arrested on the information of a wretch of the name of Tool, under the influence of *flagellation!* who, to rescue himself from the torture, thought nothing so efficacious, as the blood of a Priest. It was curious to behold the different corps that surrounded the Colonel, each soliciting the *honor!* of becoming Priest-hunters, but the peculiar loyalty of the Carlow cavalry prevailed, and justly entitles them to that appellation. If Marshal Soult, the most bloody General of the age, was to be escorted, he could not, and indeed I am sure he would not be so closely guarded as the defenceless shepherd. Among the Priest-hunters, none were so dexterous at the sword exercise as the young grazier, who went through that science with uncommon agility over the head of the divine. On his arrival in the gallows-yard, after being exposed to the gaze of every commissioned ruffian, he was ordered to the black-hole (and indeed it is no nick-name to call it so) where, he remained 48 hours, without seeing a human being, or receiving the smallest nourishment of any kind; such was the humanity of his keepers! As misfortune is always fond of company, he laboured under a heavy fit of the gout during his captivity. But to be brief, he was brought before his military judges, accused, and found guilty of communicating, even, with the enemy of the country; but perjury was so palpable on his trial, that his punishment was suspended; some say, at the instance of Doctor Troy, whose influence with the Castle strongly corroborates the conjecture; however, after remaining in gaol for some time, he was liberated, and died after of a broken heart. It was remarkable, that in those dreadful times of convulsion, the very brute creation was infected with the political plague; else, how account for the rage to call in requisition every noble animal that dared carry a seditious load? You Mr. Cox, must have been an entire stranger to the fate of the Priest's Mare, otherwise, it must long ago have distanced Hevey's, or at least, added variety to your gallery. Know then, that in order to purge her of disaffection, she was given into the hands of the young grazier, who sentenced her to be freighted with loyalty, and run nightly expeditions of pike hunting, until sufficiently purified of *Treason* and *Popery*. Such was the wonderful change he effected in the mind of the *beast*, that, it was as difficult to part them, as "*Beauty* and the *Beast*" of better times.

The next butchery committed, was on four of the Tullow yeomen, two of them brothers, of the name of

Dargan ; men, whose martial appearance, and heroism in death, thunderstruck the "crane-faced, linen-cheeked," assassins that slaughtered them. Great as was the thirst for blood, that for plunder, outstripped it ! ! for the moment the prisoners received sentence of death, they were beset by an authorised robber ! who plundered them of money, watches, pocket-books, and all that was moveable. The next that was sacrificed, was Richard Murphy, and John Bern, both yeomen ; whose manly form, and soldier-like countenances, would have adorned the plains of a Marengo. There was one circumstance that attended the fate of Murphy, which must not be passed over in silence, for it will speak with a thousand tongues, and ring in the ear of posterity "the deep damnation of his taking off." Alas ! my Carlow readers need not be informed of the person I allude to, it is too fresh in their memory, to forget the conduct of the descendant of *Bause-ahouga ;* perhaps I dont spell it right, and surely it is no wonder, there has been so much pains taken to make us forget, not only our language, but even, that we are Irishmen ; I believe it means the murder of five. Fie upon him ! was there not enough to do the dirty work of the day ; but his own RELATIVE, in defiance of the ties of blood, must dismount from his charger, and volunteer to administer with his own hand, the leaden dose, to his hospitable friend and kinsman.

(To be Continued.)

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine.

Sir,

Feeling in common with my fellow-countrymen, the effects of those bigotted and intolerant principles which still pervades the minds of our present *rulers*, and the vile means they resort to, to put down every man who has the spirit to proclaim them to the people. I therefore expect you will give the following lines a place in your independent publication, and you will much oblige one who feels, and sympathises in your cause ; the cause of insulted Ireland ; the cause of humanity ; the cause of Catholicity. Yes Sir, I feel for my bleeding country, I feel for the man who scorns to crouch before the hireling agents of an arbitrary junta, and with a firm and magnanimous mind bears up under the lash of persecuting satellites.

Doctor Duigenan, that worthy and enlightened philantropist, whose veracity is so much *accredited!* has, with a conduct unbecoming the clerical dignity, and with a heart seared to every principle of justice, attempted to prove the intolerant principles of Roman Catholics, as a plea to prevent their Emancipation in this land of their forefathers, where, for three centuries they have suffered every punishment that the hand of tyranny, or the scourge of persecution could inflict, or the malice of hell could invent ; but thank God, his silly and stupid reasonings are no conclusive demonstrations of intolerant principles in Roman Catholics ; their religious tenets give the lie to every calumniator, and are built upon the basis of a rock, which bids defiance to every storm raised against it, and though the Catholic may still be persecuted, yet his religion cannot be abolished. But the worthy Doctor's opinion is not that of the liberal and enlightened Protestant who would wish to restore to them those just rights of which they have been so long deprived, by sanguinary decrees and penal Statutes, contrary to every maxim of true policy or justice. No Sir, it would be ingratitude did we not acknowledge our obligations to these friends who have combated in our cause, and yet their generous feelings and sentiments have been borne down by ministerial corruption, whenever they have attempted to support or assert

assert the lawful and just claims of the Catholics of this country, and in no period has hostillity to their claims been more manifested than under the present bigotted Ministry, and even at this critically awful period, so pregnant with calamity to Europe, and involing the fate of the British empire. But how to reconcile to reason, the worthy and learned Doctor's calculations, I know not, when he has the impudence, in the face of the nation to assert, that the popultion of Ireland is but three millions and a half, 1,500,000 of which are Protestants. Did he mean by this assertion to impose on the credulity of the people, or could it be supposed, that any man in his reason would have made such a declaration, if not to excite the laughter of the Senate and empire? When it is proved by the indisputable authority, that the population of this ill-fated country, (ill-fated I say, so far as regards its subjugation, and dependence on the Sister country, which basely takes pride in depressing the character of its inhabitants by the vilest of measures, and in refusing an equal participation of freedom and toleration on the part of the Catholics,) exceeds five millions—four millions of which are decidedly Catholics; and this population, so respectable for talents, for bravery, and hospitality, must bow and cringe at the vile tribunal of a NO POPERY JUNTA, whose religious code is persecution and calumny.

Let it not be supposed that in arguing thus, I have any views that are inimical to the throne or Constitution—No, I only refer to the weak and hostile faction which threatens the existence of the nation, by attempting to divide the people in their marked hostility to radical Reform and Emancipation, when they should rather unite all classes in the bonds of harmony and social affection. The Learned Doctor would next have it believed, that out of 50 landholders, 49 are Protestant; the consequence of which is, that the Protestants pay, that which the Catholics boast as paid by themselves; but it is a plain fact, that this is of a piece with his other self-created demonstrations, and mark him out but a very shallow adept at numerical calculation, or arithmetical progression; but it matters not, providing Catholic Ireland is insulted and depressed, and indeed to do our friend every justice, he is always foremost in those battalions, which seek to render us unhappy. But should I follow this worthy Senator this enlightened philantropist, through all his reveries of fervid intolerance, and spurious declamation; it would far exceed the limits I have prescribed, and I fear, would render me inadequate to the task of commenting on his absurdities. I shall therefore, conclude this letter, with one more remark, which is this, that since the period of 1782, the landed property of the Catholics of Ireland has increased with its population; a plain proof of the futility of the worthy Doctor's arguments; and what has it been owing to, but the doing away those restrictive statutes which disqualified them, and rendered them unable to take lands for a longer period than 31 years. Would it not therefore, be wiser in the Legislature, to do away, the whole penal code altogether, than try to depress a brave and enterprizing people, by continuing the remaining statutes of that code, as it would add to the strength and safety of those United Kingdoms; for it cannot be supposed, that any people could be hostile to a government, dispensing equal laws and equal privileges to its subjects, the truth of this is so clear in itself, as leaves no room for comment. But that the Catholics of Ireland add more to the revenue of the Empire, than any other class of his Majesty's subjects, will plainly appear, when we consider that the population of every ma-

ratime

ratime city, town, and county in Ireland, are of this description; and the reason is further evident, when it is considered, that those restrictive disqualifications under which they heretofore laboured, induced them to turn their attention to commerce as the only means left them to realise any sort of property for their offspring, and even in this, till the memorable period of 1782, they were subject to penalties and punishments; so that it is a wonder how they have risen to any degree of consequence, if we duly consider the disabilities they have laboured under. But that divine providence, which has ever watched over his Church, will likewise still preside to regulate her concourse, and those of her communion, in spite of every effort of calumny; and I hope, ere long, inspire our enemies to do us justice. May this happy event soon take place, is the sincere wish of my heart, and may every Irishman feel for each other, that love and respect which is so essential to our future happiness and prosperity. I now conclude, with this ardent prayer, and am Sir, with love and well wishes for my country, an honest,

HIBERNIAN.

Sale of Sir Ruebens Legboard's Pictures.

Sir Ruebens has added to his collection a very good likeness of the Wrestling Doctor. The Doctor's loyalty and conversion to the society of the *Poles*, has made him a great favorite, with these loyal men, who are so anxious to save Ireland and its Bacon, for the use of our fellow subjects in England. This valuable picture, was intended to be hung in Comfort-Lodge, as a literary Bugaboo, for the protection of the premises against the intrusion of many solicitors, but as the Lodge is under execution itself, if the Doctor's hanging case, was added to it, they might be brought to the hammer together, and posterity be robbed by sacrilegious hands, of an article, which is formed to cut a figure in Tom Reynolds's Gallery of Irish Patriots.

An elegant conversation piece by the pencil of Mr. Pack. The Major and Judge ————, tete-a-tete, over a bottle, the man hunter appears engaged amusing "*the unspotted Ermine of the Bench*," with the humorous stratagems he and his Lieutenant, Jemmy made use of, when the two worthies were the Executive, to extort confessions of concealed and disloyal cups, pictures, and horses. The man of the law appears to enjoy with extreme delight the originality of ingenuity and loyalty which his host exercised in the various labours of his active life.

A capital picture of that distinguished father of street oratory, Mr. Gallagher, the evangelical pulley maker, Almoner and Bigbeggarman to Mr. Latouche. This piece represents Mr. Gallagher suffering a species of martyrdom. Four strong fellows whose seditious and profane appearance are most wonderfully expressed, have the man of God suspended by the legs, over a large tub of buttermilk, on the point of immersing him into the whitening liquid. The passions of fear, and the assurance of glory are wonderfully mingled together on the face of the saint, by the artist, who we understand is one of the hanging board to the company of artists.

A plan and elevation of Miles Duigenan, the Grocer's House in Grafton-st. This piece was done at the expence of the Riding House Army; it was intended for the use of Alderman ——, who as a great civic General, was appointed to direct the siege. Every apartment, desk, tea chest, wine vault, sugar hogshead, drawer, bedchamber and clothes chest, are marked down so accurately, and on a scale so large, that a blind man might find his way to the plunder allotted to each of the brave and gallant besiegers. This valuable historical document was bequeathed

bequeathed to the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, by the late Alderman James

A sketch taken in Ld. Louth's apartment in Newgate. This piece from the number of likenesses comprehended in it and the manner they are grouped, tho' hastily taken, possesses considerable merit. The likeness of Major Reddy, Private Secretary to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, is admirable, Mr. Pollock, of Mountains-town, Clerk of the Crown, is a most happy representation of that facetious and loyal officer, the neat bundle of grey hairs, at the rear of his head are tied very neat, and contribute to make the bearer appear very like a gentleman.

Lord Louth's fine hooked nose droops too much, and the tone of the countenance is not as animated as Mathews remembers it, this alteration cannot be the fault of the painter, it is rather the effect of Judge Day's manner of sermonizing, and the subsequent dejection that must inevitably result on a painful comparison between Louth Hall and Newgate. Captain Parkhurst Aid-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant, stooping over a bason of Water, is excellent, his walking cane and gaiters are superior in point of exactness, but the latter appears to disadvantage without colouring.

Colonel Marlay has as martial an appearance as any distinguished officer could make out of uniform.

Colonel Cuffe, appears under the same disadvantage, all the skill of the painter, has not been able to make the honourable and gallant officer, much more respectable than a private undressed.

Freddy Jones the Player, is too much flattered. The artist must have done him from memory, or from some picture painted at least thirty-years, as his former legs of chairman growth, and his round visage are retained, though the decayed limbs and withered face of the Thespian are so visible, that nothing but gross flattery could be guilty of such incorrectness, Certainly it might be imputed to the bad light he appeared in, by sitting so close to the Jailor's bed, which with the elbow of Lord Louth leaning on the night chair, near the window, possibly occasioned a refraction of broken rays, not favorable to the painter's vision.

Lord Dunsany's manly figure, is an ornament to the picture, but a man who saw his lordship about five and thirty years ago at Mass, at Dunshaughlin Chapel, could scarcely believe what ravages envious time makes, even on the appearance of a Lord.

We do not remember a more portly appearance, than his Lordship made about that period, it was particularly graceful and dignified, when he raised his fine forehead, to catch the holy water.

Sir Marcus Somerville is a good likeness, but the minuter beauties of expression, are obscured by the smoke issuing from a tureen of broth,

Lord Gosford, reclining on the frame of an old fire screen in deep conversation with his law agent, Mr. Barlow of Great George's-street, Register to the late Lord Kilwarden, is particularly interesting. If the painter had left a few teeth with Mr. Barlow to sustain his cheeks, Mr. Barlow would appear as young as he was two years ago.

Sir Charles Coote, counting the trees on Lord Louth's estate, on his fingers, is full of statistical expression.

Mr. Charles Richardson, of Hardwicke-Place, drawn in profile, has little merit, the face is too much Frenchified.

Lord Tyrawley's Wig is drawn too much on his Lordship's eyes, and his left knee is thrown so much into the shade that it appears deformed, by attempting to foreshorten it, to make him bow gracefully to Mr Pratt of King's Court, County Cavan.

The Hon. Colonel Plunkett and the two Mr. Hamans of Drogheda, are

in

in conversation while they sit on the side of Mr. Binns's bed; the Colonel is either describing his campaign in Egypt, or a plan for rebuilding Rosemary-lane Chapel, by a sketch he is making with a burnt stick on the mantle piece.

Mr. Therry, Commissioner of Excise, entering the room, is extremely interesting, as considerable pains appear to have been taken by the painter to exhibit this gentleman in a most favored point of view.

REBUSS.

What six letters are they, which when divided, will stand for an exclamation of pity—a title of respect—and a blood hound in human form.

Waiting your answer, I am,
with due respect,
and true esteem, yours, &c.
YOEVMCPTA.

SINGULAR SOLUTIONS, FROM THE SPANISH OF QUEVEDO.

A treatise of all things whatsoever, and many more, by the most learned and most expert Dr. W. Dedicated to the Company of Busy Bodies, the Society of Babblers, and the Tribe of Old Impertinents, containing many wonderful unaccountable, and prodigious, Secrets, which can never fail.

PROPOSITIONS AND SOLUTIONS.

1. To oblige all handsome women to follow you, if your are man; and rich gallants to do the same, if you are woman.—Be sure always to keep before them.

2. To be sure of a good reception wherever you go, and it is infallible.—Give something in every place, and you will find so good a reception that you will have cause to repent.

3. To make the women you love run after you wherever you go, though she has never seen you before.—Steal what she has, and she will pursue you to the end of the world.

4. That men and women may grant all you ask of them.—Desire the woman to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and they will all grant it.

5. To be rich.—If you have money, keep it; and if you have not do not covet it; and you will be rich enough.

6. To come at any women without ever failing.—If she walks, put on; if she puts on, run; if she runs, fly; and you will soon come at her.

7. That no clothes you have may ever wear out.—Tear them to rags yourself.

8. That you may never grow grey or old.—Die when you are young.

9. To prevent the tailors from stealing your cloth.—Let them make no cloths for you; this is the only remedy.

10. To be in great esteem.—Get much money, live well, and treat all that come near you.

11. To prevent growing old.—Keep always in the sun in summer, and in the cold in winter; never allow yourself rest; fret at every thing that happens; eat your meat cold, and drink water.

12. That you may be successful in all law-suits.—Never pay either counsellor, solicitor, nor fees of court, for all that money is certainly lost, and it is a daily charge upon you; and if you pay them and gain your cause, still your money is gone; and if you are cast, still worse. And take notice, that, before you go to law, the controversy is, whether the money is your's or another's? But when once the suit is begun, the contrivance is, that it be neither your's nor the other's, but their's who pretend to defend both.

13. That you may never be long sick.—Send for your physician when you are well, and give money because you are not sick; for if you give it him when you are ill, how can you expect he should restore you to health which he gets nothing by, and cure diseases by which he lives.

THE

MY LORD LOUTH,

A criminal information was granted against your Lordship, by this Court, in Trinity Term, 1809, for an alleged abuse of your authority as a Justice of Peace, in the case of one James Mathews. The first and second counts of that information (with which alone we have now any thing to do,) in substance charge, that you, being a Justice of Peace, and wickedly and maliciously intending to injure and oppress the prosecutor, did, maliciously and without reasonable cause, under colour of your office, procure the said Mathew to be imprisoned as a felon, for cutting a tree between sun-set and sun-rise, without having received informations or other evidence upon oath against him. After the case had been closed, Mr. Justice Osborne, who tried it, distinctly told the Jury that the gist of the charge against the Noble Defendant was his motive; that the Jury must be satisfied not only that the prosecutor had been illegally imprisoned, and by the authority of the Defendant, but that he was so imprisoned for the malicious and oppressive purpose charged in the information; and that if the Jury were not satisfied that such had been his Lordship's motive, or entertained even a doubt thereof, however clear they might be against him upon the rest of the case, they were bound to acquit him. Thus it appears, that the learned Judge studiously sent up your case to the Jury in the most favourable point of view that the facts of law would warrant. The Jury, who, it must be remembered, were of the record pannel, and therefore of a more respectable condition than the ordinary freeholders who usually compose criminal Juries, found your Lordship guilty on the 1st and 2nd counts, and acquitted you upon all the rest.

The material facts of the case, as reported by the Learned Judge, were as follows:—For some years before, and down to the year 1801, Mathew appears to have held a farm of twelve acres under his Lordship, and to have been in his employment, and enjoyed his favour. But in that year, unfortunately, the man incurred his Lordship's displeasure, for having refused to deliver up to him the possession of four acres of ground, which, the prosecutor affirmed, and affirmed upon his oath, were held by him under the title of Mr. Tisdall, a minor; and from that hour, and for his virtuous fidelity to a minor landlord, the most implacable hostility appears to have taken possesion of his Lordship's mind against the prosecutor. I shall not here go into the detail of the various subsequent acts of the most vindictive oppression given in evidence by the prosecutor, to shew *quo animo* the defendant was influenced towards him, all unequivocally flowing from, and referable to the refusal of the four acres; but shall hasten to the immediate subject of the present information. The transaction was as follows: on some Tuesday in November, 1808, Mathew was arrested under the authority of Lord Louth upon a charge of having cut a tree, the property of his Lordship, after nightfall, *upon the prosecutors own fame*, and upon this charge paraded through the country in the custody of a constable to Louth Hall. There a tedious mock investigation takes place, the man is detained a prisoner for several hours, and nothing whatever appearing to affect him, he is at last released; but with a positive injunction to return on the Saturday following, for a fuller exculpation. But scarcely had he withdrawn, when his Lordship's *zeal for justice* rebuked this indiscreet indulgence of four days; and on Thursday (two days before the prosecutor's leave of absence would expire) the Defendant attended by his willing instrument, of oppression, an infamous witness,

Cassidy, and a constable, provided, by anticipation with a warrant of committal, proceeds to the house of Mathew. They find him overwhelmed with domestic affliction; a wife despaired of, and a dear child; but *justice must be administered* They proceed to examine the bank where the tree was charged to have been cut down—they inspect, they search with spades, not a root or trace of a root is to be found; in short, it was plain, even to the defendant that no tree could have been cut, for that no tree had ever grown upon the farm. His Lordship's *just* vengeance, however, was not to be trifled with or disappointed, and the constable is reproached for his tardiness in executing the committal already in his pocket. Mathew expostulates—implores even the two days which had been originally granted to him—two short days to prepare for the obsequies, the last sad tribute of parental love to his departed child—and what is his Lordships conduct? Was it to pour balm into the wounds of this afflicted family? Was it to administer any of those tender offices of humanity, which wealth and power so abundantly command, to a man whose misfortunes might disarm the fiercest spirit of revenge? Alas! no such thing: *stern justice* triumphs over all the effeminate weaknesses of the human heart, and to gaol the man must go, his Lordship escorting him upon the road, and boasting of his lenity for not having long before committed him for the four acres. Under this fabricated charge of a civil trespass converted into a felony, the prisoner remains in prison, though in the snows of December, upon an unbailable committal all offers of bail rejected, all intercession resisted for 23 days. At the ensuing assizes he is tried; the infamous Cassidy steps out of the dock to prosecute him, and he is clearly acquitted without the Jury going out of the box.

Such are the prominent features of a case, in which some of the proudest and plainest principles of British jurisprudence were trampled in the dust. A magistrate erects himself into a tribunal in his own cause; and in a district swarming with Magistrates, at once a party, an accuser, and the judge. Again, a British subject, after having been over and over, without the colour of offence, by the strong arm of lordly power, stript of liberty, and persecuted out of character, is arrested and imprisoned, not only without any charge on oath of guilt, but against conclusive evidence and occular demonstration of his innocence. But this is not all; the worst remains behind; the motive, the four acres! We find the four acres dogging us through all the dirt and mire of a systematic persecution. We find the disgusting object presenting itself to our view at every turn and corner of the case. A personal paltry interest engrosses the whole Magistrate—mixes with and corrupts all his thoughts and all his feelings, and a poor peasant, an object for the protection and not the persecution of an imperious neighbour, is imprisoned—not for having offended the laws, but for the greater crime of having offended the Magistrate!

The apology which is offered in extenuation of this misconduct, is, error of judgment and ignorance of duty God forbid, if such a case were made out for the defendant, that it should not be received as a full and ample defence against the imputation of delinquency. If exemption from error, if infallibility were expected from Magistrates, what would be the condition of the superior Judges themselves? No man of character or of common sense, would be found to accept the Magistracy upon such terms, and the commission of the peace would swarm with trading and desperate adventurers. But the Court of King's Bench never grants an information

mation for mere error of judgment. On the contrary, if it appear that the Magistrate had acted with integrity, and without any indirect and sinister motive, though never so erroneously, the Court will leave the party complaining to his ordinary remedy, and refuse the application with costs. But in the present case that ground altogether fails. The Jury, by their verdict have negatived that plea, and found that the defendant acted *mali animo*; that he became a Judge in his own case, and sported with the liberty of the subject, not from any mistaken sense of justice, but from the corrupt motives of oppression, malice, and revenge.

Such then, my Lord, is the offence of which you stand convicted by a respectable Jury of your country; an offence, which, however great in its own nature, acquires considerable aggravation from the rank and respectability of the offender. If the principle were wanting, it might, however, be hoped, that education, pride, and lofty sentiments which belong to high birth and condition, would have inspired your Lordship with a due respect for the laws of the land, as well as with a just sense of the meanness and magnitude of this offence. The crown entrusted to your Lordship the commission of the Peace in the confident hope that, as your rank would adorn the magistracy, so your example would point out a higher line of conduct to inferior magistrates, inspire them with a pure and unmixed love of justice, and thus by elevating the Ministers of the laws would elevate the laws themselves, in general respect. But what has been the result? Give me leave to say, that the Commission has been dishonoured by your Lordship; and magisterial power, which should ever be the shield of innocence, a barrier against oppression, and the terror of guilt alone, has been degraded in a nobleman's hands into an instrument of the most ignoble passions, of selfishness and oppression. Were this offence to escape the strong animadversion of the Court, the effect would be an invitation of all the Magistrates of Ireland to delinquency. As it is, I trust that the lesson of this day will prove satisfactory. It will shew to the public, that crime cannot find impunity in rank; that justice abstracts herself from all the false influences of station, power, and sympathy; that the British code, like the just Author of our being, is no respector of persons; and that, as the proudest Peer in the realm is not above the reach of the law, so the humblest peasant of the community is within its protection.

The Court have maturely considered this case, and have been long prepared to pronounce a suitable sentence. But at the desire of both parties, we consented to suspend a while the judgment, with a view to an imparlance; and now we are apprized from the bar, that the parties have imparled and come to an understanding; and that an ample and liberal compensation has been made to the prosecutor, by the payment of a large sum of money, over and above his costs. Thus the private injury of the subject is fully expiated; and this dispenses with the necessity of imposing a fine, which had otherwise been a necessary part of the punishment. That compensation, in my mind answers better, the ends of justice; for, while it mulcts the offender, the injured party is redressed. But there still remains an account to be settled between the public and your Lordship. No private prosecutor can compound or compromise the interests and rights of the public. The administration of justice, which is of vital concern to the public, and which it is the peculiar duty of this Court to preserve pure and untarnished, has been sullied and polluted; and for that public injury the public are entitled to reparation, and to call for the

the sentence of this Court:—and that sentence is—that you, Lord Baron of Louth, be committed to Newgate for the space of three kalendar months.

June, 17*th*, 1811.

DISPATCHES,

Of which the following are extracts, have been this day received at Walter Cox's office from the Wrestling Doctor, Generalissimo, and inspector of health to the army of the *Alleys* at the *Broadstone* and *Bradogue*.

Head-quarters Comfort Lodge, June 17*th*, 1811.

SIR—I have the honor to inform you, that the corps under my command was attacked yesterday, by a strong detachment of the Major's *plenipotentiaries*, and after a short but sharp struggle, the princely standard of Idoagh triumphed over the hireling myrmidons. The attack being in reality rather unexpected, as a surprize appears to have been the premeditated plan of the enemy,) I shall go over as briefly as possible the relative situation of either host before and during the action.—The troops which I have the honor to command, were according to custom drawn up in a circular position, something, resembling the conjunction of two of those convex semilunes, called *cyrte* by the Greeks, inverted. I was, (unfortunately!) by a long interval of peace, lulled into such an ideal security as to omit posting the necessary *videttes* on the neighbourhod of the mustering ground; the action therefore, became general before any efficient plan of defence could be adopted. The enemy commenced his attack in two divisions, and at opposite parts of the circle, which being quickly penetrated, he effected a junction in the centre and succeeded in capturing two of our principal officers; he immediately formed himself into a phalanx and was strenuously opposed by some of our *flying* artillery. The necessity of a retreat on my part appearing obvious I directed our main body, (who had already gained the eminence which forms the embankment of the canal, to assume as imposing an appearance as possible, at same time to ply the enemy warmly with the *hand granades* and heavy artillery, with which the summit of the hill is crowned. My centre posted on this rising ground, having answered my most sanguinary expectations, I directed one column to *debouche* itself along the declivity in order to arrest the enemy's progress in (as I shrewdly suspected,) their intended attack on the *Foster battery*, resting my right flank on the deep, rapid, and classical river BRADOGUE, while my left was covered by the irregular, but well directed hedge-fire of some *voltiguers* who had instinctively thrown themselves for the purpose, into a thickly wooded orchard, that skirted the field of battle. These masterly arrangements, and the resolute conduct of my troops removing every apprehension for my personal safety in my intended retreat, I immediately passed the narrow draw-bridge, which crosses the *fosse*, drawing it cunningly after me, "*a ruse de guerre*," of which I availed myself for two very cogent reasons, the one, that my troops might perceive that they had no alternative but victory or death—the other, that should the enemy prove victorious, they would be precluded the possibility of pursuing so valuable an individual as myself without taking a great circuit, which advantage added to my own superior agility, would secure my escape to *Comfort Lodge*; where my *close* attendance during the week days, is of late peculiarly necessary. I had not proceeded many hundred yards, when a figure dressed in blue regimentals and a drawn sword, appeared walking deliberately towards me, at the distance of

of 50 *toises*, I instantly *biovouäcked* into a potatoe field, and tumbling myself among the stalks, laid me down on my face with all the silence and trepidation imaginable; having continued in that uncomfortable situation for some minutes, and the sound of footsteps having died away upon my ear, I ventured to raise my bare-head in order to see how *things stood*, when by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, my hearing was assailed by a tremendous explosion of a *bomb*, and at the same time a number of bullets fell all around me—one of these rebounding from a large potatoe-stalk, taking place in my *omoplate*; I lay for some moments speechless, not doubting, but that some truant party of my foes had discovered my hiding place; a copius effusion of blood trickled down my limbs, at least I then imagined it blood; but a sudden writhe, however, which the anguish of my mind rather than that of my body extorted, convinced me, that a few wind-fall potatoe apples, which my motion had shaken from the stems, had been magnified into a shower of bullets, and an unsavoury odour which now saluted my olfactory nerves, released me from all apprehensions; that the *report* I heard was from a mortar, but that it was, as I may say, a *lapsus linguæ* of my own. My apprehensions having partly subsided, I ventured another peep, and to my inexpressible satisfaction, discovered, that the veteran with the sabre, was no other than a blue coated county of Meath spalpeen with his reaping hook on his way to England, on an *agricultural speculation*. The subsequent part of my retreat was void of interest, and I reached Comfort Lodge at the hour of eight o'clock, where to my unspeakable *comfort* indeed, I put on a clean pair of small-cloths, which I borrowed from the Governor, Burke, Tipperary. I remained ignorant of the final result of the operation on the *Bradogue*, 'till the Courier arrived this morning from General Horish, who assumed the comand *pro tempore*, with the agreeable intelligence, that the valour of the champions of Idoagh powerfully aided by a plentiful supply of what he classically terms *beggars bullets*, and still more powerfully (as he flatteringly expresses it,) by the ability of my manœuvres has atchieved a complete and glorious victory! The assailants in several desperate attemps upon the rising ground, were invariably repulsed and hurled from the rugged declivities, on either side of the road which they attempted to scale; they were at length formed into a firm phalanx, corresponding in breadth with the line of the road along which they *deployed*, and advancing with a resolute step, *a pas de charge* made their last effort to storm the rampart, and occupy the *tete du pont* of turf, and turf kishes, which I had ordered to be thrown up in front of the *Foster battery*. The acute eye of General Horish, observing that the vollies poured from the eminence, in a great measure passed over the heads of the enemy, gave orders to the corps to fire, or *en ricochet*, as practised with such success at the siege of Dantzic, in 1807, by General *Le Febre*. This the general represents as having so magical an effect on the *shinability* of the assailants, as to throw them in a few seconds into irretrievable confusion, which terminated in the destruction and precipitate retreat of the enemy, who were only saved from total annihilation, by the timely interference of a body of Cavalry, (an *arm* in which we were totally deficient) and the humanity inherent in the magnanimous defenders of the glory, and reputation of the most ancient and illustrious house of Idoagh.

I have not yet been able to ascertain from General Horish, the casualities naturally incident to so sanguinary an engagement, he however assures me that the loss on his part, has been comparatively trifling, and excuses himself

himself from particularizing individual merit, as the conduct of the whole detachment of the *Allys* deserves equal praise and equal admiration

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Yours, &c. &c. &c.

BRENNUS.

N. B. I forgot to mention that General Horish informs me of a diversion having been made in the course of the battle by the *gardes du corps* of the garrison of Channel-row, the general formed the troops on his right plank *en-echellons*, to receive them; but the fire arms of the assailants after repeated invitations, could not be prevailed upon to disembogue their contents, which we attribute to the tenderness of some near and dear friends, whom we are presumed to possess in the garrison, and the whole manœuvre consequently failed

EDITORS COMMENTS.

" *Jamque faces and saxa volant furor arma ministrat—*" *Virgil 1st, Æneid.*

As when a keen north wind doth blow,
And drive along both sleet and snow,
You cannot see so fast it snows,
Above an yard before your nose,
As thick as this or very nigh,
Brick-bats and stones and Broomsticks fly.

We have had the honor this day of announcing to the public *exclusively*, the officia dispatch of General Brennus, relative to the action maintained on the Bradogue, against an army superior in numbers, accoutrements and discipline; in which al three proved unsuccessful, when opposed to personal activity and honest enthusiasm. And we cannot as commentators and critics on military affairs, refrain from comparing it to the memorable repulse of Prince Eugene, from Cremona; who had on that occasion the same powerful auxiliaries to his attack, viz. *numbers, accoutrements, discipline and surprize*, as it appears that *Major General Sims* possessed on this late occasion, and we arrogate to ourselves, no little credit for having hit upon so opposite an event for comparison, as the opponents of, and, victors over Prince Eugene, were actually engendered in the very same soil, and fed on the produce of the parent stock of these very potatoes; (which the ancestors of the present Catholic Committee were at that time digging, whilst the house of Idoagh was losing principalities) as the opponents and conquerors of *Major General Sims*. Perhaps the history of mankind does not present an instance of such combinations, of superior generalship, as General B———— displayed on this occasion, the most brilliant atchievements and able manœuvres of Lord Talavera; (and Charly Walsh when besieging the generals present head quarters,) cannot by all the sinuasities of logical demonstration be put in competition with them. Of the first noble peer I apprehend strongly, that if he would but *Tell-the-vera*, his every victory would prove a battle of *Buz and Echo*, or as the Portuguese term it Busaco. Indeed a report was yesterday, current to which much credit was attached, that General Brennier, who lately distinguished himself by his masterly evacuation of Almeida, is a branch of the house of Idoagh, and there is every reason to believe that the report is founded on fact. At the same time that we give our most qualified approbation to the conduct of General Brennier in the first formation of the order of battle, we cannot pass over his retreat without equal encomium, a retreat certainly unparalleled from individuals, that can at all bear comparison with the General in this part of the transaction, what a loss to the painter and the soldier, that faithful John Pack was not present on the occasion, to " bid the scene on canvas live." We cannot however refrain from expressing our admiration of the efficacious plan adopted by General Horish of Ricochet, firing which partakes so much of the spirit and ability of his superior officer, that we could

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have always believed him present during all the arduous trials of that glorious day. In short when we consider the assailants as men completely disciplined, the assailed as diverted of any other qualification but mere native courage, the assailants as men regularly equipped for battle. The assailed having scarcely any weapons of defence, than those which chance* nature and sagacity supplied the assailants, possessing the valuable advantage of a surprise, the assailed rallying after the confusion, incident on an unexpected attack, and totally defeated their adversaries. The assailants plentifully supplied with that most necessary ingredient for modern war, pocket pistols and ammunition; and the assailed possessing scarcely any portable fire arms, save their tobacco pipes, we must certainly consider it as the most brilliant military achievement, that ancient or modern history has transmitted or is destined to transmit, for the tuition of heroes and warriors yet unborn.

RT. HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

We think it a duty to Ireland to give the following Jutification of our illustrious countryman, written by himself; though not intended for public inspection. We have taken the liberty of giving it a publicity which the author never contemplated. The reader will see that Mr. Curran was necessarily driven to this defence by a series of insinuations that were artfully and industriously circulated amongst his political friends, for the purposes of destroying the reputation, and reflecting on the honor of Ireland's most disinterested, manly and intrepid friend; and of concealing their own breach of principle, under the ruins of a character, which neither time nor prejudice can destroy, in a country which he has ornamented, and whose cause he has long, though fruitlessly vindicated.

TO THE RIGHT HON. H—— G——.

DEAR, SIR,

When you were last in Ireland, I talked to you of a subject on which I thought it might be necessary to communicate more distinctly by letter. I was unwilling to attach much importance to the assertions of mere malice and falsehood, while they continued vague and indistinct; or, by descending to repel them, expose myself to the humiliation of an acquital from so vile an accusation. I was additionally restrained by reflecting, that I could not go into any vile accusation of myself, without some allusion, at least to persons and to things, that should not be wantonly or unnecessarily introduced; but, as I find that the same Calumny has acted with no small degree of perseverance on both sides of the water, I think it an haughtiness, to which I am not entitled, to assume that it could not have acted with some success. Besides, all delicacy, with respect to things in their own nature somewhat private and confidential has been removed, for the purposes of aspersion; no decorum has been observed, which the rank of the persons concerned, or the natu e of the subject might have suggested: in repelling these calumnies, therefore, I draw aside no veil—I do not even allude to any topic, not already public; and I should well deserve to be condemned, if when basely accused, I could stand mute under the pitiful pretext of affected delicacy or discretion. I find myself, therefore, at length, compelled to address you formally on the score of that friendship, of which, for so many years, I have enjoyed the honour and advantage; to such facts as you already know, I need only allude; as to others, I must be more explict.

You will remember the state of Ireland in 1779; and the necessity under which we found ourselves, forming some bond of honorable connexion, by which the co-operation of even a small number might be secured, in making some effort to stem that torrent, which was carrying every thing before it. For that purpose our little party was formed;—it consisted of yourself, the Duke of Lienster, (that excellent Irishman) the late Lord Ponsonsby, Mr. B. Daly, Mr. G. Ponsonby, Mr. Forbes, myself, and some very few others. It may not be for us to pronounce encomiums upon it, but we are entitled to say, that had it been as successful as it was honest, we might now look back to it with some degree of satisfaction. The reason of my adverting to it is, that, under the sanction of that party, and in it

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* On this occasion poor Paddy had nothing in his hand—but his fist.

its presence, it was agreed between Mr. G. Ponsonby and me, that if any circumstances should arise, under which it might be honourably open to us to accept office, it should be on the terms of his taking the first, and my taking the second place in the course of professional advancement. That this was no paltry compact, with any view to the attainment of preferment, was obvious, for either of us could at any time command it; it was solely a pledge to secure co-operation and perseverance in what we deemed our public duty. With what fidelity I adhered to every part of the engagements we then formed, you well know; and you also know at what sacrifices, and under what professional persecution, and what implacable and successful attacks upon my person, my character and my fortune. I so acted, as to be fully entitled to perfect reciprocity of good faith; and to consider the performance of the personal part of the compact as matter, not of favor, but of right, which I might receive like the payment of any common debt, without being crushed by the humiliating sensation that I must have felt, if my debtor, by such payment, could become my patron or benefactor. Upon the basis of this compact which was always publicly known, and adopted by Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1795, Mr. G. Ponsonby was then nominated to the office of Solicitor General. The completion of that arrangement was prevented by the change of the Irish Administration; the compact itself continued with increased force, (if by the continued fidelity of observance, compact can be susceptible of accessional obligation) till the late change in 1806; it was again acted upon by the parties to it. On that occasion I was the only interested member of that party that remained in Ireland. I did not write to any of my friends then in London; not to Lord Ponsonby; not even to you. I knew your zeal for my interest; I knew the friendship and purity of Lord Ponsonby—I was sensible of the warm protection of Mr. Fox, to which I had no claim, save what might be suggested to a noble and generous spirit, like his, by my conduct as a public man; I knew also, the protection my interests would have found in Lord Moira, Lord Erskine, or Lord Howick, had such protection been necessary. I felt no solicitude for myself; I remained at home; the event justified my confidence; Mr. G. Ponsonby accepted the seals; a proof, of itself, that I must have been appointed to the next attainable situation. That next situation could be no other than the office of Attorney General; it was the only place in the power of the new Administration to vacate; from its offical rank in the Government, it was the natural passage to that place on the King's Bench, to which, as next in professional advancement, I had a right to succeed. But on this fact I was not left to conjecture. I was apprized by letter from you, and also Mr. G. Ponsonby, that my interests had been taken care of; Mr. G. Ponsonby communicated the same to a relation of mine, then in London; directing him to inform me that my place as Attorney General was fixed, and that my coming over would be but unnecessary trouble.

The Duke of Bedford soon after arrived in Ireland, and Mr. G. Ponsonby, as Chancellor, became an Irish Minister. At our first meeting, he assured me, somewhat in the stile of his previous letter, that my friends had not been unmindful of me, and that I would find every thing perfectly to my satisfaction. In a few days however, I learned that the Duke of Bedford had sent for Mr. Plunkett, the then Attorney General, and assured him that he was not to be removed. It soon appeared that the report was true. To me the fact was incomprehensible; Mr. G. Ponsonby left it in all its darkness; for when we met, which was only by accident, he was silent on the subject.—I soon received a letter from Lord Ponsonby, then confined in London, by that sickness which was soon to terminate his valuable life; it was conceived in such terms as might be expected from the friendship and honor of the writer. He expressed indignation at the delay which had taken place in effecting that arrangement, which had been conclusively settled; desiring most anxiously to have it explained.—This letter I shewed to Mr. G. Ponsonby, but without receiving any explanation whatsoever, I wrote to Lord Ponsonby such an answer, as he had a right to expect from the affection of a man, to whom he had endeared himself, by so persevering a fidelity, and by the uninterrupted friendship of so many years; such facts as I knew, I stated; but I had no explanation to give. It would be affectation in me to say, that under these circumstances, I was perfectly at ease. I might despise the triumph of my enemies, I could not be insensible to such coldness from a friend.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The

The Keoghs.

This family, or at the least the head of it, John Keogh, of Mount Jerome, has for a considerable number of years been very distinguished in Catholic politics. The father has had the advantage of a good natural understanding, a strong mind, and all the necessary effrontery required in a public speaker. The latter qualification has been sustained with that accompanied dignity, which property assumes, under the influence which men of conscious superiority, claim from accidental elevation.

A great deal has been insinuated to the prejudice of Mr. Keogh, by his enemies, to have enemies is not a fatality peculiar to Mr. Keogh, it is the inseparable attendant on all distinguished characters, and consequently proves little in the diminution of his respectability,

Mr. Keogh's, conduct has lately given rise to much investigation, not so much for what he does, as is produced by what he countenances.

His sons have been as much noticed by the Catholic body, for their incapacity, restlessness, an unsubdued forwardness, bordering on rudeness, and guided by the most impertinent assumption.

Opposing every act of spirit and dignity that have been adopted by the Catholics of Ireland, not only in the exercise of ungraceful public speaking, and insolent menaces, but in the most industrious acts of obscure intrigue; for our part who had no personal opportunity of observing the public conduct of those assuming men, we are surprised at the temper and moderation, with which the Catholic meetings bore their obtrusion and vulgarity. We forbear for the present, to go into a long detail of what we know, but, will not the public be surprised, if the father's deference for Catholic opinion, and Catholic rights, were as sincere, and apparently incorruptible, as his former conduct seemed to be regulated by, *that his sons* should be allowed without reprehension, to insult the Catholics daily, and embarass their deliberation, and return from their daily labours, to boast of their ingenuity, their stratagems, and arrange new their plans, at their father's table.

If we are allowed to fortify our opinions of this family, by the company they keep, we would ask, the Keoghs, can you, gentlemen, be regulated by a high mind, or a national feeling, who entertain at your table, the vulgar, noisy, libellous, wrestling Doctor? The avowed editor of the Hibernian Journal, a man whose labours are directed against the character of every Catholic Gentleman in Ireland, against the Catholic cause, and against his country. A man already banished from the house of every man, who has any esteem for character, piety, religion or ancestors. A man who is engaged as far as his vulgar lucubrations are capable of doing, panegyrising every enemy of the oppressed Catholic? Is it at the tables of Mount Jerome, and Black Pitts, that an ——— is to be found feasting his hospitable hosts, with his rude humour, and aukward anecdote, at the expense of his country? It is an indisputable fact, that the hired agent, of the meanest retainers of the Wellesleys, Duigenans and Sirrs, is daily at the only Catholic tables, in Ireland, who would descend to such society. If men are to be known by their company, we leave to the public, to draw the inference. If men are to be valued from their works let that public view without prejudice what are the Keoghs doing to gain on public estimation.?

To Doctor Brenan.

There is no man more unwilling to quarrel, with those who have been my acquaintance, than I am; provided they do not transgress, in a gross way, the bounds of decency to-

wards me. I have known for some time, that you had calumniated me, which I did not feel uneasy about, recollecting, that the tongue of that man, who has himself no character to lose, cannot injure the character of another. I know that in a fit of inebriety, some nights ago, in Mr. Darcy's in Cook-street, you said that "now Cox, was in Newgate, you would leave him there to rot." This malignant ebullition did not affect my feelings, because I am sure you would leave *your mother* in Newgate to rot, if she had the misfortune to be sent there. As my opinion of your liability, to periodical fits of scribbling insanity, had been long ago settled; I read your Hibernian Journal essays with the same emotions that the lucubrations of your brother-in-law, Mr. Clinch, or Sir Thomas Osborne were calculated to excite; and although I could not but deplore that the hand of omnipotence had stamped the likeness of a human being on the possessor of such a heart as you have, yet your vagaries alarmed me no more, than the grinning of an enraged *Ouranoutang* or *Hyena*. Although I I am perfectly regardless of that ferocity, which, like the untameable Savage of the forest, will not yield either to kindness or castigation, I feel myself called upon, by your recent libels to state a few facts for the information of the Public. You will see and the readers of the Irish Magazine understand, that when a man, as you have done, impeaches the character of a publication by imputing certain productions to any individual, it seems to argue a knowledge of facts, which could only be obtained from the proprietor of such a publication; and not wishing, for your convenience Doctor, to stand before Ireland in the character your allegations would place me, truths must be told, galling to you, if any laceration can make you wince; but told they shall be, and remember you have provoked them You have stated that articles were written in the Irish Magazine, "against priests by another person." To that charge I reply, that every article, except the coxcomical priest, published in the Irish Magazine, to wit; against Doctor Dunne the priest, and professor of Maynooth College, &c. &c. were all written by yourself. To your next charge, that articles under the head of "The Daggerman were written by another," I answer—that every article, published under that head in the Magazine, except one song, was written by you, Doctor. To your next charge, "that the Lawyers and other members of the Committee were attacked by another;" in the month of October last no person ventured any essay on that score but yourself, and it was my refusal to insert your atrocious libels against the Catholic Committee which drove you to the Hibernian Journal. While the cause of Mr. Keogh, and, as I thought, the cause of the Catholics of Ireland, were at issue with the Catholic Committee, I supported that cause by writing, and inserting in the Irish Magazine, every article which I supposed would further it; but when I discovered your stupid malignity, without any settled object in view, I began to think then, and am now firmly persuaded, that all your political connexions and associates, if not corrupt and treacherous to the Catholics of Ireland, deserve to be considered in no other light, than as so many madmen, who have been doing harm for harmsake. Doctor, you should never talk of Daggermen, if you mean, by that term, assassins of character; you know how to apply this. Since I first published the Irish Magazine, there were only four fiats issued against me for personal and private libels; and you were the author of every one of them: and I am now possessed at least of twenty of your manuscript libels, which I refused to

insert

insert in the Irish Magazine against some of the most inoffensive and respectable men in Dublin, chiefly physicians, which I mean to preserve as a memorial of the *purity of your character*, if you should ever be brought at any future day, into a Court of Justice in the capacity of an informer. You have talked of the author of a "*seditious vision*," in one of your late essays. Here is the informer, but where is the purchase money! Doctor, whatever my suspicions may be, I know not the author of the *Painter Cut*, which is what you mean by a "*seditious vision*," as my affidavit filed in the Court of King's Bench will testify; I believe it possible, that some garrulous blockhead, may have told you that he had written the *Painter Cut*, and blockhead he must be, who would confide any secret, (if secret he wished it to continue,) to the breast of Doctor Brenan. In this case you have betrayed the innate propensities of that abominable character, which has been peculiarly marked by the reprobation of mankind in all ages, without being able to serve your employers, or injure the object of your sanguinary rage. Doctor, the golden harvest, destined to reward the toils of Irish informers, has been long since reaped in Ireland—there is no field at present for genius of that cast to exercise their industry in, as the people of this country are too wise to think of either insurrectionary plans or movements, after the melancholy experience of Ninety-Eight; and the only harvest you can now expect to reap, by being Daggerman to the Hibernian Journal, is the blushing honours of gluttony and inebriety in that temple of intoxication and low riot, called Comfort Lodge.

Doctor, you know the history of James O'Brien the informer; he, whom your exuberant fancy, which, like a dunghill, sends forth only noisome weeds, has of late made the theme of your gross witticisms. He was a murderer—The assassin of private fame is a murderer of an inferior class, —He rioted in all the excesses of priveliged ruffianism; but there was a point beyond which, a corrupt administration could not protect, even O'Brien. The impunity he experienced in the commission of minor atrocities, encouraged him to commit murder—He expiated his crime on the gallows—recollect his fate and amend your life.

WALTER COX.

Sale of the Major's Library Continued.

The Sale had received temporary interruption, as his *honor* had been engaged regulating the missionaries sent down to Tipperary, Kilkenny and Waterford, on Banking and Caravat making, and occasionally employed at the Board of Grace, where he is engaged to preach a course of summer Sermons.

On Tuesday, the 25th of June, the Library was opened, for the usual purposes of sale; among the books, which compose part of the grand collection made in 1798, there have been added several scarce M. S. S. and some good modern publications.

Sergeant Bible-mouth's new edition of his ingenious essays on Bible exercise, which will be of considerable use to Caravat makers, country Justices, statistical Surveyors; where the improvement of gentlemen's estates can be forwarded in beauty and value, by the removal of obstinate tenants; dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Louth, and ornamented with a handsome likeness of his Lordship, from an original picture in the Hall of the Dublin Society.

Memoirs of Peers and illustrious Commoners, who inhabited Newgate, Dublin, since its foundation—this is a very choice collection of biography. The lives of left-handed Nulty, nosey

Lynch, and Moll Fairfield, are so well drawn, that it may be deemed a kind of Newgate classic. The author is particularly happy in anecdote, and rises to a great pitch in historic dignity, when his elegant pen is occupied with proper subjects. His account of Lords Aldborough and Louth, has not been equalled for stile and elegant accuracy, by the most distinguished of Jail Plutarchs since the art of Printing, the light of the Reformation, the manufacture of Nobility and Gunpowder, were discovered. To give an extract, such as our limits could afford, would be a very inadequate account of this publication; we refer the curious to the work itself—*Dugdale.*

A very curious miscellany from the Wrestling Doctor, prose and verse. His apology for the secession of Tom Reynolds, and the famous reasons why that great Statesman joined administration, shew a great intimacy with the private history of the State. His poem on the use and abuse of brown stout, written at Black-Pits, is full of sterling humour, in imitation of Philip's splendid shilling. It has been read by the Doctor several evenings, for the Patriots and Orators at Mount Jerome, and was received with the highest marks of approbation.

His discourse on the *pai mater* and *dura mater*, evince great medical skill, he clearly proves, that they may sustain considerable injury, by thread-bare surtouts, foul linen, and catchpoles; a kind of parental diseases that create others, frequently productive of an imperceptible fracture, which often reaches the brain, without leaving any trace of injury on the skull. The Doctor intended this subject for a public lecture, but being in great want of tenpennies, he is obliged to add it in to encrease the size of his book—*Tipperary printed, for the Author. Price* 10*d.*

Answer to Mr. Cox's assertion in his Magazine for June, who had the audacity to reflect on the character of a noble Lord, now safely lodging in Newgate. The author of this treatise is anonymous, and insists, what we believe to be true, that his Lordship was not *convicted* of subordination of perjury, but was all *but convicted.* This little work is printed by the *Stationer to all the Orange Lodges in the universe.*

Mathews defence of his conduct during the dispute between his family and Lord Louth; Mr. Mathews proves very ingeniously, that if the charge brought against him for stealing four acres of land, were proved; that land-stealing, if practicable, would be greater injury to Matthews, than to Lord Louth, for if land was portable, Mathews's small property could be stolen in one night, whereas, his Lordship's being so extensive, before it could be removed, the robbers must be detected.

FRENCH PAPERS.

SPEECH OF BONAPARTE TO THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

PARIS, JUNE 16.—This day, the 16th, the Emperor proceeded from the Palace of the Thuilleries, in great state, to the Palace of the Legislative Body.—Discharges of artillery announced his departure from the Thuilleries, and his arrival at the Palace of the Legislative Body.

The Empress, Queen Hortense, Princess Pauline, the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, and the Grand Duke of Frankfort, were in one Tribune; the Corps Diplomatique in another Tribune; the Bishops convoked for the Council, and the Mayors and Deputies of the good Cities, summoned to be present at the Baptism of the King of Rome, were on Benches.

His Majesty placed himself on his Throne. The King of Westphalia, the Princes Grand Dignitaries, Grand Eagles of the Legion of Honour, occupied

occupied their accustomed places about his Majesty, Prince Jerome Napoleon on his right.

After the new Members had been presented and taken the oaths, the Emperor made the following Speech :—

" *Gentlemen Deputies of Departments to the Legislative Body.*

" The Peace concluded with the Emperor of Austria has been since cemented by the happy alliance I have contracted : the birth of the King of Rome has fulfilled my wishes, and satisfies my people with respect to the future.

" The affairs of religion have been too often mixed in and sacrificed to the interest of a state of the 3d order. If half Europe has separated from the Church of Rome, we may attribute it specially to the contradiction which has never ceased to exist between the truths and the principles of religion which belong to the whole universe, and the pretensions and interests which regarged only a very small corner of Italy. I have put an end to this scandal for ever. I have united Rome to the Empire.—I have given palaces to the Popes at Rome and at Paris ; if they have at heart the interests of religion, they will often sojourn in the centre of the affairs of christianity—It was thus, that St. Peter preferred Rome to an abode even in the Holy Land

" Holland has been united to the Empire ; she is but an emanation of it—without her the Empire would not be complete.

" The principles adopted by the English Government not to recognize the neutrality of any flag, have obliged me to possess myself of the Mouths of the Ems, the Weser, and the Elbe, and have rendered an interior communication with the Baltic, indispensible to me. It is not my territory that I wished to increase but my maritime means.

" America is making efforts to cause the freedom of her flag to be recognised.—I will second her.

" I have nothing but praises to give to the Sovereigns of the Confederation of the Rhine.

" The union of the Valais has been foreseen ever since the act of Mediation, and considered as necessary to conciliate the interests of Switzerland with the interests of France and Italy.

" The English bring all the passions into play.—One time they suppose France to have all the designs that could alarm other powers, designs which she could have put in execution if they had entered into her policy. At another time they make an appeal to the pride of nations in order to excite their jealousy. They lay hold of all circumstances which arise out of the unexpected events of the times in which we are.—It is war over every part of the Continent that can alone ensure their prosperity. I wish for nothing that is not in the treaties I have concluded. I will never sacrifice the blood of my people to interests that are not immediately the interests of my empire. I flatter myself that the peace of the Continent will not be disturbed.

" The King of Spain is come to assist at this last solemnity. I have given him all that was necessary and proper to unite the interests and hearts of the people of his provinces. Since 1809, the greater part of the strong places in Spain have been taken after memorable sieges. The insurgent have been beat in a great number o pitched battles. England had felt tha this war was approaching its termina tion, and that intrigues and gold wer no longer sufficient to nourish i She found herself therefore obliged t change the nature of it, and from a auxiliary she is become a principa Al she has of troops of the line hav been sent into the Peninsula. Eng land, Scotland and Ireland a drained. English blood lies at leng flowed in torrents, in several actio

glorio

glorious to the French arms. This conflict against Carthage, which seemed as if it would be decided in fields of battle on the ocean, or beyond the seas, will henceforth be decided on the plains of Spain! When England shall be exhausted, when she shall at least have felt the evils which for twenty years she has with so much cruelty poured upon the Continent, when half her family shall be in mourning, then shall a peal of thunder put an end to the affairs of the Peninsula, the destinies of her armies, and avenge Europe and Asia by finishing this second Punic war.

"*Gentlemen Deputies of Departments to the Legislative Body.*

"I have ordered my Minister to lay before you the accounts of 1809 and 1810. It is the object for which I have called you together. You will see in them the prosperous state of my finances.—Though I have placed within three months 100 millions extraordinary at the disposal of my Ministers of War, to defray the expenses of new armaments which then appear necessary, I find myself in the fortunate situation of not having any new taxes to impose upon my people.—I shall not increase any tax—I have no want of any augmentation in the imposts."

The sitting being terminated, his Majesty rose and retired amidst acclamations.

The following account must be as ratifying to the suffering Catholics, as much as it is mortifying to the prophets, who have denounced the downfal of popery, by the attributed infidelity of the French Emperor, an odium thrown upon him among other crimes, which the English newspapers have so industriously fabricated. True religion has not appeared with greater dignity, nor has it appeared on firmer footing within the two last centuries. The first wish of the French Government to restore the tranquillity of the Church after the interruption it received by successive storms of the Revolution, by the hands and impiety of demonatic Atheists. How different is the Catholic religion and its brave professors, treated in Ireland! The horrid picture, is not fit for public view, but the heroes of Banbridge, of Wexford, Enniskillen and Mountrath, are busy writing its misfortunes in our Chapels, and on the Tombs of the parents and children of the conquerors of Barossa and Albuera.

French National Council.

PARIS, JUNE 17.

The first sitting of the National Council was this day celebrated according to the ancient forms prescribed by the usages of the canon of the Church. The Catholic religion possesses no ceremony more affecting, or more august. We regret that we are unable to give more than a faint idea of it in the narrow limits to which our account must be confined. At seven this morning the doors of the Metropolitan Church of Paris were thrown open to the public—the body of the church and the aisles were in a moment filled with those who assisted at the ceremony, among whom we noticed a number of French and Foreign Ministers, and a great many other persons of distinction. At nine, the Fathers of the Council passed out from the Archbishop's Palace, and moved on in procession to Notre Dame. The procession marched in the following order: First, the Swiss Guards, and the Officers of the Church; the Cross; the Masters of the Ceremonies; the Incense bearers; the Choristers; the Ecclesiastics of the second rank; the Officers of the Council, the Metropolitan Chapter, which was to receive the Council at the principal entrance of the Church; the Fathers of the Council, all in their caps and mitres

mitres, with the scarf; the cross, the gremail, and the mitre of the Bishop who was to celebrate the High Mass, carried by Canons; four Deacons and four Sub-Deacons in their surplices *(en chasuble;)* two assistant Bishops; the Celebrant, in his pontifical garb; his Eminence, Cardinal Fesch, Archbish of Lyons, Primate of the Gallician Church, is the President of the Council.

The Fathers were ranged in the Choir on the seats which had been provided for them, having hassocks before them, and some small benches for the assistant Priests. The Metropolitan Clergy and the Rectors of Paris occupied one side of the Sanctuary.

After the Gospel Lesson, the officiating Sub-Deacon carried the book opened to the Celebrant, and to the Fathers for them to kiss. This ceremony finished, M. de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, ascended the pulpit. His discourse produced the most lively impression. Many passages, above all his peroration, appeared models of the most sublime eloquence. The Orator had chosen for his theme, *the influence of the Catholic Religion on social order.* He evinced that the Catholic Religion is the strongest cement of states, by the force of its tenets, by the nature of its worship, and by the ministry of its Pastors.

The Cardinal, who was the Celebrant, now proceeded to the High Mass. At the second elevation, all the Bishops gave each other mutually the kiss of peace. After this, they moved two by two to the Communion, and received the Sacrament from the hand of the Celebrant.

After Mass, different prayers were recited invoking the illumination of the Holy Ghost, and these were ended by the Hymn, Veni Creater.

The Cardinal Celebrant prayed successively for the Pope, and the Emperor, and for the Council. *(N. B. It is thus pointed in the original.)*—The Episcopal Secretaries of the Council then approaching the Celebrant saluted him and likewise the Fathers who received from their hands the Decreees which were to be made public in this Sitting. One of them (M. the Bishop of Nantes) mounted the pulpit, and proclaimed in Latin the Decree for the opening of the Council.—Here follows the Translation:

"Most illustrious and very reverend Father, may it please you for the honour and glory of the Holy and undivided Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, for the increase of the exaltation of the Faith of the Christian Religion, for the peace and union of the Church, to decree and declare that the National Council has commenced."—Then the Cardinal, the Celebrant, and President said "The Decree has pleased the Fathers: in consequence, we declare that the national Council is formed."

The *Te Deum* was then chanted, after which a new Decree was made public, on the manner of conducting themselves in Council—*de modo vivendi in Concilio.* The muster roll of the Fathers' names was then called over, to which each in his turn answered—*Ad sum. (Here I am.)* The suffrages having been collected in the usual form, the President proclaimed a Decree on the Profession of Faith. All the Members made the Profession individually, and thus ended the first Sitting.

PARIS, JUNE 18.—On the 16th, at eight at night, there was a grand banquet at the Thuilleries. Their Majesties dined in public. After the banquet, a concert was executed on the terrace of the palace. Their Majesties afterwards visited the Theatre, and saw the opera of Dido, represented for the first time. —The gardens and palaces were magnificentlyilluminated.

Mathematical

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine,

When I first entered the pages of your learned Miscellany, it was with the laudable design of inspiring my ingenious countrymen, with emulation to follow my example in pointing out to posterity, new avenues leading to the investigations of the Problems contained in the indeterminate analysis of the celebrated Diophantus. I am happy to find I have not been disappointed, as my Queries and Eulers Problem, have been elegantly answered by your correspondent Mr. P. Phelan.

It is generally allowed that Diophantus (the first writer we meet with on Algebra among the ancients,) flourished in or about the third century; but that he was not the inventor of Algebra, appears clearly from his works; for he no where speaks of the fundamental principles, as an elementary writer certainly would have done, but every where treats it as an art then sufficiently known. "His questions, says Mr. Bonnycastle, are so exceedingly curious and abstruse, that nothing less than the most refined Algebra applied with the utmost skill and industry, can be able to surmount the difficulties which attend them, and in this way no man has ever extended the limits of the analytic art, further than Diophantus or discovered greater penetration and judgment in the application of it. When we consider his work with attention we are at a loss which to admire most, his wonderful sagacity and peculiar artifice in framing such positions as the nature of the Problems required, or the more than ordinary subtility of his reasoning upon them. Every particular question puts us upon a new way of thinking and furnishes a fresh vein of analytical treasure which cannot fail of being very instructive to the mind in leading us through almost all difficulties of this kind wherever they occur."

From the above account of the antiquity of this science and the number of learned men who have in different ages commented upon and explained the works of Diophantus, we might be induced to imagine the subject had been long ago exhausted but that this is not the case will plainly appear to any person whose curiosity would prompt him to examine the commentaries of Vieta; Kersey, Bachet, Ozanam, Prestet, Saunderson, Fermat and Euler. Fermat, I believe, first invented the manner of solving a triplicate equality and Mr. Euler has certainly amplified and explained this species of Algebra in a very clear masterly manner; yet all the rest as I have said before, were nothing more than explanatory copiers.

I have Euler now before me and on contemplating his manner of finding three numbers the sum and difference of every two of which shall be square numbers; have happily discovered the following new and universal Theorem.

Let a=any number whatever either whole or fracted, b=any other less than a, $m=aa+bb$; $n=a^2-b^2$; $c=\frac{mnb+a^2b\times m-n}{2a}$; $x=2mnb\times amb-c-a^2\times m^2-b^2n-c^2$, & $y=m^2-b^2n-cc\times b$, then the formula $a^2x^2+b^2y^2$; $b^2x^2+a^2y^2$; and $2abxy$ were be always the three required numbers, which will be whole numbers (when a and b are assumed Integers) by bringing the values of x and y to a common denominator.

Whoever compares Mr. Euler's enunciation of this Problem with the result of my investigation above exhibited, will I presume give my universal Theorem a decided preference; this truly great man, makes use of a table of congruous numbers, whereby he obtains by chance and repeated trials a set of numerical factors suited to a particular purpose only, as if groping in the dark, and really I have to regret, altho' I cannot forbear remarking that he has here departed from that dignity so eminently conspicuous

conspicuous throughout the rest of his inimitable researches; and must therefore pronounce his solution to be of too local a nature to come from the pen of so able a mathematician.

I am however ready to confess in justice to the memory of Mr. Euler, that his manner of Solution, certainly brings out smaller numbers than mine; but then the foregoing Theorem being universal, must in my mind always carry along with it, that superlative pre-eminence and dignified sublimity, inseparably accompanying general and universal conclusions.

The Solution of the formula $a^2x^2 + b^2y^2\ bx^{22} + x^2y^2$ and $2axy$ leads immediately to the Enunciation of a problem proposed by Mr. John Hynes of Dublin, and left unanswered in one of Mr. Jones's Almanac's for the year 1810, but as I furnish Mr. J. Sally, Compiler to Mr. Jones, with a Solution at large to that Problem, I shall not trouble you with a repetion of it here.

If $a=2$ and $b=1$, then m 5, $n=3$, $c=2\frac{5}{4}$ and $x=698$ and $y=671$.

If $a=3$ and $b=1$, then $m=10$, $n=8$, $c=4\frac{2}{3}$, and $x=5283$ and $y=4799$.

If $a=3$ and $b=2$, then $m=13$, $n=5$, $c=13\frac{7}{3}$, and $x=40707$ and $y=23302$.

Hence an infinite number of answers, all in whole numbers, to this curious Question

JOHN MORAN,
Surveyor and Valuator of Estates.
Mount Byrne Lodge near Dundalk.
May, 7, 1811.

Solution to Mr. Phelan's Problem in the Irish Mag. for March, 1811.

Assume $2v\ n^2$, and $2n^2$ for the required numbers, their sum is $2v^2n^2 + 2n^2$, difference $2v^2n^2 - 2n^2$, and difference of their squares $4v^4n^4 - 4n^4$. Now $2v^2n^2 + n^2 + 2v^2n^2 - 2n^2 = 4v^2n^2$ and $4n^2$ respectively which are evidently squares, it therefore remains to make $2v^2n^2 + 2n^2 + 4v^4n^4 - 4n^4$ □'s that is to say $1 + 2v^2n^2 - 2n^2 : \times 2v^2 n^2 + 2v^2n^2 = \square$, now if $2v\ n^2 + 2n^2$, or $2v^2 + 2$ was a square, our equali y by division would become $1 + 2v^2n^2 - 2n^2 = \square$'s, but $2v^2 + 2$ may be rende ed integral squares in an infinite number of ways thus, first we know a case $v = 1$ then $2v^2 + 2 = 4$, a square um ber, therefore make $v = y + 1$ and $2v^2 + 2$ will be $2 \times \overline{y+1}^2 + 1 =$, suppose $\overline{2y-2}^2$, here we find $y = 6$ and consequently $v = y + 1 = 7$, which gives $2v^2 + 2 = 100$ a square. Again let $v = w + 7$ & $2v^2 + 2 = 2 \times v^2 + 1$ will become $2 \times \overline{w+7}^2 + 1 =$, suppose $\overline{2w-10}^2$, here $w = 34$, hence $v = w + 7 = 41$, all the other integral successive values of v will be as follows $6 \times 41 - 7 = 239$, $6 \times 239 - 41 = 1393$, $6 \times 1393 - 239 = 8119$. &c. &c. to infinity where the law of continuation is evidently manifest. Each of these values will serve to furnish an answer to our Problem. Let us therefore begin with $v = 7$ then shall $1 + 2n^2v^2 - 2n^2 = 1 + 96n^2$ make $x = \frac{1}{n}$ and our formula is changed to $x^2 + 96 = \square$. Here a similar case presents itself by taking $x = 10$: Assume $w + 10 = x$, which being substituted gives $x^2 + 96 = w^2 + 20w + 196 = \square$, & $x^2 - 96 = w^2 + 20w + 4 = \square$ which being multiplied, by 49 produces $49w^2 + 980w + 196 = \square$, the upper Equation taken from the lower leaves

$$48w^2 + 960w = \frac{7w}{5} + 28 \times \frac{240w}{7}$$

whence follow by Diophantus's rule $\overline{\frac{1249w}{70} + 14}^2 = 48w^2 + 980w^2 + 196$, & $w = \frac{2353960}{1319901}$ and $w + 10 = x = \frac{15552970}{1319901}$ hence $\frac{1}{x} = n = \frac{1319901}{15552970}$ wherefore $2v^2n^2 = 2 \times \overline{\frac{9239307}{15552970}}^2$ & $2n^2 = 2 \times \overline{\frac{1319901}{15552970}}^2$ the numbers required

quired, and as we can make use of each of the succeeding values of v found above, 'tis plain we can by a similar process, find an infinite number of answers to this curious question.

NEW PROBLEM

There are two numbers x and y which have the following peculiar properties; their sum, difference and difference of their squares are rational square numbers denoted by aa, bb, cc their sum $aa+bb+cc=dd$ a square number the sum of the three roots $a+b+c=\square$. and the difference of every two of them are squares and the sum of the four squares $aa+bb+cc+dd$ being multiplied or divided by the sum of the 4 roots $a+b+c+d$ the result in both cases be rational squares. Query these numbers with the investigation?

JOHN MORAN,
Surveyor and valuator of Estates.

Mount Byrne Lodge, near Dundalk.
June, 23, 1811.

Question by Mr. Timothy Dillon, Principal of the Mercantile and Mathematical School, Poolbeg-street.

In north latitude and on a certain day, between the vernal equinox and summer solstice, it was found by observation that the Sun's amplitude was double his declination, and the latitude of the place exceeded the sum of the amplitude and declination by 17°. 24′: Query the latitude, and the day of observation.

Question by Master Nicholas May, Pigeon-house, pupil to Mr. T. Dillon.

The hypothenuse of a right angled triange is 52, and the rectangle under the sum of the legs and base is 1360; from hence it is required to find the base and perpendicular by the most simple quadratic adfected equation.

VARIETIES,

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

FRANCE.

A person of Verdun has discovered a method of producing an imitation of Chinese Tea, by heating the leaves of the horn-beam in a new earthen vessel, placed in the midst of boiling water, till they have acquired a brown hue, lighter or darker at pleasure. They are then scented by being placed in a box, together with the root of the Florence iris in powder, for several days; after which they may be used as tea. The imitation is said to be so perfect as to deceive persons not previously informed.

According to a report made by Messrs. Deyeux and Thenard to the first class of the Institute, M. Zanetti has discovered a mode of extracting from maize a very fine syrop, the flavour of which is comparable, in every respect, to the syrup made from the sugar-cane. Instead of pressing, as had heretofore been attempted, the entire stalk of the maize, M. Zanetti removes the leaves and the external skin, so that he submits to the pressure only that portion of the vegetable which contains the most saccharine matter. M. Zanetti has also proved according to the same report, that the syrup of maize is susceptible of passing into the vinous fermentation, and that by distillation may be obtained from it an excellent alcohol, little or not at all different from that obtained from molasses which has been subjected to fermentation.

The following simple method has been discovered for detecting the falsification of Spanish wines, which is said to extend to the greater part of those consumed at Paris. Take a vial containing four or five spoonfuls, fill it with the wine to be examined, then, stopping the mouth of the vial by placing the thumb tightly on it, plunge it into a bason of water, while thus immersed withdraw the thumb; if the wine is falsified, the honey which enters into the composition will sink to the bottom of the vial. When the precipitation has ceased, replace the thumb on the mouth of the vial, and bring it up. The liquor deprived of its honey generally proves to be some meagre wine, but is often nothing more than water which had held the honey in solution.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—*The discouragement of genius under whatever guise, would but ill accord with either the letter or the spirit of the prospectus of the Irish Magazine; the patriotic efforts of the muse claim not in vain a place in its enlightened columns. It would be rather presumptuous if we set the following poem in defiance, even of candid criticism. Every poem has its faults, those of the following will not be regarded, at least by the genuine Irishman, whilst his heart warms to the noble and patriotic sentiments of the Author. Why do not the independent prints call Irish genius to the field of cultivation and patriotic exertion? Ireland should abound with enlightened prints; an enlightened press is the conduit of patriotism; too well our enemies know it, and in consequence of this fatal knowledge, how often do we not hear the press insulted; public virtue abused; and patriotism laughed at, by those Editors of hired consciences. How often is not the doctrine of despotism and intolerance obtruded on an insulted public, in the stiff and uncouth metre, while freedom scarcely dare appear, though cloathed with all the lustre of the song. Here we are condemned to read the half inspired lay of an Esquired Poetaster, while truth, employed in defence of virtuous liberty by a genius not to be despised, is rejected and sent back as a nuisance to the author's chamber. Shame upon thee Kilkenny! that hearest within thy walls the groans of liberty, and refusest to tell thy tale of woe! Why weave not to thy winds the banners of an independent press? Shame—eternal shame upon the land, where that noble patriotism that should inundate it from shore to shore, is reduced to the narrow compass of a single channel! Surely Ireland is fertile of genius and of sentiment, and if she has not cause to complain—if the cause of human nature itself be not linked with the cause of Erin—History! thou art a Liar! and the record of Irish suffering is but a Fable.*

AN IRISHMAN.

ODE TO IRELAND.

Hail sacred spot, the theme of other times!
When thy proud fame, was known in other climes;
Hail sacred spirits of the mighty dead!
Who at CLONTARF, for FREEDOM bled,
And while th elysian maze you rove,
Bestow the tributary tear of LOVE
On Erin, *once* renowned and great,
But *now* alas! the sport of fate;
Long abandoned injured isle,
Stranger still to FORTUNE'S smile.

Tho' o'er contending worlds thy sons are led,
The bravest midst the brave;
Still on affliction's lap reclines thy head,
Slow drooping to the grave.

Where e'er the British trumpets call,
Lo! *Erin's martyrs flying*,
And midst a thousand *strangers* dying,
Weep for FREEDOM as they fall.

See o'er the carnage cover'd field,
They march despising fear,
Another in burnished arms appear,
Where thundering cannon mocks the *idle shield.*
Why then doth Erin weep?
O! restless then is Erin's sleep;
Erin! still must thou repine;
Erin countless woes are thine—
For still doth *discord's* tempest howl,
And o'er thy sainted form doth LEGAL VENGEANCE prowl.

The envied greatness of thy *former* name,
Nowappears,
Though multitude of years,
The idle record of an ancient dream;
But yet fair UNION'S COMING DAY,
The frozen chain shall melt away,
Awake O Erin! lo! again it dawns,
O'er thy green enamelled lawns.

Hence fell *dissention* evermore,
Nor with a treach'rous smile,
The *unsuspecting sons* beguile,
Of famed Hibernia's hospitable shore.
Now let old *Tyranny's* envenomed spell,
Be sent back straight-ward to its *native hell.*

One universal love must breathe around,
And when the tender sore,
Which *discord* fettered o'er and o'er,
Shall heal, *then our most sanguine wishes shall be crowned.*

If once fair UNION, link'd as in her chain,
The hideous fiend of sad domestic broil,
Which long disgraced this consecrated soil;
From utter darkness, where,
She lies in deep despair,
Can never raise her blood-stained arm again.

By love like this alone,
A *Nation's strength* is known,
Nor could the tyrant fates themselves aspire.
To damp that breast,
Though *ne'er so long* oppressed,
That feels the holy warmth of Patriotic fire;

Let mutual love and honest fame,
IRISHMEN! be *now* your aim,
But if instead of *this* comes *discord* fell,
Oh! then FAIR FREDOM, HOPE and life itself farewell.

O. C.

Freshford near Kilkenny, April, 1811.

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† PARODY,

To ROSA, who had *obliquely* recommended the sentiments in Lysaghts song of "*Sweet Chloe*," to the consideration of the author.

IMPROMPTU.

Sweet Rosa advised me, *by artifice dear,*
The *Bottle* and *Bowl* to surrender,
But alas! in her eyes is more danger I fear,
Than in *Bachus's* joys,—which offend her:
She bids me, (and Oh! how delightful the task!)
For a "*love beaming eye*," to relinquish the flask,
'Tis "the *Sunshine*"* in which I am burning to bask,
And to give up the joys of the *Bottle.*

To a Soul, whose sensations are wakeful as mine,
Th' enlivening juice is not wanting,
Where *Fancy* and *Hope*, can a garland entwine
Of flow'ry *ideas* enchanting!
Then *Bachus* adieu! take the maddening bowl,
Be *Venus* my goddess!—*at Rosa's controul,*
To *Rosa* I offer my heart and my soul,
And for *Beauty*, I give up the *Bottle.*

ANACREON.

† Vide Poems by the late Edward Lysaght, Esq. *page* 33.

* This is not the "*Sunshine*," alluded to, sometimes, when a man is "*half-seas-over*," i. e. *tipsey.*

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Farewell ye happy scenes, farewell farewell,
Where the low murmur 'speaks the stud'ying mind;
Where each one strives, his classmate to excel,
And step by step, fair knowledge, thus, to find.

Farewell ye guardians, whose parental eye,
Watch'd o'er my conduct, whilst you trained my thought;
Whose still unwearied zeal, caus'd each to vie,

Fo

For my improvement, my instruction sought.
Adieu ye dear companions of my youth,
Be virtue e'er your shield, from actions vile;
May your ardent love, of Godlike truth,
Regain, the long-lost glory of our Isle.

A PUPIL.

HOPE AND THE EXILE—BY COUNSELLOR SAMPSON.

In the far verge of Britain's Isle,
Captive on a rocky steep,
I laid me down and mus'd a-while,
Gazing o'er the silent deep.

Behind me lay that Iron land,
Where tyrants hold their gloomy sway,
Oppos'd lay Gallia's glittering strand,
Where despots smile & slaves look gay.

Westward stretched the wat'ry waste,
Which washes the Columbian shore,
And there an Emerald enchas'd
The Isle I'm doom'd to see no more.

Farewell ye scenes of smiling youth,
Where memory delights to rove,
Farewell ye friends allied by truth,
By worth, by honor to my love.

With wings of air the ardent steed
Darts from the goal—is lost to sight;
More rapid is the arrow's speed,
That can arrest the lapwing's flight.

Swifter is sound to reach the ear,
Yet where the angry bullet flies,
Long ere the slow report draws near,
Fate's work is sped—the victim dies.

But courser, arrow from the bow,
The unseen ball, nor beam of light,
Shot from the Star of Day can go,
So quick as magic Fancy's flight.

The winds their hollow caverns rend,
The swelling waters burst their bounds,
And fire for FREEDOM will contend
Against the weight of earthly mounds.

Yet all these elements combin'd,
To rack the globe, have no such force
As the FREE QUALITY of Mind
From corp'ral bondage to divorce.

And I in momentary trance,
With Fancy's raptur'd eye could see
More in the compass of one glance,
Than in whole years when I was free.

For all at once before mine eyes,
A fancy form there did appear,
But whether issuing from the skies,
The earth or sea, it was not clear.

With graceful step I saw her move,
I felt her charms my heart beguile,
Soft as the breathing lute of love
Her voice—like th' young morn her smile.

'Twas not that smile of venom'd dart,
Whose power above all soft controul,
Still wounds most deep the tenderest heart,
And kindles trouble in the soul.

She was not love and beauty's queen,
But sister-like, so fair, so bright,
Less fire might in her eyes be seen,
But nothing less of beaming light.

Those seraph eyes she fix'd on mine,
As she would read them through and through,
Yet was their aspect so benign,
That I could dwell upon their view.

"Is hopeless love, she said, thy care,
"That here all sileat and alone,
"Thou seem'st to woo the fragrant air,
"And to th' unpitying waters moan?

"Or by the ruthless hand of fate
"Some friend or kindred hast thou
"lost?
"Or been by destiny of late
"In fortune or in honor cross'd?"

"Those days bright nymph! are past and
"gone,
"When I with love's hot flame did
"burn,
"Long have I love's soft empire known,
"But happy love and kind return.

"And friends and kindred tho' I've lost,
"Whom my sad heart must ever mourn
"Yet not for them, nor fortune cross'd,
"Here am I silent and alone."

"Some foul ingratitude has then
"The current of thy spirits mov'd,
"For nothing grieves the souls of men
"Like base return from those they
"lov'd;

"Or else some lingering disease
"Within thy frame deep-root'd lies,
"A vulture on thy heart that preys,
"Dire source of never-ending sighs.

"Ingratitude at times, to own
"Must be the tale of all that live,
"Yet friends of thrice-try'd faith I've
"known,
"The false I pity and forgive.

"And tho' the hand of mortal pain
"Bows me beneath its wasting grief,
"Ne'er yet in lamentations vain,
"Nor idle plaints sought I relief."

(To be continued)

MR. COX

MR. COX,

SIR—I have seen a "Loyal Song," written by one COD—*this is the* POET *I understand, who did his business on the Evening Post, in the MILD reign of my Lord Hardwicke, the friend of Catholics! This* COD *was then a* LORD'S-WAITER, *but now like the rest of the* TIME-SERVERS, *is a* LAND-WAITER! "*a DOG must be respected in OFFICE,*" *but this* COD *is rather an* ODD FISH, *and in your next I will serve him up with a little of his own* SAUCE, *after which we will have another "Loyal Song.*

I am Sir, yours, &c.

24th June, 1811. INDIGNITATUS.

SONG FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

THE WRESTLING DOCTOR IN LIMBO,

Tune—"The Bold Dragoon."

1.

There was a Wrestling Doctor, to all the shoe-boys known,
And he kept a Sunday wrestling school, hard-by the Broad-sone.
With his jumps,
And thumps,
His wrestling pumps,
His back-leg crooks, his twist and crosses,
Oh! he bang'd the Porters all,
With his "clear the ring'—falls and tosses—

Whack row-di-dow.

2.

This Wrestling Doctor too, dealt in physic and in rhyme,
Id est—a dose of *calumny*, he mixed in doggrel chime.
With his pills and bills,
His grey-goose quils,
His innendoes puffs and vapours;
Oh! he bother'd Major S———,
With his low slang songs and trapers—

Whack row-di-dow.

3.

But this renagado Doctor soon, become the Major's hack,
And with S——t and C—de and *Cerberus* rejoin d the Castle-pack,
With their yelps and skelps.
These mongrel whelps,
Have snarled and barked and bet and worried,
Oh! the Doctor snapt at F—n,
Till he got his carcase smartly curried—

Whack row-di-dow.

4.

This Doctor being low in cash *forgot* to pay a debt,
And the grim bumbailiffs at his heels had given him many a sweat.
With their raps and taps,
And shoulder claps
They could not let him rest in quiet;
So he went to Comfort Lodge,
With his lank purse and meagre diet!

Whack row-di-dow.

5.

The Doctor here *al fres co* laid, the bailiffs does deride,
And eats and drinks, and grins and thinks, and 'daffs *the world aside.*"
And he sings of Kings,
Of magic rings,
Of blasphemy and botheration,
Oh! this *Janus* stinks alive,
For lack of sound *Phlebotomation.*

Whack row-di-dow.

6.

But bless'd be Dutch King Will, from bailiffs ridded one day,
For the Doctor now can go to mass and wrestle too on Sunday!!
With his cares and prayers,
His soul affairs,
His wrestling match and Easter duty,*
He bamboozles Doctor T———y,
And in the dark he cheats "*auld Clootie.*"†

Whack row-di-dow.

TOUCHSTONE.

* "And like the Patriarch *wrestle* for a blessing."——*Trag. of Percy.*

† Vide BURNS' Ode to the Devil.

OBITUARY.

At his house in *Britain-street*, suddenly the Right Hon. Cavendish Trotter, at the advanced age of 91. The Cause of his death is principally to be attributed to a dream he had a few nights ago, the impression it made on his spirits was so heavy, that all the remonstrance and good sense of his family and friends could not remove it. He thought in his midnight illusions, that the bay of Killala, was surrounded by a magnificent city, interspersed with dock yards, naval depots, and other marks of vast commercial prosperity, and the harbour crowded with ships of every nation in the world; this part of his dream excited neither much wonder, or apprehension; but his disturbed imagination placed before him about ten or twelve line of battle ships, ready for sea; on the stern of one of 140 guns, was painted the words "*Erin go Bragh;*" on another "*The Painter Cut;*" "*The New Ross;*" *The Irish Pike*, &c. &c. the number of other smaller vessels were so numerous and their titles so indicative of national hatred to Farming Societies, Dublin Societies, Man hunting, and Caravat making, favourite institutions to which he contributed in the course of his long and useful life, every assistance which his ample fortune and personal attention could afford. His true British feelings were so affected by this imaginary triumph over the interest of true religion and loyalty, that he awakened in the greatest despair, before he had time to furnish his memory with a perfect list of the revolutionary chimerical squadrons. He had been President of the Society for Discountenancing Vice, and reduced the theory of the institution into practice; his activity in conjunction with Lord Carhampton, in 1797, in removing the political sinners, and unlawful mutton eaters of Connaught into prison-ships, will be remembered with gratitude by every lover of the present Constitution. He was an Alderman of Skinner's-Alley, and has been very much esteemed for his attachment to the principles that placed King William on the throne, and for an action he instituted in our Courts of Law, against Napper Tandy, for a severe kicking he received from that gentleman, for proposing Doctor Duigenan as a fit member for the society. He was a member of Parliament for the borough of Swords, which independent and extinguished village he represented more than thirty years. His plan for disposing of our superabundant population, which he submitted to Parliament more than forty years since, has given the idea to Lord Howick, and part of it is still acted upon by the Orangemen of Mountrath, Enniskillen, Armagh and Wexford in their usual shooting seasons. He revived those emphatic expressions, and short processes of ejectments, used by the enlightened agents of Cromwell, viz. "*to Hell or Connaught,*" and had a new edition of them printed for the use of the *Armagh rackers* in 1793. He gave the original idea of that humane and political law, which Lord Dillon introduced in 1795, for putting certain districts out of the King's peace. In point of economy, this law deserved universal approbation; the disaffected or the suspected were so numerous that they could not be chastised by the ordinary excercise of the Law, without putting the country to considerable expense. This law enacted that soldiers were to be judges and executioners, which character they very accurately performed, and with very trifling expense, merely the price of the gunpowder. The last great act of senatorial duty of his, was his speech in favour of the Legislative Union; it is one of the best documents of British policy, and the most correct picture of discordant jealousies that have poisoned the public tranquilly, by interrupting the progress of religion, civilization and monopoly, since the introduction of British settlement. *Mr.* T—— has left very considerable bequests to many of our national establishments. To the Farming Society he has bequeathed his patent Bull, Merino sheep, churns, and man traps. To the Major and the Board of Grace, all the different versions of the English Bible in his library. To the Society for Discountenancing Vice, all his essays on priest catching, and the best extirpation of schoolmasters, spring shuttles and boat builders, from Ireland; he allows one hundred guineas to the Rev. Mr. Ryan, for his trouble in preparing those valuable books for the press. He bequeaths the drum used by Oliver Cromwell at the siege and Massacre of Drogheda, to Major Swan. To the Dublin Society, his admirable plans for choaking up the harbours, cutting roads through mountains, and draining bogs; he observes, the tranquillity of Ireland, whilever the peoples minds are diverted from domestic affairs by external trade, can never be effected, but by insulating the country, as far as destroying the harbours, can effect such a national purpose.

He has ordered his remains to be interred in the cemetery of the Foundling Hospital, out of gratitude to that great institution, where he first received the rudiments of that religion and loyalty, which ever distinguished that College of Protestant Magistrates.

Crown Office Green-street, Dublin, and General Sims.

This office was formerly very considerable, untill the police laws were enacted, before that period it done all the criminal business, but at present all prosecutions for felony are done by six police offices, that have the care of the public peace, and have left nothing for the jurisdiction of the crown office, only taking affidavits for petty quarrels and assaults, from persons, who have such dislike to the Police, that they would not swear by any means, if they had not the convenient Crown-office to register their wrongs, passions and vengeance in. The presiding person in this office, is some Alderman, who had no interest to get a place in the police, and is qualified by standing three or four previous examinations at the Royal Exchange, which examination must be regularly registered in the Dublin Gazette.

The Crown-office has its periodical seasons, that like the Tide, or the Nile, contribute considerably to its fertility. These are Patrick's day, St. John's day, Palmerstown and Donnybrook fairs, Christmas and Easter Holidays. On these great festivals, the Alderman drinks claret, instead of whiskey, the principal customers at book exercise, are of the fair sex The ladies of Ormond-market, Pill-lane, Plunket-street, the Egg and Potatoe market. The Market-house, Brogue and Breeches Venders and a considerable number of those fair ones, who sell their favors to all comers and goers.

On the 14th of June last, a person of the name of Clare, prosecuted General Sims the Police Barber, for an assault, but was compleatly defeated, by an array of the Police, who gave *strong evidence* on the trial. Alderman Jenkin who is the Crown-office Magistrate, was on the bench with the Recorder, refuted Clare's testimony, who swore that Alderman Jenkin refused to take his examinations, as the Alderman asserted he only advised him to seek redress in the division where he received the injury. We are surprised how the Alderman took it into his head, to advise Clare, to leave his money in any other office, as we know the Alderman is not in the habit of sending his customers to another shop and that he takes depositions from *every quarter*, and *all divisions;* which no other office in Dublin presumes to do.

THE JUNTA UNMASKED,

The Pamphlet which had been advertised for publication by Mr. Cox, being arranged for the press, he thinks it will answer more effectually the object, for which it is written, by publishing it in numbers in the Irish Magazine. The readers of the Magazine may, therefore expect, the first number to appear in the August Magazine, under the title of the *Junta unmasked.* This pamphlet will disclose many curious facts, and expose to the public, the real enemies to the Catholics of Ireland, lurking in their own body.

REPRINT OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE, FOR 1807.

The two first numbers of the Irish Magazine, Nov. and Dec. 1807, neatly reprinted, are ready for delivery, any Gentleman who wishes to patronize the Irish Magazine, may have the two numbers, and each month, another number until the first volume is completed, on paying ten shillings advance, as a single number cannot be sold.

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR AUGUST, 1811.

GOING OUT IN THE MORNING, continued.

THOUGH it would be extremely hazardous on our part, from the example before the two countries, now in Lincoln Jail, to say Lord Castlereagh and his under Secretary Mr. Cooke, encouraged the system of torture, yet we do venture to insist from the daily personal correspondence between Mr. Cooke, Lord Castlereagh, and Major Sandys, who had the management of the flogging establishment, in his official capacity of Brigade Major and keeper of the Prevot prison, that Lord Castlereagh could not be ignorant of all the atrocities committed in Dublin Barracks. For it must be presumed that the notorious and open circumstance of prisoners being hourly dragged, into the Prevot, and the incessant petitions and intercessions made to the government on their behalf, by the relations, children and wives of the unhappy sufferers, that some part of their condition must not only be a subject that made a considerable part of the inquiry of the noble Secretary, but, as it was known to him that some treatment inconsistent with humanity and unnecessary for secure confinement, was practised under the authority and by the directions of the Major, and from the intimacy and plain dealing that connected Mr. Sandys, with his brother-in-law Secretary Cooke, whose vigilance was such that not one of the wretches who occupied any of the prisons in Dublin or its vicinity, his industry did not furnish him with the most minute details of, and so solicitious was he to furnish himself with their fate and conduct in prison, that the Major dare not conceal any of the measures he adopted in his treatment of them, to extort money or confessions either to encrease his own perquisites, or to assist the state. The detection of a Rebel, and the punishment of him were the avowed excuses for the general proscriptions, the plunder belonged to the prevot, and the body was acknowleged in the accounts as the property of the government. The triangles extorted the languid loyalty of a victim, for public uses, or they imposed their impressive advice to compound a pecuniary treaty with

the Major. To say the truth of the Major, which we dare not do otherwise, as we know his two employers yet live, that he was not inaccessible to the calls of humanity, no man listened to its importunities with a more feeling ear, particularly when a rich relation appeared as an advocate, with that kind of eloquence which commands esteem with a judge, whose taste for the fine arts made even brutality assume the language of humanity.

The Major was such an enthusiast for painting & coins, that, he has frequently given a father to his children for a *Raphael*, a *Titian*, or a measure of guineas. His taste where those arguments were offered, frequently submitted to his loyalty, and both parties were satisfied;—A piece of coloured canvass though it were the best production of the Venetian or Flemish schools, is not so much admired in Ireland, that a wife would not exchange it to bring to her fire side the father of her children. Perhaps Lord Castlereagh was not made acquainted with the refined manners of his Secretaries Brother-in-law, it might be insisted by his Lordship's apologists that he is still unacquainted with the species of treason a man was guilty of in 1798, who it was thought could buy off a flogging by a good painting, or a check on the bank. This may be an apparent excuse for the sapless Lord, but we cannot acquit him of winking at the use the Brother-in-law of his bosom friend, Mr. Cooke, made of the plenary indulgence he had to deal in the blood and property of the people of Ireland.

We do not wish to offend Lord Castlereagh, because we have no amusement in toying with Razors, but we do insist that the most horrid and dreadful use of the torture was privately exercised in the prevot prison, for the purposes of robbery, as well as to gratify a taste for blood, which eminently distinguished the men who had the care of that dreadful prison; and we say, that the torture was publicly inflicted in the streets of Dublin, and that Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke did not prevent it, and we further say, that peers of the realm conducted the torturers to their prey, and presided during every variety of their operations. From the peer this privilege of horror descended to the meanest ruffians, not a wretch who affected any zeal for the government, but had his *cachette*, his triangles and pitch caps, and on every occasion, whether the thirst of plunder, the gratification of private spleen or the fury of drunkenness, he might at pleasure gather in as many objects as he chose to select, and in his little slaughter house was executed every ingenuity that a passion for plunder or a thirst of blood could invent.

A vulgar fellow of the name of G——, who was taken from the vilest condition, to be honored with the profession of a trading Magistrate, had his flogging establishment on Summer-hill, and had his trained blood-hounds, who were constantly on the alert to gather victims. This man rode through the neighbourhood, or the little proconsulate assigned to his government, with such a stern and inquisitive severity of eye and countenance, that it was a species of treason to raise a persons head, by any intemperate curiosity, lest it should bring the most condign punishment on the offender. The unfortunate people of the neighbourhood we mean the lower ranks, were reduced or disciplined into such a state of submission, that many of them took the precaution of gagging their children, about the hours of the day or night that this fellow and his myrmidons usually paid their domiciliary visits, least an inconsiderate mirth should invite the ruffians to an investigation that might be fatal to the unfortunate parents.

Another establishment of the kidd,

was

was conducted by a fellow of the name of Bell, who had been in the beginning of his life a menial servant, and by a series of loyal services raised himself like G———— to the same rank of a trading justice. Bell had more industry in the exercise of his villainy, as he had a large family to provide for, he joined his labours to every other privileged murderer in the vicinity, and the partners in blood and torture united together and shared the spoils, which were frequently considerable, they were produced from parents who negotiated for their children, or from children who had the piety of buying off their fathers, or from wives, some of whom were often obliged to compound with the villains, by a surrender of their honor, when their pecuniary means were unequal to the price laid on the heads of their wretched husbands.

Nothing in the history of the most detestable monsters that ever dishonored the human race, could surpass the number and variety of crimes committed in those days, by those privileged assassins. The reign of Robespierre was not disfigured with more atrocities than the days we allude to, and we say in the face of the world, that Lord Castlereagh held a daily intercourse with the perpetrators, and received such reports from them personally, as they were pleased to make of their respective districts.

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

Lord Louth had been at the expense of a leg of mutton on Saturday last, to regale Mr. Harman of the Excise Board, Colonel Cuffe, and the Rev. Mr. Eustace. This extravagant departure from his Newgate economy, was occasioned by a disappointment in the quality of a cargo of eels, which arrived at a late hour, from Louth Hall, as the carelessness of the carrier, or the dulness of the spavined quadruped that conveyed them, or both, caused a premature demise in the fish, and such a subsequent creation of an active *animalcula*, that the destined food on being unpacked, appeared as ready to walk to the table, as the hungry domestics were to walk from it.

Mathews, Lord Louth's persecutor, so distinguished in the timber trade, is advised to continue the business, for we know not any person so well qualified for the profession; he has already received eight hundred pounds for an ash that never existed, and what must he naturally expect by selling good lofty visible trees, when the mere vision of a tree produced such an ample profit; for our part, we would advise Mr. Mathews to pursue a business already so productive, it requires but a small capital, if he has any difficulty in supplying a customer, the price of a Bible will do the business, with a ready journeyman, who will swear a tree of any required dimension into existence. By those simple means, timber for the consumption of the royal navy can be had, without applying to our enemies, which is very humiliating to a great nation, whose shipping commands the ocean. There are other vast advantages in Mr. Mathews's trees, they require but a small spot of ground, which is a great saving in the rent, and they need not to be registered, until sworn to. Nor need Sir Charles Coote, or any other statistical surveyor take up their pages with a long catalogue of them; they neither obstruct the view nor embarrass other vegetation.

Any person who would undertake the Louth timber trade, cannot pursue the business without partners, a company of six persons are indispensably necessary, that is, the principal manager, his foreman, and the four Evangelists.

It is reported within those few days

that Miles Duigenan, the Grocer, means to make an affidavit, to ground an action gainst the Alderman, who took his house by storm, in the year 1798, and carried away his stock in trade, on the presumption, that Mr. Duigenan was killed at the battle of Hacket's-town. Mr. Duigenan's affidavit is intended to shew, that he was not killed at said battle, nor at any other battle, and that he was not so much as wounded, in any manner but by the confiscation of his property.

The *eloquent* Keoghs, and their chum, the Wrestling Doctor, have lately put into force their "*dignified silence.*" We claim the merit of driving this hopeful association into their respective retreats. We have delivered the Catholic Meetings of the Keoghs, and have driven the Doctor from the Wretched Hibernian Journal. We know we have incurred the displeasure of the *incorruptible* inhabitants of Comfort Lodge and Mount Jerome, but we despise their enmity, as we abhor the means how certain rent rolls and hiding places were obtained.

Poor Crowley, the Priest of Maynooth who has recanted, has brought his soul to a late market; the season for conversion by the liberality of the times, has long since expired—the shooting season has succeded it. The Heroes of Banbridge, Mountrath and Letterkenny, and their employers, have adopted another plan more rapid for the decrease of Popish Priests than that of polemical discussion, the argument of *fusilade*; for if Mr. Crowley and his wife and new credentials, with the aid of his eloquence, were to seek credence among those musket theologians, his former character, would have more influence on their deliberations, than his assumed one, and on some Orange Anniversary, poor Crowley, would be honoured with the palm of martyrdom, and in the arms of conjugal society, the proselyte, would be treated as a *Priest.*

We regret sincerely as men of letters and antiquarians, that by an arrangement made by the Board of Works, for improving the fortifications on the Western side of Dublin Castle, that it is necessary to pull down the College of St. Bridget, *alias* the charity school of St. Bride's parish. This celebrated reformed seminary, is not of much value for its architectural beauty; it has a much greater claim to veneration with senators, civilians and scholars, than it can demand amongst the admirers of the fine arts; it will be celebrated to the remotest period of our history, for the illustrious men it produced, and its eminent professors, whose wisdom and learning were ornaments to the moral and literary world. Among others whom memory cannot count, it was honored by the literary Government of Professor Dignam, whose skill in *hard* words, and expositions on the "*Reading a daisy,*" are still proverbial in the College, but more celebrated as the literary birth place of the Right Hon. Doctor Duigenan, Member in the Imperial Parliament for the City of Armagh, and Loyal Representative of the House of HEPENSTALL.

Our Correspondents in Tipperary and Kilkenny Counties, congratulate us on our timely notice of the characters of Messrs. Kiley and M'Dool, the Ambassadors from Dublin. Those active agents, have not been able to delude any person into their bank note or Caravat speculations, in fact their paper currency has not obtained one dupe, nor could their Caravat *Patriotism*, prevail on any man to enlist under their banners; the consequences are, the two gentlemen, will not be able to bring one subject to market at the ensuing assizes, in fact they must return, without hanging a man or making

making a groat; their forged notes, and address are so unmarketable in these quarters, that a another climate must be visited before they can obtain *major* consequence.

The Orange fanatics are in the greatest spirit at the secession of unfortunate Crowley from the Catholic faith, they are so confident in this triumph which they have gained, by the acquisition of the voluptuous wretch, that the whole board of prophets are speculating in their ignorant vagaries, on the approaching dissolution of the Universal Church; not a preaching Cobler in Barrack-street, nor an old iron Divine in Kevin-street, that do not promise themselves a journey to Rome or Paris, to share in the Evangelical mission that is to put them into possession of the Holy See and the Corsican's capital. They are busy in selecting all the unhired females of their tribes, to reward and comfort the new convert. Mr. Crowley as the first candidate for the elevation of the new Church, has been offered his choice of the disposable fair, as a premium for his sanction to the road to glory and loyalty, first discovered by the other Patriarchs of religious innovation.

On Saturday, Tom Galvin supended the Policeman, at the gallows, in front of Kilmainham Jail, for the robbery of the house at Booterstown. This is the only suspension that has taken place publicly, since the memorable suspension of Bloomfield by Lord Norbury.

The Conversion of Mr. Crowley, has become a public theme of thanksgiving and pious revelry among the elect of the Board of Grace. Mr. Crowley's enlargement from the rules of celibacy, procured him many offers in a matrimonial way, not less than forty black eyed *HOURI'S* have been submitted to him by his new brethren, to enable him to proceed on the works of propagating the faith and the faithful. We hear he has made his selection in the sister of Bilemouth, whose accomplished hand, he is to lead to the nuptial banquet, after the next day appointed for calling in of the *backsliders*.

A very considerable course of promotion has taken place in the *Pole* army of the Metropolis. General Sims the barber, has been appointed to the command of the Head-Office regiment, *vice* Farrell, who has been nominated to the post of Librarian and Chaplain, and assistant Lecturer to the Board of Grace. General Sims is to have the reversion of *chin-chopper* to the Six Divisions, on the demise of Clotworthy Freestone, the present operator; this employment is very lucrative, as the person exercising it has one halfpenny per week, for every cheek on the establishment. Corporal Firethatch, has been raised to the rank of Serjeant, and is to wear a medal with a cabin in flames engraved on it. Biblemouth, is allowed by virtue of his new commission, to extend the exercise of the Bible to every county in Ireland. Kent the baconer, is appointed assistant Chaplain, and inspector of *weights and measures*. Kiley and M'Dool, the present ambassadors extraordinary, for the Banking and Caravat departments in Kilkenny and Tipperary are to be recalled, subsequent to the bar sermons which are to commence this month in those districts. Their successors are not yet named, as they are allowed the benefit of the ensuing assizes, to shew their industry. Mr. Blacker is to be Treasurer, Alderman Stamers engineer on football campaigns. William Turner, Esq. Divisional Magistrate, Doctor of Laws, Counsellor at Law, &c. &c. to be surveyor of the Broadstone, and Comptroller of Wrestling matches, and when the expected alteration takes place in the boundaries of the metropolis. Chief Justice

Justice of Glassmanogue, Water Bailiff and High Admiral of the Bradogue. Alderman Pemberton the comb-maker, and the Major, formerly a great wine merchant, are to be raised to the peerage, as soon as Lord Wellington expels the French from the Peninsula.

The bankrupt condition of the two Canals in this country, is a strong evidence of the folly and dishonesty which governs the policy of those, who would divert the public attention, from the natural and superior advantages Ireland possesses over any other country for commercial relations. Our numerous harbours that offer us a ready intercourse with the world, are naked, unknown, and untenanted. We are advised to make canals, and to forget that the great canal of the ocean, invites us to industry, to independence, and distinction. The absurdity of neglecting this source of riches, has never been noticed by any of those societies that have been established for the professed purposes of national improvement, because they are regulated by British policy, and lead by British interest, uniformly directed to insulate us. Britain herself never entertained any idea of canals, until her connexion with the ocean covered her with vast and extensive manufacturing towns, and then to facilitate a cheap manner of connexion between each other, and with the seas, they constructed canals. We have canals at a great expense, and nothing to enliven them. We have neither towns, nor manufactures—the produce of one district is common to all. We have nothing to carry but rude produce, corn and manure. We have attempted to trade at the wrong end; we should have followed what nature invited us to, we should have brought the produce of every climate home in exchange for our labours, in imitation of England, and canals would then be indispensable in the distribution of our domestic and foreign industry. We have committed gross errors at the instigation of our rivals, and canals are the deserted and useless monuments of our folly and our servitude

We have a Dublin Society, Farming Societies, Bog Draining Societies, Shooting Societies, and a Society for discountenancing vice, but we say we have not one society instituted for the avowed purpose of inviting us, as Islanders to tread the ocean for commercial purposes. Every one of those societies are intended either for diminution of our population, or transporting of our provisions. The shooting societies do one, and the farming societies remove the other.

Mountrath and Summer-hill are the head quarters, and our people and our beef pass away to quiet the fears and encrease the enjoyment of quondam friends.

Counsellor Clinch's "*Queen of the Waters, who unfurls her flag for the delivery of oppressed nations,*" suffered a small rebuke in the person of one of her ships some short time since. The gallant Rodgers, not perfectly understanding the national generosity of the Counsellor's Queen, by the coarse manner the Little Belt unfurled her delivering standard, and the language of her guns, took the liberty of chastising the British lady, exactly in her own manner, and so vigorously the proud deputy of the "Queen of the Waters," was compelled to pull down her protecting standard and consult her safety by a sneaking apology. We leave it to the literary ambiguity of those two learned writers, the Counsellor and Sir Thomas Osborne, to embellish the columns of the Evening Express, with an explanation that will prove the magnanimity of their "*Queen of the Waters*" on this affair.

The Orangemen of several parts of the country commemorated the 12th of July, in an improved manner, which effectually secured them in the exercise

exercise of their insulting and riotous violence, without exposing themselves to any act of retaliation which they might provoke from their Catholic neighbours.

At Letterkenny a convoy of 800 Infantry, and a park of Artillery under the command of that gallant General Sir Charles Asgill, attended under arms, while their orange friends, headed by a magistrate and a party of the 1st Royals, paraded the town in the usual array, only one catholic had the boldness to appear in the town, though it was market day; this was a feather man, and for such audacity the loyal gentlemen humanely spared his life for this time, but very prudently locked him up in the black-hole, after dragging him through the town.

Another procession took place in the City of Woulaghan, *alias* Enniskillen, headed also by the magistrates, though the catholics were suffering under the most alarming apprehensions, not one was murdered on this celebration, General Prince who commands the garrison, was the principal cause of this act of mercy.

One Catholic was stabbed mortally, by a Sergeant Ormsby, at Castlebar, and a few shot to death by the Orangemen, at Derrygonelly, County Fermanagh. If things go on in this manner at home and abroad, the catholics will soon be as much diminished in numbers, as any Foster or Farming Society could wish. The French are shooting the Irish Catholics under one Wellesley, and the Orangemen are shooting them under another.

The Parish Priest of Mountrath was not murdered this season, this is to be ascribed to a bad flint which Mr. Sheffield had incautiously in his pistol, and the precaution of the Clergyman who very discreetly with his flock, abandoned the town in due time after the first, or second notice.

It is surprising that his majesty's ministers or government are not able to protect us from the Orangemen. A ministry that commands a thousand ships of war, and more than 300,000 fighting men, must appear either very timid or very wicked, when they abandon five millions of subjects to the blood thirsty mercy of a handful of armed ruffians, perhaps the Orangemen have intimidated the government, in the manner Major Sirr did on a former occasion. If the government does not support them they will not support the government.

If an American citizen were to read the sentence pronounced on Mr. Cox, he would find some difficulty to make out the meaning of the words "*Unspotted Ermine of the Bench*," The words may be poetry in Ireland, but in America they would be nothing but obsolete prose. The judges of former America took their '*unspotted Ermine*' and even their wigs with them, when they fled with their beaten employers, from the cradle of American liberty. Nor has there been a wig nor an "*unspotted Ermine*" there to this day, for those plain men think it unnecessary in the distribution of justice, to dress their judges like mountebanks.

It is understood in the best informed circles, that no more priests are to be shot, as the society for discountenancing vice have undertaken to convert them. They have caught one already in their bible traps, Mr. Crowley, and mean to exhibit him with a young wife, as a pattern, as soon as the new breeding cage now making in the Farming Society yard, is ready for public inspection.

The Reverend convert Mr. Crowley, otherwise Crawley, is at present on a spiritual visit with the Scotch Bishop of Kildare, at his Lordship's seat near his turnpike at Glassnevin. Mr. Crowley has had several offers of preferment from the different Boards of Grace in the city since his secession,

on

on Monday last he was waited on by a deputation of Saints, from the Major's community. Messrs. Kent the baconer and scale maker, Gallagher the pully-maker, and Sergeant Bible-mouth, who pressed him to accept of head lecturer in Whitefriar-street, which he very politely rejected, as he has made his selection in undertaking the care of the infant sect of curriers, invented by the late Alderman Hutton, and is to preach a sermon in their meeting house in York-street, on Sunday next, against Celibacy, the use of the cross and the whore of Babylon, and other popish usages and superstitions. On the ensuing Monday he is to preach a geographical discourse on the real situation of the seven hills, mentioned in the revelations, and to illustrate his new discoveries, he has collated all the maps that have been drawn by all the divine Strabo's, who have distinguished the visionary world from the *Albigenses*, down to the Cowpers, and *Curriers* inclusive.

Lord Louth is so cautious of using any food in Newgate, lest he should injure his health by adulterations, that the eggs he intends for his table are brought from his *former residence*, Louth Hall, on every one of which is written, by his house steward, with a pen and ink, the day of the month it was laid, and on the arrival of the eggs in Newgate, they are indorsed in his Lorship's hand writing, and never suffered to be boiled but under his own inspection.

The Irish public have lost a considerable part of their knowledge in that very edifying branch of useful instruction the history of our peerage by the Union, not one man in a thousand would have heard of a Lord Baron Louth, until Mr. Mathews, of Julians Town, reminded us by his genealogical tree, of the minor *branches* of the House of Plunket.

There are no men in Newgate so dissatisfied with the "*unspotted Ermine of the Bench*," as Kearns the Pickpocket, Lord Louth the Timber-merchant, and Cox the Magazine-maker; and yet no men have so little social intercourse in their common misfortunes, so little union, or such trifling commisseration for each others sufferings.

The London prints inform us that the Prince Regent dined a few days since with Lord Camden, that Lord Castlereagh was among the illustrious visitors. We regret that the character of the prince so justly admired among all ranks of Irishmen, should be so incautiously hazarded by such company. The Irish admire the Regent, because his distinguished virtues, his gentlemanly manners, and high endowments, promise to heal their *wounds*, but with submission to his Royal Highnesses discernment and political condition, they cannot admire this part of his life, as reported by the English press, because it is revolting to human nature. The men who have written the history of 1798, and the history of the union on our backs are not in our opinion fit for the society of the future monarch of these countries.

In the event of a war between the united states and England, the British troops will have new enemies to encounter, in the persons of the Irish residing in America, who may at the smallest computation furnish an army of twenty thousand Men, and with such facility that it will not be necessary to seduce them into the ranks by the offer of bounties. Their attachment to their new country, and their abhorrence of the men who drove them from the land of their fathers, contribute to make them the most formidable enemy, the British will have to contend with in the new world. It would require all the Orangemen in Letterkenny, and all the military experience of Sir Charles Asgill himself, to make any efficient impression on that part of the men Irish, who appeared destined to be the champions of American Liberty.

"*At*

"*An offer is as good as a blow,*"

Let any person read the following act of Parliament, and compare it with the murder of the Duke of Enghein, and let him say what difference of criminality can be drawn between the two nations in their respective notions of humanity.

An Act to attaint the Person who, during the Life of the late King James, took upon him the Stile and Title of Prince of Wales, and since the Decease of the said late King James, hath assumed the Name and Title of James the Third, King of England and Ireland, and James the Eighth, King of Scotland, commonly called, the Chevalier de St. George, or the Pretender, and all his adherents, and to give a Reward of Fifty Thousand Pounds, Sterling, *to any Person, who shall seize and secure the said Pretender, if he lands, or attempts to land, in this Kingdom.*

WHEREAS the vast body of Papists in your Majesty's kingdom have of late years carried their insolence to an unusual height, by many daring acts of presumption committed by them, as well in the city of Dublin, as in many other parts of this kingdom: and whereas their hopes and expectations seem to be founded on the rebellious and traiterous attempt made by some of your Majesty's subjects to invade your Majesty's dominions, and levy war in the same, by commission from and in favour of the person commonly called the Pretender: and whereas the said Pretender hath since the decease of the late King James, by the incitation and encouragement of the late French King, Lewis the fourteenth, openly and traiterously assumed the name and title of James the third, King of England and Ireland, and James the eighth of Scotland, and caused himself to be so proclaimed in the kingdom of France, and in some parts of your Majesty's dominions, in manifest violation of your Majesty's most lawful and rightful title to the crown of these realms, and of the several acts of Parliament made in Great-Britain for settling the succession of the crown, contrary to the duty of his allegiance, and to the disturbing of the peace of these your Majesty's kingdoms, being bred up and instructed to introduce the Romish superstition and French government into these realms, and with design to dethrone your Majesty: to the end therefore that your Majesty's good and loyal people of Ireland assembled in Parliament, may, in the most solemn manner express their utmost resentment of so great indignities done to your Majesty's most sacred person and government, and that the said traitor with all his adherents may be brought the more certainly and speedily to condign punishment; be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the said Pretender, and all his adherents and abettors, stand and be convicted and attainted of high treason, and that they suffer pains of death, and incur all forfeitures as traitors convicted and attainted of high treason.

2. And for preventing all traiterous correspondence between your Majesty's subjects and the said Pretender, or his adherents; be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any of your Majesty's subjects of the kingdom of Ireland shall, within this realm, or without, hold, entertain, or keep any intelligence or correspondence, in person, or by letters, messages, or otherwise, with the said pretender, or with any person or persons employed by him, knowing such person or persons to be so employed, or shall by bill of exchange, or otherwise, remit or pay any sum or sums of money for the use or service of the said Pretender, knowing

knowing such money to be for such use or service, such person or persons so offending, being lawfully convicted, shall be taken, deemed, and adjudged to be guilty of high treason, and shall suffer and forfeit, as in cases of high treason.

III. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the vice-treasurer or vice-treasurers of this kingdom, or his or their deputy or deputies for the time being, shall and are hereby authorized and required, out of any monies granted or to be granted by Parliament, for the use of the Public, forthwith to issue and pay the sum of fifty thousand pounds *sterling* to any person or persons, who shall seize and secure, alive or dead, the person of the said Pretender, whenever he shall land or attempt to land in this your Majesty's kingdom.

IV. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in case any person or persons shall happen to be killed in seizing, or securing alive or dead, the person of the said Pretender, as aforesaid, That then, their executors or administrators, or such person or persons to whom the right of administration of the personal estate of each person so killed shall belong, shall have and receive respectively the same share and proportion of the said fifty thousand pounds, as their several and respective testaters or intestates would have been intitled unto, had they been living.

V. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That where any offences against this act shall be committed out of his Majesty's dominions, the same may be alledged and laid, enquired of, and tried in any county of this your Majeety's kingdom of Ireland.

New Publications.

Lord Louth is busily engaged preparing for the press, his *Louthiana Sylvia*, in which will be comprehended all the *Trees* of our climate, including *Mathews's Wonderful Ash*, that was cut down before it was planted, and such other forest plants, as his illustrious precursor, King William removed, for the wise purposes of depriving the *mere* Irish of Ships and Pike-handles. Every man who esteems the safety and prosperity of the country, and the happy connexions between the two Islands will find considerable satisfaction on inspecting this learned and ingenious work, which is materially calculated to prevent the Irish from wandering or fighting.

Mr. Bloomfield's complaint in verse, will appear in a few days, we have been favored with a slight view of it. The manner Lord Norbury suspended him, forms an enchanting piece of poetry. It is a loss to the musical world, that this legal Bard, whose suspension has made him so harmonious was not suspended twenty years sooner.

Letters between Mr. Mathews and Lord Louth concerning the four acres Mathews stole out of his Lordships demesne; a lively fancy, legal knowlege and statistical accuracy are predominant in his lordships epistles, they would be an acquisition to any lord, as an elegant literary pocket companion, only for the orthography, for his lordship like the late Duke of Cumberland, possesses no great knack at spelling.

The Reverend Mr. Crowley, late of Maynooth, who has been kidnapped from celibacy and another humiliating custom of popery, auricular confession, by the society for discountenancing vice, is to publish his sermon preached before the society on the subject of his conversion, in which he very eloquently abuses the whore of Babylon, the superstition and treasons of the Irish. The comparative purity and liberty of the English Church with the profane restrictions of the church of Rome, he clearly and logically proves, that the

the *rapid* advances made by the former in Ireland, must be attributed to the leave she grants, to every man to preach and to marry, two efficient purposes, for the promotion of holiness, if a preaching apostle fails in his mission he may *make Saints*, where he is refused hearers.

Mr. Mathews has published a brief defence of his conduct with Lord Louth, to which is annexed a print of the invisible tree, for cutting which, Lord Louth had him confined 25 days in Dundalk Jail. This interesting tree is of a comely stature, and of good size, but is too crooked for treasonable purposes. Mr. Mathews very humorously in contradistinction to another invisible tree, called the Tree of Life, names this Louth plant the Tree of Death, from the fatality it occasioned to the Peer and the commoner which it alternately brought to Dundalk and Newgate.

Counsellor Clinch one of the learned editors of the Evening Express, is preparing for the press a collection of his own essays and letters that have occasionally appeared in different Newspapers and Pamphlets, they are to be accompanied by a free translation of them, from the enigmatical originals, by Sir Thomas Osborne, and a poetical piece of phrensy, by way of prologue, by the Wrestling Doctor. The Wrestling Doctor is finishing his neat poem in eight cantos. The subject matter of this *outre* effusion, is principally describing the elegant scenery and machinery, rural and political of Mount Jerome, interspersed with handsome episodes, which are taken up with those great characters, whose ingenuity had extracted from the bowels of their country estates and rent rolls, as the Spaniards do the precious metals from the mines of Peru.

The travels of the Honourable Denis ———— from Castlebar to Dublin, in the year 1798, will be ready for publication by the next assizes, at Mayo. This little volume must be interesting to military men, being expected, from the talents of the author, to comprehend much of the science of war, a map of the intervening country, and a rapid view of the military positions, the depths of the rivers forded, the breadth of the several bogs, and the number of turnpikes, that seditiously impeded the line of march; after the gallant Colonel lost his martial appearance, by exchanging his clothes with the beggarman.

Miles Duigenan, has employed a very ingenious Arithmetical writer, to give an alphabetical and numerical list of the wines, teas, sugars, spices, paintings, beds, spoons, cups, bank notes, guineas and other articles convicted of sedition, and carried off by the Alderman and the division under his command, at the siege of Mr. Duigenan's house, on the memorable 25th of May, 1798, that Duigenan was killed at the battle of Hacket's-town.

An English gentleman of literary character, has promised to the political world, the posthumous works of the hero of Ballinamuck, formerly so distinguished at Yorktown. The illustrious commander whose memoirs are so interesting to every reader of the day is the great *Washingtoned* Cornwallis. The learned editor very shrewdly remarks, that the reputation of his hero, though it suffered much by his defeat and captivity in America, has deserved no diminution of glory and skill, by his campaigns in Ireland.

Messrs. Pack and Peacock painters to the Major, and occasionally divinity lecturers to the same great personages household, are engaged painting likenesses of Mr. Crowley, for the use of the society, for discountenancing vice. Those productions of the swaddling pencil, are intended for the Farming Society, the bible and book-hand clubs of Enniskillen and Dublin, and the Iconoclasts of Bandon and Mountrath.

John C. Beresford and Marshal Beresford.

Parliament is about paying such parts of Mr. John Claudius Beresford's debts, as that unfortunate man contracted with his relative, Gen. Beresford, a sum amounting to 27,000*l.* We believe this to be the first instance in Parliamentary history, of saddling the public with the debts of a bankrupt. If the claims of the Marshal are become such objects of public regard, we presume, the humbler creditors of John Claudius, have as much claim on public commisseration as that of the gallant General; we mean the industrious, Carpenters, Bricklayers, Taylors, Butchers, Huxtermen, Barbers, Grocers, Limeburners, Brickmakers, and a long list of other industrious men, who have lost all the fruits of their industry, numbers of whom are rotting in prisons, or hiding from their creditors as wretched as themselves. If Parliament relieves General Beresford in this manner, it is bound on the same principle of justice, to include the other humble sufferers who have been injured by the same bankruptcy.

BEES.

Mr. Cox—Sir—As the knowledge of the followig fact may be of use, I will thank you to give it a place among the articles which occupy the pages of your widely extended and useful Magazine. On opening one of the leaves of a book-hive, in which I keep bees, according to the French method, for the purpose of taking the honey without destroying the labourers, one of the inhabitants resented the offence, by deeply infixing his sting below my left ear. The pain was severe and I felt my swallow greatly affected. Much alarmed, I hastened into the house to procure sweet oil, with which to rub the part. In a little while I felt entire relief from the spasm, and, in a quarter of an hour, continuing the friction all this time, was perfectly relieved from all pain.

J. B.

LETTER.

" Where's the distance throws me back so far,
But that I may boldly speak in right—
Though proud oppression will not hear me."

Otway's Ven. Pres.

Sir,

A former Letter of mine in the Waterford Mirror of the 6th of May, has been much the subject of invidious remark, by a certain class of *non-descripts*, in any thing save *bigotry*, in this neighbourhood. It is evidently a *right* inherent in every member of the community, to *judge* of *political* measures, whether they be good or evil, and whither their apparent tendency would point to; but it is equally evident, that no man has *any right* vested in him, whereby he may with *impunity*, misrepresent the best intentioned motives of any other man; break out into the most impassioned invectives against him; or deal out the most malicious censure with the most profuse and lavish hand on the head of the *undeserving*—the well-meaning friend of his country. This letter has been much the subject of animadversion in some circles, *girded* with wealth and honor, and *shrowded* by authority; but not the wealth of Peru or Mexico, or the most despotic power of the haughtiest Bashaw, should *screen* the *traducer* of his country's friend, from every well merited reprehension. I Sir, have attentively perused this letter—have weighed the arguments upon which he founds his apprehensions—have looked narrowly into its whole tenor, and can in it nothing discover, of this *base* and *mischievous intent* it has been represented to be so *big* with. I can see nothing in it *hostile* to the *truest* interest of the State, unless as Irenæus himself observes, " warning you of the danger that imminently threatens you, could be so misconstrued." He has anticipated that oblique and misreprentation would follow upon its perusal by

by the adherents of Percivellianism, who consider *all* those at all disapproving of the line of policy they adopt, as wishing to throw a damp on the exertions of our people, and exciting unnecessary alarm in the minds of the weak and indifferent. Good heavens! will mens' eyes be for ever sealed up with such a wilful blindness, as not to suffer them to see and beware of a misfortune, that evidently awaits them. Truth however, has ever been subject to calumny and misrepresentation, it generally speaks plainly and intelligibly, needs neither elegance of diction or ornament of composition to set it off; it ever appeals to reason and understanding, nor can it be altered though it may be impugned. There is in this Letter, an *apprehension* of *danger expressed*, but grounded on incontestible arguments as every thinking man must see—there is here an *earnest wish expressed* of *conciliating* all our people, by *imparting* to them every privilege their other different brethren enjoy, thus consolidating their strength, and enabling them to withstand the attacks of their inveterate enemy. Is this like *wishing* him success? Does this savour in any, the slightest degree of hostility to the Constitution? The reply need not be anticipated. But men there are, I say so with regret, who consider as merely ærial all those *apprehensions* that must *necessarily* be *excited* in the *mind* of every *reflecting* man, when he looks upon our present *awful* situation—Men there are, who consider every one disapproving of the conduct and measures pursued by the present ministry, as enemies to the *State* and to our *beloved* monarch; thereby identifying with a want of attachment to the monarch and the state, a *merited* dislike to an *odious* ministry. Can those men be so stupidly ignorant as to imagine, that people will be cajoled into the identification of interests so plainly opposite, Who is there, I will ask with Irenæus? Those only *loyal and firmest friends* to the country, who with the least glimmering of reason cannot, and do not see the unparalleled straits to which we are reduced, or who, having the power of reflection, perceiving the immense resources, of our never to be appeased enemy—his every thought occupied with devising means of accomplishing our extinction as a free nation—with a line of sea coast every way formidable, from its contiguity to ours, from the means it affords him of putting his long threatened plan of invasion into execution—but must behold with a degree of anxiety proportioned to the greatness of the matter at issue, the very critical situation to which a bad—a misguided policy has subjected us—our army and navy it is true, *have*, and are *every day adding* to the dread and glory of the *British* name. Their consummate bravery, valour, and discipline they have displayed in every action in which they have been engaged, particularly in the *Peninsula*, has established for them an unfading character in the heart of every inhabitant of *astonished* Europe; but we must not at the same time, be led away by victories, however splendid, however reiterated from, *preparing* for *reverses*. It is not by any means, unfrequent in the list of human casualties to be found, that *victories* were *destructive* to the conquerors, and the defeat of an adversary, the ruin of an assailant. We have *checked* the *progress* of the enemy, nay, we have *beaten* him *both* in Spain and Portugal—granted—suppose then for the present they will—*must of necessity*, be compelled to evacuate both places, and be obliged to *retreat* with the manifold losses and hardships a vanquished army is ever liable to—and that we will be *able* to *keep* possession of the Peninsula, what consequences I ask, should we draw from such proceedings? Is it that they are so disabled, and dispirited from our repeated successes as not to be able to make *another* attempt at the subjugation

subjugation of Spain and Portugal—that *defeat* and *disgrace* have *lessened* their ardor in the wicked purpose—or that they are *not possessed* of *means* of accomplishing their *final* subjugation and annexation to the great empire, when the *course of policy* pursued by France, shall point out the time resolved on to *put* a *final issue* to the contest, to strike the blow *decisive* to their existence as independent kingdoms under their lawful sovereigns. To draw such conclusions from such proceedings, would be indicative of the grossest weakness in any man, that would think even of doing so. For it is almost universally, nay, it is by every one confessed, that so great is the rancour and malice of Bonaparte to these kingdoms, that he *never* loses any *one single* opportunity that *offers* to effect the completion of his ambitious views, of his wishes to destroy our happy constitution—*Disappointed* ambition knows no bounds—will never quench its rage till satiated with the object of its disappointment—its fury is scarcely ever to be abated till it becomes exhausted in seeking the most ample revenge. And, thus it is with Bonaparte, *disappointment* and *disgrace*, will become but a new stimulus to rouse him into action—will cause him to strain every nerve—will make him exert *all* his energies, to *compass* that grand and favourite object of his ambition, the downfall of England. Surely then, knowing as we do, this to be the case, we should leave nothing undone, to protect ourselves from being whirled, from the vortex of war, into the abyss of extinction. And notwithstanding ever so many and so glorious *victories*, what have we *gained?* Have we added any stability to the empire?—have we been able to relieve our people from an oppressive load of taxes?—have we advanced or encreased our commerce?—are our finances keeping pace with our expenditures?—are they prospering so as to enable us to hold out for any term, to which the war may be protracted?—are we so relatively well situated with the other continental powers as to derive any assistance from them, should we require it?—have we lessened or reduced our enemy's resources or his means, or his unabating ardour, in the wicked purpose of frustrating at his nod, Castilian freedom and Portuguese bravery? These are queries, that could they be answered in the affirmative, would justify in the fullest extent, the very sanguine hopes, some of the Journalists of the day so fondly indulge in, that Bonaparte will ultimately fail in securing the possession of the Peninsula. The destruction of a brave people, not only determined to be *frée*, but fighting for *existence*, is a matter not easily effected—their love of liberty will make them struggle very hard indeed, before they yield themselves up an easy prey to a tyrannic enemy; but, however, it does not admit of doubt, that were the occupation of the Peninsula his *sole* object, notwithstanding the noble spirit of resistance his horrid attempts have *excited* in the *breasts* of every Spaniard and Portugese, and the *many* defeats his army have met with from our forces: but he has means at least, sufficient to effect their subjugation under his yoke, and could at once do so, but having another object of more difficult attainment in view. By a *protraction* of the contest, and as a consequence *naturally* arising from this protraction, will you find the *eventual* attainment of his purpose. By those who will allow the truth of this assertion, it will, and with much good reason be asked: why, having the power of effecting his object on the Peninsula, does he not at once effect it? Here let me observe, that it being quite obvious to every man, ever so little aware of the designs of this usurper, that his *chief* aim is directed against *these realms*—that it better suits his purpose to *delay* the

the *final* issue of this contest as leading *ultimately* to the enjoyment of his favourite object, than even obtaining in Spain or Portugal, all that immediate success, that would ensure its speedy and final subjugation. He knows and feels the *power* and *strength* of the opposition made against him by *England*—he feels her *decided* naval superiority—he sees the *resources* of England are *as yet*, able to meet her exigencies—and so long as he sees her in this situation, so long as she can remain so—so long will all his attempts here prove abortive. But upon a minute examination of our relative situation with our enemy, and this conducted with neutral impartiality, I neither can or will determine in whose favour it would terminate. We must not from this year's success *conclude* with certainty upon the next, neither must we despair of it, for either extremes are dangerous, and we should be extremely cautious, that in endeavouring to avoid *sylla*, we do not fall into *charybdis*. The very great impolicy of keeping up so vast an establishment as we now have in Spain and Portugal, must be evident to every one, even to conviction. The question of the policy or impolicy of any measure, can certainly be only known from its *eventual* issue—But the impolicy of this measure of administration, I think with Irenæus resolves itself into those incontrovertible propositions—are we able without deteriorating our own condition, to prolong the present war?—from the very great decadence of our commerce, and the decline of our lessening finances, can we reasonbly expect, that we can possibly keep up such an army in the Peninsula for such an undetermined length of time, as it may suit the purpose of Bonaparte to remain, even hovering on the confines of Spain and Portugal?—or in the event of our succeeding in expelling his forces, without the hope of being able to regain the possession of them for the future, will we thereby better our situation? Are we so cordially united at home, as in the event of an attempt being made against our own coasts, with so great a portion of our disposable force unable to assist us, first by reason of their distance from us, and next, by reason of our enemy's keeping such an army there, as to keep ours on the alert—Are we, now I ask, thus circumstanced, able to bid this plague of nations any thing like defiance? Now ye admirers of Percevalian wisdom and policy, how will you be able to do away the force of those arguments against the policy of your measures, strong and unanswerable as they are true and conclusive? I would not however, be considered as sounding the trumpet of alarm unnecessarily, or wishing to create unfounded apprehensions in the minds of those so requisite for our defence; no such thing, I hate tyranny as much as any man—I hate its minister whoever he be, as much as any man—I deprecate any thing likely to cause division, or likely to estrange the affections of the people from the defence of the country. I bless that heaven that placed me within the pale of the British Constitution, and it is this love of its *preservation* that would alone embolden me to present its critical situation to your view, that you might repair its strength, and encrease its power and its splendour, by all those means a love of its continuance would direct, of its triumphs over its enemies would inspire. If we know not our weakness, how be able to guard against it? we now know it, let us do all we can to amend it. We have means of contemning the threats of this haughty usurper—of repelling all his attempts—of preserving our constitution as it exists, whole and entire. The *enlarging from disgraceful shackles*, (which an *infatuated* policy had *forged* in the day of *bigotry*, and *fanaticism*)

Five

Five Millions of Loyal Irish Catholics, now in the *power* of Government, will *terrify him*, will *defeat* all his projects; he *wishes* England to *persevere* in the same line of policy towards them, which with a blindness to be lamented, she has so long pursued; he wishes to alienate their affections, aware, that a divided country can make no resistance, and calculates upon their being so 'till relieved from their present state of vassalage. But the decision of the wisdom of the nation will at length evince to him, and to the world—that justice has at last triumphed over bigotry, and liberality over prejudice—that we are determined to oppose him with all our united efforts, and for this end, will give every individual an equal concern in the general safety of the whole—will impart to every member of the community every blessing the other enjoys—will secure by every possible means the affection of all our people, thereby inclining them to join in the *common* cause against the *common* enemy, and *thus secure* to *us all, every* blessing the British Constitution from its *excellence could* bestow. Toleration has already been victorious in the case of the dissentions of England, with how much more reason must we not expect it to operate in the Cause of Irish Catholics—The heroes of Maida and Barrossa, of Aboukir and Trafalgar. This must be a *glorious* triumph to Catholics, it must furnish their advocates, (if any now were *necessary*, if *policy* independent of the *danger* that *threatens* our vital interest, by the *refusal* of granting to Catholics so *loyal* and *peaceable*, what a *frightened* Ministry were *afraid* to *refuse English Dissenters*,) with *fresh* arguments in their favor, and *weaken* the *paltry* evasions of its enemies. I anxiously wait the *issue* of their Petition—I hope *total Emancipation*.

PHILO IRÆNEUS.

Waterford, May 13, 1811.

Catholic Soldiers and Orangemen.

As we predicted in our July publication, the annual sport of insulting the unfortunate Catholics, was performed by the Orange inhabitants of Bandon, on the 1st of last month. The battle of the Boyne was attempted to be fought in the usual manner, which the loyal ruffians invariably exercised, by parading in arms, to the terror of their unarmed neighbours, whose lives and properties were on the point of being offered up, to commemorate the triumphs which a Dutchman won over an injured country, through the agency of domestic treasons. But the Bandon heroes were arrested in the midst of their noise and array, in a manner they little expected; impunity no longer increased the intoxication of privileged murder, the Catholic soldiers of the garrison, rushed forward to protect their brethren, and by an impetuous and spirited attack, so appalled the murderers, that in a few minutes the abashed and cowardly miscreants became invisible, after leaving the tattered ensigns of their Orangism under the feet of their brave adversaries.

There can be no stronger reasons than this transaction shews, why we should deprecate the removal of the Irish Militia, because, they would, as natural guardians of their country, their relations and firesides, be a firmer force on their own soil, to interpose their protection, either to chastise an invader, or to check the licentious arrogance of domestic enemies. An English soldier, can neither feel, for the external safety of Ireland, nor for its tranquillity as the Irishman, whose nature it is to vindicate both the political and social safety of his country, with a sense of feeling and spirit not inferior to any other men on the globe.

LORD LOUTH.

Every part of a great man's life must be interesting to the inquiring part of the community. Lord Louth's manner of disposing of the tedious hours in Newgate, is not devoid of interest, if our time could allow us to pay such attention to the subject as it so eminently deserves, we could produce a very handsome course of regimen and amusement, that must be useful on future occasions, to noble convicts. His Lordship rises about nine each morning, breakfasts at ten, and has his ROLL-CALL, at eleven. The reader is not to understand by *Roll-Call*, that his Lordship has any military situation. The words only have a literal meaning in his Lordship's present manner of living; his *Roll-Call* is a regulation adopted in the management of his household, since Mathews and Judge Day sent him to Newgate. His Lordship discovered, before he was three days in his Green-street residence, that the bread, he left after breakfast, was not allowed to remain on the sideboard as it should be, for a future occasion, but had been illegally removed by his valet, a wily Frenchman, who though allowed ample board wages, converted the broken *du pain* to his own use. To avoid a recurrence of such a heavy misfortune, his Lordship counts his bread every day, and as it is formed into *Rolls*, the servants have appropriately given this part of his Lordship's business the name of ROLL-CALL.

After Roll-Call, his Lordship retires to his study, which is the wide seat of the farther window, and there he reads for two or three hours, except when interrupted by visitors, or by the noisy voice of an obstreperous fruit woman, who continues inviting his Lordship by name, to become her customer. The principal part of his literary recreation, is taken from Saunders's News-Letter, which his Lordship prefers, to any other book or paper, as it affords a greater variety of reading, particularly suited to his taste for rural economy; sales of lands and *trees;* anecdotes of jails, lazarettos, and butter-milk churns, articles heretofore in great estimation at Louth Hall. For this entertaining amusement he pays one penny a day to a blind stationer, who spends the hours he waits on his Lordship, playing on a Jews Harp at the kitchen fire.

Four is Levee hour, several of the visitors stay for dinner. The Earl of Fingal, Mr. Pollock, Colonels Cuffe, Marlay, Plunket, and Caulfield, with Lord Gosford, Counsellor O'Casey, Rev. Mr. Eustace, Rev. Mr. Lees, and Lord Tyrawley, are amongst the most attentive of his Lordship's friends, who kindly assist to mitigate the dullness of an irksome confinement.

The miscellaneous conversation, is interrupted about six, when the French *bread merchant* is rung for to count the potatoes for dinner; as his Lordship imports these useful articles, with cabbages, peas, turnips, milk and butter from Louth Hall. After delivering the necessary number of vegetables to the cook, who, has finished the respective dinners of her democratic fellow-prisoners. The culinary process for his Lordship's table commences, and at seven the mutton chops appear ready for the company. Mutton chops are favourite food with his Lordship, they are so convenient, that they may be encreased in proportion to the appetite of the company; while one or two are on the table, if there is any apparent necessity for an increase of the number, a servant is employed running to the market for each pound weight, until a signal is made, that another purchase is unnecessary.

At eleven his Lordship goes to his bed, which forms part of the furniture of his dining room, after regaling

himself with a literary pennyworth of an evening paper. The two servants disperse for the night, one mounts to an upper cell, and the other retires to the hospitable guard bed of some neighbouring watch house.

W. Cox's Letter to Captain Hilliard, Limerick Militia.

Newgate, Dublin, July 12, 1811.

CAPT. HILLIARD.

SIR,—I am informed, by a poor decrepid boy, who carries my publication, the Irish Magazine, to my customers, that you had the audacity on Saturday last, to rob him of a bundle of them, which you carried off in military triumph to your barracks in Granard.

This act of yours was not only an outrage on the Laws, but an act of cowardice; you took an advantage of the boy because he is lame, and a mean advantage of me, because I am in prison; for you must know so much of me, that nothing but such restraint could prevent me of trying your courage.

If you mean to travel the Irish Circuits in place of the Judges of the land, and act as censor of the Irish Press, it would be more manly to attack the Irish Magazine, at head-quarters, in Abbey-street, than on such petty out-posts as Granard. In Dublin you would have an opportunity of proving your gallantry as well as your loyalty, and whenever you honor my house with a visit, you will find a person there who will undertake to settle with you on the most gentlemanly conditions. All I request at present, that you will hang this letter up in your Mess-room, along with the captured publications, that your facetious companions, may have some other documents of mine besides my books, to temper their gallantry on this occasion; and that you do forthwith pay the boy for the books, or you shall hear from my Law Agent. Yours,

WALTER COX.

P. S. The public shall have a copy of this Letter in my next Month's Publication.

Captain Hilliard's Answer.

Granard, July 13, 1811.

SIR,

I had the honor of receiving your very flattering letter of the 12th inst. and beg leave to assure you, that it will add much to military triumph, and also to my vanity, when I see it published, together with any postscript or comment written in the same stile, in the pages of your respectable Magazine. I return you many thanks, for your kind invitation to your house; but, as I have no doubts of myself on the motives you have assigned for so much goodness, I must at present decline the honour of a visit. You may rely on it, that I shall follow your instructions with respect to exhibiting your letter as a document. Allow me to observe, that in cases of robbery, it is not usual for a Law Agent, to advise the sufferer to receive payment as a compensation from the felon. Whenever you do me the honour of publishing your Letter of the 12th, I shall not deem it a breach of that confidence between us, if at the same time you should think proper to subjoin my Answer. But I request that our *Private Correspondence* may now have an end.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very humble, servant,
WM. H. HILLIARD, Capt.
Royal Co. Limerick Militia.

The public will see by the stile and impertinence of this military hero's letter, with what contempt he holds the laws of the land. He flatters himself with impunity, from the calculation which he is intitled to make from the

the present circumstance, that prevents Mr. Cox from giving the hero a personal opportunity of exhibiting to the army the kind of materials he is composed of. Time is at present a flattering ally of Captain Hilliard's, two years may do a great deal towards dissipating the unfavourable circumstances that have occurred between him and Mr. Cox. But, he may be disappointed in this speculation, if Mr. Cox outlives the rigours of confinement, he is sure of vindicating himself and of chastising military arrogance. A paltroon is a long liver, Mr. Cox will not have to visit Portugal to seek Captain Hilliard. It is not the 'tented field' that will deprive Mr Cox of the means of adjustment; nothing but domestic misfortune can rob Ireland or the army of such an ornament. The perils of a Brothel, or the industry of a Catchpole, may do as effectually to abridge human life, as the fields of Albuera.

Public Feeling Outraged.

On Monday the 24th of June, being the anniversary of St. John, "a day set apart in every quarter of the civilized world, for the purpose of promoting and desseminating that great command of our blessed Redeemer, to love one another as he has loved us, and for the benevolent purposes for which all FREEMASONS, on the habitable globe assemble, be their religious tenet what it may."

A body of men stiling themselves FREEMASONS, belonging to the Antrim Militia, quartered in this town, appeared in motley Masonic attire, and marched to church, where a most excellent and impressive Sermon appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by that truly good Mason and admirable Preacher, the Rev. Joseph Druit, taken from the 4th chap. and 11th ver. of the general epistle of St. John, on which he expatiated with such force and eloquence, that no individual who had the happiness of hearing, him except the above persons, did not carry home in their breasts the god-like feeling of the preacher. But wonderful to relate these Anti-Freemasons in conduct, had not got more than ten yards from the Church door, when their band struck up party tunes of the most marked description, such as the Protestant Boys, Croppy lie Down, &c. &c. a circumstance unprecedented in this town, even when Orangemen walked in procession, which has not happened for some years past, as thank God, the excellent precepts inculcated by the respective Clergymen of all persuasions, has inspired such a tolerant spirit into the mind of the inhabitants of Cavan, as makes it as peaceable and loyal a town, as any in Ireland.

Whether the Master of that Lodge, who pays three companies in the A. Regiment, which, by the bye, I am told is a breach of the Standing Orders of the Army, and is also a clerk to the Paymaster, wished to display his puny efforts, to appear more loyal by the drum of disunion; or that the Drum Major, by a similar act, expected to obtain the delivery of the regimental letters, which he has never been entrusted with, I do not know, but the example to sew the seeds of discord, and the infuriated party spirit displayed by them, being in direct opposition to the principles of the enlightened Society which they profess to belong to, and in direct hostility to the precepts of that illustrious personage, who is G. M. F. M. in Ireland, the natural inference must be, that they were actuated by some base motive, to wound the feelings of their Masonic brethren in general, but particularly the Free Masons of this town, who were under the painful necessity of witnessing their illiberal conduct, and hearing the universal murmur and displeasure, expressed by the well informed persons of all persuasions at this intollerant attempt to awaken feelings long since consigned to oblivion.

RT. HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

(Concluded from our last, page 320.)

I had however one great consolation; deserted, as I could not but think myself I had every reason to be proud of the perfect faith and friendship, which you and Lord Ponsonby had manifested towards me; and to feel, that the disappointment which I prepared myself to meet, could be no more imputed to you than prevented by you.

After a lapse of some weeks I waited upon the Duke of Bedford, by his Grace's desire; he apprised me that I was to be Master of the Rolls, as soon as the necessary arrangements were effected. You may easily judge of my feelings on this communication;—but it was the first time I had ever seen the Duke of Bedford; I had no shadow of claim upon his Grace; he was not the person to whom I could complain, that I was humbled or ill-treated; I barely said that "I was grateful to his Grace for the courtesy of the communication;" and retired with an almost decided purpose to decline the appointment. This substitution I considered a direct departure from the compact with Mr. G. Ponsonby, and accompanied by the aggravation of withholding that consultation and explanation, without which, and without my own express consent, I ought not to have been so disposed of. As to the place itself, it was the last I should have chosen; it imposed upon me a change of all my habits of life; it forced my mind to a new course of thinking, and into new modes of labour, and that, encreased labour; it removed me from that intellectual exercise which custom and temper had rendered easy and pleasant; it excluded me from the enjoyment of the honest gratification of an official share in an administration which I then thought would have consisted principally, if not altogether, of the tried friends of Ireland. When the party with which I had acted so fairly, had, after so long a proscription, come at last to their natural place, I did not expect to have been stuck into a window, a spectator of the procession. From the station, which I then held at the Bar, to accept the neutralized situation of the Rolls, appeared to me a descent, and not an elevation:—It had no allurement of wealth, for diminished as my income had been by the most remorseless persecution for years, by which I was made to expiate the crime of not being an alien to my country, by treachery, or by birth, it was still abundant when compared with my occasions, and was likely to continue so, long as the occasions should last.

To this intended refusal, however, my friends in Ireland thought there were strong objections; they thought it would look like an accusation of the party at large, to the great majority of whom I had reason to be more attached than ever—they urged other inducements unnecessary to detail—and which I thought worthy my attention. There remained a still superior motive to decide me: to have yielded to resentment, or disgust, and refused the offered situation, might be to carry disturbance and irritation to the bed of a dying friend; I knew the untemporising nature of Lord Ponsonby, where he thought his honour concerned, and I saw that the whole arrangement of the administration for Ireland, as far as it depended upon him, might be dissolved, if he thought me ill-treated; I had a similar apprehension from the part you yourself would pursue upon such an occasion; and I could not but see, that if you and Lord Ponsonby were to withdraw your support from the Irish Administration, that unhappy country could have little to hope from any new order of things. I resolved therefore to submit, and to do so with an appearance of as much good humour as I could affect.

At my next meeting with Mr. G. Ponsonby, which was purely casual, (for I did not seek it) he asked me if I had not seen the Duke of Bedford? I said "yes;" he said "he hoped every thing was to my satisfaction." I answered, "His grace's reception of me has been extremely courteous." Even then, not a word of explanation from Mr. G. Ponsoby. He merely informed me that Sir Michael Smyth should be treated with on the subject of his resignation. And I must confess, that he presented my condition in a point of view, which excited no ordinary sensations: For I now saw that instead of coming into the stipulated situation by an undisputed claim of right, and without the burthen of one shilling expence to the country, I was flung upon the precarious chance of a place, which if achieved at all, could be obtained only by a charge on the public, and rendered additionally disgusting to me by the appearance of a job.

At last, after delays perhaps not easy to be avoided, but certainly affording ample time for the triumph of my enemies

mies, and the vexation of my friends, both of whom looked upon me as insulted and abandoned, that treaty took place, without any participation of mine, and without the remotest hint that it could involve any stipulation and guarantee on my part. I was informed by Mr. G. Ponsonby that the arrangement was completed:—That Sir Michael was to resign on the terms of receiving the retiring salary; and also, upon the promise by the government, that his deputy, Mr. Ridgeway, should get a place of 6000*l.* per annum, if such place should become vacant before the 25th of March ensuing, until which time no addition could be made to the pension list; and if no such vacancy should occur before that day, he should then be placed on the pension establishment for 500*l.* a year, for his life, and that a provision by pension, to the amount altogether of 300*l.* a year, was also to be made for three inferior officers of Sir Michael's Court.

Had any idea of any stipulation whatever on my part been suggested, feeling as I did, I could not have borne it—for, see how it would have stood: on my part, it would have been a direct purchase of a judicial office. The purchase could not be made good out of its own income, which could last only to my death or resignation: for these annuities were for the lives of four other persons, and worth at least 8000*l.*; with these 8000*l.* therefore, I was eventually to charge my private fortune; for this sum I was to buy the disappointment of an expectation, which I thought certain, and to commit a breach of the law and the constitution.

But if I could have dispensed with the matter of purity, another question remained: Was this change between my professional and judicial situation so to be obtained, worth the sum of 8000*l.*? There would have been, therefore, two previous questions to decide, a question of crime, and a question of prudence: if I had consulted a moralist upon the one and a Jew upon the other, what would have been the answer? I would not therefore have submitted for a moment, I would have snapped the thread in such a manner as would have made it impossible to splice it, and have felt pleasure in being restored to my liberty.

Sir Michael Smith at length resigned; and five months after Mr. G. Ponsonby accepted the seals, I came into my office. Months afterwards elapsed—No place was given to Mr. Ridgeway. I should have wished that he were satisfied rather by a place than a pension; but upon this delay I made no application to Mr. G. Ponsonby, because there scarcely then subsisted between us that sort of intercourse which could make such an application agreeable to me; perhaps in those feelings I was not just to Mr. G. Ponsonby; perhaps my temper might have been too hasty or too exacting: but I certainly did think myself treated, at least, with great unkindness; and you remember I complained of it too you long before the close of that Administration.

So things rested until a very few days previous to the 25th of March, when Mr. Elliot requested of me to find out the names of those persons belonging to Sir Michael Smith, and send them to him, that their business might be settled before the government should resign. Sir Michael happening to come to town that very day, I apprized him of Mr. Elliott's desire, and accordingly he sent him the names. I soon learned from mere rumour, that the pensions were not granted, though the government continued till towards the end of April. I learned it afterwards from Mr. G. Ponsonby himself, who spoke of it with regret, as a circumstance vexatious to Sir Michael; but without the remotest allusion to any interest or concern, that he himself or that I could possibly have in the matter; nor did he say any thing whatsoever as to the cause of this disappointment. As to the Duke of Bedford, I could not but think with every body else, that the transaction was merely between Sir Michael and the Irish Government, without any possibility of relation to the person of the Viceroy; and it was under this continued conviction that, even by the necessity of vindication, I could allow myself to speak of it, even to you, as freely as I now do. After some time, I forgot how many days or weeks. I met a friend of ours accidentally; he introduced the circumstance of the disappointment of Mr. Ridgeway, and the three other persons. In what passed, he appeared to me to speak merely from the casual suggestion of his own mind. I had not then, nor have I now, any idea that he spoke at the instance of Mr. G. Ponsonby; or that he meant to convey any distinct proposition whatsoever. He expressed much concern at the accident, as extremely unlucky. I enquired how the disappointment could have been occasioned. Of this he seemed uninformed; but asked me if I did not think something ought to be done

done by us. I answered, that I was utterly ignorant upon the subject; that I considered myself from the moment Mr. G. Ponsonby came Chancellor as most unkindly treated by him, from whom alone I could derive any information; that I did not see what we should do on the occasion, or why we should do any thing. We met a second time in the same casual way; he asked me if I had thought any more upon the subject of our last conversation; I answered that I had heard nothing more about it: and of course, that I thought as I did before. Had he come to make any demand on me, on the part of Mr. Ponsonby, I should have expected to find him prepared to give him the fullest satisfaction, as to the nature of such a demand, and of the facts on which it could rest, being myself utterly ignorant of them. I should have expected to be distinctly informed why the arrangement made in London, in pursuance of my original compact with Mr. G. Ponsonby, had not been observed in Dublin? Why the hopes of Sir Michael had been disappointed? Why I had never been consulted upon either subject? How the non-performance to Sir Michael could throw any liability on me? If it had been a proposition to do something in concurrence with the party, I should have expected to be informed how the liability of Mr. Ponsonby's official acts could be extended to the party, and which of the party had entertained such an opinion; and in what act it was that they required my concurrence? If I had been shewn by any explanation on these points, that any duty whatsoever in justice or in honor was cast upon me, I would have instantly performed it; if I thought it doubtful, I would have referred the decision confidently to the party itself. But, I considered the suggestion as the mere effusion of good-nature; the mere result of kindness and not of reflection—because, taken in any other way, it would have come simply to this: "Sir, you have entered many years ago into a compact; you have observed it faithfully; you suffered deeply by that observance; when the time of performing it to you arrived, it was ratified in London; in Dublin, the substitution of something else, supposed to be a performance, was adopted without our privity consent; the substitution too was accompanied by collateral circumstances of much humiliation and disrespect towards you—By unforeseen events that substitution has been attended with some pecuniary charges; it is hoped, that having so patiently borne this, you will take it *cum onore*, and not think it unreasonable to defray those incidental expences—it is trusted you will have no objection to the mode proposed, as unconstitutional or dishonourable. You have a judicial office;—all that is required of you, is to accept a lease of that office from the deputy, and three inferior officers of your predecessor, at the small rent of 800*l.* a year—of these four Landlords there will be, the former Trainbearer, Tipstaff, and Crier of your Court. As the rent must be for their lives, and not merely for yours, you will see the necessity of insuring your own—or you may redeem the whole for the sum of 800*l.* if so much personal fortune has escaped the wreck to which you were exposed by your political fidelity—the entire emoluments of your office will be then generously left to your disposal."—Had therefore such a claim been made I should have viewed it exactly in this light and refused it accordingly. I some time after, heard that that Mr. G. Ponsonby had made a grant of 800*l.* per annum to Mr. Ridgeway, and those three inferior officers, and this act has been represented to the public as occasioned by want of gratitude to Mr. G. Ponsonby, my benefactor, and of personal honor as a Member of the party; as to the first part of the charge, you well know how unfounded it is; thank God, I have had many friends; I am now addressing the most valued of them; but, in the sense intended, I never had a benefactor;—If I had entertained any views of ambition, I could have been lifted only by a stronger wing than my own; but my journey has been on the ground, and performed on foot, and I was able to walk without the crutches of patronage. As to the allegation of my breach of just or honorable engagement, the fact of such engagement must have been with the knowledge of the Duke of Bedford, of Mr. G. Ponsonby, and of Sir Michael Smith; and I aver that I never was required to take any part in guaranteeing to Sir Michael Smith that agreement of government, or of being liable to him in any event for the performance; and that I never did, directly or indirectly, make any promise on the subject; and that I know not of any act whatsoever, which, to the best of my judgment, after the maturest consideration, can warrant the allegations that have been made against me. Of these allegations, I now feel it necessary to take some farther notice:

I well

I well knew how incapable Mr. G. Ponsonby must be of making them; if he had heard them, he had too much honor to repel them with indignation; it is therefore the more necessary for me to advert to them. It is said, the substitution, of which I complained, was for my benefit: I answer, first, that it was a question upon which I alone was competent to decide; a question for the feelings of a gentleman; not the calculation of a notary public. Had it been referred to me, as I think it ought, I should have seen, as the public did see, and did say, that it went to sink me, by excluding me from all political confidence.—Between such discredit and pecuniary compensation, no honorable mind could balance. But the assertion itself is untrue in fact. The place which I hold was as inferior to that of Attorney General, in point of pecuniary emolument, as of political consequence. The professional and official income I should have derived from the latter, could not have been less than double the amount of what I now enjoy. I should have made no deduction for any precariousness of tenure, for never was there an administration less likely to be changed. That income, therefore, I should have counted upon as certain, 'till I passed to the chief seat on the King's Bench; a situation of equal certainty with that of the Rolls; of far more dignity; of, I believe twice the annual value; far more congenial with my habits and temper; which I should have filled with, perhaps, more advantage to the public; certainly, with much greater to myself: And to that place, the office of Attorney General would have led by the course of ordinary usage:—And to that place it must have led me, because in no other way could the compact have been finally fulfilled. I say, then, it was not for my benefit; and I say further, it was for the benefit of Mr. G. Ponsonby himself; as, without some arrangement in which I should acquiesce, his own compact must have been an insurmountable bar to his acceptance of office. I say, also, that if the compact with me had been observed, the arrangement with Sir Michael Smith could never have existed; nor of course any person be called upon to compensate for its non-perfomance. And yet the charge against me is, that having received a part payment of a debt, I was bound in honour, out of that payment, to defray the expense of the disappointment which prevented my receiving the whole.

I has been said, that the attacks made upon me by my enemies, threw difficulties upon my friends in the course of that arrangement; and that, under all the circumstances, though the compact was not fully performed, I might have been content. But what were those who attached slanders upon me in common with themselves? Slanders provoked by a conduct, of which my friends, as well as myself, have reason to be proud; slanders cast upon me by the very men whose want of wisdom or humanity threw upon me the necessity of adopting and pursuing that conduct, which provoked their vengeance and their misrepresentation. Thank God, I did adopt and pursue it, under the pressure of uninterrupted attacks upon my character and fortune, and frequently at the hazard of my life; I trust, that while I have memory, that conduct will remain indelibly engraven upon it; because it will there be a record of the most valuable of all claims—a claim upon the gratitude of my own conscience. But, at most, what could the supposed difficulties be? Was it more than to say, "a friend cannot be less dear, or a compact less sacred, because that friend has been falsely aspersed?". I know that malice against me was then most active, because it was then most interested; but I can scarcely imagine any distillation of slander so highly rectified as to dissolve a compact. And here, surely, it is not very necessary for me to say, that had such difficulty really arisen, I would not have permitted, for a moment, any consideration, personal to myself, to stand in the way of an arrangement, from which the friends of Ireland expected so much advantage.

It has been said, that at all events, I have been a gainer by my connexion with the party; a despicable reproach, if true; but it is not true. I came into Parliament at a very early period; having no heriditary fortune, I could have little property. During the whole time of my sitting there, I never deviated from those principles which have bound us together; I continued, from Parliament to Parliament, to come in at my own expense. It is apparent how heavy such a burthen must have been. I was not like other men, who came into Parliament without any expence; who had great family interest to support them; I had not the same means nor the same inducements. To this, perhaps, it might be objected, that at my first coming into the House of Commons I did accept a seat from a particular

cular friend; and the fact is so: but it is also true, that having soon differed on political subjects with that gentleman, I purchased a seat for a friend of his, there being then no way of vacating; though, to do him justice, he endeavoured to dissuade me from it; having given me the seat on the express condition of perfect freedom on my part. From the first, I adopted your principles, and on those we acted until the forming of our party, 1789. In the mere personal compact between Mr. G. Ponsonby and me, you could have no interest; for it was known that you would not accept any emolument of office. The compact itself was not a stipulation for gain, but simply a bond of cohesion in the faithful discharge of that agreement. I made no compromise with power; I had the merit of provoking and despising the personal malice of every man in Ireland who was the known enemy of the country.—Without the walls of the courts of justice, my character was pursued by the most persevering slander; and within those walls, though I was too strong to be beaten down by any judicial malignity—it was not so with my clients; and my consequent losses in mere professional income, have never been estimated at less, as you must have often heard, than 80,000*l.*; and yet for these losses, it seems I am to be considered as compensated. It is with no little pain that I descend to such paltry topics, but when accusation is vile and grovelling, what dignity can be expected in defence? It seems the privilege of vulgar calumny, that the victim must be humbled by the one, if he be not disgraced by the other.

Lastly, it has been said, that it would have been a good-natured thing to take an accidental loss upon myself, instead of letting it fall on Mr. G. Ponsonby. Strange good nature indeed!—to make myself chargeable with a loss that could have been occasioned solely by what I consider the reverse of an act of kindness. Strange good-nature, as it appears to me, to apply 8000*l.* of my fortune in the purchase of an imputation on my character, by which I should have falsely admitted myself to be a corrupt trafficker for a judicial office. But supposing, however, that there could subsist such liability; should it not appear that every thing possible had been done to prevent its arising? And here, what has been done? In the variety of places which must have fallen from June to March, was any offer made to Mr. Ridgeway? But when in March the names were required to be sent in, as I have stated, with the express intent of performing the engagements, and which requisition was, of itself an acknowledgement of the power to perform, why was it not performed? And in this latter view, I am not surprised to have heard it said, that Sir Michael Smith conceived the failure to Mr. Ridgeway as an indignity to himself.

I know your friendship will excuse the painful trouble I have given you, but you are the person to whom alone I could address this letter. I consider myself still, and shall, whilst I live a member of our party, and bound by its principles; you have a peculiar interest in the honor of those with whom you have thought it right to act; and none of us can be humbled in looking to you as the patron of us all. I feel I have trespassed too long upon you in justifying my conduct; this justification is in truth but one of the objects of this letter, and this I trust is accomplished. As to these facts, however, on which I have placed my justification, I may be utterly mistaken; I reason upon them as they appeared; Mr. G. Ponsonby may think they have been entirely misconceived by me; or he may know of other facts, of which I know nothing, that would shew his conduct to me perfectly as it ought to have been; and, that I, on the contrary have been in error. If so, never could I be undeceived with more pleasure to myself. The other object of my letter, therefore, is, to request you will communicate with Mr. G. Ponsonby on this subject; that you will learn from him if there be any claim which he conceives himself to have upon me, in justice or in honour, and the grounds upon which he conceives such claims to stand. You will see the necessity of Mr. G. Ponsonby's having the kindness to state those grounds specifically and distinctly; for in no other way can my justification, or his claim, be judged of by me or by others. This, I think, even a stranger might expect; but I cannot think so slightly of what is due to the recollection of our intercourse for five-and-twenty years, as not to hope to find in him a prompt and generous ardor in doing justice to my feelings and my reputation. I do not refer the matter to his decision—it is not for either of us to decide. Should my judgment acquiesce in the claim, (if any can be made) I will comply with it instantly; if it does not, I will concur in referring it to Yourself, Lord Moira, Lord Grey, Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, or Lord Ponsonby, or any other common friend or friends

friends, that may be appointed. I wish them to decide, upon the most liberal principles of justice and of honor, what ought to be done under all the circumstances of the case.

Whatever that decision shall be, I shall comply most promptly. In doing so, I shall have the satisfaction of acting rightly, and be relieved from the painful apprehension of being thought by any man capable of acting otherwise.

I am, &c. &c.

J. P. CURRAN.

April, 1808.

*** Lord Moira, Lord Grey and Lord Holland, were accordingly named as arbitrators.

Copy of the Engagements with Sir Michael Smith, required in favor of his Dependants in office, before he would resign his situation of Master of the Rolls; and which was sent to the late Chancellor Ponsonby, at his request.

MAY, 1806.

The Lord Chancellor engages, on the part of Goverment, to Sir Michael Smith, as follows, viz.

1st. That as soon as conveniently may be, after the 25th of March, 1807, a pension of one hundred pounds a year, free and clear of all charges for pells, poundage, or otherwise, shall be granted, in due form to John Hevey, the late Crier of Sir Michael Smith, to hold to the said John Hevey from said 25th of March, 1807, for and during his natural life.

2dly, That a like provision one hundred pounds a year shall at the same time, and in like manner and form, be granted to James Gardiner, the late Trainbearer of Sir Michael Smith, to hold to him from said 25th of March, 1807, for and during said James Gardiner's natural life.

3dly, That a like Pension of one hundred pounds a year shall, at the same time, and in like manner and form, be granted to James Leonard, the late Tipstaff of Sir Michael Smith, to hold to said James Leonard, from said 25th March, 1807, for and during his natural life.

4thly, That a pension of five hundred pounds a year, or a place worth six hundred pounds a year, not inconsistent with his profession as a practising Attorney, shall at the same time, and in like manner, and form, be granted to Joseph Ridgeway, Esq. the late Deputy of Sir Michael Smith at the Rolls, to hold to said Joseph Ridgeway, from the said 25th day of March, 1807, for and during his natural life.

A Copy of the Chancellor Ponsonby's Letter, to Sir M. Smith.

Ely-Place, May 28th, 1808.

DEAR SIR,

I laid before my Lord Lieutenant the statement which you sent me, as containing *the Engagement of Government*, respecting the provision to be made for those inferior officers of your court who wish to retire at the same time you do, and for whose comfort you express so much solicitude; *and I am authorised by his Grace to assure you, that he will comply with your wishes, and fulfill the engagement as I by his permission, have made it.* I shall be much obliged to you (when you have taken a copy of the engagement to send me back the original, and to write me a *formal* and regular notification of your wish to resign, as the letter you have just now sent me, though sufficient to authorise me to inform the Lord Lieutenant of your desire, is not sufficient to authorise him to recommend the acceptance of your resignation, the grant of your pension, and the appointment of your successor.

I have the honour to be,

With great esteem, yours,

G PONSONBY, C.

Copy of a Letter from E. Hutchins, Esq. to the Right Hon. George Ponsonby.

Wednesday, June 15.

MY DEAR SIR,

I know you are apprised that Mr. Curran has appointed me to represent him in the reference between him and you. You will have the goodness to appoint some friend of yours, to act with me in conducting the business.

I am, dear Sir, your very sincere, and obedient servant.

E. HUTCHINS.

Right Hon. G. Ponsonby.

Copy Letter from E Hutchins, Esq. to the Right Hon. George Ponsonby.

Monday, June 20th.

MY DEAR SIR,

When on Wednesday last I wrote to you to request that you would appoint some friend of yours, to act with me, in conducting the reference between you and Mr Curran, I did suppose that you would prefer the good offices of a friend to acting yourself in the business; if, however, you prefer the latter, I shall be extremely happy to confer with you, whenever you please, on the subject. To me the necessity

sity of your co-operation, in a reference to which you are a party, appears indispensible; if, however, any other mode of conducting it occurs to you, I assure you I shall be very happy to attend to any suggestion of yours. I am the more anxious that this business should not be longer delayed, as the season of the year will soon arrive, in which we cannot expect the presence of the arbitrators in town.

Right Hon. G. Ponsonby.

Copy Letter from the Right Hon. George Ponsonby to Emanuel Hutchins, Esq.

Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Sir,

When I came home last night, I found your second letter, which put me in mind how long I had suffered your first to remain unanswered, for which neglect I beg you to excuse me. In truth I opened it when engaged in talking over some political affairs; and, putting it into my drawer, forgot to write to you.

Mr. Daly will be in London in ten days; and, when he comes, he will converse with you upon the subject you mention; but I suppose you are apprized that I have nothing to say to the matter, farther than having, at Mr. Grattan's importunity, yielded to Mr Curran's desire of what is called a reference. I always felt, and feel, that I have nothing to refer.

Very truly yours,

G. PONSONBY.

Copy of a Letter from the Right Hon. G. Ponsonby to Emanuel Hutchins, Esq.

Newlands, Rathcoole, July 25, 1808.

My Dear Sir,

Mr. Daly has, I believe, reached London; and is, I believe, to be found at Batt's Hotel, in Jermyn-street. If the gentlemen are in town, and you are disposed to go on with the business, Mr. Daly will I am sure, be ready to attend them. As he was the person who managed the whole transaction with Sir Michael Smith and Mr. Curran, he is the properest to inform them upon it it. If any statement is to be laid before them, I shall be obliged to you to shew it to him, and he will judge whether it is necessary to send it to me.

I am, with much esteem,

Yours very truly,

G. PONSONBY.

Copy Letter from Emanuel Hutchins, Esq. to the Right Hon. George Ponsonby.

160, Piccadilly, October, 1809.

Dear Sir,

I write at the instance of Mr. Curran, who is here, to request that, as the referees are now in this country, you will be pleased to state in writing the claim on which their decison is to be had. If you would favour me with a copy of it, it would expedite the termination, which Mr. C. has felt great pain at being so long deferred. I also request that you will have the goodness to send me a copy of the agreement entered into with Sir M. Smith, previous to his resignation.

I am, &c.

Right Hon. G. Ponsonby.

N. B. No Copy of the agreement required by Mr. Hutchins, was given by Mr. Ponsonby; the copies of Sir Michael Smith's terms, and of Mr. Ponsonby's letter in answer thereto, were fortunately obtained long after, from a gentleman who has the originals in his possession.

Copy Letter from the Right Hon. G. Ponsonby to E. Hutchins, Esq.

Newlands, Rathcoole, Oct. 26, 1809.

My Dear Sir,

Having been from home for some time, I did not receive your letter until yesterday, which must plead my excuse for not sooner answering it. I have no claim to state—I desired no reference;—but at the repeated instances and importunity of Mr. Grattan, urged by the desire of Mr. Curran, I consented to one; and, therefore, it is for Mr. Curran to state what he wishes to be referred. When he shall do so, and when that statement shall be shewn to me, I will signify my assent or dissent to it, or any part of it. I entered into no agreement with Sir Michael Smith, previous to his resignation, but what related to the amount of his pensions to be granted by government after the 25th of March, 1807, every thing else was transacted verbally, and almost, if not entirely, by my brother-in-law, Mr. Daly.

I am, with much estem,

Yours very truly,

G. PONSONBY.

Copy Letter from Emanuel Hutchins, Esq. to the Right Hon. G. Ponsonby.

160, Piccadilly, April 20, 1810.

Dear Sir,

Ever since the nomination of arbitrators on the question between you and Mr. Curran, he has been most anxious to have it decided. He has now, a third time, come hither for that purpose. In your last letter to me, you propose, that he shall begin by laying his case before the referees. It appears to him that this, would

would put him under strange difficulties indeed; but he is willing, and I now propose on his part, to refer your proportion t the arbitrators; if they think the statement should begin with him, it shall be so. You will excuse my earnestly requesting an immediate answer to this.

I am dear Sir, &c.

E. H.

Right Hon. G. Ponsonby.

Copy Letter from the Right Hon. G. Ponsonby to Emanuel Hutchins, Esq.

Friday Morning, May 20, 1810.

My Dear Sir,

I have this moment received your favor of this date, and lose not a moment in answering it. I have now before me a copy of the letter which I wrote to you upon the 26th of October last, and which contains all that I think upon the subject you then wrote and now write to me upon; and I have, therefore, only to add, that

I am, with great esteem and regard,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

G. PONSONBY.

* * Mr. Ponsonby having declined answering Mr. Hutchins's letter, offering to submit to the arbitrators, whether Mr. Ponsonby or Mr. Curran should make the first statement, the reference thus fell to the ground; and the anxious endeavour, to have the question privately and amicably adjusted, and to avoid the painful necessity of any thing like publicity, was defeated.

Slaughter in Carlow.

(Continued from our last, page 308.)

I have now, arrived at that part of my narrative, which seems to have been marked by a thirst for plunder, unexampled, from the days of the first English Robber, down to the *pious! honest! Elizabeth.* As I mean to confine this letter, exclusively to the plunder and butchery committed on Michael O'Keef, and William M'Donnlad, a sketch of their character and situation in life, may not be entirely uninteresting.—O'Keefe, was by profession, both farmer and malster; living within three miles of Carlow; in comfortable easy circumstances: he was a man of most amiable character; respected by the rich, and adored by the poor: in short the country people loved him. Mr. M'Donnald, was a native of Carlow, very extensive in the Brewery business; he was a man of such gentlemanly manners, and dignity of mind, that had he lived in other times, his age and great respectability, must have insured him a better fate. For his character, I would refer the reader to the crowd of foodless, houseless objects that surrounded his prison; who, with a resolution dictated by hunger, fearlessly presented their sun-burned breasts to the forest of bayonets that surrounded him; exclaiming, "*Tyrants*, liberate the man of God; restore to us our benefactor; for, we were hungry, and he gave us to eat, *naked* and he *clothed* us." He was convicted on the information of the old grey-headed ruffian, whom I mentioned in the list of informers, in my last letter, but one; but, what made the old sinner doubly culpable, was, his information did not proceed from the blood-stained TRIANGLES; oh! no; it was not solicited! it was the fruit of deliberation—his dastardly soul conceived, that, by sheding the blood of so respectable on individual, he would, thereby, insure his own preservation. His crime was, his having counciled this *old Judas* to become a United Irishman, for which, he was sentenced to be hanged; but was respited daily by that powerful intercessor gold, whose magic influence, changed all the colour of his fate. He was pardoned on condition of leaving his Majesties dominions; to which, he cheerfully consented: so determined to spend the remainder of his days in the land of FREEDOM and repose. He had little preparation to make for his voyage to the New World, as his property during his confinement, was disposed of by a *sub-commissioned Robber* whose avidity for plunder, could be equaled, only, by his thirst for blood. He mustered whatever of his property remained; arrived safe in

York; but he carried with him the seeds of mortality: and soon visited that country, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."—As O'Keefe's was the richest booty, and his fate, the most calamitous, a short account of his execution and the unheard of plunder of his property, must be interesting to an Irish public. When infamy first proclaimed him as a rebel in the country, the joy that flashed on the countenances of the whipping circles, may be conceived, but cannot be described; the bustle and preparation for the capture of his person and property, presented a scene, something resembling the siege of Badajoz, with this difference, that the besiegers were less successful in their assault at Badajoz; and, in the hurry of retreat forgot their booty! The cargoes of malt, droves of cattle, lots of pigs, &c. that covered the road from Ballybarr to Carlow, reminds one of a PORTUGAL proclamation, where the produce of the country floats before each succeeding army; but the private plunder, which the sub-commissioned robber, committed on the money, plate, linnen, &c. has no parallel in the annals of private peculation. Such was the unbounded plunder committed on the man's property, that the cattle and pigs that were slaughtered, being more than sufficient to feed, even free quarters, were obliged to be buried, to avoid infection. His execution was such rank butchery, that, to dwell on the subject, would but harrow up the feelings of my readers. To see the assasin Martin, choping off the head, and revit it on the spike—was a sight, 'that would appeal the devil'—when time shall roll, and the grandsons of of O'Keeffe or M'Donnald, shall take up the history of their country, and open the bloody volume of 98, tho' their poverty must convince them of the plunder of their fathers, still they must pause, can they credit, that the robbery was *legalized?* committed in the noon-day! at the close of the eighteenth Century! under the eyes of the Magistrates of the country!!—but what must be the cogitations of their mind, when they recollect, that, at the very time of this general plunder of private property, the Minister of the Gospel witnessed, in some places, the house of his Catholic neighbour ascend in flames; and the fruit of his industry born by the windows of the church? Yet, this was a subject too profane, too unhallowed, to pollute the house of God; or tingle in the ears of Protestant auditory.

[*To be continued.*]

TO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE DUBLIN E. EXPRESS.

SIR,

Having read in your paper of July 16th, of certain transactions, which occured in Mountrath on the ever memorable day of Orang Ascendancy. I beg leave to make some remarks on these outrages, which, if suffered to continue, must necessarily rouse the dormant the continually provoked, though patient spirits of the Catholics of Ireland.

These wanton sons of cruelty, with an intention of commemorating the fall of suffering Ireland, and the memory of an usurper, sallies forth, with fire arms, shouting and exulting, determined fury and malice marked on their countenances: they join in the discordant airs of their party, they look around, and see the peaceable Catholics undisturbed—rage, at this picture, pounces to their hearts, they fire amongst people, who pity their madness; into their doors, their windows, and, not satisfied with this, under and across their faces.—Hear this ye sons of a bleeding country! Hear this ye descendants of Heroes! Can patience go farther—yet, you have borne more, you have seen your minister, your instructor, your comforter, your father, and delegate to your creator—this man of peace, abused, insulted even, in the grossestand most vile

manner

manner, yet bearing all with a saint-like fortitude. Ye have seen all this, Catholic inhabitants of Mountrath, and have borne it, ye are men, but whether to account for your passiveness to a cowardly spirit, or to the meek influence of your religious precepts, I am at a loss to determine; it must be to the latter, I am persuaded, that Catholics are not become that degenerate pusillanimous race, to suffer themselves to be thus so ignominiously assailed. Your religious principles and your forcible and persuasive instructions your pastors curb your just anger [illegible] meekness, patience, and forgiveness are your only arms.

But what would the consequence be, had you collected in a band to prevent these insults? Why, simply this, your mild and unprejudiced Government would bestow on you the honorable title of *rebels*, a proclamation would be issued forth to bring you all to *deserved punishment*, *Martial Law* would be enacted, and then—The Loyal Knights of the blood-stained Orange, would step forth in the glowing spirit of *loyalty* to their King and Country, raise the murderous scene of the Tragedy of 98, and act their parts with the eloquence of the halter, bayonet, bullet, and fire; yet, *they are* not aggressors, they could not be aggressors—no, no, Catholics are the only aggressors. Do you think Government would disbelieve the words of the descendant of William and believe the sons of '*that damnable, idolatrous, and murderous religion*' of 1811 years standing? fye! fye! 'tis too old to be valued, 'tis superannuated, 'tis unfashionable, and only fit for such wild creatures as we are devoid, even, of the common politeness of life.'

But, what is this? "A young unmarried woman, of decent connexions and situation in life, so far throws off the character of her age and sex, as to fire a pistol directly and designedly in the face of the Catholic Clergyman of the parish, who had never offended a single inhabitant of it." And you call all this, Mr. Editor of the Express, an act, actuated on by a diabolical spirit of the Protestant mind, such a mere joke of a *young lady* spirited on by an enthusiastic wish of doing good, surely, if you had examined this matter more seriously, you would find, that this *young Amazon*, saw something in the physiognomy of the priest, which she thought rather of the serious, perhaps, bordering on a fit of the hypochondria; she immediately conceived, with the best intention in the world, that an electric shock, even one of her own make, might at once dispel this fit, what does she do? She loads her pistol, and while your good man, who "never offended a single inhabitant of Mountrath, unless through a conscientious discharge of his duties, and through strict and exemplary moral conduct," was perhaps meditating on some plan of extending the happiness of his parishioners, or of hushing the threatening evil which he saw approaching, and praying for these deluded people, whilst, I say, he might be doing this, this beautiful, well disposed, delicate, mild young creature, an honour to her sex and *genteel connexions*, fires in his face, which certainly must produce the effect intended!!! And this, you say, "brings to our minds some of the worst acts of the worst times of the French revolution."—

Irishmen weep for your country, for yourselves—Daughters of Erin, smile through your tears, for this heroine, is not your sister, the pestilential blood of a serpent brood flows through her veins—Her country is not Ireland.

On further, we find, a Magistrate a Protestant, step forth in the oppressed Catholics cause, but, what could his single arm do? One individual of the populous town of Mountrath comes forward to stem the roaring tide of impetuous fury!! What is the consequence? He is borne along with the weak, unresisting barriers of intolerant prejudices, and suffers in

common

common with them. This gentleman's name is H. Cornelius, an honor to his friends, and an eternal contrast to the disgrace and infamy of his enlightened and worthy brethren of Mountrath, the disseminators of impartial justice, who, perhaps, during this scene, sat quietly at their bottle quaffing the juice, of the grape, and drinking the glorious memory, the downfal of Popery, &c. To this gentleman we have only to return the grateful feelings of lacerated hearts.

Next, Mr. Editor, you call on government, you "intreat them to put themselves for a moment, and in imagination only, in our places," and then you calmly ask them "would they think life on such terms, worth holding?" you answer the question, "you are sure they would not, because they have the feelings of men," but you forgot, Mr. Editor of the Express, that they are not Catholics, or Irishmen, and, of consequence, their feelings cannot be so vulgar as ours. You ought to have recollected the opinions of our English masters, of Irish bastards in power, in respect of us, the brute sayings of the accomplished ladies of the sister kingdom, these would immediately remind you of your littleness, and what a vast difference there is between Westley's followers, Orange Partisans, and Irish Catholics.

The Catholics of Ireland are seeking for Emancipation, like tame lions for their wonted food, from their master's hand, O! had I Ovid's skill in metamorphosing, I would set them down lambs under the butcher's knife, the allegory would be more striking and more similar to truth, according to the present picture of affairs, the lions are refused their food, they look on their keeper and tamely crouch at their feet and slumber.—W. Cobbett, a true friend to his country, the mirror in which the stains, madness and weakness of its ministers are exposed, Finnerty the plain, relater of matters probing to the feelings of the enemies of truth, and poor Cox the scourge of assasins, of sleek visaged demoniacs, lie in the dungeons of criminals; ye may complain, as the constituents of Catholic Emancipation, or the bankrupt merchants of Dublin and Cork do. But what will avail your complaints? Patience is yours,—Irishmen, Patience has banished hope, the Orangemen will allow you nothing but despair and death.

Irishmen recollect the deeds of your forefathers, ye are men, your actions have always shewn you to be such, even your enemies must own it. Boldly seek your rights, shake off the stupor that oppresses you, rouse from this lethargy, nor swerve from the helm of freedom; ye are not rebels for doing so; this title belongs to Orangemen who destroy the peace and unanimity of society, to their abettors, the now rising fanatical sect of Methodists, who are daily sapping, even the foundations of the religion of the constitution. You are loyal to your king, you are loyal to the constitution, your glorious deeds add fresh and convincing proofs of this every day. Englishmen grant us our rights, and we will die for you, not the rights of Catholics alone, they are those of Ireland, of a bleeding, brave tho' unfortunate people, they are the rights of every liberal minded person of nature;—an equality in the participation of the rights of Englishmen.

CARRIC MAC ERIE.

Cork, July 20, 1811.

Anecdotes.

The following anecdotes are extracted from a small volume lately published at Philadelphia, entitled, *The Life of Washington*:—

"About the time the tea ships were to sail from England, Washington, being advised thereof, spoke to Lord Fairfax, then at Mount-Vernon—"Well, my lord," said he 'and so the ships with the gunpowder-tea are, it seems, on their way to America!'—

'Well

'Well but colonel, why do you call it *gunpowder*-tea?'

'Why I am afraid, my lord,' replied W. 'it will prove inflammable and produce an explosion that shall shake both countries.

Soon as it was known by the British ambassador at Paris, (Lord Stormont) that the king of France had taken part with the Americans, he waited on the French Minister, De Vergennes, and with great agitation mentioned the report—asking, if it was possible it could be true? 'Very possible, my lord,' replied the smooth Frenchman.

'Well I am astonished at it, sir,' continued Stormont, 'exceedingly astonished—America sir, is our daughter! and it was extremely indelicate of the French king, thus to decoy her from our embraces and make a w—e of her!

'Why, as to that matter my lord,' quoth Vergennes, with the true Gallic shrug—'there is no great harm done for the king of France is very willing to marry your daughter, and make an honest woman of her!

From the Public Advertiser.

A New-York Paper.

MR. EDITOR—I know not whether you are a Republican or a Royalist, (they being, as far as I can perceive, the two leading parties in this country,) I say I know not which of the two you are, having never read further than the title of any paper since my arrival here, being fully convinced, that an American paper is not worth reading. I only chuse yours on account of the name, "*The Public Advertiser*," because I wish the Public to be advised, that I arrived here a short time ago from England, and in a short time shall return thither, for I perceive that in every respect, *They order matters better in Britain.*

In the first place, you have no standing army here. Now I have had the honor of being a Lieutenant in the British army, and lay in Ireland during the rebellion there, and then I had an opportunity of seeking the good effects produced by a standing army. A centinel, for instance, was placed at every man's door, with orders to shoot him if he attempted to come out after nine o'clock at night, and these were very judicious orders; because if he had come out, it was one to fifteen thousand but he would have been eaten alive by the wicked United Irishmen; now if a parcel of United Americans, were to attack New-York, we might be every man killed without knowing any thing at all about the matter, and all for want of a standing army. Well may it be said that *They order matters better in Britain.*

And then you have no navy to protect your commerce, and to plunder your friends at sea, and to send your superfluous subjects on board ofe and to be the terror of your own and every other government on earth. No, no, you have none of this, but, *They order matters better in Britain.*

As for "*the blessings of taxes,*" you have no just conceptions of them. It is true you began about ten or eleven years ago, to adopt some of our splendid list of taxes, but you had not the spirit to put them completely in execution. Well, well, you must have taxes, for *They order matters better in Britain.*

Little or no attention is paid to heraldry. What do your people about mullets, stars, darts and calve's-heads? But what could be expected from a poor plebian race, that have no taste for masquerades, and other elegant amusements, peculiar to our people? With truth it may be said, *They order matters better in Britain.*

You want an established church, and must have it; because it will combine both temporal and spiritual influence. The states clergy, in return for their *tithes*, will act as watch dogs, and with the assistance of the *excisemen*, and other worthy attendants on strong governments, will hunt up, and deliver

deliver over, every declaimer against too much energy in government. The world at large knows, that, *They order matters better in Britain.*

HEPPENSTAL.

Sir Ruebens Legboard's Sale of Pictures.

Sir Ruebens having purchased the stock and trade of Mr. Peacock, has been enabled to add some choice and scarce productions of the pencil to this month's catalogue.

A very excellent portrait of General Sims, the Police shaver, exposing his broken shins and other credentials of the wrestling campaign on the banks of the Bradogue, in his report of that arduous enterprize. The expression of surprise at the skilfull manner, the veteran shaver crossed the river, is admirably shewn in a very good likeness of Counsellor Turner, one of the Council of War; Alderman Stamers is an excellent figure, but the sage's mouth is too much lengthened in the anxiety he appears in, to get a good view through his spectacles. The painting is admirable for the excellent manner the figures are grouped, but the razor hand, now the sword hand of General Suds, is is awkwardly foreshortened.

Sir Ruebens playing "*Croppies lie down*" on a Hosier's Piano, a *alias* stocking frame, is a good likeness of the virtuoso, but the subject is too whimsical for the dignified pencil of Mr. Pack.

Lord Baron Louth shelling peas for his dinner in Newgate, his Lordship's attitude is very advantageously placed, but the simple occupation he appears in loses it charms, by introducing an ill-looking turnkey, who appears advising the Peer, either to pay his weeks rent, or *settle*—in a cheaper apartment. The Newgate *Bar-in*, and the Louth *Bar-on*, are made to express in very strong deliniation and excellent colouring, the respective passions that agitate them on this rencontre.

A map of Mr. Matthew's four acres, with a very picturesque view of the cottage and the adjoining country. This picture was intended as a companion piece to a charming landscape of Louth Hall, in the possession of the Rev. Dr Little, Rector of Louth Glebe Ardee

The celebrated meeting of Lord Louth and Mr. Justice Day. We never remember any work of more merit; the attention of the numerous spectators, and the likenesses of the gentlemen of the Bar, are evident proofs of the genius, as well as the vast industry of the artist. The impression visible on the face of the hereditary Counsellor of the Crown, by the language of the "*unspotted Ermine*," expresses the agonies which a mind must convey, that feels the struggles which must agitate a man, whose pride and guilt have been exposed as a public example.

A witch riding through the air from Louth to Newgate, on Mathew's invisible tree, is a good likeness of a certain noble Lord, who lately made some considerable noise in the timber business.

A Portuguese General, returning thanks in the name of his nation to Lady Georgiana Lenox, for the munificent bounty of ten shillings, given by her Ladyship for the relief of that gallant people, painted by Sir Wm. Beechy for the Dublin Society. The subject is worthy the notice of the Society and of the pencil of the Knight.

A likeness of a distinguished member of the shooting society of Enniskillen, in deep conversation, with Lord Grey and Major Sirr, on the most approved manner of disposing of the superabundant population. This painting is intended to be hung up, with that of Woulaghan, in a public hall now building in Enniskillen, as a Pantheon for the preservation of the memory of those illustrious men, who have contributed, by their loyalty, to the security of the empire, the safety of Hog-styes, and the discouragement of POPERY.

We

We insert the two following documents, relative to a country whose honor and independence are dear to Irishmen. Though it is not *our* country, yet it holds out its arms to us in the days of our afflictions, it imposes no restraint, no terms, no qualifications, but to land on its free and extensive bosom, oppressed slaves it converts into citizens. Irishmen have contributed to the glory of America, and grateful America calls us to share in a repose and liberty unknown to any other nation of the earth. If it is not the land of our fathers, it is a refuge for our children. The manly and dignified conduct of the gallant Captain Rodgers, deserves a place in the Irish Magazine, as the proceedings of those American citizens, who, in celebrating the anniversary of their independence, do our cordial gratitude, because our misfortunes have not been overlooked by Americans, they mingle their joy for themselves, with their best wishes for us

BOSTON, JUNE 3.

Official Account of the Rencontre between the frigate President, & sloop of war Little Belt.

Copy of a Letter from Commodore Rodgers, to the Secretary of the Navy.

United States frigate President, off Sandy Hook. 23d May, 1811.

SIR,

I regret extremely being under the necessity of representing to you an event that occurred on the night of the 16th instant, between the ship under my command and his Britannic Majesty's ship of war, the Little Belt, commanded by Captain Bingham; the result of which has given me much pain, as well on account of the injury she has sustained, as that I should be compelled to the measure that produced it, by a vessel of her inferior force. The circumstances are as follows: On the 16th instant, at twenty-five minutes post Meridian, in seventeen fathom water, Cape Henry, bearing S. W. distant about fourteen or fifteen leagues, a sail was discovered from our mast head in the east, standing towards us under a press of sail. At half past one the symmetry of her upper sails (which were at this time distinguishable from our deck) and her making signals, shewed her to be a man of war. At 45 minutes past one P. M. hoised our ensign and pendant; when, finding our signals not answered, she wore and stood to the southward. Being desirous of speaking her, and of ascertaining what she was, I now made sail in chace; and by half past three, P. M. found we were coming up with her; as by this time the upper part of her stern began to shew itself above the horizon. The wind now began, and continued gradually to decrease, so as to prevent my being able to approach her sufficiently before sunset, to discover her actual force, (which the position she preserved during the chace was calculated to conceal) or to judge even to what nation she belonged, as she appeared studiously to decline shewing her colours. At 15 or 20 minutes past seven, P. M. the chace took in her studding sails, and soon after hauled by the wind on the starboard tack; she at the same time hoisted an ensign or flag at her Mizen Peak; but it was too dark for me to discover what nation it represented; now for the first time her broadside was presented to our view; but night had so far progressed, that although her appearance indicated she was a frigate, I was unable to determine her actual force.

At fifteen minutes before eight P. M. being about a mile and a half from her, the wind at the time very light, I directed Captain Ludlow to take position to windward of her, and on the same tack, within short speaking distance. This, however, the commander of the chace appeared from his manœuvres to be anxious to prevent.

as he wore and hauled by the wind on different tacks four times successively between this period and the time of our arriving at the position, which I had ordered to be taken. At fifteen or twenty minutes past eight, being a little forward of her weather beam, and distant from seventy to a hundred yards, I hailed "what ship is that?" to this inquiry no answer was given, but was hailed by her commander and asked "what ship is that?" Having asked the first question, I of course considered myself entitled by the common rules of politeness to the first answer; after a pause of fifteen or twenty seconds, I reiterated my first inquiry of "what ship is that?" and before I had time to take the trumpet from my mouth, was answered by a shot, that cut off one of our maintop-mast back-stays and went into our mainmast. At this moment Captain Caldwell (of marines) who was standing very near to me on the gangway, having observed "She has fired at us," caused me to pause for a moment, just as I was in the act of giving an order to fire a shot in return; and before I had time to resume the repetition of the intended order, a shot was actually fired from the second division of this ship; and was scarcely out of the gun before it was answered from our assumed enemy by three others in quick succession, and soon after the rest of his broadside and musketry. When the first shot was fired, being under an impression, that it might possibly have proceeded from accident, and without the orders of the Commander, I had determined at the moment to fire only a single shot in return, but the immediate repetition of the previous unprovoked outrage, induced me to believe that the insult was premeditated, and from our adversary being at the time as ignorant of our real force as I was of his, he thought this, perhaps, a favourable opportunity of acquiring promotion, although at the expence of violating our neutrality and insulting our flag; I accordingly with that degree of repugnance, incident to feeling equally determined neither to be the aggressor, or to suffer the flag of my country to be insulted with impunity, gave a general order to fire, the effect of which, in from four to six minutes, as near as I can judge, having produced a partial silence of his guns, I gave orders to cease firing, discovering by the feeble opposition that it must be a ship of very inferior force to what I had supposed, or that some untoward accident had happened to her.

My orders in this instance, however, (although they proceeded alone from motives of humanity, and a determination not to spill a drop of blood unnecessarily, I had in less than four minutes some reason to regret, as he renewed his fire, of which two 32 pound shot cut off one of our fore-shrouds and injured our fore-mast. It was now that I found myself under the painful necessity of giving orders for a repetition of our fire, against a force, which my forbearance alone, had enabled to do us any injury of moment; our fire was accordingly renewed, and continued from three to five minutes longer, when perceiving our opponent's gaff and colours down, his main-top-sail-yard upon the cap, and his fire silenced, although it was so dark that I could not discern any other particular injury we had done, or how far he was in a situation to do us further harm, I nevertheless embraced the earliest moments to stop our fire, and prevent the further effusion of blood. Here a pause of half a minute or more took place, at the end of which, our adversary not shewing a further disposition to fire, I hailed, and again asked, "what ship is that?" I learned, for the first time, that it was a ship of his Britannic Majesty's; but, owing to its blowing rather fresher than it had done, I was unable to learn her name. After having informed her Commander of the name of this ship, I gave orders to

to wear, run under his lee, and haul by the wind on the starboard tack, and heave to under topsails, and repair what little injury we had sustained in our rigging, which was accordingly executed, and we continued lying to on different tacks with a number of lights displayed, in order that our adversary might the better discern our position, and demand our assistance, in case he found it necessary during the night. At day-light on the 17th, he was discovered several miles to leeward, when I gave orders to bear up and run down to him under easy sail; after hailing him, I sent a boat on board with Lieutenant Creighton, to learn the name of the ship, and to inform her Commander, how much I regretted the necessity on my part, which had led to such an unhappy result; at the same time to offer all the assistance that the ship under my command afforded, in repairing the damages his had sustained. At nine *a. m.* Lieutenant Creighton returned with information, that it was his Britannic Majesty's ship Little Belt, commanded by Captain Bingham; who in a polite manner declined the acceptance of any assistance; saying at the same time, that he had on board all the necessary requisites to repair the damages, sufficiently to enable him to return to Halifax.

This, however, was not the most unpleasant part of Captain Bingham's communication to Lieutenant Creighton, as he informed him, that in addition to the injury his ship had sustained, between 20 and 30 of his crew had been killed and wounded.

The regret that this information caused me was such, you may be sure, as a man might be expected to feel, whose greatest pride is to prove, without ostentation, by every public as well as private act, that he possesses a humane and generous heart; and with these sentiments, believe me, Sir, that such a communication would cause me the most acute pain during the remainder of my life, had I not the consolation to know that there was no alternative left me between such a sacrifice, and one which would have been greater, namely, to have remained a passive spectator of insult to the flag of my country whilst it was confided to my protection—and I would have you be convinced, Sir, that however much, individually, I may previously have had reason to feel incensed at the repeated outrages committed on our flag by British ships of war, neither my passion or prejudices had any agency in this affair.

To my country, I am well convinced of the importance of the transaction which has imposed upon me the necessity I felt in making you this communication; I must, therefore from motives of delicacy, connected with personal considerations, solicit that you will be pleased to request the President to authorize a formal inquiry to be instituted into all the circumstances as well as into every part of my conduct connected with the same.

The injury sustained by the ship under my command is very trifling, except to the four and main masts, which I before mentioned; no person killed, and but one (a boy) wounded.

For further particulars I refer you to Captain Caldwell, who is charged with the delivery of this communication.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, Sir, your obedient Servant.

(Signed) JOHN RODGERS.

Hon. Paul Hamilton, Secretary to the Navy.

American Independence.

The anniversary of American Independence was celebrated by a numerous Body of the Sons of Columbia in this City, on the 4th June. The Meeting took place at Gilmore's, George's-quay.

CAPTAIN RANDLET in the Chair.

At half past five a highly respecta-

ble assembly sat down to a splendid dinner. After the cloth was removed, the following Toasts were given:

"The day we celebrate—consecrated to generous recollections—may it ever be dear to freedom and America."

"*America*—the only country in which the virtuous living demand a refuge, or truth be conveyed to posterity through a free press."

"*James Maddison*—the President of a nation of freemen, the friend of Jefferson—his principles and patriotism entitle him to our esteem."

"*The Vice President* of the United States, George Clinton—the intrepid Soldier and able Statesman."

"*The Memory of the immortal Washington.*—Sons of Alphin, strike the strings: Is there aught of joy in the harp? Pour it then on the soul of Washington."

"*Thomas Jefferson*—the friend and benefactor of the human race. May his evening sun, like his noon of life, shed a lustre on his native land."

"*The Ocean*, which, like the air, is the common birth-right of mankind—its surface for those who deem it free—its bottom for those who wish to usurp it."—Tune, *Yankee Doodle.*

"*Domestic Manufactures*—may they ever receive that attention and encouragement they so richly deserve."

"*Universal Emancipation.*—May Despotism for ever cease—may the poor enslaved Africans be reinstated in their former joys—and may all, all find protection under the fostering wing of Liberty."

"*The Emerald Isle*—her shamrock-topped hills and daisy-decked vallies—may their green be ever green."

"*The fair Temple of Liberty*, confined to Columbia's shores alone—May her sons appreciate the heavenly boon, and be willing to die in its defence."—*Hail Columbia.*

"*Ireland*—Our feelings and our wishes are still for her welfare. May the condition of its poor be ameliorated; may foul misrepresentation and aspersion cease."

"*The Memory of Generals Green and Gates.*—May the bold energy of the one, and the cautious bravery of the other, be the characteristics of the military citizens of America."

"*The American Hero of Quebec, Montgomery*—May his successor join to his amiable qualities of a Scholar and Gentleman, the more fortunate one of a conqueror."

"*May the Mammoth of the American Forest* be as formidable to the Shark of the Ocean, as it was to the Lion of the woods."

"*Franklin and Jefferson*—Statesmen and Philosophers of Columbia. May all our Sages, like them, direct their talents as much for the benefit as the glory of our country."

"*The American Fair.*—Ah me! how sweet is love itself possessed, when love's shadows are so rich in joy!

"*T. A. Emmett and the other Exiled Sons of Erin.*—May their spirit in defending the rights of their adapted country, equal their devotion to that of their birth."—Tune, "*The Exile of Erin.*"

"Our Brethren in every part of the world, who are celebrating the present day."

The evening's entertainment was enriched by a number of patriotic songs, and the utmost harmony prevailed till a late hour.

Abbé Maury's Speech.

(Continued from our last, page 307.

If the new oath that is required of us this day, add nothing to the first, it is useless: should it enlage or extend the obligations, it is vexatious; and we declare to you with grief, but with firmness and constancy, that we will contemptuously defy, and brave indigence and death before we degenerate from the first oath, should the execution be incompatible with the new engagements, that your self-created Committee of Researches pretend to make us contract. Observe, gentlemen, that the oaths are multiplying according as the spirit of religion is extinguishing in the kingdom; as fanatacism

fanatacism is never spoken of so much as when faith, despotism, and authority are no more, it seems that their object is to make a ceremony purely verbal of one of the most solemn acts of religion, and the strongest link of society. A vague disquietude tyrannically requires that the same precautions should be taken to establish liberty in the kingdom as to naturalize despotism. Whatever that constitution, that was to secure the happiness of the nation, that constitution that was to bring to this sanctuary nothing but benedictions and acts of thanksgiving, does it require that every decree of yours, supported by your usurped authority, should go to seek for a pledge in Heaven, that is not to be found in the acknowledgement of the nation? Why do you regard with diffidence and mistrust the opinion of your fellow-citizens? Why so many oaths to bind us to our own interest? Do you fear that your new laws could not make us happy, unless we made the most solemn promises to God? Lewis XI. was continually proposing oaths to his subjects. Henry IVth required no such thing: he did not torment the consciences of his people: he confided in his own as being a just, upright, equitable, honest man. Ah, leave, leave, I say, to tyrants, them suspicious gnawings of remorse, that by force of oaths would associate religion and make it an accomplice. An oath is superfluous when the people are happy. An oath is insufficient, when the only object is to make victims as you mean to do.

The Ministers of religion are the much more so, authorised to judge, not only your laws, but also your intentions, with the most lawful diffidence, as if there existed no public morality in the kingdom; if they gave an example of perjury to the nation. We will then confront your decrees with our consciences. Make a choice between the laws of the church, that it is not in our power to infringe, and the scanty remains of our fortunes, the sad wrecks that have escaped your avidity, when you handed our share to us with such indecency, by confiscating our property, and which perhaps this moment you consider as the gifts of your munificence and liberality. But gentlemen, we shall recollect that the very moment you are to be placed in this alternative, it has been proposed to you to suspend, by a decree, all the ordinations in the Kingdom. We shall not scrutinize nor examine the motives that could not escape our friends or enemies. We shall not characterise a persecution that would renew for the church, that epocha of disaster and glory, when the Vicars of Jesus Christ, destined for martyrdom, were obliged to hide themselves in caverns, in order to lay their hands on their successors. Them pictures, unfortunately too prophetic, would perhaps be considered as calumnious and hyperbolical exaggerations, by such of our adversaries as are not in the secret of the party, to which they serve as instruments.

But if we cannot call posterity to witness, we will bring you back to what has passed, this will explain and elucidate all your doubts. I see gentlemen, that no destruction has been directly required of you. The great art of the majority of this assembly consisted in soothing and flattering, with preparatory decrees, that announced nothing sinistrous in appearance, but that obtained the object of their wishes. The history of the deliberations relative to our property, would afford instances of that learnedly perfidious, infernal system. They declared that the nation could dispose of the property of the church—this was a metaphysical acknowledgment of their national sovereignty. There was neither question of the right of our goods, much less of their alienation. After you issued the vague decree that signified nothing, it has been commented on during the space of six months,

months, with all the subtilities of a spirit of invasion and conquest, and afterwards the property of the church has been sold by auction. Will you hear more examples of their provisional arrangements, that have been the forerunners of the most horrid and unexpected scenes? Well!—please to hear more. You have been requested in September, 1789, to suspend the nomination of the consistorial benefices, and at the expiration of three months all the benefices have been suppressed. It has been proposed to you in October, to suspend the coming back of the sovereign courts that have been annihilated. You have been in the month of November, requested to suspend the provisionally religious vows, and this provisional decree has been followed by a constitutional law that proscribes and abrogates for ever all solemn vows. This is what you have done in that Session. It does not belong to me pass sentence on the motives by which *Monsieur Mirabeau* has been actuated—but I take the liberty of asking him in confidence, whether I have guessed them well.—Is there also another legislative preparation for proscribing the Holy Roman Catholic Religion in this kingdom? Is it the same artifice that you had recourse to in that part of the report, where, after having proposed to you to prohibit ordinations, you took the liberty (and that with the most haughty arrogant air,) to vilify and denigrate all the episcopal body? Let your religious principles be what they may, it is the interest of the Legislative Body, that the Bishops should be revered, respected and held in the highest consideration. The Legislators of one day, you consider as good Frenchmen, all them who have been enriched by the Revolution, and denounce as bad Patriots all who have been ruined!—Yes—you may interrupt me, and give murmurs as answers to my arguments as if they were so many injuries.—Ah! what do you fear by lowering yourselves to menaces? The kingdom of justice is not come as yet, but the moment of truth is come, and you shall hear it. We shall then say, that when you came to invite the Clergy *in the name of the god of peace,* to take place in this assembly among the representatives of the nation, they shou'd not expect to see themselves insulted and exposed to the contempt, fury, and rage of the populace—Yes—we say, that there is as much cowardice as injustice to attack men, who have no other arms to oppose against outrages and fury, but patience and resignation. We shall tell our defamers, that if the grave, wherein they think to have buried us, do not seem deep enough, so as to be sure of our annihilation, their persecution will make us rise glorious and triumphant, to regain the esteem and interest of the nation, and that public pity and compassion will vindicate the evil that envy has done us—you are for calling me to order?—Ah! to what order? I don't deviate from the question, nor from justice, nor from decency, nor from truth—the Orators who spoke before me, have not been called to order, when without shame or regard they have insulted our superiors in the hierarchy. I ought not to be called to order when I come to insist, that it is but just, that a solemn reparation should be made to the episcopal body. All the virtuous ecclesiastics of the kingdom, will hasten to ratify this public homage of respect, attachment, and confidence that we owe to our Bishops—we have lived under their paternal Government, that, they have the presumption of denouncing to you as a despotical Government; and we declare to you, that we have cherished their government as mild and sweet, and that it is by far easier to calumniate and defame, than it is to imitate. We loudly disclaim against the insulting encomiums heaped on the second order of the Clergy, by depreciating

the

the first—we cannot be deceived, the snare is too glaring—we shall never separate from our chiefs and guides—we shall glory in being partakers of all their misfortunes; you may devise, plan, contrive and form schemes, you shall never deceive us—fatal experience has already pointed out all the dangers. We wish gentlemen, that your pretended decrees, *regenerators* of the Church of France, would not deprive or take away from your Pastors the glory they have acquired, of being, in point of learning and regularity, the first Clergy in the universe. Europe and posterity will confirm this incontestible testimony that I have given in your presence—what do I say? Their conduct at this very critical moment of terror will make you know them—Interest could not move them, but our holy faith is in danger:—Honor speaks:—that is sufficient: all personal danger disappears. You will from the very execution of the fatal decree that you are about to pronounce, see whether you should not consider as enemies to the country, the fanatic persecutors who are oppressing and tormenting poor weak Pastors, accustomed pray for them who insult them, and whose patience in the session of last night, must have given you to know what they can suffer and endure in silence, when they are defending the interest of religion. We shall imitate with enthusiasm the glorious example of sacerdotal firmness and constancy, that the brave and good Clergy of Quimper is after giving to all France. Religion must have gained considerably in all these debates, that have terminated in proving, and politically demonstrating the necessity. Presume not then to require oaths contrary to our principles—we shall shew that energy of spirit and courage, that despises, tramples under foot, holds in the highest contempt, and looks upon fortune and life as nothing, when there is question of suffering for the cause of religion, the beloved spouse of Jesus Christ:—Gentlemen—beware—beware—be on your guard—it is dangerous to make martyrs—it is dangerous to degrade men of conscience: Men, who are disposed to "give to Cæsar, what belongs to Cæsar, and to God, what they owe to God:" Men, who by the effusion of their blood, will prove to you, that they are resolved to die sooner than perjure themselves:—Men, who, if they have not the happiness of conciliating your benevolence, they have that however, of meriting, and forcing your esteem.

I then conclude, by moving an adjournment of the motion that has been addressed to you, in the name of four of your Committees, until the King has received and ordered to be transmitted to us, officially, the answer of the Sovereign Pontiff, the only competent judge that we can acknowledge in matters of Church discipline, especially when there is question of erecting or suppressing episcopal sees in the Church of France, without the intervention of a national Council.

FINIS.

Si quid novisti rectiùs, istis candidus imperti, si autem, his utere mecum.— HORAT.

Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est.—S. Cyp.

Staque Fratres State: et tenete traditiones quas didicistis sivè per Sermonem, sive per epistolam nostram.

Therefore brethren, stand firm: and keep the traditions, which you have learnt, whether by word, or whether by our epistle.—St. Paul in his second to the Thessalonians, chapter the second, verse the fourteenth.

Sed hæc dico ut vos salvi sitis.

But I speak these things that you may be saved.—St. John, chapter the fifth, verse the thirty sixth.

Battle of Aughrim.

On Friday, the 12th of July last, the Mountrath Priest killers, assembled

bled in their usual array, armed with muskets blunderbusses, swords and pistols. The number assembled on the occasion amounted to nearly four hundred, attended with a band of music, and to give religious dignity to their meeting, the murderous ruffians had a bible carried before them, decorated with orange ribbons. They remind us of the savage hords led by Mahomet, bearing the Koran to the scenes of their fanatical desolation. A picture of King William was carried in noisy triumph after the Bible, and for more than twenty hours the ruffians kept possession of the town, indicating the most dreadful and awful destruction to the unarmed Catholics, by threats, songs, shouts, and discharges of fire arms. It is imposible to give an adequate description of the alarm the trembling victims appeared in, for from the experience they annually have of the ferocity and bloodthirsty disposition of the authorised rioters, they at least expected that the festivities of the night would not be allowed to terminate, without the murder of the Reverend Mr. Malone, the parish Priest, as several shots were fired at him in the course of the day; wadding of the two pistols struck him in the face, and at last he was obliged, like his murdered predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Duane, who the same villains killed on the 12th of July, 1808, to abandon the town. During this long and deliberate outrage, which was expected to happen by every man from Mountrath to Dublin Castle, neither the Army, Yeomanry, nor Magistrates, interposed, in any manner to restore tranquillity, or to promise their protection to the affrighted Catholics. No Circular Letter, drawn up by the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General, signed by Wellesley Pole, was issued to prohibit this demi-constitutional assemblage of murderers; not one vulgar Magistrate waited on them to see them disperse, or take them into custody; as we remember a body of Catholic Gentlemen, who met according to law, were treated about four months since in Capel-street—No! No! the vigour of the Government slept, and the Magistrates was inactive, they felt no alarm, as the Bible and King William were out on a Protestant excursion; the State could suffer no injury from an army of Priest-hunters. We are surprised, in the present tottering state of public affairs, how Perceval would allow his agents in this country, the Lord High Chancellor and Mr. Saurin, to suffer a mob of desperadoes, whose meeting was as certain of happening, as the day they were to celebrate is written in the Kalendar, to sport with the tranquillity of the country, and irritate the public mind, by letting loose avowed murderers. We say, allowing all the official contempt possible for the Catholics, that it may not always be safe to tamper with the public feelings in such aggravating terms. The sons, fathers, and other relatives of the heroes of Albuera and Barrossa, have not less courage than their brave brethren in the Peninsula; their loyalty may be so suffocated in their sufferings, that an indignant effort may be necessary to chastise their persecutors, in a manner that may reach to the foundations of the Empire. It cannot be safe, even for haughty England, that a fanatical government should undertake to exasperate five millions of such men, as Beresford and Wellington are leading over the plains of Spain, or among the hills of Portugal.

AUSTRIA.

The Archduke John has discovered in Upper Styria, a mine of chrome, a very rare metal, and extremely useful for colouring porcelain.

An unknown benefactor who lately bestowed many charitable donations, has lately sent to Count Saurau, governor of Vienna, the sum of fifty thousand florins, to defray the expences of enlarging the building belonging to the institution for the reception of the blind.

Mathematical Solutions.

To the Editor, Dublin, May 15th, 1811.

Sir,—Please to give the following Solutions room in your next number, and you will oblige

Yours, &c.

Peter Phelan.

Solution to Question 1st.

$m\times(rr+ss,)$ $2mrs$, and $r\times(mm+ss,)$ are the roots of the required numbers by which assumption, two conditions are fulfilled, *viz.* $m\times(s+ss)^2-4m^2r^2s^2$, and $rr\times(mm+ss]^2-4m^2r^2s^2$, both being rational squares, it remains to make $m^2\times(rr+ss)^2-r^2\times(mm+ss)^2$ a square; the difference of the squares of any two quantities, being equal to the product of their sum and difference, the last mentioned expression may be brought to the form $(mr+ss)\times(r+m)\times(r-m)\times(mr-ss,)$ make $mr+ss=t\times(r-m)$; $m=\frac{tr-ss}{r+t}$ or $r=\frac{ss+tm}{t-m}$; from the assumed equality there arises $(mr+ss)\times(r-m)=t\times(r-m)^2$; there remains then to make $t\times(mr-ss)\times(r+m)$, a rational square, by putting in the value of m, found above $\frac{rr-ss+2tr}{r+t}\times\left(\frac{tt\times(rr-ss)-2ssrt}{r+t}\right)=$ a rational square, which being equated to $\left(\frac{trr+r\times(tt-ss)}{r+t}\right)^2$; the value of $r=\frac{sst\times(ss-tt)}{(ss+tt)2}$ where s and t may be taken at pleasure or $r=\frac{ss+tm}{t-m}$; $t\times(ss-mm+2tm)\times(t\times(mm-ss)+2mss)$, must be a rational square, see this by the bye: the expressions $(rr-ss+2tr)$ and $rr-ss-\frac{2rss}{t}$ being solved by the duplicate equality $r+\frac{ss+tt}{2t}$ is the root of the greater from which $r=\frac{(tt+ss)^2+4sstt}{4tt-4ss}$ where s and t may be taken at pleasure,

To make the expression $t\times(ss-mm+2tm)\times(t\times(mm-ss)+2mss)$, a rational square make $2t=m$; the first factor becomes $=ss$ a square, and by substitution the second factor $tt\times(4tt+3ss)$ must be a rational square take $s=4p$, and $t=pp-3$, and all the conditions are fulfilled $p=2$, $t=1$, $s=8$, $r=bb$, $m=2$, and the numbers are $(1105)^2$, $(264)^2$, $(561)^2$, as required.

Solution to Question 2.

Put x, m^2-x, n^2-x and p^2-x for the required numbers then m^2+n^2-2x, m^2+p^2-2x and n^2+p^2-2x must be rational squares make $\frac{m^2+n^2-r^2}{2}=x$; then $r^2+p^2-n^2$ & $r^2+p^2-m^2$ must be both squares; Put $s\times(p-n)$ $+r$, &

$+r$, & $t\times(p-m)+r$ for the $\surd$'s of those $\square$'s, then $r=\frac{(ss+1).n-(ss-1(p}{2s}$ $=\frac{(tt+1)m-(tt-1)p}{2t}$ from which equation $p=\frac{n.(1-tt).(1+ss)-m.(1+tt).(1-ss)}{2\times(s-t)\times(1+st)}$

Put $s=3$ and $t=\frac{2}{3}$ the numbers neglecting the square common in the denominators and multiplying by 2, comes out 626, 6098, 9778 and 25943, which satisfy the conditions of the question—or by writing $t\times(p+m)-r$ for the root instead of $t\times(p-m)+r$ we obtain $r=\frac{(tt-1)p+(tt+1).m}{2t}=$ $\frac{(ss+1).n-(ss-1).p}{2s}$ and $p=\frac{(ss+1).tn-(tt+1)sm}{s.(tt-1(+t\times(ss-1}$; put $s=3$ and $t=\frac{1}{2}$; $p=\frac{20n-15m}{7}$ and $r=\frac{20m-15n}{7}$ from which the numbers are expressed by *viz.* $\frac{600mn-176n^2-351m^2}{98}$; $\frac{449m^2+176n^2-600mn}{98}$; $\frac{351m^2+274n^2-600mn}{98}$ and $\frac{976n^2+801m^2-1800mn}{98}$: Putting $m=\frac{3}{7}$, and $n=1$, and multiplying by 196 the numbers come out 130, 1634, 7970 and 34466, by consulting the equations, last deduced from the general ones, the values of m and n are limited, all which appear by putting the first and second equations equal to nothing, though the numbers brought out at both operations, are smaller than those given by the Querist's Theorem.

Mr. Hynes by a different method brings out numbers considerably smaller which are 576, 1728, 208 and 8073. PETER PHELAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,—If the following Solutions to the Questions proposed in your last number, should meet your approbation, you will much oblige me by giving them a place in your next Magazine.

I remain your very humble servant,

PHILOMATH.

SOLUTION TO MR. DILLON'S QUESTION, BY PHILOMATH.

Put a and $b=$ Sine and Cosine of 17°. 24'. and $x=$ Sine of the Sun's declination for the required day, then $2x\times\surd(1-x^2)=$ Sine of the Sun's amplitude, and $2x\times\surd(1-x^2):1::x:1\div 2\surd)1-x^2)=$ Cosine of the latitude. Again per trig. $x\times\surd(1+4x^4-4x^2)\times 2x-2x^3=b\times 1\left(\frac{3-4x^2}{4-4x}\right)-a\times$ $\frac{1}{2\surd(1-x^2)}$; this equation properly solved gives $x=.23966$, the Nat. Sine 13°, 52'. the Sun's declination; answering to the 28th of April, 1811, and from above the latitude is found $=59°$. as required.

SOLUTION

Solution to Master May's Question,

Put $a=1360$, $b=52$, $x=$base, and $xy=$ the Perpr. of the required triangle; then per question $x^2y+x^2=a$ & $x^2y^2+x^2=b^2$, from the first equation, $x^2=\frac{a}{y+1}$ and from the second $\frac{x^2=b^2}{y+1}$, both values of x^2 compared, we get $85y^2-169y=84$, this quadratic solved gives $y=\frac{204}{85}$, hence $x=20=$ the base, and $xy=48$, the Perpr. as required.

A Juvenile Philomath.

Solution to Question the last, in the Irish Magazine for June, by Master Nicholas S. May, the proposer.

The angle included by this difference of latitude and A's distance sailed, is found by plane trigonometry to be 33°.=A's course, and that part of the parallel of latitude subtended by said angle=168.8. Now put the difference of latitude=260=d, 168.8=b natural tangent 33°.=a, and let the tangent of the common difference of the courses be put=x; then per Addition and Subtraction of arcs, the tangent of B's course, will be expounded by $\frac{a+x}{1-ax}$ and the tangent of C's course by $\frac{a-x}{1+ax}$, and per trigonometry their departures will be expressed by $\frac{d\times a+x}{1-ax}$, and $\frac{d\times a-x}{1+ax}$, respectively; but it is manifest from the nature of the figure, (which suppose to be drawn) that B's departure exceeds C's departure by twice the departure made good by A, and therefore $\frac{d\times a+x}{1-ax}=\frac{d\times a-x}{1+ax}+2b$ from what has been premised; cleared of fractions, &c. we have $x^2+\frac{2a^2d+2d}{2a^2b}\times x=\frac{1}{a^2}$, solved $x=$, 42225= natural tangent of 22°. 53', the common difference of the courses; hence the courses are 55°. 53' and 33°. S. Westerly, and 10°. 07'. S. Easterly: B's distance sailed is 463.6 miles, and C's, 264.1 miles.

To our Mathematical Correspondents.

Though on the part of the Irish Magazine's Proprietor, a discriminating and impartial selection be only necessary from the numerous favors, forwarded by his Mathematical Correspondents for next month's Magazine; yet the choice will not on a nearer view be found so easy; especially where so many Diophantine Philomaths, enter the lists for mental competition. Limited to the insertion of one or two questions, with as many solutions, he must necessarily, tho' reluctantly disappoint some. In order, however, to do away any jealously on this head, a decided preference shall be given to the favors of those who exhibit unequivocal proofs of their abilities in the solution of those already published in the former Magazines; as any pretender may tag together and propose problems so difficult as to call forth the exertions of the ablest Mathematician to answer.

Mr. Phelan's favors have been received, with his answers to Mr. Moran's theorems published in our Magazine of March last, wherein Mr. Moran informs the public he sent his investigation, to some of the profound Philomath's of Trinty College. In this month will appear Mr. Phelan's solution to the same, in order to enable the public to judge, whether his be not more elegant than Mr. Moran's, as deducing the same theorem without the assumption of right angled triangles.

STOCK IN TRADE OF MR. WALTER COX,

Now confined in a deep Cell in his Majesty's Goal of Newgate, taken from a late inventory.

The Major,
Major Row-di-dow,
Major Sandys,
Mr. Latouche,
Mr. Pulley Gallagher,
Counsellor Guinness,
Justice Axletree,
Lord Baron Louth,
Justice Go frey
General Coombe Drury,
John Claudius,
Marshall Beresford,
The POLES, *viz.*
Wellesley Poles, and
Pike Poles,
General Sims, *alias* Suds,
The Riding House,
The Prevot Prison,
Comfort Lodge,
Paving Taylor,
Sir Duplicate Triangle,
Evening Express,
Patriot,
Mount Jerome,
Tipperary Fitzsimons,
Kent the Baconer,
The Wrestling Doctor,
Beresford's Blood-hounds,
The Big Beggarman,
Ben 2d, King of the Beggars,
The Farming Society,
The Society for discountenancing vice.
The Shooting Societies of the City of Woulaghan, Mountrath and Letterkenny,
Sergeant Biblemouth,
Corporal Firethatch,
Sir Charles Asgill,
America Cornwallis,
Sir Ruebens Legboard,
The Dublin Society,
The Dog,
Queen of the Waters,
Mr. Crowley.

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

OLD TOWLER.

1.

Bright Bladderchops proclaims th' Assize
And circuit goes in state,
Determin'd still to win the prize
For legal jockey prate:
The Orange boys and Bailiffs throng,
Around with eager eyes.
Impatient each to chaunt the song,
This day a Croppy dies:
This day a Croppy dies.

2.

The snuff-box takes its merry round,
The jockey jokes prevail,
The jail bell tolls a mournful sound,
Children their sires bewail;
From ***** to's chariot Bladderchops
Betakes him keen and sly,
And as he drives by Rebel shops,
He sings: "These rogues must die,"
He sings "these rogues must die."

3.

Poor Pat OLD TOWLER ran thee down,
His voice declar'd thy doom,
With SATYR grin and TYGER frown
He made thy early tomb,
Alike the state pimp and the trudge,
Of every vicious crew:
Yet Bladderchops will meet a JUDGE,
Who'll give the Dev'l his due,
Who'll give the Dev'l his due.

4.

Now let us hail the glorious day,
It comes with rapid pace,
When ERIN's *human beasts* of prey,
Shall take their destin'd place.
From ***** to dock will hurl them down,
Remorseless there to lie,
Until a Nation's voice shall crown
The Justice, bids them fly,
The Justice bids them fly.

O. MORE.
CAROLAN.

CAROLAN'S GRAVE.

Tune—"*Castle of Mayo.*"

By John M'Creevy, of Petersburgh,

Underneath yon willow weeping,
In his dark and narrow bed;
By his harp in silence sleeping,
The last bard of Erin's laid.

Music soft as virgin's whisper,
Often floats among the trees;
When the smiling star of vesper,
Counts the twilight summer breeze.

At the blush of early morning,
Murmuring sweet the trees among;
Oft' the lonely robin mourning,
Thrill his little tender song.

When May-day wings her golden hours,
Then advancing on the green;
Strewing *Carolan's* tomb with flowers,
Are the maids of Kilrone seen.

Sweet they sing around the willow:
Soft the sighing trees replies—
"Cold, alas! the clayey pillow,
"Where the bard of Erin lies.

"Sleep on sweet bard, thy living numbers.
"Erin's sons may rouse again;
"And wake thy genius from his slumbers,
"In a bold and pleasing strain.

AN EXCELLENT NEW LOYAL BALLAD.

TO THE DOGS FAVOURITE TUNE OF "BOW! WOW! WOW!"

Written in the manner of the celebrated descendant of the Princess of Idoagh—

"If I have not ballads made on you, Doctor, and sung to filthy tunes; let a cup of sack be my poison"—

1.

The Devil and the Doctor had
A wrestling match, one day Sir,
The Doctor's heart was rotten,
So the Devil won the day, Sir.
He found the misanthrope could write
Lampoons as well as wrestle,
So he tried his hand on Catholics,
And led him to the Castle.
Bow! wow! wow!
Fal, lal, de raddle, iddy!! bow! wow! wow.

2.

The Devil pleased with what he wrote,
Engaged him as a Clerk, Sir,
With Erin's-Hope they did cajole,
And mutter'd in the dark, Sir.
For *daily-bread* the Devil bought,
His body and his soul, Sir,
His soul—he sent—*just where he ought*—
His body went to *Pale*, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

3.

The Secretary unto the Doctor said,
You know you're rather needy,
Your grinders lack employment,
Your *blue surtout* is seedy,
There's *Tipperary's mangy sheets*,
I'll give to your command, Sir,
Well, pay my debts, the Doctor said,
And here I'll strike your hand, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow.

4

To liquidate your debts myself,
I should be much to blame, Sir,
For C—de and Sw—ft, the Dog and Tip,
Would ask of me the same, Sir.
But patient Pat, who pays for all,
We'll grind—so never doubt it—
Prepare a puff for Perceval
I'll speak to him about it.
Bow, wow, wow.

5.

These plans arranged *in statu quo*,
Now is it a pity, Sir,
The Devil does not blow up all
The Catholic Committee Sir?
Ascendancy would live at ease,
As G—ff—d knows full well, Sir,
And *gaunt Emancipation* go,
To Connaught or to hell, Sir.
Bow! wow! wow!

CERBERUS.

THE ETHIOPIAN COOK TURNED INTO A SWADDLING PREACHER.

An American vessel imported, with other Wares, a Negro Cook. Upon his arrival in Limerick he was idolized by the Methodistical Fanatics; he worked them into a belief of his reading the Bible, without any previous knowledge of the use of Letters!! The sable impostor was soon detected, by his seducing, and eloping with a servant girl. The contortions visible on the Godly countenances of the whole Tribe, upon this distressing occasion, cannot be described, but by the pencil of the disconsolate Painter, to whom the Girl belonged; and with which drawing he means shortly to favour the Public, done in the best Oil Colours.

When MUNGO left the Atlantic wave behind,
Superior notions fill'd his sooty mind;
His greasy pans he left for purer grace,
And forg'd a saintly artificial face;
The Bible he could con, so heav'n decreed,
None, but the spirit taught him how to read.

Each text obscure he'd clear with best divines,
And had by rote the scripture-saying lines
Besides he had three help-mates in the Lord,*
For wond'rous help the softer sex afford;
But cruel! he, whom thirst of souls brought o'er,
Had left them lonely on the western shore.

He joined the brethren of the downcast eyes,
Not WESTLEY's self was deem'd a greater prize;
MARK, how his limbs they clad: a pulpit suit,
From glossy hat down to the shining boot.

He preach'd, he taught, whilst the enraptur'd throng,
Of yielding Females listen'd to his song;
But flesh is frail!—a rosy-smiling maid,
A sister too, and of the cooking trade;
Both of the Lord; in holy pray'r she joins.
And sighed to press the Ethiopian's loins.

Cain's offspring smiled, for well could he apply,
That great command, "encrease and multiply."
Obedient he, when next the spirit came,
With holy sinews clasp'd the greasy dame;
Both lay entranced, and blessed that SAVING FAITH.
That heaven could purchase at so soft a rate.

Meantime the brethren of the groans and sighs,
Viewed their apostle's bliss with envious eyes;
They foam, they rage, their howlings fill the air,
And heav'n besiege with agony of pray'r;
He only smil'd, and made this short reply,
"You know our creed is all HYPOCRISY!!"
He said no more, but fled with knee-knock'd pace;
And left the heavenly for the temporal GREASE.

E. E.

* *He has three wives now actually living; one at New York, another at Philadelphia, and the third at Long-Island.*

THE WRESTLING DOCTOR.—*Air*, "*The Rakes of Mallow.*"

1.

Cursing, swearing, damning, sinking,
With the blackguards, wrestling, drinking,
On the gallows sometimes thinking
Is the Wrestling Doctor.
Making WATTY COX a jest,
Earning thus a treas'ry nest,
A nuisance and a public pest
Is the Wrestling Doctor.

2.

Scoffing, jeering, gnawing, biting,
Erin's friends in doggrell writing,
Bold in jawing, *shy* in fighting
Is the Wrestling Doctor.
Apostate scribe to perjur'd Burke,
First in defamations work,
Worse than Atheist Jew or Turk
Is the Wrestling Doctor.

3.

His heart conceals th' Assasin's dagger,
In his gait's the ruffian's swagger,
With his pen and tongue a bragger
Is the Wrestling Doctor.
On his foot-pad-looking face,
O'Brien's lineaments you trace,
Reynold's like in quest of place
Is the Wrestling Doctor.

4.

Low in cant as Irish piper,
Venemous as noxious viper,
Than *Judas* in betraying riper
Is the Wrestling Doctor.

Or

On his *entertainer's* house,
Keen as cat pursuing mouse,
Dutton like still want to souse
Is the Wrestling Dotcor.

5.

Out of Hell, tho' not another
Could be found, so false a brother,
Spare, O Muse, *he loves his mother*,
Spare the Wrestling Doctor.
Tho' in vice none with him COPE,
Spare him yet, don't blast all hope,
Lest his *Dagger*, pill or rope
End the Wrestling Doctor.

PATRICIUS.

OBITUARY.

At his seat in Fingall, of a long and painful illness, in a very advanced age, Captain Phileazer Rowley. He was lineally descended from a military gentleman of the name, who settled in the County of Armagh, in the year 1646, to whom a very liberal grant of part of the estate of the O'Carroll's was alotted, to enable him to spread the light of the reformation and other branches of British improvement, which he contributed to extend with considerable success, by exercising the three trades of Corporal, Barber, and Divine, each of which he exercised with great ability. and applied them so successfully, that the fortune he left to his heirs was very considerable. Mr. Rowley, the subject of this article inherited all the military character of his ancestor, and distinguished himself in many well fought actions in the late *unprovoked and unnatural* rebellion. He was second in command under the banker, on the great expedition, that marched from the Riding-house, on the memorable morning of the 5th of June, 1798, into Artane, where by his skill and vast conceptions, he contributed to the glory and success of the day, by the gallant manner he led on his division against Pat. Mahon, the gardener's cabin, which was carried by a *Coup de main*, and burnt to ashes, without the loss of a man on the part of the Royal army.

His gallantry was equally conspicuous in the Rathfarnham campaign, and to his judicious disposition of the troops, much of the glory of the day was attributed, by one of those *Ruse de guerre* which in difficult cases is the result of quick conception, he discovered a rope in its hiding place, by placing a young woman with her head downwards, from the back band of a car, which unpleasant situation compelled her to reveal the condition of the rope, which the conquering army was much in need of, for the disposal of three boys, who were among the prisoners.

Mr. Rowley united literary acquirements to his military ones. His royal hymns have been repeatedly printed, in a neat pocket volume, for the use of the Orange Armagh Rackers, the Wouloghans of Enniskillen, Beresford's bloodhounds, the heroes of Letterkenny and other constitutional & anti-popery Societies.

He was busy preparing for the Press a second edition, when his last illness attacked him, his "Ravishment not unconstitutional in difficult cases, such as rebellion and invasion."

Like other great men in Ireland, he patronized those great institutions, created to diminish the appetite and population of the mere Irish. He was a member of the society for discountenancing vice, and of the Farming Society for discountenancing eating. He was free of the corporation of Barbers, and has bequeathed his ancestor's Protestant Razors, and Sword Belts to that enlightened body.

The principal part of his immense property he has left to his son, a very distinguished Methodist Preacher. And one hundred pounds to the Rev. Mr. Crowley, as a marriage portion, with an unpublished collection of Hymns, the productions of that great composer of swadling melody, Grubbins the old clothes man, in Barrack-street.

In Philadelphia, on the 14th of April, General Stephen Moylan, Commissioner of Loans, to the state of Pensylvania, and brother to the Right Reverend Doctor Moylan, Catholic Bishop of Cork. General Moylan was originally bred a Merchant, but like other Irishmen, residing in America, at the commencement of hostilities he embarked in the cause of Liberty, was *aid de Camp* to General Washington, and subsequently was raised to the rank of General.

At Builock, on Saturday Evening, 19th July, Richard, Eldest Son of Thomas Dixon, Esq. of Grafton-street, Dublin. This young man (only 20 years of age) is deeply regretted by a numerous circle of acquaintance, and from the amiable disposition, the uncommon talent, and the sincere attachment to his unfortunate country, which he discovered at so early a period, we might expect, had he reached more mature years, to see him a treasure to society, and a blessing to the much injured and long oppressed land of his nativity.

At Clougranan Lodge, near Carlow, after a putrid, loathsome, lingering illness, the

the Rev. Robert Roachford, Captain of the Carlow Yeomen, and Justice of the Peace: which triple character he filled with the philantropy of a Duigenan! the heroism of a Blaney! and liberality of a Perceval! Reader, do not imagine that his genius was of an ordinary kind, no, no; as fortune sometimes wraps in ermine the assasin of his country, so, nature is often lavish, where she might be frugal: gifted with abilities to move in the first circles, he preferred wallowing in the dregs of ascendancy. His death is attributed to an inordinate love of game, but that species, which was his favourite amusement, having became so timid since the thunder of 98, that all the efforts of this son of the chace could not make them break covert, or tempt them to the field. Crossed in his ruling passion, he resigned the pleasures of the chace, and prostrated himself at the feet of Venus, to whose witching charms he became a wasting prey. What a pity, that the soft, tender, amorous amusements of the Divine, should be interrupted, by that foul wrinkled visaged hag, Disease! whose beaver tooth gnawed every fibre of the constitution, and produced the premature fall of this corinthian pillar of Church and State. —I would not at all wonder if the very castle floated in sable, and every child of ascendancy mourned his departed friend. But, though all should prove ungrateful, and forget the services of this man, his name shall be remembered, while the town of Leighlin Bridge shall mark the map of Ireland; or the year of 98, tinge her calamitous history.—Alas! shall those arms, that were wont to wield alternately, the Taws, the Sword, and the Bible, no more be raised to scourge disaffection, or beat time to the music of the Triangles! shall they no more lend protection, by a safe passport to the other world, to the hunted victim, who sought it in the confidence of friendship? His manner of disposing of his property, corresponds exactly with his conduct through life; it was truly of the Cromwelian order, for, he took care that no part of it should fall into the hands of a mere Irishman.—His Maps of the Parish of Clodie, in which is delineated, every little nook, which the furrowed countenance of worn down industry snatched from unfrequented sterrility! These he bequeathed to a neighbouring gentleman, a Doctor Thomas, whose simplicity, and extreme moderation in the collection of tithes, have just enabled him to exchange the poverty and sandals of Saint Paul, for riches and a carriage.—To the same Rev. Gentleman, a treatise, written by himself, entitled, "Stimmula to Industry," in which he forcibly proves the necessity of putting ground to its full value, thereby, preventing that idleness which is so manifest in the bloated countenance of the peasantry of Ireland. As the learned Doctor had been favoured for some time past with this valuable work, its merits may be best seen in the high-boned ragged tenantry of the Divine. To John Scrigg, Parish schoolmaster, a work written in four volumes, in which, is demonstrated the absurdity of foolishly adhering to the creed of one's forefathers, though it should be older than the Rock of Cashel;* especially, where there is the advantage of ten pounds a year; and all this, for the little trouble of reading a man's recantation, taking an oath of abjuration, and instilling in the minds of the little ones, the absurdity of that religion, of which, he himself was a member, for more than forty years. To William M————, a neat pocket volume, bound in Orange; shewing that a Catholic may retain his situation in the Carlow Yeomen, merely, by avoiding the superstitious practice of going to Mass; wreathing his temples with Orange in the shooting season; and listening—tamely listening to Cromwell's Coblers abusing the religion of his forefathers. To a faithful domestic, 500*l.*; faithful he was it appears, for he had daily to resist the united efforts of the embattled squadrons of prey, which screamed round the windows of his dying master.—The remainder of his property he divided among those who did not want it; recollecting, that, "charity covers a multitude of sins."

* *The place of his Nativity.*

REPRINT OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE, FOR 1807, & 1808.

The three first numbers of the Irish Magazine, Nov. and Dec. 1807, and January 1808, neatly reprinted, are ready for delivery. Any Gentleman who wishes to patronize the Irish Magazine, may have the three numbers, and each month, another number, until the first volume is completed, on paying ten shillings advance, as a single number cannot be sold.

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1811.

Most approved Methods hitherto used for Disposing of the Superabundant Population.

With this Month's Publication, we give a representation of the most approved methods hitherto used, for the purpose of disposing of the superabundant population.

AMONG the most distinguished practitioners in extermination, since the value of our lands invited foreign civilization, pure religion, and power, there has been no man more remarkable in our eventful history, for industry in the line of killing us off, than the great Sir Charles Coote. This good gentleman, amused himself after the insurrection of 1641, by riding through the county in the vicinity of his residence, attended by his deputy exterminators with his pistols loaded; and very Popish peasant they met, they compelled to receive the pistol barrel in his mouth, in which position they held the human game, catechising him on the errors of his religion, until they were pleased to interrupt his broken answers, by mercifully pulling the trigger. This must be allowed, was an original invention in the annals of barbarity, for, we have not heard that the British philanthrophists, who have so frequently expatiated with such feeling on the cruelties practised by the first Spaniards in America, that they have ever described any case of cruelty more atrocious than this of Coote. The HERO of Malaga in the year 1797, rivalled the Hero of Cootehill, by his manner of extermination. One fatal morning, while on an excursion through a proclaimed district, he discovered a poor man half dressed, who was washing his hands in a stream of water near his cabin; the noble Lord pulled out his watch, and discovered that the unhappy man ventured out half an hour before the time prescribed by Martial Law, his Lordship indignant at the audacity of the fellow, sprung like a tyger

a tyger on the authorised game, and with one blow of his unsparing falchion, clove the poor fellows head to the chin, and left a cabbin full of young children in the most distressing state of existence.

The exterminating system is not confined to the higher ranks exclusively, as many of them are compelled to travel to other countries, to manufacture laws for our benefit; and others of a more enterprizing character, are employed in the tented field, reaping glory in the iron contest, exhibiting our Wellington's and Blaney's to admiring Europe, as the greatest Captains of modern times.

In the Counties of Fermanagh, Donegal, and Armagh, the loyal Weavers, and a considerable number of the Ministers of the gospel, dispose of their Catholic neighbours on particular days by *musquetting*; certainly, many of the survivors take the liberty of complaining against the excessive abuse of power assumed by the exterminators, but this is only considered an aggravation of their impertinence, and is punished with another visitation.

To expect the hunted wretches would obtain mitigation of their unexampled misery, from any representation they dare make of their condition, is the most inconsiderate folly; we are so aware of the mischiefs of such explanations, we would advise them, either to submit to a few annual sacrifices, with becoming discreetness, or leave the country to the merciful clergy and their murdering associates. We have a recent example of the danger of disputing with the Orange faction on their own premises, and by it we have been convinced, their authority is so firmly fixed, that it cannot be shook by any interest which the abject Catholic can make. It is in the case of Judge Fox, this humane and enlightened magistrate, undertook to check the Orange ruffians in their career of murder and oppression, by interposing the law, between them and their victims. This was only a signal for an exhibition of their strength, and ended in the confirmation of their power; the Judge was summoned to London like a common culprit, and for more than two years, had to defend himself at a public tribunal, against all the Orange faction, sustained by Mr. Pitt himself and the Marquis of Abercorn. Through the incapacity of the managers of this prosecution, and fearful of some unpleasant explanations, at that period not quite in season, the business was suffered to die away, and the Judge was allowed to continue in Office.

The Speeches of the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan.

We have many apologies to make to the numerous readers of our Magazine, for not taking earlier notice, and for not sooner turning our attention to the first volume of Mr. Grattan's Speeches, published by Fitzpatrick, Capel-street, and edited by an ingenious fellow countryman. We should feel it a departure from that duty we have hitherto performed to the public with unprecedented fidelity, were we not to direct their attention to a work, which does so much justice to Irish feelings, as that which now is before us. The best and proudest period of our history, is here brought before us in such a manner, as excites the bitterest reflections, and the most painful sentiments. It is impossible to read the history of the rise and progress of our country, effected by the genius of Ireland, and the *miserable catastrophe* which it has experienced, by the accomplishment of that blasting measure of *Union*, without pausing to curse the authors of such a calamity, or without breaking into lamentations, that the hopes of our country could have ever been raised by the developement of those powers and resources, which the envious

vious and malignant policy of England conspire to extinguish. The short interval of glory which occurs in Irish History, may be found in that period, which the present compilation of Mr. Grattan's Speeches contain.—He was the hero of the scene, and his genius, and his eloquence, gave expression to those grand features, which distinguished the luminous periods of 1779 and 1782. The Editor has with *much judgment* given us a history of the political state of Ireland up to that illustrious æra of Irish independence—he has traced her rise and progress—the darkness from which she emerged, and the real causes which contributed to break her chains—This is truly the shade of the picture, of which Mr. Grattan's glories are the light and spirit—for him it was left to draw up the veil—to remove the tomb stone under which Ireland lay so long buried and neglected—for him it was destined to open the eye of Ireland, wherewith she might exhibit the beauties which foreign tyranny so long deformed—for him it was ordered; that he should be the emancipator of her mind, and assister of her liberties, he was therefore endowed with all those qualities, which are calculated to raise a nation from slavery to independence. Some men are orators, without spirit, or without perseverance. Some men have spirit, and only want a good understanding, but, have not that powerful instrument at command, by which they can wield, the hearts and heads of a whole population—which facinate and charm, and convince—which astonish and captivate—Mr. Grattan eminently united grear powers of eloquence with unconquerable spirit, and always followed up with his arm, the vigorous conceptions of his great understanding. In his earlier productions, for which Ireland is much indebted to the Editor of this volume, we see all that fire, which is calculated to animate the coldest and most corrupt. His language invigorated the honest and consumed the traitor, it raised up an armed nation, and created a free Constitution for Ireland. To every Irishman we recommend the perusal of this volume, so creditable to Irish genius, so fruitful of instruction, and exhibiting the purest specimens of human eloquence. For its faults Mr. Grattan is not responsible—so says the Editor, who with great anxiety for Mr. Grattan's fame, and great candour, introduces this book to the public.

WHEN the Editor of Mr. GRATTAN's Speeches first entertained the idea of collecting and compiling the eloquence of his distinguished countryman, he was influenced by two considerations to the prosecution of so important and national a Work. The first, that the present circumstances under which his country was placed, required more than ever the general diffusion of those principles which first tended to promote the happiness and prosperity of Ireland.—The second, that he conceived he would add, in a great and eminent degree, to the many valuable works of this kind which are daily issuing from the Press and gratify that taste for eloquence which has been so much the object of every man's attainment and ambition.—The only claim which the Editor of this Volume has to public patronage is, that he has spared no labour in endeavouring to give to the public the most faithful reports of the Speeches which he has collected—and that he has diligently examined the various records where the best and most faithful reports could be found. —That he has made every effort to do justice to the splendid efforts of Mr GRATTAN, by an attentive comparison of those reports, will perhaps be acknowledged by such readers, who have been witnesses of the great exertions of our Orator; exertions which now constitute a new æra in English eloquence. In collecting the produc-

tions of that mind which so eloquently poured forth its treasures,—in compiling, with industry and care, the labours of that man, whose talents raised his country from slavery to freedom, the Editor hopes, if he shall not enjoy the praises, he may at least escape the severity, of the Critic; and that he shall have gratified the friend of literature, and the man of taste, the admirer of genius, and the advocate of liberal principles and enlightened legislation, by rescuing the Speeches of Mr. GRATTAN from the mouldering records of News-papers, and the widely extended surface of Parliamentary debates; and it is a debt which the Editor owes to the fame of this dstinguished Senator, to state, that those and similar records, are the *only* sources from which he has taken the Speeches now given to the Public.

It will now be necessary to state those reasons which influenced the Editor to commence the first Volume of Mr. GRATTAN'S Speeches with his celebrated effort on the Commercial Propositions, introduced into the Irish Parliament by Mr. Orde, and to state the motives which induced him to introduce into the Preface the Speeches which Mr. GRATTAN pronounced before this period.—The motives which determined him to make such an arrangement, were, the sincere regard and anxiety for the fame of this distinguished orator.—The first unmutilated and complete speech which the industry of the Editor could collect, is that with which the First Volume commences, while the few brilliant fragments which the indolence of the reporters have left of his earlier exertions, will be found in the Preface.—These fragments, though exhibiting powers of language, and splendor of imagination, superior to any of Mr. GRATTAN'S Irish contemporaries, perhaps superior to the efforts of any English orator, yet fall far short in that copiousness and variety of illustration, that precision of logical arrangement, which distinguish those Speeches that have been reported from the year 1785.—No doubt passages will be found which the memory takes down with delight, which the imagination and understanding contemplate with pleasure, and which convey no very faint idea of the extent of those powers, which roused an injured nation to aspire to freedom, and which finally established the triumph of the orator in the independence of his country. The Editor, therefore, conceived it a duty he owed to the reputation of Mr. GRATTAN, not to give those Speeches that place in his collection, which would induce the opinion that he considered them as perfect or correct reports; he has, however, anxious to convey that pleasure which their perusal must excite, interwoven them with the brief narrative of the splendid events which they produced; thus forming an interesting and necessary link in that chain of our History, on which Irishmen look back with mingled sensations of pride and regret.

The Editor of these Volumes cannot avoid expressing his unfeigned regret, that the Speeches of Mr. GRATTAN pronounced upon these occasions, so congenial to and affording a scope so worthy of the exertions of his splendid oratory, should have been so imperfectly reported; and it must be a source of sorrow to every lover of freedom, and genuine eloquence, that the happiest period which the genius of Mr. GRATTAN ever enjoyed, to give full and unlimitted scope to the energy of his mind and the soarings of his fancy, was neglected by those who took the trouble to mutilate his beauties, extinguish his fire, and curtail the most precious of his thoughts.

In our next we will take a more ample view of this highly interesting work, we shall now conclude with this observation, that no man who loves Ireland—who has a son in whose heart

heart he would wish to implant the love of his country, will be without this volume, which exhibits such a rare display of talent, sense of liberty and great public virtue.

Irish Music.

It has been observed that a strain of tender pensiveness is discernable throughout, in most of the music of this nation, a circumstance which has been variously accounted for; and the same remarks and the same reasons, hold good in regard to its poetry.

"We see (says Mr. Walker) that music maintained its ground in this country, *even* after the invasion of the English, but it's stile suffered a change; for the sprightly Phrygian gave place to the grave, Doric, or soft Lydian measure, such was the nice sensibility of the bards, such was their tender affection for their country, that the subjection, to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath the weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy; hence the plaintiveness of their music for the ideas that arise in the mind, are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from the influencing passion. Another cause might have occurred with the one just mentioned, in promoting a change in the stile of our music: the bards often driven together with their patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts of men were obliged to be concealed, in marshes, and in glynns and valleys resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with the portentous echos. Such scenes as these, by throwing a settled gloom over the fancy, must have considerably encreased their melancholy: so that when they attempted to sing it is not to be wondered at, that their voices thus weakened, by struggling against heavy mental depression, should rise farther by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones, than by major thirds which consist of five; now almost all the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor thirds, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music which Milton requires in his *Il Penseroso*."*

To illustrate this position, Mr. Walker introduces the following anecdote:

"About the year 1730, one Maguire a Vintner, resided near Charing Cross, London His house was much frequented, and his uncommon skill in playing on the Harp was an additional incentive: even the Duke of Newcastle and several of the ministry sometimes condescended to visit it. He was one night called upon to play some Irish tunes, he did so; they were plaintive and solemn. His guests demanded the reason, and he told them, that the composers were too deeply distressed at the situation of their country, and her gallant sons, to be able to compose otherwise. But added he, take off the restraints under which they labour, and you will not have reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes.

"Offence was taken at these warm effusions; his house became gradually neglected, and he died soon after of a broken heart."—An Irish Harper who was a cotemporary of Maguire, and like him felt for the sufferings of his country, had this distich engraved on his Harp.

"*Cur Lyra funestas edit percussa sonores?*
"*Sicut amissum sors Diadema gemit!*"

CATALINE.

Attempt to Murder the Reverend M. Lowe.

The system of persecution and extermination against the unfortunate Catholics, which still rages in the North of Ireland, was not confined exclusively

* Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, *Page* 12.

exclusively to that district. The principles of Orangism are avowedly directed to *wade knee deep in Catholic Blood.* The world is not to understand that this ferocious society is an hidden band of murderers, or of the lower and uninformed ranks of life, the most distinguished of our Senators, and the greatest of our Land proprietors have not been ashamed to enroll themselves in the Orange arrays, and have not only directed the organization of them, in private, and sustained them on every occasion, where they stood in need of patronage, but apologized for them in the Senate, whenever their atrocities were taken notice of by any advocate for suffering humanity. Mr. Pitt made considerable use of the Orangemen through the agency of the Marquis of Abercorn, to disturb the country, by breaking it into factions, for the purpose of conquest. The Magistracy was nearly exclusively composed of men whose notoriety and zeal were known by the ferocity of their Orange principles, even the church, contributed considerable numbers of its ministers to the Orange huntsmen, and in thousands of cases, the cassock has been steeped in the blood of those, whom it was intended it should protect.

The burning of Catholic chapels, and the murder of priests, formed a leading part of the Orange system of devastation. The cry of No Popery, was the signal for, and justification of murder, and with unrelenting fury the Ministers of the Gospel the Magistrate, the Senator, and at their heels their vassal gangs marched through the general ruin over prostrate temples, and deserted hamlets.

Among the savage exterminators, none was more distinguished for ferocity and industry in the works of blood, than the late William *Hugo*, a Magistrate of the County of Wicklow. This fellow, in the month of June, 1798, was returning in company with a party of the Wicklow cavalry, from a sheep shearing, to his residence at Drummee, on their way, the house of the Reverend Christopher Lowe, the Parish Priest of Glendalough, attracted their attention, and immediately it was agreed to shoot the aged gentleman, then near seventy years old, for this purpose they stopped at the gate, while they dispatched one of the troop, of the name of Richard Cotter, to do the business, Cotter dismounted and walked his horse up to the house, rapped and was admitted by the servant, he enquired in a friendly manner for Mr. Lowe, and was shewn upstairs to the victim, who was in his bed. Cotter immediately drew his pistol, and with the coolest deliberation, snapped it at the head of Mr. Lowe, who started up at the sight of the assasin. The pistol missed fire, and the fellow again snapped it, and again it missed, a third and fourth time, he repeated the attempts, but no fire, at length the old man summoned up some resolution to defend himself, which Cotter apprehending and giving up any hopes of effecting his intention, through the badness of his pistol, he apologized in the most sincere appearance, and assured Mr. Lowe, that he meant no more than a joke, which Mr. Lowe was credulous enough to believe, on this assurance, Mr. Low attended him to the door, to let him out, which as soon as was effected, he very deliberately put the pistol into his holster on his horse, drew out another, and fired it through the door, which the priest hastily clapped to, on discovering the villains intention, the ball passed through the pannell, struck Mr. Lowe on the breast, but, without doing any more injury than raising a large lump.

The gang rode off in noisy triumph exulting on the death of their game, which Cotter assured them was inevitably effected. One of the party was a neighbour of Mr. Lowe's, James Weekes, son of the Protestant Minister of the same parish.

Law

Law against Justice not always successful.

The Morning Post and the "*Patriot*," assure the public, from what they call great legal authorities, that the Catholic Meetings are illegal, we presume this notification is intended as a justification of "*strong measures*," speedily to be adopted against "*the faction*"—Five Millions in number—Mr. Bushe's opinion is amongst others quoted. As we are part of "*the faction*," we think the opinion of Ireland as it has been taken, Protestant and Catholic, is something superior even to Mr. Bushe. We know Mr. Bushe holds his place under Mr. Perceval, and as we know Mr. Perceval is a Methodist and a Bigot, we appreciate the opinion of his creature, as his opinion, a mere Swaddling Anti-Catholic opinion. It is in the memory of many of our readers, that on great national questions, some former Crown Lawyers differed in opinion with other people. That great law luminary Lord Mansfield, who we believe, was not a spittle inferior in his profession to Mr. Bushe, held a very different opinion with the people of Boston in 1774; they took the opinion of one Doctor Warren, they went to law at a place called Bunkers Hill, and Lord Mansfield was cast with Costs.

Methodistical Impudence.

At the late conference of Methodist Preachers held at Sheffield, in making a return of the proselytes made since the last meeting; in their report they speak of the progress they have made, in what they please to name "*the dark and unfrequented parts of Ireland.*"

We know the object of the leaders of those ignorant fanatics, is in the first case, to detach the Catholics of Ireland from their religion, that they may be tamed into a surrender of their distinguished character of nationality, for it invariably follows, that these who have been trepanned, or kidnapped from their parents by the aid of Charter Schools and Poor Houses, are amongst the most ferocious and implacable enemies of their country. This manner of denationalizing a people, is without parallel in the history of man. An Englishman, be his religious notions, whatever human fancy or human debility can invent, never in any case prefers the character or happiness of another country to his own; but, it is a melancholy fact in our miserable history, that from the very moment one of our unfortunate people is inoculated by any of the whimsical novelties so innumerable in England, the wretch becomes a traitor to his country, and the name of Ireland is odious in his eyes.

To hear men of the meanest capacity and of the lowest rank of life, talk of the *dark* and unfrequentd parts of Ireland, and report a lying progress of proselytism made among the people, deserves nothing more serious than our contempt. For, it is a notorious trait in our character, that no nation has a greater taste for Education, nor is there any nation where it is more generally distributed, nor no nation where it is so opposed by power, to conceive that any people so characterised, could be converted to the follies of English fanaticism, by the most ignorant of mankind, is as probable, as to believe that a Newton, could be persuaded to submit his notions of the demonstrated form of the universe to the ravings of a fortune-teller. When we speak of Ireland, it is to be understood, we mean the Catholics, as to the other part a considerable number of them do not deserve the name of Irishmen, and thousands of them particularly in Ulster, voluntarily reject it; this is the description of wretches, who adopt with readiness, every variation made in the fancy of restless illumination, that has for its basis an abhorrence of Popery; and of which England furnishes the world so many wild and visionary successions, in endless variety of countless forms and complexions.

Examination

Examination of a person wishing to obtain a pass to go to America.

Scene—An office with desks, at which are seated three men of very important appearance, their faces screwed up to the highest pitch of magisterial austerity.

A young country lad is introduced by an ill looking deputy: *Deputy*,—Sirr, please your honor, this boy wants a pass to go to America.

Magistrate.—Where did you come from?

Boy—From the neighbourhood of Enniskillen.

Mag.—Hem! what is your business to America, and why do you leave the country?

Boy.—I mean to go to work at my trade in America, and I want to leave the country, because my brother was shot dead on the 12th of July last, and I am afraid if I stay, I shall be shot on the 4th of November next, it being the first day of the winter shooting season!

Magistrate.—Hem! I see what you are, you are of "*the Faction*," a "*treasonable Romanist*," a "*Popish conventionalist.*" You are the fellow, whose father petitioned the Judge, on the last assizes, at Enniskillen, to have a loyal man tried for shooting your Romanist brother; your name is Moyvournagh.

Boy.—As to the hard words you speak, I don't understand them, but I am the same person, and it was my brother and father you mention.

Magis—Were you ever hanged?

Boy.—No sirr, but my father and mother were hanged.

Magis.—If your father was hanged, how could your father be at the last assizes? I see you are a hardened lying *Romanist*, one of the conventionalists, one of the faction, who want to throw down our Protestant State, and then retail it to the pope and the Corsican.

Boy.—Indeed sirr, I am no liar, my father and mother were both hanged, in the year 1797, but only half hanged, for, when the *parson*, who commanded the party, could not extort from my poor parents, where the Irish of Fermanagh hid the *Beads* and the *Cannon*, that were imported from France, for the purpose of besieging Christ Church and the Castle, he put off the hanging day to wait for their answers, untill the next 1st of July.

Major.—I see from your impertinence and the reflections you have made, and by the dates you have chosen in this days examination, that you are a perverse Rebel, and———and ———I forgot the words, this rogue has so vexed me, that I forgot—Bulbrook, hand me the last *Patriot*, now, I have it—I see you are one of "the *faction*, a *conventionalist*, a *seditious Romanist*, *an emissary of the Corsican's*, *and I* do hereby refuse you any leave to go out of the country, until I have an account of your conduct from the *Grand Lodge* of Enniskillen.

The other Magistrates—We think your refusal of this fellows application is prudent and constitutional, and we consider him nothing but a seditious rebel. His insinuations on the great anniversaries of our religious and political liberties, which he terms, in the language of Popish rebels, shooting seasons, deserve the severest punishment.

Magistrate—Turn that young rebel down the stairs

Constable—Yes, your honor.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

The "*Patriot*" says, that the *Romanist* is allowed to go to Mass; we admit he is, and the Orangeman is allowed, if not sent there also, but for other purposes. The Romanist goes there to pray, and the Orangeman to shoot; this the *Patriot* is pleased to call liberty of conscience, and in our gratitude for the indulgence, we are called on for our allegiance.

Trial

Trial by Jury.

This boasted palladium of our liberties, as it is called, loses considerable part of its character in Ireland; the protection of it is almost confined to one class—the Orangemen, a body that possess many other exclusive privileges; they are not only tried by their Peers, when public decency occasionally require them to submit to the forms of justice, for any trifling invasions of theirs on the properties or lives of their Catholic fellow subjects, but are allowed to exercise a kind of executive power, such as sending Catholics to "*Hell or Connaught*," or shooting them on certain anniversaries. On the contrary, whenever a Catholic is tried, which frequently happens through the industry of our Orange masters, who sometimes allow the laws to have a few victims—the jury is on every case, as Orange as official loyalty can make it—the Sheriff is of this description uniformly, and every creature under him to the lowest bailiff, so that the Orangemen, not only trys himself, but also takes the pains invariably to try such Catholics as his musquet has not disposed of. Reading, writing, or even spelling, are not necessary in the judicial character of an Orange Juror—he understands the signals of the prosecuting lawyers, "*Popery and Rebellion*," which very algebraically include his political and religious education. In the course of a trial the "*bugabo*" words are shook out at a proper time, and the unshot prisoner is properly convicted.

In the case of Mr. Cox, he was three several times last February tried for one crime, called by the crown lawyers a libel; on those trials, though the City of Dublin contains not less than 200,000 Catholics, the officer whose business it was to summon a jury, could not find more than one Catholic in such an immense population; a MR. MATHEW ANDOE, a man who sells excellent coarse woollen drapery in High-street, but no great judge of literary subjects, such as the libel appears to be. Indeed literary acquirements appear not to be necessary, even among the Protestant Jurors, selected by the returning officers on this occasion, two of them particularly, were so grossly ignorant, that they scarcely know how many letters are in the English alphabet. Mr. Thomas Fowler of Capel-street, gun-smith, and a Scotch pedlar, who formerly held the high situation of fifer to a Caledonian fencible regiment. The public will see, by this manner of rummaging the two countries, and the kind of intellect mustered on the occasion, what understanding such devils could form of the alleged libel and of the learned and lengthy harangues of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, with the stammered law and literature of Serjeant Moore! But the words, Constitution, Bonaparte, Popish factions, unnatural Rebellion, prosperous condition of Ireland, King, Loyalty, &c. being within the memory of the gentlemen, from the frequent use made of such words in all Orange and Burning Lodges, and the angry faces of the Judges, convinced the Jury that the prisoner was guilty of something very bad; thus those Trials by Jury ended, one party adjourned to Dinner and the other to Newgate.

Arrest of the Catholic Delegates.

The arrest of the Catholic Delegates, on the 9th of August, put it beyond any doubt, that the English Ministers, to whom we have been sold, means to affect no disguise in their measures, for humbling the Irish Catholics, and for ever to put their claims to rest, by a rigorous and plain coercion. We always understood, that, several plans for thinning us have been put into practice, but we never conceived the perilous condition Britain stands, or rather lingers in: that she would

undertake to insult 5,000,000 of Irishmen, by open acts of outrage Hated, contemned and despised, as we may be, by the modern Briton; we think it is not prudent in him, to compel us to forego our rights; to force us out of our conviction; our numbers and our service deserve more deference.—When we make comparisons, and retrace circumstances, we regret to say a diminution of our numbers and strength is in contemplation.

The following sketch of some circumstances well known, may contribute to develope a measure avowedly insulting to our understandings, as they are hostile to our population.

On the 3d of August, 1811, Mr. Justice Osborne, at the Assizes, held at Waterford, made use of the following words, in his address, to the Grand Jury. He "regreted, that, although the names on the calendar were few, there were still some cases resulting from the late disturbed state of the country, and declared it to be the *determination of his Majesty's government, not to extend mercy* to any more of those infatuated creatures, who may be found guilty."

This official declaration of government, if not compared with other cases, would not appear inconsistent, but from two or three transactions, which we give here, it will appear extremely vigorous. The wretched men for whom this severe lesson is intended, are to a man Catholics, and have been driven into petty acts of outrage, by the cruelty of their landlords; the barbarity of tithe proctors, and the shameful inadequency of their wages—and for their intemperance, under such exasperating circumstances, have brought on themselves this heavy denunciation.

Now let us quote the conduct of another description of men, the Protestants and Orangemen of the North, and let us hear if murders to an innumerable amount—burnings and proscriptions, have been met with such severe admonition, as the poor Catholic peasantry of the South.

In the years 1794, 5. 6 and 7, Mr. Verner, the celebrated orange raker in the county of Armagh, was suffered to banish and exterminate, ninety-six Catholic families, and we never heard that any Judge of Assize, any man wearing "*the unspotted ermine of the Bench*," ever interrupted Mr. Verner, by the slightest menace.

We remember Mr. Verner's corps of Yeomanry, celebrating the Sabbath, by firing repeated vollies of musquetry, on a congregation of Catholics while at prayers, killing several of them, and after dispersing the survivors, burning the Chapel to ashes, and not one of "*the unspotted ermine*" ever distinguished himself, by any interdiction on those occasions; notwithstanding this, and numerous other acts of the same description, an infamous vehicle of insult and misrepresentation, a real instrument of British manufacture, the Patriot, of the 10th of August, says, "that the Romanist is not *restrained* from attending his Chapel." We think there could not be greater restraints on his going to his Chapel, than expecting himself to be shot there. Mr. Pounden, of Enniscorthy, a Protestant Magistrate of the county of Wexford, who is married to a Catholic Lady, told the Editor, that so many attempts had been made on Mrs. Pounden, by the Orangemen, to insult her on her way to the parish Chapel, that he is obliged to send an escort with his carriage to protect it: perhaps the Patriot will insist that is no restraint.

It is a melancholy truth, that the Verners under the patronage of the Marquis of Abercorn, Mr. Brownlow, and the other great landed proprietors, conducted the Orange system of murder and proscription, to such an extraordinary pitch of unceasing violence, that they banished 7,000 Catholics from the county of Armagh, and so indifferent did it appear, that no Judge

of

of Assize on the circuit, ever expresed as much on the affair, with any view of checking it, as Judge Osborne did about a few sheep stealers at Waterford.

Constantine O'Neill, one of those hunted Catholics, a hatter by trade, in the year 1806, was attacked in his house, by a gang of Orangemen commanded by the younger Verners, who burned the house and furniture, and fired several shots at O'Neil, who fortunately escaped. O'Neil tried every Magistrate in the county, to take his deposition against the robbers, who, instead of doing their duty, threatened him with a kicking—and not a word relating to this affair was mentioned by the Judges of Assize, in any address to Grand Juries, though a considerable part of each discourse is taken up with repairing the roads.—Certainly Serjeant Moore, was sent down to inquire into the affair, who, very prudently and impartially waited on the offenders, who declared upon their honors, O'Neil was a troublesome Papist. Sergeant Moore has been raised to the rank of a Judge, Mr. Verner has been appointed *aid-de-camp* to the Duke of Richmond, and Archy Jacob the Wexford exterminator, has been restored to the Magistracy.

At Corinshiga, near Newry, a corps of yeomanry attacked an assemblage of men, women and children, dancing at a bonfire, the 23d of June, 1798, celebrating the eve of St. John the Baptist, a very ancient and innocent custom among the Catholic Irish.—The armed murderers fired several vollies on the unoffending creatures, many of whom were killed on the spot, and others dreadfully wounded. In this case, we acknowlege the Magistrates affected a wish to punish the perpetrators, and applied to the government for assistance, to have the murderers brought to justice, but received a cold answer from Mr. Trail, the Duke of Richmond's Secretary — "That any steps taken by the government would supersede the exertions of the local Magistracy, on the subject." Between the Government and the Magistrates, the murderers were not prevented to renew their depredations, and even the "*unspotted Ermine of the Bench,*" at the ensuing assizes, did not notice it in the list of nuisances.

It requires no great depth of discernment to guess at the object of those men, who are paid for managing the higher branches of the governing departments, who direct that all the dignity of the Bench should be exerted to terrify a starved peasantry from acts of petty violence, the result of hunger, and allow that Bench to be silent, on the very spot where thousands have been murdered and hunted, and continue to be so. The name of God, a panegyric on our glorious Constitution, the sins of sheeep stealing and Rebellion, and the improvement of the highways, form component parts of the Bench Lectures; but the annual and periodical system of murdering the unfortunate Catholics is forgot in the solemnity.

It is an impudent assertion to tell us, we enjoy equal protection with our protestant countrymen, after such facts as we have here quoted. The very men most distingnished as our calumniators and persecutors, are those that are selected as the favorites of the Government. Giffard, Sirr, and other wretches of the same stamp and notoriety, are admitted to the society and intimacy of the Duke of Richmond in his *soberest* moments; men whom the specious liberality of Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Bedford, discountenanced and cashiered through a deference to public decency.

But under the present dispensation public decency, and public opinion are put at defiance, persecution is no longer conducted in disguise—The Castle avow it, our peasantry and

gentry are equally objects of jealousy; the minor branches or agents of the administration, the provincial Orangemen, are humbling our population in the remote counties, and Mr. Pole manages the capital, and while our most respectable brethren are dragged to goal, the hired newspapers would insult our understandings by what they call constitutional palliatives—the Trial by Jury. We know so much of Trial by Jury, and the Orange and methodistical manner Juries are summoned and influenced on every occasion where Catholic interest and Catholic liberty are involved, that we deem accusation in itself; a conviction, and the Trial by Jury, only a solemn form to protract our sufferings, by exposing us to legal cant and vexatious degradation, by exhibiting us in a Court of Law, a kind arena, where the Catholic is often exposed to gratify intolerant and vulgar curiosity.

The sword of persecution is drawn, —the Catholics of the higher ranks are going to prison, and the lower classes are sinking into the grave, nothing remains for us to adopt, but submission or emigration. The Orangemen are out for the game, the burnished musquet, and the burning cabbin, declare that our coloured masters, must either have church-yard or desart.

A sketch of the life of Samuel Neilson, of Belfast, Editor of the Northern Star, and Member of the Irish Directory.

Samuel Neilson was born in the year 1759, and received the rudiments of a classical education in the neighbourhood of the place of which his father was minister.* The years of his youth were diligently employed, and the studies of it happily directed. He soon acquired an intimate acquaintance with those great depositaries of ancient learning and wisdom, the Latin and Greek languages, with Geography, Civil History, and the Mathematics. His appetite for knowledge, and his capacity to acquire it, rendered his progress more than ordinarily rapid and gained for him (their natural reward) the applause of his preceptors, and the admiration of his fellows.

He had now attained an age, when it became proper to designate his future walk in life; and what has often happened to others occurred to him: the selection was made with less regard to the characteristic bent of his genius, than to the views of family convenience; and he was placed under the direction of a brother, then a Merchant in Belfast, with whom he served a regular apprenticeship. This period of his life was marked, like every portion of it, with fidelity, assiduity, and skill, and was only less distinguished than the period which immediately followed, from the difference of direction given to those qualities. In the one case, they were exerted for the profit of an individual; in the other, they were devoted to the service of a nation.

Belfast had now become distinguished for its love of national independence, and attachment to the principles of the Volunteer Association. On this great theatre of political discussion, Neilson's breast first felt that glow of liberty which cheered and warmed him through all the vicissitudes of his future life; and sure it could not have been no common flame that preserved itself clear and undiminished, in the wretchedness of exile, in the glooms of a dungeon, and in the hour of death!

With a mind, cool in its researches, discriminating in its views, prompt in its exertions, and intrepid in its projects

* Ballyroney, County of Down.

projects, he was peculiarly fitted for the political career to which he had destined himself. His ear had been charmed by the patriotic magic of a Grattan, and a Curran: his judgment had been convinced by the irrefutable arguments of Locke, a Molyneux, a Montesquieu, and a Mably; and his sensibility had been touched and awakened by the oppressions and sorrows of his Country. Thus organized, and thus excited, is it to be wondered at, that the calculations of Arithmetic, the operation of a Compting-house, the dull and dry reckonings of *profit and loss*, should have ceased to be interesting to him?

In the year 1790, he abandoned the pursuits of commerce, and took upon himself the direction of a Paper consecrated to the support of morals, the diffusion of science, and the Emancipation of Ireland. Nor was he more induced to adopt this employment by the fervid and honest ambition of doing good, than impelled to it by the discriminating voice of his Country. Was it required of the Editor of the Northern Star, that he should be secret? Where was depositary ever found more sacred than Neilson? Was it required of him that he should be brave? Who of the sons of Ireland ever felt less of fear than Neilson? Was it demanded of him that he should be liberal and enlightened? Where shall we look for more of light and liberality than distinguished Neilson? Was it expected of him that he should be honest? Neilson was both honour and honesty personified.

From this time forward the events of his life are so interwoven with the public proceedings, of the Country, that they are in a great degree only to be seen together. This therefore must be be my apology for a mode of treating my subject, which but for its connexion with the fortunes of of Neilson, would be a useless renovation of sorrows.

The successful termination of the American, and the auspicious commencement of the French Revolution, had roused Irishmen from a sleep of centuries. They indeed awoke, but they awoke only to a sense of their misery and a sight of their chains. A redress of grievances was not only beyond reach, but beyond hope also: for despair and vassalage are constant companions. On the side of the people was the weight of physical force, but this was chilled by poverty, degraded by oppression, distempered by jealousy, and broken by religious prejudice. On the side of England was an organized government, a powerful aristocracy, an artful hierarchy, an armed militia, and a regular army.

These circumstances sufficiently indicate the duties and the labors of Neilson. It was his business not only to watch the movements and scrutinize the plans of the Court-party; to depict their folly, and defeat their wickedness; but to rouse and enlighten the party of the people; to quicken their sensibility, by exposing their wrongs; to invigorate their conduct, by exhibiting their rights; to shew them from history what they had a title to expect, and from reason and nature what they had power to demand. Nor did he labour in vain. The Northern Star, under his management was indeed a planet of light and heat: its influences were commensurate with its circulation, and its circulation was only restricted by the ocean.* It warmed the cold; it animated the feeble; it cheered the afflicted; it stimulated the intrepid, and instructed all. Pernicious dogmas, false reasonings, slavish superstitions, and gothic prejudices

* On each day of publication 4,200 papers were actually sold.

prejudices, which broke the people into differents sects, and marshalled them against each other, disappeared before it, while the principles of reform, under its patronage grew and strengthened. To be *united*, became the criterion of worth and the pledge of victory. New life was infused into one part of the nation, and new sentiments into another. The frowns of power became less severe; the gripe of avarice less close and pinching: union and reform became terms synonymous with wisdom and justice; and in the Castle, in the Senate, at the Bar, and in the Temples of the most high God, were heard Truths consolatory to an oppressed people. In short, every circumstance prognosticated a happy change. But how deceitful were appearances! At this very moment the fate of Ireland and her destinies was determined. At this very moment an order had issued recalling Fitzwilliam to England, and at this very moment martial law was declared throughout the Island. The plans of the English Briareus were to be executed. Oh! Ireland! much injured, much insulted Country—a witness and partaker of thy misery, my bosom bleeds at the recollections of thy sufferings! My tongue falters at the story of thy wrongs, and I must pause to recover spirits sufficient to carry me through the recital.

When the force, mere brutal force, had usurped the name and the authority of law: when the bayonets of a licentious soldiery had supplanted the provisions of nature and the constitution. When the helplessness of infancy, the decrepitude of age, the vigor of manhood, and the charms of beauty, had all become crimes, and were certainly and equally fatal to their possessors. When the groans of disease, the cries of wretchedness, the supplications of virtue, and the aspirations of piety had ceased to give protection: is it to be wondered at that Neilson should be insecure? That the man, who had boldly projected, and ably promoted a revolution favorable to liberty; who had exposed the deformity of tyrants, and the meanness of slaves; who had made even impudence blush, and power tremble; and against whom, protected only by the panoply of truth, reproach had been vain, and accusation impotent: was it, I repeat, to be wondered at, that such a man, so gifted, and so disposed, should be marked out as the victim of oppression?

In the month of September, in the year 1796, while firmly, but peaceably pursuing the great objects of his occupation, he was seized in his house, torn from his family, and buried in the glomiest dungeon of the Capitol. The destruction of his press and his papers followed, and even the edifice that contained them was razed to the ground. The day Star of his fortune now set—the tempest burst upon his head—but he met it like a man. It might break, but it could not bend him. Eighty pounds of iron fastened him to the floor of a dungeon—nor ray of light or of heat ever cheered its walls. It was deep, and damp, and dismal. The face of humanity was never seen, nor was its voice ever heard within it. A monster in the form of a man, but without a heart was its keeper. In this most dreary, most dreadful abode did Neilson langnish out.

By a refinement in cruelty that would have disgraced a Caligula, though denied every thing that could lessen or console his distresses, he was permitted to know, in all these circumstances, those events which could most wound and afflict him. Hence it was, that he learned the fate of Ireland in the bottom of his dungeon; and hence it was that his manly voice was again exerted to save what remained of worth within her. For himself he did not feel, but for her, his sensibility was quickened into anguish.

From

From the moment of his arrest the liberty of the press was totally extinguished; a communication of sentiments became not only dangerous, and difficult; but, in many instances, impracticable. Whole parishes, and even counties became insolated; and thus what might have been gained by increased excitement, arising from the abuses of government, was lost by a want of union and intercouse among the people. In proportion, however, as this disposition to avoid revolt obtained among them, the policy of their oppressors to produce it became more open, zealous, and persevering. A most profligate system of espionage was universally dopted: servants were suborned against their masters, children against their parents, and wives against their husbands; so that in many instances it might truly be said, that "they of a man's own household were his worst enemies."

A wanton soldiery were every where let loose upon them, without other command than their passions, or other restriction upon them than that imposed by satiety. And to this soldiery was added a faction,* made up of the worst men in the community, employing the worst means, and directing their efforts to the worst objects—devastation, plunder, and revenge. Nor was it rare to see the priest of the hierarchy, like those of Odin, hunting on these miscreants to blood and rapine.

This detestable policy at length accomplished its object. Revolt was produced by injustice. The patience of the people was completely exhausted, and resistance became less terrible than submission. The banners of insurrection were unfurled, and on them were inscribed the motto and the principle of an outraged nation—liberty or death. In the contest that followed, a hardy warlike race, displayed the wonted courage of their ancestors. Many and terrible were their conflicts; they fought with gallantry; they fell with glory, and though they could not command uccess; they did more, they deserved sit. This was the solace of Cato in the extinction of Roman liberty; and in the hour of death, and this was theirs. Peace be to the ashes of the fallen warrior—he has reached a bourne, where the frowns of power, the gripe of poverty, and the tortures of barbarism cannot follow him—he sleeps in the bosom of his father and his God. But alas! how different is the situation of a suffering artizan, the peaceful peasant, the sorrowing widow, and the defenceless orphan! Their sufferings, which they had fondly hoped had reached their utmost possible limits, were but beginning; they were yet to see the desolation of their fields, the conflagration of their dwellings, and, in many instances to atone, on the scaffold, for a tear or a groan, extorted from them by the sight of suffering humanity.

> "Animus meminisse horret,
> luctuque refugit."

It was in this awful, this calamitous state of things, that the voice of Neilson was heard from the bottom of his dungeon, pleading the cause of the innocent and afflicted, and proposing to stay the hand of the executioner, by giving to government a full devolopement of the rise, progress, extent and means of the union, without, however, implicating any individual, by either the mention of his name, or description of his person.

To this proposal the government acceded, and on their part engaged, that all civil process and military executions should cease, and that such of the United Irishmen, as were in confinement should be permitted to emigrate.

* The Orange Faction.

emigrate to any foreign country not at war with Great Britain. Neilson and his compatriots, to the number of ninety, hastened to fulfil their part of the treaty, and a memoir was prepared and presented, that for elegance of diction and strength of argument has seldom been equalled; the task they had undertaken was however more difficult than they had foreseen, and in the sanguine hope of being useful to the virtuous, they had entirely overlooked the character of the government they had to address; they had entirely forgotten that they must necessarily offend either against it or against truth. The memoir was found to be a faithful representation of facts: a full vindication of the union, and, of course, a most poignant satire on the court.

The consequences will be readily anticipated; none of the conditions entered into by government were fulfilled; civil and military vengeance took a new edge and additional rancor; the confinement of the prisoners became, if possible, more rigorous; and to add to the number of their wrongs, a defamatory libel, sanctioned by an act of parliament, appeared against them; in this it was stated, that they had confessed crimes, retracted opinions, and implored the pardon of the British king. To give color to the imposture, an officer of the castle commanded Neilson to acknowledge the contents of the act, and menaced him with immediate death in the case of refusal. What was his conduct at this trying moment? "You may deprive me, says he, of my life, but no torture shall deprive me of my honor; your threats and your scaffolds I despise."

On the 18th of April, 1799, he was removed from his prison to a ship that lay ready ro receive him. He was then ill of a fever, and it was supposed that death would have been the immediate consequence of a removal, but in this hope the vengeance of faction was disappointed; a purer air ameliorated the symptoms of his disease, and gave him new strength to sustain new confinement. The lapse of a few days at sea, brought him to the walls of Fort George, in the Highlands of Scotland, where he remained a prisoner till the summer of 1802, when the peace between France and England became the epoch of his liberation, though not of his freedom. It can be readily imagined that both interest and affection drew him strongly to Ireland, but Ireland was to him forbidden ground. It was enough that for six long years he had been cut off from the chearful haunts of men; that during much of this time he had been loaded with irons, buried in a dungeon, and denied even the solace of a book: British ferocity was not to be satisfied with this, and he was now to be proscribed for ever from the country of his birth, of his friends, and of his wishes.

But the mandates like the menaces of tyrants are often vain. The man who has felt oppression in its worst forms, has little more to dread, and between exile to the eastern or western extremity of the globe, where is the difference to a philosophic mind?

Neilson determined to visit Ireland, and what he determined he never failed to execute. But how great the change! how affecting the spectacle! Whole villages destroyed, cities deformed, the country desolated, and Ireland itself, by the act of union, blotted out of the map of Europe. Wherever he turned his keen inquisitive eye, it met traces of destruction, and objects of misery: the effects of "supplementary vengeance, which sought reprisals in the grave of the supposed culprit, and plundered the pittance of the widow, and the cradle of the orphan," (CURRAN.) Ireland, under these circumstances, had ceased to be Ireland to him, and in the month of September, 1802, he bade it an eternal adieu.

Arrived in America, he selected New-York

New-York as the place of his residence, and on the very spot where we are now assembled, he planned the labors of many years. But alas! how transitory is man in his projects? and how true is it, that, "he cometh up like a flower and continueth not."

Pestilence, that attendant on commerce and scourge of mankind, drove him from the city, and while with eager curiosity, he contemplated the wild scenery of the Hudson, and entertained his companions with much interesting remark upon it, the stroke of death in the form of apoplexy, terminated at once, his misfortunes, his labors, and his life.* Such is the well known story of Samuel Neilson. It now only remains of this last duty to say something of his private life, and to make a few remarks on his political character which could not be presented in the course of the narrative.

That Neilson had his faults we readily admit, "*nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur*," but it will be remembered, that they bore the nearest possible affinity to virtue, and were often no more than an extreme of that quality, and are readily forgotten in the variety of his excellence. Where shall we find a more rigid observer of his word than Neilson? Where a more punctilious observer of correct manners? Where a man more equitable in all his dealings? Where a kinder husband, a better parent, or a firmer friend? How he could feel in the last of these characters may be inferred from the following narration of the untimely fate of the patriotic Bond.

"In a moment, and without the slightest previous illness, Bond, my intimate and much beloved friend, whose fate had been so deeply interwoven in all these transactions: Bond, then my bedfellow and partner in mind, fell down and expired. This fatal catastrophe happened on the morning of the 6th of September. I was at once overwhelmed with the most profound grief. It was not the loss of a common acquaintance, of a patriot of a few months standing, I had to deplore; no, it was that of a man with whom the closest intimacy for seventeen years had grown into friendship truly inexpressible. It was that of a patriot, whose devotion to liberty was coeval with his manhood, whose understanding was as sound as his integrity was inflexible, and whose early, useful and active labors in the cause will be recounted with exultation by his children, and remembered with gratitude by his country, when those of ephemeral patriotism shall have passed away with its possessor."

To be calumniated is generally the fate of celebrity; perhaps it is always the condition on which it is enjoyed: but be this as it may, Neilson had his full share of abuse and crimination. He was charged with ambition; he was stigmatized as a traitor; but in all this how did his case differ from those of Hampden and of Sidney. Hampden was accused of treason; Sidney was condemned to the scaffold. Be these facts his sufficient apology, his complete defence; for like Hampden and Sidney, Neilson's ambition was inseparable from the glory of his country, and the rights of mankind.

He has been charged also with being a leveller and anarchist; but no charge could be more unjust than this. His ideas of civil liberty were compatible with law, order, and social happiness. His object was not to destroy the constitution of his country, but to give it new vigor and renovated health, by lopping from it those rotten limbs that weaknened and disfigured it.

He approved the principles of the French Revolution, but he abhorred the crimes and enormities that deformed it. Convinced that the nature of a man, and the essential order and well-being

* He was in his 44th year.

being of society prescribe dependence and subordination, he never was the votary of that absolute equality which exists only in the mind of an Utopian. From the moment that Great Britain refused to Irishmen their natural right to *equal representation*, he no longer believed in the legitimacy of their government, he no longer doubted the reasonableness of resisting it. "If America," said he, "had one act of tyranny to deplore, Ireland had thousands. If America had a just claim to freedom, so had Ireland." Such was the creed, and such the language of Neilson; a creed that no sophistry can shake; a language that no criticism can make better. Nor will his eloquence die with him. From his tomb arises a voice that thus addresses his countrymen.

FROM THE SHAMROCK.

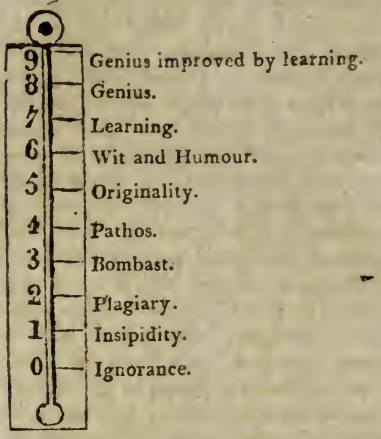
(Published in New York.)

It will be exactly two years on the next anniversary of American independence, since I first commenced working at a Literary Thermometer. Various occcurrences not worth mentioning, hindered its completion until the seventeenth of March, 1811. On the morning of that day I completed it, and now send a drawing of my instrument, with a few hasty experiments.

Although I purpose going to Washington in a few days to secure a patent for my invention, I have no objection to the publicity of this article, accompanied by a wood cut, descriptive of my instrument, if executed by the ingenious Mr. Anderson.

My native country is entirely free from serpents. My adopted nearly so—of criticks; with the assistance of my Thermometer, and a work I am about giving to the world. "Every man his own critic," great hopes may be entertained that those pests to society will soon be compelled to resign the quill, shut up shop, and finally become useful members of society.

LITERARY THERMOMETER.



The above is a correct drawing of my new invented instrument, and the subjoined are the experiments made with it: they would have been more numerous, if my collection of books had been more extensive, but as I purpose visiting the City Library, the Editor of the Shamrock may expect to hear from me again.

Jonathan Swift.—On applying my Thermometer to the writings of this justly celebrated Irish wit, I found such a wonderful display of different talents; so much good sense and "strength of reasoning, joined to so pure and masterly a style," that I was induced to place him first on my list.

When Swift's earliest production, *the Tale of a Tub*, came in contact with my instrument, the critique, or liquid contained in the glass tube, was thrown in great commotion. It played with the utmost velocity between 5 and 9; 6 and 9 however appeared to be the points of greatest attraction. When his *Discourse of the contest and Dissentions in Athens and Rome* was brought in contact, the critique appeared to be stationary at 6, but when his *argument against abolishing christianity* was brought to the test, the critique again got in commotion, and played from 5 to 6. It kept the same points when I turned to those brazen monuments

monuments of his fame, the *Draper's Letters*. I found little variation on trying his *Examiners*, &c. &c. but when *Gulliver's Travels* came to be examined, the critique flew to the top of the tube, with a force that nearly destroyed my instrument, and gave my hand which held it a shock equal to that from a powerful electrifying machine. When turning over the leaves of this moral political romance, the critique played from 3 to 9 and from 9 to 5 in the most curious manner; its motion was quick with a distinct pause at each point of criticism. When his letters to Dr. Sheridan, at the time Stella's life was despaired of, came in contact, the critique flew to 4, it remained at that point on turning over his letters to Stella, giving an account of the stabbing of Mr. Harley, as also at the account of the illness and death of poor Harison. Swift's works may with justice be set down 5 to 9.

Burk—On turning over the leaves of this great man's work was 7 found the most prevalent point, yet 9, 8 and 5 caused many variations. A momentary pause of the critique was once observed between 6 and 5; 5 appeared to have greater attraction than 6.

Cumberland—When the instrument was first applied to the works of this man, the critique made a dead set at 6, from that it rose to 7, and then to 8, from this point it made many flights to four. 6 and 7 the greater points of attraction.

Mons. Boileau Despraux—Who that has ever read "L'art Poetique" of this justly celebrated French Critic, will deny it deserves to be classed at 9; and all who have read his satires, or his poem "*Le Lutrin*," will concur in my placing them at 6. His works taken together, entitle him to rank high on the Thermometer.

Corneille—The Shakespeare of the French stage. His works entitle him to credit at 8 and 7 8, the point of greatest attraction.

Moliere—On first applying his comedies, the critique stood apparently fixed at 6, but it soon got in motion and played from 5 to 7.

Shakespeare—When the dramatic works of this "sweet poet of nature" came in contact with the thermometer, the critique was observed in the greatest commotion playing from 8 to 6, and frequently to 5 and 4. 8 and 6 the most attractive,

Laurence Sterne—Twice have I been consumptive, and twice have I laughed myself out of it, by the perusal of this *odd fellow's* works. My wife attributes my last cure entirely to the use of the Alcornoque wood; on this point she and I differ, yet I am not fearful of saying, that to remove consumptive cases, the utmost confidence might be placed in the efficacy of this wood.

Sterne's laugh and be fat medicine, may not be equally applicable to all constitutions; goats milk by many is considered preferable, and in stubborn cases the Alcornoque is preferred to either; yet in my opinion every family should possess Sterne's works, and all captains of vessels to be as particular in having them on board, as they would the medicine chests. But to my subject. When the instrument was applied to Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, the critique appeared stationary at 6, but it soon got in motion and played from 4 to 9. 8 and 6 were the greatest points of attraction. When the *Sentimental Journey* come in contact, 4 was found the most attractive, yet 6 caused many flights to 7, 8, and 9, but little variation was found on applying the instrument to the *Fragments*, *Letters*, *Koran*, &c.

A person looking over my shoulder who had made many unsuccessful attempts in imitation of Sterne's style, showed great uneasiness at the motion of the critique in many experiments, and playing with a penknife to hide his uneasiness, unfortunately run it into his finger. This accident caused

me for a short time to suspend my amusement, on resuming it, I was much surprised to find a red liquid, resembling the critique on the tube opposite 2. This supposed variation was soon accounted for, for on rubbing the tube I found it nothing more than a little blood from the finger of this would be wit.

MACTWOLTER.

Condition of the miserable Irish Catholics

The venal English and Irish Newspapers are continually engaged reporting exaggerated and unfounded stories of the tyranny exercised by the French armies in Spain and Portugal, and are as repeatedly drawing comparisons between what they term, the happy condition of the Irish people, and that of the enslaved and persecuted nations that have been conquered by the French Emperor. We say in the face of the world, that no nation or people have ever been treated with so heavy a hand, with such unceasing brutality, by any French army, as the Irish Catholics are this moment treated by the Orange Magistrates, and other minor ruffians who continue without any interruption, to exercise every species of insult, persecution and murder, towards a troubled and disarmed people, merely on the pretext of loyalty and religion. It is necessary to remove the delusions which have misled several of the Spanish colonies, in the vast continent of America, by the specious friendship of English agents, that every atrocity practiced in Ireland, and the Irish Catholics should be made known to the Irish in Spanish America, and to the Catholic Spaniards, for this purpose we learn that a society is established in New York, who have Irish affairs translated into Spanish, and these forwarded to the Irish in New Spain, &c. to be inserted in the Newspapers of that part of the new world.

Judge Day at the assizes of Philipstown, in his address to the Grand Jury, alluding to a man who was to be tried for selling the Irish Magazine, says "there was but one offence upon the calendar, to which he would call their particular attention, and that was an offence which threatened danger to the state and to the HAPPY CONSTITUTION, with which the PEOPLE *of this country were blessed*, he meant seditious doctrines in printed libels. These libels whenever they came forward, ought, at their first appearance be suppressed by the Magistrates." Here we see official instructions on the *blessed* constitution which the judge says, protect *all* the people, we, also give another official paper at another assizes, as an answer to the learned Justice Day.

He gives another lesson of instruction on the press, and leaves the censorship of it to ignorant Magistrates, with an authority to suppress whatever in their wisdom ought to be suppressed, exactly in the same manner as the Catholics in the North are treated, suppressed, oppressed, murdered and flogged, by the connivance of Magistrates, both clergy and laity, for the principal performers in the following business, appear to be "*Ministers of the Gospel.*" *!!!*

Enniskillen Assizes, continued.

FRIDAY—AUGUST 2

The following Petition was presented to Mr. Justice DALY:

To the Hon. Justice Daly, &c. &c. The Petition of Dennis Murvournagh, of Derryvarragh, in the County of Fermanagh,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That, on the 10th of July 1811, your Petitioner's son was murdered at Derrygonelly, in said county, by a party of Orangemen, armed with guns and bayonets.

That on the 11th of July, Patrick Murvournagh, brother of the deceased, applied to Dr. Nixon, a Magistrate of said county, to take his informations

tions, and to grant a warrant against the persons who had committed the murder. That he, the said Dr. Nixon, refused to interfere, and declared that he was informed "that one party was waiting for the other, and that, instead of granting his warrant to apprehend them, if he had the command of the army, he would have sent a party to cut them down."

That your Petitioner, on the 13th July, made an application to the Rev. Wm. Owens, the next resident Magistrate to the place where the murder was committed, to grant a warrant against the party concerned in the outrage. That he refused his (Petitioner's) application, and said, "*he would take examinations on both sides, and have the parties* * *bound over to the Quarter Sessions.*"

That your Petitioner then applied to Doctor Stewart,† a Magistrate of said county, and the Provosts of Enniskillen, to take informations, and to grant a warrant against the persons who killed his (Petitioner's) son. That Dr. Stewart refused his application, and desired him to go back to Dr. Owens.

That under these circumstances, and for the purpose of bringing the offenders to justice, your Petitioner prays you will order one of the Magistrates of the county Fermanagh to take informations against all the persons concerned in the murder, and to grant a Warrant for their apprehension.

Signed,

DENIS MURVOURNAGH.

Dated Enniskillen, Aug. 2, 1811.

The JUDGE ordered the Petitioner to go to Major Brooks's, and told him he would take information, &c. When the poor man assembled his Witnesses, Major Brooks had left Enniskillen, and on the next day, (Saturday) this unfortunate Father, with a number of witnesses, were obliged to go to Major Brook's country residence, at twelve miles distance from Enniskillen, and about nineteen from the place where the murder was committed, hoping in his journey to meet the Magistrates of the County, in order to obtain a Warrant against a Murderer, who, under, the protection of his being an Orangeman, has, ever since he committed the offence, walked publicly through the country, boasting of his infamous crime, and bidding defiance to the laws of the land.

Read this public document, ye gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the County Fermanagh, and say whether a party-spirit does not prevail amongst the gentry of your Country.

After this avowed transaction, this shuffling conduct of the Reverend Magistrates, to prevent their companions of being brought to justice, for the murder, and the other frequent murders in that part of the country, where is that constitution, or why does it sleep and the murderers abroad? or are its hired servants allowed to insult the public understanding in one district, while another set candidly refuse its protection to any person but murderers? Can the Catholics of Fermanagh be designated as the people of this country, who are blessed with what Judge Day terms "*our happy Constitution,*" while their persecutors are allowed to sport with their lives with impunity, and when one of the Judges of the land had been prosecuted for daring to exercise the constitutional powers invested in him by law, to shield the unfortunate victims from their implacable enemies.

The Right Reverend Doctor Milner.

This laborious writer, closes one of his late letters in the following words, "Still

* The parties were some of the Reverend Captain's own Corps of Yeomanry.

† Doctor Stewart and Doctor Nixon, are Members of the Grand Jury.

"Still I wish the Catholics to be convinced, that even persecution is a small evil compared with insurrection at home, or invasion from abroad, especially the latter. In fact, what terms could we expect from a foreign enemy, whatever may be his promises, who has *annihilated the religious orders, plundered the church property, banished the officiating clergy of Spain, imprisoned the faithful Italian Bishops and Cardinals, usurped the patrimony of St. Peter*, persecuted to the last extremity, the exemplary head of the church, and proclaimed a wide wasting system."

Exaggerated as this description is, suppose it to be true, we will ask the right Rt. Rev. Author, is there any thing Bonaparte is accused of in his treatment of the Church, that has not been done by former English Legislatures? And we venture to say ten times more, they are written on the Journals of the Parliaments of Ireland and England, and in the blood of the Irish Hierarchy, clergy and laity.

The Rev. Divine wishes to impress it on the public mind, that persecution, is a less evil, than invasion. For our part, we had such a cup full of both evils, that we do not know how to draw any distinction between them, that would justify us in advising our countrymen to choose either for its comparative merits. We have been so often invaded, and so long and furiously persecuted, that from experience, we say they have heretofore been co-partners in the history of our unprecedented misfortunes. Persecution may have a different meaning in England, a kind of corporal punishment that does not reach to a man's goods or chattels; (at least this is the construction, intended in our opinion, Mr. Milner intends to convey on the subject to his readers.) If persecution did not extend to confiscation, we approve of the Doctor's ideas; but from our knowledge of the conduct of his countrymen in Ireland, they never neglected where property was to be had, to add robbery to persecution. They never hanged a rich papist for idolatry, that they did not take his estate to pay part of their Bill of Costs.

Persecution in Ireland is not at this day so expensive to the sufferers, as it was formerly, we are so poor now, that our goods would not defray the expenses of powder and ball. The Orangemen very generously use them for nothing! For our part, we confess, we have not such an attachment to domestic manufactures, that we would prefer to be dispatched by an Orange musket, to a French one; in truth, we have taken such a dislike to shooting matches, that if the Orangeman would not shoot us himself, nor allow a Frenchman to shoot us, we would join the Orangeman, but if the Orangeman persist in his exterminations, we would do, as human nature would do, in such circumstances. If the devil were to come, he should have assistance to shoot the Orangeman.

Mr. Crowley, alias *Crawley's visit to the Board of Grace.*

Mr. Crawley, *alias* Crowley, arrived in Wood-street precisely at three o'clock, accompanied by the Bishop of Glassnevin in a coach and four horses, attended by an escort of eighteen local preachers, nine travelling ones, and eight private divinity lecturers; among them we distinguished, Kent the baconer, the Major, Biblemouth, Firethatch, Gribbins the old clothes man, whose melodies are the subject of sanctified conversation throughout the evangelical world. Pulley Gallagher, Almoner and Bigbeggarman to that craesus of swaddling apostles Mr. Latouche, Mr. Latitat Verner, whose knack of ejecting devils, by hymn bolting them, from the

the body of the possessed, is considered one of the most efficient modes ever practised for curtailing the dominion of Satan. The convert was met at the porch of the new Jerusalem, by brother Dugdale, who took one arm of the saint, while the loyal and pious Major held the other, after parading three times round the temple, the company were seated, and a collection of hymns were chaunted by a brace of female performers; Mr. Drum Major Fizflog, of the Garrison Battalion preached a Sermon, in which he displayed great mystical learning, arduous elevation of soul, and terminated his discourse with an eulogiom on divine mercy, and a topographical description of the third heaven, which he promised should be shared with the new recruit, who had abandoned the whore of Babylon, the army of the Beast, the Society of Traitors, the Tent of the Infidel, the House of Sin, the Tabernacle of Guilt, and the Temple of Superstition; this climax of description boiled up such a fevor of grace and thanksgiving among the two sexes, that the entire swelled into a deep groan, which vibrated to the foundations of his Majesty's Castle, so sonorous, and so charged with faith and grace, that were the seat of Vice King's, not the head-quarters of true religion and loyalty, it should have submitted like, Nineveh, its proud towers and massive walls, to the holy and sanctified charges of the divine artillery. After a slumber of twenty-five minutes, in which Mr. Crawley joined on an excursion to inspect into the promised seats of glory, where they revelled in a transport of conversation, with the spirits of truth, Hutton the Currier, Rowley the awl-blade maker, Serjeant Holland the Beresfordaian, and others of the elect, who sport in the plenitude of enjoyment on the golden clouds of glory; the congregation, were called down by Miss Cambridge, to a discourse on the two books of Irish salvation, the Orangeman's Bible, and the Penal Code, both revised by that great expounder of the law and the gospel, the late Justice Bell, whose knowledge of the Constitution and flights on gospel truths, have justly raised his memory above any of his cotemporaries, for dexterity in book-hand exercise. This lecture by the fair preacher was concluded by another heavy groan, which was interrupted by a hymn of Mr. Gribbins's, whose talent at nose music, is so famous, from Ring's-end to Birmingham, that this manner is now imitated in every tabernacle of light in the sister country, from Lord Redesdale's private chapel, to the deepest corner among the subterranean elect in the mines of Cornwall and Whitehaven.

The evening concluded in celestial rapture, the saints adjourned to their respective homes, after giving the kiss of peace, the *fraternal hug* of the elect to the new apostle.

Fallacious Biography.

The author of the Jockey Club, in detailing the history of these *amiable* and *virtuous* young women, the Mesdames *Luttrell*, appears totally unacquainted with the memoirs of these enchanting females, least of two of them, viz. Mademoiselle Elizabeth and Mademoiselle Lucy—the eldest sister, for there were three, was, as he states, married to no less a personage than the brother of George the Third—so far so good—and not a bit too good for the honourable house of *Luttrell*—

" Where never Maid was false—
" Nor Knight disloyal."
" HANNAH HOOR—HEM!"

Well then, *Lady Lucy Luttrell* was married to a *mighty* and *valiant son of Neptune*, Captain *MORIARTI* by name—who, for his valorous exploits and vast scientific knowledge, was promoted to the distinguished and

and honourable post of receiving officer to a tender, at this moment lying in Cork harbour, and commanded by the aforesaid valorous Captain Moriarti!—whom, God long spare to his country—aye, to his king and country!—And now for Lady Elizabeth, whom the author of the female Jockey Club, says, "*never was married*"—but she *was* married, as all England know, and to whom, though he has been so tender of the fair Lady's reputation, and that of her honourable connexions.

Lady Elizabeth Luttrell then, overwhelmed with debts of honor—that is, *gambling debts*—and other domestic debts to the amount of many thousands, was one day beset by bailiffs in an hotel, where she took refuge—seeing no hope of escape, and dreading eternal imprisonment, she very ingeniously procured a *frizeur* and a *couple-beggar;* to the former she gave her last thousand pounds to *marry her*, and *fly to America*, and to the latter she gave a ring for tying the knot—the ceremony performed, her husband, the *hairdresser* immediately took shipping for stipulated land —and her ladyship became a free woman to all the world—for by the laws of the realm, the wife cannot be sued for debts while her husband is living.

IRISH MAGAZINE—LIBEL.

PHILIPSTOWN ASSIZES.

Michael Caffray was indicted for, that he being a person of a wicked and a seditious mind, and wickedly, maliciously, and seditiously intending to disturb the peace, and to separate Great Britain and Ireland, did publish a certain wicked and seditious libel in a certain book and pamphlet called the Irish Magazine, to the purport and effect following:

"INGRATITUDE TO ENGLAND.

"The Edinburgh Reviewers accuse the Catholics of Ireland of entertaining such an inveterate hatred to the good people of Britain, that, they meditate a separation of the two countries, and that the same Catholics are ready to place themselves under any foreign Government to forward their wicked designs.

"Those Scottish zealots accuse us not only of ill-nature but of treason; as to the treasonable part of the question, we will say nothing, lest we might displease our British brethren, whose esteem we appreciate as the lamb does the approbation of the wolf.—Hatred, we confess, we have a large stock of, very well distributed in our island; for which confession, as candid as it is fair, we hope those Scottish scriblers will not blame us; though we acknowledge our crime, we have not any idea of recanting it, through fear or politeness, as our indignation is founded on the fairest human principle. We have only to open the Statute Book, if we want written evidences to justify our feelings: there may be seen the solemn decree of the robber, and the manly sufferings and indignant struggles of the injured. Religion and legislation mocking justice—a House of Commons on their knees invoking the God of mercy, before they proceed to steep their hands in blood, or in more homely language, saying grace before meat. We should not be told of the conduct of Spain, or America. When an impression of horror is to be made on the human mind, let the conduct of England towards Ireland, be detailed, and the picture of terror, hypocrisy, and sacrilege is complete. A Senate of Englishmen, rising from their devotions, to sweep the entire property of one province into their own hands, and delivering the owners to all the horrors of the sword and the faggot! We have seen the miniature of James the First's reign in our day. We have observed our law makers, in the native English spirit, tear the backs of our countrymen

men in Beresford's Riding-house, and after wiping the human fragments of living flesh and blood from their hands, adjourn from the Irish slaughter-house in Marlborough-green, to the Senate-house in College-green, to hear prayers and make long speeches in defence of religion and order.—We have seen those men, after putting one half of the People on the triangle, sell the remainder; and with these examples, and millions of others, added to a starving population, in a country abounding in every article of the first necessity, the empire is told by the Scotch Reviewers, that we are not only guilty of hatred towards Britain, but are so incorrigibly ungrateful, we meditate treason, and that we want to get out of her company."

Mr. Jebb stated the case for the Crown.—He reprobated the libel as one of the most impudent, atrocious, and seditious compositions that ever disgraced the Press. He stated the liberty and the licentiousness of the Press, the salutary effects of the one, and poisonous malignity of the other. The libel before the Court most clearly evinces to every common reader, that its tendency was sedition of the most dangerous kind. It recommended a separation of Great Britain from Ireland; it recommended indepedence to Ireland—it held up with praise, the conduct of the great tyrant of Europe. It vilified the laws of the country, by adverting to the statute books, and asserts, that many of the acts contained in them had been enacted by robbers, alluding to the acts of settlement, and of land forfeiture by the rebels of former times—and it grossly abused the late Parliament held in this country.

The ostensible proprietor of the Irish Magazine, Mr. Walter Cox, had been convicted at the Courts at Dublin, for different libels, and was now suffering punishment. The man at the Bar was an emissary to those who would ruin the constitution of the country, and who sent out emissaries for that malevolent and treasonable purpose. He brought his Magazines to the town of Tullamore, where many of his Majesty's soldiers were quartered. What could his motive be but to seduce them from loyalty and allegiance. Mr. Jeb read paragraphs from several parts of the libel, observing on them so as to shew the meaning and applicability by inuendos. He dwelt on the necessity of example in such a case, and could have no doubt, that when the publication was proved, there would be a verdict of guilty.

Mr. Walter Wade, Head Constable of Tullamore, examined by Mr. Kemmis.

Do you know the man at the bar? I do.—Point him out.—(Here the Witness pointed out Caffray)—Did you ever see this Magazine before? I did.—Whose name and hand writing appears on it? I bought it from the prisoner in Tullamore, by direction of a Magistrate.—What Magistrate? Mr. Sleater.

Cros-examined by Mr Mac. Nally.

Did you purchase that Magazine from the Prisoner by asking him to sell it, or did he first offer it for sale to you?—I asked him to sell it to me. Did you see any other copies with him? No.—Can he read or write? I cannot tell.—Do you believe him to be a poor illiterate man? I do.—A travelling person; an illiterate pedlar, getting his bread by selling all kinds of small and cheap books? I do believe so.—Have you any reason to know, or even believe, that he ever read this Magazine? I have not. Did you ever read it? Yes.—And to other persons?—Yes. Then if it contains a libel, you are in contemplation of law, a wicked and seditious publisher. —*(A laugh.)*

The Libel was then read, and the case closed for the Crown.

Mr. Mac Nally, for the Defendant, said he had neither written case, nor

brief, nor instructions, from his client, or from any agent. The man had just employed him, and he was called upon to execute his duty on the spur of the occasion. He urged to the Jury that the law of libels was now settled by a wise and salutary doctrine, adopted and confirmed under the authority of an Act of Parliament of recent date. Previous to that Act, the Judge, who tried the cause, determined the question, whether the publication given in evidence was a libel or not; but now the Judge could only give his opinion upon the quality of the publication; but the determination of whether it was seditious or malicious, whether libel or no libel, rested with the Jury, and with them alone; their right to determine this point was indubitable and uncontrolled. Formerly the English Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield, supported, as legal doctrine, that proof of publication was sufficient; but he would venture to assert, that the Jury, whom he now had the honour to address, would assert their privilege—would inquire into the intent of the publication before them, and the intent of the Prisoner in selling. From the evidence of the only witness, Mr. Wade, and his evidence was fair, honest, and dispassionate, no fact appeared to shew that the Prisoner had any knowledge whatever of the contents of the Magazine he sold.—He was, admitted, an illiterate man, of mind unlettered, though he dealt in books. He was a Stationer, but not a stationary Stationer—He was a flying Stationer. He sold Magazines, he sold Protestant Prayer-books, Catholic Manuals, Week's Preparations, little Histories, and Shan-ap Morgan's, the Welsh Parson's Sermon, riding on a goat. His body was his shop, and he marched through the country with his stock and trade in a little basket, and pinned upon his breast. Yet this pedlar is represented, by the Counsel for the Crown, to be a great incendiary, a subtle emissary, a formidable plenipotentiary, employed to disseminate sedition among the Irish People, by the mighty tyrant of Europe and his agents.

But to advert to the legal question. What is the quality of an offence? In what does a crime consist? Not in the act, but in the intent—in the knowledge of the offence, *quo animo* how it is committed. There are persons incapable of crimes, as lunatics, and idiots, and infants. So should an illiterate man, be considered, handing or selling a libel to another, not knowing its contents. The question for the Jury is *quo animo* how did this flying stationer sell this magazine? Was it with a knowledge of the evils it contained?

He did not mean to defend this publication; he never saw it until the moment when the liberality of the Learned King's Counsel allowed him to read it, for which the learned Gentleman had his thanks, and for which he was entitled to the Prisoner's gratitude. The magazine from which the libel was selected appeared to have been originally printed and published in Dublin, by a person named Walter Cox; and this Walter Cox, as had been stated by the Counsel for the Crown, had been prosecuted and convicted for publishing libels. But the Jury would recollect they were not now trying Walter Cox: and he would also remind them, that the publication before them was not the publication on which Cox was tried and convicted; and that whatever might have been the political crimes imputed to Walter Cox, they would not visit them upon Caffray, and by a verdict of guilty, place coals of fire upon the head of Caffray.

The first paragragh in the paper now before the Court and Jury, is extracted from the Edinburgh Review, and contains a most false, atrocious, seditious, and infamous libel as ever was published against a liege, a brave,

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an honest, and a suffering patient people: a People who supported Great Britain with their industry, who fight for their King and Empire, and bleed and die in the glorious service; this Scotch paragraph libelled the Roman Catholics of Ireland—it accused this great and numerous body of his Majesty's loyal subjects with an intent to separate Great Britain from Ireland, and to constitute in Ireland an independent state. Without hesitation, and without fear of contradiction, he would boldly pronounce the writer of this assertion to be an infamous liar—a base liar, and an incendiary. The publication now before the Court was an animadversion upon this meditated, malicious falsehood. Where did this falsehood first appear?—Not in Ireland—No; it was an emanation from the Scotch press, through the medium of the Edinburgh Review. To this work he was prompt to allow every merit. The Edinburgh Reviewers had shown themselves profound philosophers, deeply read antiquaries, and most classical scholars; but the accuser of the Catholics was a liar, probably a Scotch fanatic—one of those turbulent illiberal religionists, who, in 1780, marched through London to Westminster-hall, roaring out "No Popery," and armed with iron palisadoes, which they tore from the houses—One, perhaps, of that fanatical mob who falsely stiled themselves "The Protestant Association," and who with a Scottish Lord (Lord George Gordon) at their head, set fire to the public buildings in London; and would have no objection to see the metropolis of Ireland in flames.—But the fate of this reforming fanatic will never be forgotten—the leader of the Protestant association became a libeller and died a Jew in Newgate. Mr. Mac Nally then said, he knew the principles of the Catholics, his ancestry was of that religion.—His earliest education was among them, and, he was proud to say, so were the warmest friendships of his latter years; and right well he knew; for no man was more competent to the knowledge, that the principles and prospects imputed to them by the Scotch reviewers were not founded in truth, nor defensible by arguments. If, said the Learned Counsel, justice was fairly administered, the publishers of the falsehood he had stated were the culprits, whose crimes called for the notice of his Majesty's Ministers, and merited condign punishment—not the unfortunate scape goat at the bar.

It had been urged in the statement for the prosecution, continued the Learned Counsel, that the prisoner had published this Magazine at Tullamore, where a party of his Majesty's forces were quartered, and from this it was inferred that this single Magazine was brought there by him for the purpose of seducing these soldiers from their duty and from their loyalty. With great deference to the King's Counsel, this observation, conveyed more of legal subtlety than fair inference. It is not to be supposed, that an unprotected individual such as the prisoner is, would rashly and foolishly attempt to seduce the King's soldiers; such an attempt would have been attended with danger too formidable, probably with loss of life. If it was intended for the soldiers he would not have sold it to the constable. But it was unnecessary to dwell on this point, for there is no fact in evidence to support it. One Magazine only appears to have been sold, or to have been in the possession of the prisoner, and that he sold to the Witness, Mr. Wade, a civil officer, sent for the special purpose of purchasing it by Mr. Sleater, a Justice of the Peace, in order to lay a foundation for this superfluous prosecution, which instead of suppressing, continues the publication, or rather will republish the libel, by giving new life and fresh circulation. As to riding house and

triangles which the publication mentioned, he would raise the ghost of those cruelties and atrocities.

Another line in this Publication has been dwelt upon as matter of aggravation—a quotation has been made from the libel—the words "We have only to open the Statute and we see the Acts of Robbers," and the meaning put on these words is, that by "robbers" are meant those member of parliament, who supported the confiscation of the property of the Irish rebels in former times, and the Act of Settlement. He said, he would not defend this line; it was never written, nor, as he believed, ever read by his client; but he would say this, that there were many repealed and unrepealed Acts in our Statute books cruel and ridiculous; records of atrocities gross and inhuman, which we wished to be expunged, and for ever obliterated For example, the murder of an Irishman (and such all who lived out of the English Pale were considered,) was by act of Parliament a justifiable homicide. By another Act, the shift of an Irish woman was not to exceed a certain number of ells; and an Irishman was not to wear hair on his upper lip, without incurring a heavy and severe penalty. *Lord Paget, he presumed, did not know of this law, or he would have the Irish hussars in his regiment, shaved of whisked parts, after enlisting.*

There was but one point more—this extract from the Magazine, we are told reflects upon the last Irish Parliament. Heaven rest their souls! they are dead! but their memoirs will smell too strong in the nostrils of posterity ever to be forgotten. If every man who writes or has written, who speaks or has spoken against the Union Parliament, is to be prosecuted as a libeller, the new goals, with the *new barracks* now building, will not be sufficient to hold the offenders. But this is not time or place to discuss this subject. I will only say, that the Parliament alluded to did not die a natural death, and that if the Coroner had sat upon the body after its dissolution, the inquest must have found a verdict *lunacy* of *felo de se.*

He would admit there were libels which might well be compared to poisons, as libels on the Roman Catholics, with which certain Newspapers teemed; but he trusted the Catholics would find in their good sense and prudence anodynes for such asperities. To the humane consideration of the Jury he left the unfortunate man at the bar—on the benevolence of the Judge he had no doubt—years experience had convinced him of the constitutional and legal abilities of his Lordship, as well as of the clemency of his disposition; and concluded by saying, he did not defend the libel, but he defended the Prisoner merely on the ground that he published it innocently; and without a seditious or disloyal intent.

Judge Day said, in his opinion, the libel was gross and seditious. He admitted that the law of libels as it now stood, was candidly and explicitly laid down by Mr. Mac Nally; and he said that gentleman had defended his client with great ability, while, like a lawyer and a gentleman, though we animadverted on the publication given in evidence, he admitted it to be a libel. The defence was—that the prisoner, in vending the libel, had no seditious intent, and the argument on that point was wise and ingenious; but, though it might have effect in mitigation of punishment, it could not be allowed as an excuse, for it was considered, libellers, by employing illiterate persons as agents, might with impunity spread their *seditious* poisons among the people. The Jury found the Prisoner GUILTY, and he was sentenced to six months imprisonment, after an admonition from the Judge.

SHAKING

SHAKING QUAKERS.

(From an American Correspondent)

I have been to see the Shaking Quakers in the State of Massachusets, a new and curious sect, who worship God by dancing. I went early on Sunday morning, and found them collecting for public worship in a neat large room with two doors, one for the men to pass through, the other for the women. I observed as they came to the door that they made a short pause, and then entered with great regularity: a profound silence was observed till they got all collected, then they began to arrange themselves for devotion; the men throwing off their coats, and the women their shoes, that "the dust of the world might not defile the floor" which they call holy.

They stood up in rows across the room about two feet from each other, and left a space down through the middle of about five feet. The oldest ones of each sex (keeping on the same side of the house they came in at) were in the first rows, and the young ones and people of colour in the last. After making this arrangement, three men and three women left the others and went to the space in the middle of the room, where they began to hum a kind of wild plaintive tune, then one a little more lively, at the beginning of which all the others bowed their heads, scraped the floor, and began to dance, which they continued to do without intermission for about half an hour; then, after resting a short time, they began and continued as long as before. My feelings by this time were quite different from what they were at the beginning of their ceremony; their doleful melodies, superstitiously strange actions, and above all their pale sickly looks, made me thoughtful and extremely melancholy.—Although they had neither praying or preaching [I am told they sometimes have an exhortation] their worship was solemn and impressive.

Their singing is something similar to the ancient mode of counting the notes by 1, 2, 3 and 4, and although wild and something like that of our American savages, is not disagreeable.

They begin their dancing with one step, then turn with four; then twelve, and turn; then twenty eight, and turn again; the longest without turning was forty eight, which finishes the tune. These kind of motions require strict attention, so as to preserve regularity. They seldom look at each other but keep their eyes fixed either on the sieling or floor. After dancing about two hours they came out as they entered, and retired to their different houses, the men to one apartment and the women to another, for they neither talk, walk, nor sleep together.

Their gardens are kept in the neatest and best manner; weeds I saw none—This is emblematic of their religion for they say "weeds and fruit cannot flourish together," therefore they "refuse all intercourse with the world."—Their vegetables exceed any in this part of the country.—Their property is in common; this, it might be supposed, would make them lazy—but it is not the case. They manufacture all their wearing apparel and deserve great credit for its solidity and neatness. They also make whips, wheels, &c. &c. These, with the garden seeds and vegetables they offer for sale at the different neighbouring towns, and generally find a good market.

These Shakers are a sober, honest, and industrious people; but I don't like their religion. "Increase and multiply" they set their faces against. They say "believe as we do until the spirit reveal truth; don't speak to or think of the women, but give up the world and have faith."

ITALY.

The ancient city of Veii, as is known, was taken by the Romans, in

in the year of Rome 360; it was repeopled, and afterwards embellished by the emperors. M. Giorgi, an agriculturist, and owner of the soil, having discovered in February last, at twelve feet deep in the earth, a number of columns, employed thirty workmen to prosecute his researches. He has lately found the most beautiful statute of Tiberius known; of heroic size; sitting; the head resembles the medals perfectly; and is sublime both in execution and expression: the arms, the knees, the hair, the drapery, are excellent. It is of Greek marble, and the work of a Greek artist. A fine bust, supposed to be of Lepidus; a Phrygian slave, a carytides; a beautiful head of Flora; the lower part of a figure of a priestess, the drapery in the highest style; other fragments, an immense dolium, many capitals of columns, &c. were found at the same time.'

It has been said that Carlo Maratti was the last Roman painter, but this fact will be now denied, as it is reserved for the Chevalier Vincenzo Cammucini to wipe away such a reproach from his native country. He began to distinguish himself by grand sketches and copies in oil, of the works of Raphael, particularly the *Descent to the Tomb of Christ*, which is in the Borghese palace. But it is the picture of the *Murder of Virginia*, which has obtained for him the reputation of a composer, a designer, and a painter, capable of the greatest undertakings. A noble distribution, great expression and variety in the characters, the alternation of life and repose, the play of the passions, in addition to a strong impression produced by the subject, all combined to constitute the merits of a picture, by which Cammucini has acquired the reputation of a great painter. Encouraged by the success of his work, he has commenced another, entitled "The Death of Cæsar," serving as a companion to the former, and, as some think, will surpass it. His first work was an altar-piece, representing St. Thomas.

The Wrestling Doctor.

Clonmel, July 25, 1811.

MR. COX.

Regarding you as we do in this part of this insulted and degraded Island,—as a martyr to your patriotism, and believing your excellent magazine to be the last strong hold where our expiring liberties have taken refuge, we cannot avoid remarking to you, both for your own sake and for the sake of your numerous and enlightened readers, the high indignity which you offer to yourself and to the world, in bestowing your time and your paper on so unprincipled and ruffianly a reptile as the wretch whom you stile Doctor B——, "Doctor"!—what a prostitution of a title which belongs to men of gentlemanly manners, polite erudition, the companions of enlightened minds, and elegant acquirements—and not to be applied to a *Porter House Buffoon*—a *Punch House Wag*—the *Arbitrator of Bullies* and a degraded kind of *Prize Fighter*—a wretch whose *week-days* are spent in *arranging Challenges*, and whose *Sabbaths* are devoted to *deciding them*.—This, Mr. Cox, is but a partial outline of a faithless wretch, notorious for every vice that can complete the character of a Prince of Blackguards.

Humbly as you and the Catholics of this wretched *Colony*—once a proud kingdom—think of Mr. Poole—(and be assured I am not his advocate) yet I knew him sufficiently to say that I am conscious he would sooner forfeit his place and his popularity than descend to have five minutes conversation with the wretch whom *you* designate "Doctor ———," nay, I believe were Jemmy O'Brien living Mr. P—le would just as soon be seen speaking with the one as the other.

Do

Do you not then degrade yourself, and insult your readers by taking any further notice of a treacherous *low-bred fellow* whose *vulgarity* and *meanness* have been more injury to your publication than even the fiery fulminations of that *upright* and *comely dispenser of the law*, Judge B——chops have been.—A Coward can be the friend of no man—and the *valiant umpire* of the *Broadstone Combatants* submitted too meekly, to have "LIAR," publicly printed on his forehead—his *dastardly forehead*—to permit any man of spirit to sit a moment in his company—much less to place confidence in him—"*You Lie*," aye, Mr. Cox, it was the word *publicly posted*—and the *Sham Doctor following the example* of another little disgrace to profession pocketted the insult, and threatened "to go to law,"—"*I'll go to law*," says sheep face, when he had robbed his master—But Mr. Cox let him go on— or, in *his own courtly language*, "let the Bull run," You will hear him singing ballads shortly—he is now, *bona fide* employed by *Barney Corcoran*.

Another caution we will also give you—we hope you have too much spirit, and too much regard for your character, to associate with that *titled tyrant* who is your fellow prisoner—that he is so, is your misfortune—remember *your* trespass compared *with his* is *innocence* itself—'tis true the punishments have not been proportioned to the offences—but we think his has been *wonderful*, considering he is a *Peer of the Realm*—and for dragging an *unoffending mourner* from his cabbin, he is to be confined *three whole months*—perhaps like a *certain Alderman*, he may bye and bye have his *own house made his prison*. —Lord Al——b—h like you *was convicted of writing and publishing a libel*—but *he* was *not punished* as *you have been*—he was punished *as a Peer* —not as a *poor beggarly subject!!!* Yet you see, despicable, mean, brutal and unmanly as Lord Louth's conduct has been, he has folks to visit him—"aye, Mr. Cox," Birds of a feather, &c. &c." and be assured it is the *first feather* in the wings of some of your *bastard nobility* to be known as his visitors—we rejoice to know that you are about to publish a complete history of the *minor nobility* of this unhappy island, in imitation of "*Lodges Peerage*,"—be assured we will all subscribe to the undertaking, and furnish you with many *choice materials*.

Be your own friend—be steady,
and you will find us
your sanguine friends,
CLONMELL.

New Publications.

Mr. Plowden has just published his new and interesting work, the History of Ireland, from the Union to the present day, in 3 volumes Octavo.—Mr. Plowden's eminent talents, as an Historian are long established in the literary world. We copy from the work a character of Pitt, which we believe to the best finished portrait of that scourge of Ireland yet published.

"Mr. Pitt was largely gifted by nature. He had been reared up and formed not so much to improve his native endowments for general purposes, as to fit them for command and rule. His greatest powers were unquestionably oratorical. His voice full and melodious, his language strong, his words nicely marshalled, his periods well formed, his perceptions always clear, frequently brilliant, sometimes sublime. Through the whole of his commanding eloquence he shewed, that he had been well taught, his very tones and gestures were imposing, and calculated for authority and office.—He had the peculiar adroitness to infuse a conscious participation of his triumphs into the individuals, who composed his majorities in Parliament, which

which no minister ever kept in such blind and devoted subserviency. To his natural ambition, arrogance and reserve he added official hauteur and mystery. He displayed the impetuosity without possessing the vigour of youth. He improvidently projected and rashly undertook vast designs, which on the occurrence of difficulty he basely abandoned. He mischievously delighted in the chapter of accidents, which he ever prolonged beyond necessity; vainly boasting, that his measures were adapted to his favourite occurrence of *existing circumstances*. Hence his insatiable ambition was never checked, but by failure or discomfiture. Arrogant in success, he disdained to negociate, where he ceased to dictate. He had much cunning and vanity. He would descend to procure information from the lowest, and not reject the suggestions of the highest, without acknowledging his obligation to either. To accomplish his party purposes he never scrupled to play with the constitution of his country. He had the address to bring before the public the calculations, plans and labours of others, as the genuine produce of his own powers; and thus acquired the credit, of a financier* and statesman, to which he was not entitled. He studied not to render himself amiable, but powerful: could not suffer the approach of an equal; considered sincerity beneath the dignity of a statesman; and wholly disregarded promises and pledges to those, whom he could either deceive or oppress. His enemies never charged him with parsimony or avarice. Heedless in his domestic œconomy, he gave unchecked confidence to the managers of the public purse, which was frequently abused. If as a public man he ever appeared accessible to friendship or sympathy, it was readily traced to extraordinary subserviency in the cabinet, or powerful support in the senate. His preference was not the congeniality of a friend or a philosopher; but the favor of a despot. His person was meagre, tall and graceless: his manners generally cold, lofty and forbidding. His eyes keen and penetrating. His features and countenance altogether repelling.

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

LORD LOUTH.

Lord Louth since his sojournment in Newgate, has tried his interest in the Castle repeatedly, his ragged servant Laurence has been noticed every day in July, loitering about the Secretary's Office with letters, imploring his Grace the Duke of Richmond's clemency; his Lordship, has indeed very humanely interested himself also on the part of Mr. Murphy the horse-stealer, but it is to regretted that Murphy has been hanged, and my Lord Louth continues to breakfast on the brink of Bians the Goaler's close-stool.

MR. MATHEWS AND THE ROYAL CANAL.

Mr Mathews of Julians Town, so celebrated for the cultivation of the Ash tree that carried Lord Louth to Newgate, is employed by the prosperous Royal Canal Company to build passage boats, for the conveyance of passengers, lumber and dung, on their line of water. The Company calculate they will be able to recruit their bankrupt establishment by Mathews's

* If the accumulation of the national debt argue the ability of the Financier, then indeed Mr. Pitt leaves his predecessors at an awful distance. When he began his solid system of Finance, the debt amounted to 232,000,000. and he retired from office after having encreased the pressure of it to the astonishing weight of 558,000,000. Thus in 17 years administration he more than doubled the incumbrance by ninety-four millions. Of his administration it was said, that it had added more to our burthens and taken more from our liberties, than any that ever existed.

thews's improvement, from a reasonable saving to be made in the construction of vessels of burthen, as they justly calculate, if Mathews, who could make an invisible tree carry a Lord forty miles, he can carry commoners an immense distance with real trees, when cut into planks properly caulked and jointed.

ANOTHER TIMBER MERCHANT.

It appeared by a late tryal, that Walter Kavanagh of Borris, an Esquire and a Magistrate of the County of Carlow, that this gentleman in imitation of Baron Louth, has taken up the imaginary timber trade, and like the lower ranks of CARAVATS, for the purpose of preventing new settlers dealing in lands in the vicinity of his authority, for which, like Lord Louth, he has been convicted, and is to hear a Sermon on the occasion from the "*unspotted Ermine*" at the ensuing term.

THE HERO OF TALAVERA.

The Hero of Talavera, is prodigal of his praises on the bravery of the Portuguese, he calls on them to assist him in defending their altars, against the impious followers of the Corsican; but in his zeal for Catholicity, he does not allow his allies to know, that in his own country, where his brother Governs, that every means the press can be converted to, are used to oppress and insult the Catholics; that the Mother of God, an object of Catholic veneration, is publicly aspersed and blasphemed in the Government papers for the purpose of persecution. Nor does the illustrious deliverer of Lusitania make known to the people, to whom he speaks with so much horror of the French, that in the years, 1798 and 9, one hundred and twenty-nine Catholic chapels, were burnt in Ireland—not by Frenchmen.

PREACHERS.

A considerable number of the Civilizers have arrived in Dublin. No troops since the days of Mahomet, have united the profession of preaching with the art of War, with more piety and precision. In one regiment counting 950 men, there are not less than 921 preachers; as to Popery and the Catholic Question, they are so provided with POLE, *emical* preparations, Bible and musquet exercise, that they have no doubt, but by the weight of their arguments, to put the Question to rest. Some of them are capital land surveyors, and like the *Ancient Britons*, have taken a strange liking to make out maps, of the adjacent Counties.

CONFISCATION.

Yesterday, an English Gentleman lately arrived, having incautiously departed from the national character of abstemiousness, by taking a surcharge of Whiskey, which intermingling with the preparations previously lodged in his head against Popery, dropped on his rump at the door of a respectable silversmith, but recovering the use of his deformed stumps, rushed his long chin and toothless mouth into the shop, and insisted the whole property was confiscated, nor would he give up his claim, until his Birmingham highness was lodged in a neighbouring watch-house.

LORD TALAVERA'S PORTUGUESE PENSION.

The Regency of the independent Kingdom of Portugal, have very handsomely decreed to my Lord Talavera for his celebrated victories, and religious attention to the comforts of his Catholic soldiers, in providing them with the spiritual assistance of their Priests, with an annuity of 20,000 dollars. Every loyal and pious man, will feel apprehension with us, that this pension so honorably bestowed will not continue as long as the heroic deeds it rewards are immortal; as we apprehend that the malicious activity and counteraction of one of those enemies of social and political safety one *Marmont*, means to dispute the

bequest, and threatens to exclude not only the donors, but their illustrious friend on the pretext of the weakness of their respective titles.

LORD STEALING.

We understand from one of our ragged correspondents among the Caravats, that several American ships, are hovering on the happy coasts of these *United* kingdoms, for the purpose of stealing some of our young Lords, to introduce the breed of nobility into the American States, the marauders are to be assisted in their illicit trade by some domestic traitors. The fellows instructions are, not to carry away any Peers of the names of Chartley, Townsend, Courtney or Louth, as the country they are to be conveyed to, neither like LOTTS Wife, nor need Trees.

CARAVATISM.

Fagan the Caravat, has been convicted and hanged in the County of Waterford some time since, for stealing a sheep and eating it, contrary to a statute for the protection of cattle travelling to England, and in defiance of the rules and regulations of the Farming Society, and to deter other evil doers in such cases, Judge Osborne, a Judge by the private agreements entered into for the purposes of carrying the *Union* into Law, at the late assizes, warned such dealers in shep, that in future they should expect no mercy. We are proud to see such seasonable energy, but we dare wish that a like lesson would be given by "*the unspotted Ermine,*" to the Marquis of Abercorn, and to Messrs. Verners. about the expulsion and murder of 7,000 Catholics, whom the Orangemen have disposed of in the County of Armagh; because, though convicted papists as we are, we think the murder of *one* of our body, is as criminal in the Orangeman, as killing one sheep by Fagan. Certainly, we are not as much valued in England, as that enlightened country consider an encrease of our sheep, and a decrease of our "*superabundant population,*" necessary to the comforts and safety of that part of the Empire.

HANGING AND BURNING.

The Catholic is hanged in the South for eating, and shot in the North for idolatry! And the *Wig* Judges and *Musquet* Judges, have not not yet differed in principles or practice; but, we presume to say, if Alaric the Visigoth and Penn the Quaker, were cotemporaries with us, one of the two would vindicate Ireland.

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

We have every due respect for the general character which the hired prints give of the Duke of Richmond, but we are inclined to diminish that esteem, when we reflect on the descendant of the House of Stuart, though illegitimate, or in the vulgar language bastard, that a man of his high rank, would condescend, in his *sober* hours, to be the companion of a Sirr, or a Giffard.

IRISHMEN IMPRESSED.

Some short time since, the American Brig Juno, from Belfast to New-York, with passengers, was boarded by an English armed ship the Stork of sixteen guns, near the mouth of the harbour, and impressed six young men, who were on their passage to the American States, for the purpose of exercising their industry remote from their own unhappy country; where civil war, external war, and taxation, have banished or absorbed all the sober happiness to be expected from industry, and to aggravate the melancholy condition to which we are reduced by the disposal of our independence. An arrogant British Cruizer, lurks on our coasts, for the purpose of intercepting such of our young men, who, for the most humane and laudable purposes, turns from

from the scenes of brutality, proscriptions and poverty, which cover Ireland, to seek repose in the free, happy, and peaceable States of United America. Perhaps the six young men we allude to, were Catholics, who were flying from the merciless authorised Orange Bayonet, and are thus punished for refusing to give their blood to satiate the hired exterminator. They may be some of those generous Irishmen of other sects, who indignantly resisted the patronage, emoluments and distinctions, that invariably reward those parracides, who murder one division of the Irish people to enslave the rest. Be what they may, in the religious classes, of their unfortunate country, they are intitled to esteem, for the manly character that resisted an alliance with murderers, or that to avoid them, fly for refuge from the Orange poignard; as we deprecate the odious piracy, that afflicts the friend as well as the enemy.

FAIR LAW!

The two Crown Office terms, which commenced on the 18th of August, we mean Parlmerstown and Donnybrook fairs, were never so productive in business and emolument, since the days of Sir Anthony King, Alderman and Tinker. The number of females, who, in the language of Mr. Low, chief woman-catcher to the establishment, *lipped* the evangelists, were so numerous, and produced such an overflow of tenpennies, that the Alderman, was obliged to have them conveyed to his *attic* lodgings in large baskets.

These two great Magistrates, Messrs. Low and Jenkin, are a kind of excise officers, for, by the nature of their employments, they have a *draw back* upon all the whiskey used on public occasions.

PAPIST SHOOTING SEASON.

The shooting season has turned out very amusing to the gentlemen of Fermanagh; the Papists disposed off, were not much known. One fellow whose son was shot near Enniskillen attempted to interrupt the amusements by complaining to some Reverend Magistrates, Ministers of the mild and benignant gospel, but whether to get the rights of the Church, or the assistance of the Law, we are not informed, as we have not heard that either took place.

MERE IRISH, AND NEGROES OF AFRICA.

The "*Queen of the Waters*," has nine frigates cruising on the coast of Africa, for the purpose of protecting the Negro inhabitants of being carried away by slave ships. We confess she is doing a great deal of good at a great expense in this instance. If a small sum was as humanely expended, in protecting the *mere Irish* from the musquets of the Orangemen, we think a more humane application of the public purse could not be made For in fact, if some merciful hand does not interfere, the Catholic population must inevitably disappear. They are going to the gallows in the South, and expiring on the Bayonet in the North.

WIG JUDGES AND MUSQUET JUDES.

Between the two species of Judges in a certain county, men and books are considered dangerous to the State. The Wig Judge punishes for reading in one district, and the Musquet Judges punishes for idolatry in another.

UNION PARLIAMENT.

It appears by the opinion of Judge Day on the late Circuit, that is is seditious and punishable by law, to speak disrespectfully of the Parliament, that disposed of the country by the Union. We are at a loss to know, in what other terms but those of horror, we could speak of men, who flogged us in 1798, and sold us in 1800

ELECTION OF LORD GOSFORD.

Prior to the election of a Peer to sit in the foreign House of Lords, in the place of Lord Longueville, Newgate was in a continual convivial uproar for several days; several elec-

tioneering dinners were given, at which, the respective friends of the confined Baron, and the canvassing Earl were entertained. We believe this is the first time since the Union, that any noble Lord canvassed Newgate for votes. To the honor of the successful candidate, his address and assiduity overcame some very flattering promises made by the friends of Lord Leitrim. In fact, Lord Louth resisted some very strong temptations to serve his friend, he was very kindly offered his liberty and to be restored to the commission of the peace. For our part, we are pleased that things turned out as they have, because, if his Lordship the Baron of Louth, were allowed to exercise the Magisterial office again, he might be tempted, to enter into another dispute with Mr. Mathews, about the plaguy *four acres, and the invisible tree;* and the issue would again be fatal to the Peer. We know Mathews stole his Lordship's four Acres, and cut down the Tree; but in our opinion, wherever the rogue has concealed the spoils, they are not worth the peril and expense of seeking them.

BILLY M'DOWELL'S NURSERY.

Lord Baron Louth, was so sulkey, at the manner Judge Day expressed himself, on the quarrell between him and Mathews, that he never left his room for the first six weeks, to the great danger of his Lordship's health, by the animal *miasmata* flowing from Mr. Binns's close stool, which to aggravate his Lordship's feelings, stood even at Dinner within two feet of the table. His Lordship, now spends a few hours every day, walking in Mr. M'Dowel's flagged *nursery*, in front of his bed-chamber, where the devil a Tree, visible or invisible is suffered to remind the poor Baron of Mathews's Ash, the hidden author of his misfortunes.

COUNSELLOR JEBB.

Counsellor Jebb at the Assizes of Philipstown, on opening the case against Caffray, for selling a number of the Irish Magazine, in which was a seditious libel, very roundly accused the prisoner of bringing the offending publication into Tullamore, because there were soldiers in said town, and for the purpose of detaching said soldiers from their allegiance. We would ask the learned Counsel, what town in Ireland that has not soldiers in it, and in great numbers? If books or newspapers, are not safe things to be admitted where there is a garrison, the circulation of such, must cease in Ireland. There is one great expedient now in force, which will quiet the apprehensions of Counsellor Jebb, for the purity of the soldiers, the exchange of the Militia. Though the English gentlemen, who are to civilize us, are very good awl-blade makers, nailors, and cotton spinners, they are are no great witches at reading; books may be introduced where they are quartered, with as much safety to their morals and allegiance, as a telescope might into a fish pond. The English civilizer has just as much taste for reading, as a trout has for astronomy.

PERTURBED STATE OF THE CO. TIPPERARY.

On the first day of the Assizes for this County, from the charge delivered to the Grand Jury by Judge Osborne, we were alarmed at the insinuations of the Learned Justice, by the impressive manner he spoke, of what he termed, the *perturbed* state of the county. Not being in the secret of the manner Caravatism is promoted, as some learned gentlemen who are hired for the purpose assert. We reasonably conjectured, that the ambassadors from Dublin, Messrs. Kiley and M'Dool, had trained and betrayed some victims for the two purposes, of recruiting their finances, and exciting alarm, to give a colour to the execution of strong measures against the Catholics. However, we find, that this

this *perturbed* condition of the county, which nearly announced the detection of some great conspiracy for overturning the state, manufacturing pikes, building a fleet on the Suir or the Barrow, introducing the French to destroy the Tithe Proctors, by the aid of the treasures and arms of the Caravats, has turned out to be no more than the conspiracy of four men, who stole four horses, and are to be executed on the 12th instant, and thus ended this great political and treasonable *perturbation*.

AN AUCTION.

A certain military and judicial character, had a public sale of his furniture and cabinet of *curious collections We were not at the exhibition*, but we have been told, that the company assembled on the occasion was very numerous, though the bidders were not many. Miles Duigenan the Grocer, appeared squinting at a very neat writing-desk, with much agitation, sometimes he handled it and kissed it, but never offered a penny, which drew a severe reprehension from the auctionier, who became impatient at the delay occasioned by *Miles's* aukward gesticulations. On being asked would he offer any thing in advance over another bidder, no, honey answered the poor grocer, but if it was as full, as it was the day it left my house, which same day I was killed at Hacketstown, by J——s, I would give a cool hundred for it. Mrs. Moore of Thomas-street, was noticed among the company, like Miles, it was more out of curiosity than any wish of purchasing, though she has since said to a neighbour of ours, she would have ventured to purchase an excellent "*taking down from the Cross*," by Sir Peter Paul Ruebens, only the apprehension she has of the re-enactment of military law, which if realized, might cause her to lose it again. Mrs. Rattigan of Dirty-lane, was at the auction, but no one expected, from her advanced age and poor appearance, occasioned by the plunder and burning of her house in 1798, that she attended as a purchaser, she only wished to have the pleasure by such an opportunity of seeing before she dies a curious Looking-glass brought by her grand uncle, Father Fagan, from France. An article greatly valued by her poor husband.

Tom Braughall would be expected at the auction, but he died in France, had he even lived to this day he could not entertain any hopes of seeing his guineas at auction, for his guineas like all the other guineas, have very treacherously gone over to the enemy.

Several persons of bad memory, thought to have a view of Counsellor M'Nally's cup, with *Erin go Bragh* on it, but they ought to remember, that Lord Kilwarden ordered it to be restored thirteen years since. John Hevey of Thomas-court, was the only bidder who had any former interest in any of the collection, he bought the identical bridle he used the day his mare was forfeited, on the plea, that he had no more use for her, as he was to be hanged, and in the opinion of Major Sandy's, he did not on that solemn occasion need a horse, as the facetious Major observed, there is no riding to heaven.

The reason Mr. Hevey appeared so anxious to have the bridle, is because a copy of the United Irishman's constitution drawn up by the hand of Lord Castlereagh, then a member of that institution, is neatly concealed in part of the leathers.

MR. WILBERFORCE.

THE religious and pathetic advocate of the enslaved Africans, when present in the British parliament, on the discussion of the application made by the Trustees of Maynooth College, to enlarge the annual Grant of 9,250*l.* to 13,000, to enable them to discharge the indispensible demands of the

the establishment. Was so shocked at the drngers of popery that the former labourer in the cause of humanity, who devoted so many years to the Negroes, rejected with horror, any idea of contributing to the education of the Irish priesthood. We have always observed, that the utmost rancour, hatred, fear and contempt agitate every Englishman's breast, whenever any plan either sincerely or speciously is submitted to him for the amelioration of our condition.

NEWGATE.

Mr. Wellesley Pole accompanied by Doctor Renny, visited Newgate on Monday the 12th ult, for the purpose of inspecting the condition of the prisoners, and to see how far the regulations he made for their comfort were carried into effect, he scrupulously viewed every cell and apartment, and appeared perfectly satisfied at the order and cleanliness observed under the care of the keepers. While Mr. Pole was busy on the inspection, his arrival was made known to Baron Louth, his Lordship very naturally expected an interview with his friend, and for the purpose hastily shaved himself, mounted a clean cravat, had his bed made, the closestool hid, a print of the Hero of Talavera dusted, with several other arrangements for the reception of the illustrious Secretary, but alas! all his trouble was in vain, Mr. Pole in his hurry visited every malefactor in the jail, but ONE.

REWARD.

Stolen or Strayed from Mr. Mathew's four acres in the County of Louth, a large Ash Tree, dimensions unknown, but is of considerable value, it cost the present Lord Louth two thousand pounds, and from the description given of it by Judge Day, it can be of little use to any one but the owner, any person bringing it to Louth Hall, Lord Dunsany, Mr. Pollock Mountains-towns, Mr. Hardman of the Custom-house, Sir Charles Coote at the Paving-board, or Billy M'Dool at the City Hotel Green-street, shall be handsomely rewarded.

MAGISTRATES.

The difficulty of procuring respectable protestant Magistrates and city senators for Dublin is sometimes so great that we are obliged to resort to Scotland and Birmingham, to supply vacancies occasioned by death or bankruptcy. Some of our Sheriffs-Peers and most eloquent Speakers, have been taken from the forges of the latter town, and none are more distinguished for their constitutional knowlege in the various branches of church and state history.

THOMAS REYNOLD'S, ESQ.

This distinguished gentleman, who saved the state, in partnership with Mr. Cope, has been promoted to the situation of post master of the City of Lisbon, a place of considerable emolument. It is to be apprehended Mr. Reynold's office, like Lord Talavera's pension of twenty thousand dollars a year, granted by the Regency of the Country of Portugal, will want the confirmation of one Marmont in another year, or Tom must seek another employment The continuance of the office even to that very limited period, depends on the address of Lord Wellington in his management of the HILLS, a very ancient family of Portuguese Generals, to whom the care of Lisbon have been always assigned in cases of great emergency.

LUKE WHITE.

Luke White the Flying Stationer, promises himself the situation of representative of the County of Dublin, on the next general election The religious zeal of one of his *new house*, in the case of Spence the soldier, secures, to him the interest of the Orangemens and his tenderness to the state prisoners in Kilmainham, when he was high Sheriff, must command the suffrages of the whipped part of the Catholic freeholders

RUM

RUM COURAGE.

A London paper speaking of Lord Wellington, says, "his *ardent spirits*, supports him." We have always heard of the *rum courage* of the English *naval officers*, but we did not know before that it extended to the commanders of armies.

ADVERSE POLES.

The Newspapers in the pay of the Poles, are in many cases, in direct opposition to each other. A paper in Dublin, called the "*The Patriot*," expressly put into existence by the Irish Minister, for the purpose of ridiculing the Claims as well as the Religion of the Irish Catholics, Edited by two unknown Lawyers, is constantly employed, calling five millions of men a "*faction, bigotted Romanists, emissaries of the Tyrant of Europe*," and mingling offensive quotations, to ridicule and insult the unhappy parents and brethren of the brave men, who are engaged fighting their Catholic brethren on the Peninsula, to support a Protestant Government. In the publication of this infamous print, August 23d, the most blasphemous uses are made of the mother of God in speaking of the Catholics, "*We do not mean their Saint Mary.*" The words "*Auto da fe, Doctor Hussey's Ghost, and The Holy Office*," are frequently used in the same days paper, in the variety of abuse which they are hired to throw on the Catholic Body. If the unhappy Portuguese, who are every day flattered for their courage, patriotism, and religious feelings, in opposing the French Emperor in the Lisbon papers, under the Editorship of another Pole, were to have the Dublin Patriot, which is manufactured under the inspection of the brother of their "*illustrious deliverer*," for the purpose of abusing the Catho-Faith, and depriving Catholics of their rights, and apologizing for their Orange murderers, translated into the Portuguese language, and distributed amongst them, we apprehend they would be able to tear away the veil, which conceals the Bigot and the Persecutor, under the theatrical disguise of the "*Patriot.*"

THE DOCTOR AND THE KEOGHS,

The Wrestling Doctor like many other hidden reptiles, has taken courage to appear in his old illicit character. The dirty columns of the Hibernian Journal are again become the medium of his slander. We are sorry to see a great national question the innocent cause of this wretches re-appearance, he has mistaken an accidental ray of light shooting into his cavern, for the enlivening radiance and glowing heat of the summer sun.

The resolution of a certain great county, has been tagged or dove-tailed with a vote of thanks, which some depositary of the secrets of Mount Jerome, had the ingenuity to introduce. Under the sanction of this character stolen for him, by the scribe who clerked the resolutions, the bosom companion, the panegyrist, the smutty bard of the house of Keogh, is seen to swagger, and with his Broadstone vulgarisms, abuse every thing respectable in the Catholic body. We expect to see in this moonshine respectability, the three brothers coming forward again, in the fulness of their awkwardness, with renewed effrontery, advocating the Wellesleys and Richmonds, and insulting and embarrassing the Catholic assemblies.

"*I have not been spared*," says the veteran in intrigue, in his answer—you tell a falsehood old man, you have been spared, and you have been enriched by the hands that spared you, you were allowed to pass into England to see your friend Tom————, and lived in luxury, while your innocent and brave countrymen were in the field, or expiring on the gibbet. You have

have not been spared by us, because you had not the prudence to conceal the pleasure communicated to you at your table daily, by the vulgar Doctor, at the expense of your Catholic countrymen, while your stupid and obtrusive sons enlarged the feast of dirty wit, by detailing their vulgar industry and various stratagems, to insult the Catholic meetings.

THE CONVENTION ACT.

The Convention Act interdicts the Catholics, as the Union Judges say, of managing their business by delegalation. Then it is supposed, they have no remedy left but by going in a body to the Lobby of the English House of Commons, with their humble Petition in their hands. But after landing in Lancashire, for the purpose of proceeding according to Law in Ireland, they are told by a deputation of Bow-street Officers, that they must disperse, as they are acting in defiance of an English Statute, passed in consequence of the Scotch and London fanatics in 1780, having threatened the House of Commons with destruction, for refusing their license to our British brethren to murder all the Catholics in London. Here would arise a very embarrassing circumstance, Five Millions of Irishmen, finding they were met, on every step to obtain redress, by laws abroad and at home, and not very well aware of the punishment threatened by the Bow-street Catchpoles, in their usual perverse temper, took it into their heads to have an interview with their United Lawmakers; we apprehend it would require all the bravery of the whole of the Potters, Hardwaremen, and Weavers on the line of march, to save the London Senate from a humiliation, which another Senate experienced, when Brennus, at the head of his brave Gauls, entrenched himself at the foot of the capitol among the ruins of proud Rome.

RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE.

Mr. Pole's Newspaper, the *Patriot*, of the 28th of August, informed its *numerous* readers, that Irish manufactures to the amount of three thousand pounds, were shipped for the use of "*the suffering Portuguese*." Too much praise said the Patriot, cannot be given to the Lord Mayor for his persevering benevolence on this most *praiseworthy and humane* occasion. How eloquent Mr. Pole or his Lawyers are on this occasion, for the eminent services of Mr. Hone the Grocer and Police-man, for his humane and generous gift of three thousand pounds: we suppose by the paragraph, it is to the estate of Mr. Hone, "*the suffering Portuguese*" are indebted. The POLE newspapers in Lisbon and Dublin, agree on the merits of the suffering Portuguese, Subscriptions, and panegyric are their rewards; but the suffering Irish who sustain the British Empire, and their unfortunate parents and children, who are bleeding under the Orange bayonet, when they set up any claim to indulgence, or protection, are mocked and ridiculed by the hired prints, and even an assembly of them for the purpose of begging mercy, is declared a crime, and the offending wretches are driven to prison. Not one word of the mockery of *the Mother of God*, is used by the Lisbon Editor of the Wellesley paper in that city—No—blasphemy is only used by a British writer, where impunity is guaranteed by power. The Portuguese are not told they are *Romanists*, *Bigots*, or *Idolators*, in the Lisbon *Patriot;* while their bravery or ignorance make them the agents of the mercantile avidity of their allies, their religious opinions, will be treated with respect; but the moment they suspect either the power or sincerity of those friends, even the generous Hone, will leave them to nakedness, and their altars, like those of their brethren in Ireland, will be levelled with the dust, the *Mother of God* herself will be blasphemed in the *Patriot*, to heighten the climax of oppression, robbery and ridicule.

AMERICA

AMERICA.

It appears by letters from the Caraccas, that an infatuated frantic faction there, have succeeded in organizing a kind of representative Junta or Congress, and have as a preliminary Act of State, declared their Constitution a Monarchy, and to complete the absurdity, they have chosen an unfortunate man, who besides being confined in jail, five thousand miles from his *new* kingdom, is a fool, a perfect idiot. The congress of VENEZUELA, as it is called, has celebrated their first meeting by riotous nonsense filling, the air with shouts of long live King Ferdinand the VII. offering up public prayers for his long life in a loathsome cell, in the interior of France. If they had any real esteem for the unhappy man, they would convert such bear garden tricks into some more decent and rational forms, and in the feeling of duty and religion, wish the unhappy fool a speedy and happy death.

The fatal delusion these misguided men are led by, will be followed by the most serious effects, if the good sense and spirit of the people over whom they have usurped an authority, which if persisted in must provoke the severest retaliation, whenever the nation returns to a sober and national manner of investigating the conduct of their mock Congress, and learn to compare the conduct of the British Ministers, under whom they have enlisted, towards the other people of America, of Spain, and Ireland.

America appears to be destined by providence as the seat of real liberty, and an assylum to the unfortunate fugitives from Europe, who are happy enough to escape from the disgusting tyranny that tears up, and bathes in blood the other divisions of the globe. And if those misguided men of the Carraccas, do not invert the decrees of humanity, by prolonging human misery in their antiquated follies, the world will see the most extensive and fruitful regions on the globe, disfigured by the same horrors that waste Europe. Two great powers are now convulsing the old world with their respective jealousies, but with the same design, to tyrannize over the world on the ruins of each other. America is viewed with an envious eye by both, and the dominion of it from Hudsons Bay, to Cape Horn, is not an inch too great, to gratify the respective avidity for plunder and power, which distinguish the two rivals, and on the natural demise of one, which must be speedily expected, the survivor will be enabled to grasp, not only extinguished Europe, but America itself, if some great genius does not interfere to banish the old political manner of thinking from that vast Continent, and by uniting the Protestant and Catholic Republics into one federal union, avoid the melancholy condition of the old world, from which, the eye of humanity turns with the most painful disgust.

The people of the United States require a great deal of discretion and address, to conduct themselves in their relations between the two rival powers, each of whom are guided by not the least esteem, for the trade or liberties of United America, than so far as they or each of them may convert her into an instrument for the others destruction, which if not very masterly managed would end in her own annihilation. There is one point of attack from which America would be annoyed with considerable effect, if either of the two nations France and England, survive the political destruction of the other, this is Canada, and the sooner this extensive province could be added (by purchase, we may suppose for our own safety) to the other united republics, the safer and more stable would be those happy countries. For it appears by a late *French Exposé* that the French government have an eye on Canada, by these words, " the people of Canada are the brethren of

Frenchmen, sigh to be admitted again into the family of the great nation" England is a more harmless neighbour in America, than France would be, not that she has any more moderate thirst for dominion, or a less dislike to a pure democracy, but because her physical force is not equal to the greatness of her ambition. France in America would be the most serious source of misfortune, to the American people, and though she cannot possibly obtain a footing in Canada by force, she may be able to acquire it by giving an adequate exchange for it, in a treaty of peace. The sooner it is obtained by America, the securer will she be delivered from the intrigues of European politics. If Canada remains in the hands of England untill peace, France will not abandon her views on Canada, while Canada can be purchased.

" GUYTON DE MORVEAU,

Says a late fugitive Tour in France, is one of the most extraordinary men of the age, both for the prodigious extent of his acquirements, and the versatility of his powers. His history is exceedingly curious. He was, before the revolution, attorney-general in the parliament of Dijon, and at the head of the bar in his native province. He was sent to the legislative assembly in 1789, and became, first the secretary and then president, of that body in 1792. Here he distinguished himself as a financier, and as a most infuriate republican. In the convention, of which he was made a member, he co-operated zealously in all the views and atrocities of jacobinism, and voted for the death of the king with marked asperity. He afterwards acted as a secretary to the convention, and as a member of the committee of public safety. He was sent by the convention to the army of the Moselle, to superintend the aerostatic expeditions, and at the battle of Fleurus was seen hovering over the French army in a balloon. He became subsequently a member of the council of five hundred, and was there conspicuous in the department of finance, and of inland navigation. He presented at the same time various and very able reports, on questions connected with the physical sciences and the arts. In 1890 he was appointed administrator of the mint, and director of the Polytechnic school, and in 1804 an officer of the legion of honour, &c. I saw him in 1807 as president of the first class of the Institute, and ranking among the leading chemists of that body. His works are voluminous, and comprise numerous essays upon natural philosophy, natural history, and chemistry; a copious treatise on practical and theoretic chemistry; a dictionary of the same science; several volumes of forensic speeches, and of discourses upon jurisprudence, and a collection of fugitive poems. All these possess uncommon excellence of their kind. The world owes to him the important discovery of the mode of puryfying air by the evaporation of muriatic acid. Guyten is a very short man, with a sharp visage, and a most piercing eye. His elocution is sometimes brilliant, and always dignified, easy, and energetic.

Education.

M. Rœsler vicar to the Minister of Hohentweil, follows the method of education adopted with such success on the Continent, by Pestalozzi. Mademoiselle Gnehm, one of his scholars, who is only fourteen years of age, merits particular attention. After consulting the table, which serves as a basis to the inventor of this method, she points out all the unknown numbers of all the mathematical equations, which are proposed to her verbally, and demonstrates the solution according to the table, with all imaginable facility. Such a happy disposition for study is equally evident in the accomplishment of drawing, as well as in

in every thing that concerns the languages and logic. The following question having been dictated to her: "Is it the duty of a scholar to esteem a respectable teacher?" She instantly gave the following answer, without making the least pause, or hesitation whatsoever: "Yes, for kindness ever merits a return." This accomplished pupil has rendered herself so well acquainted with the new method, that she is now capable of attending to the instruction of others. M. Rœsler himself, teaches this method, without any recompence whatsoever in return, to several school-masters of the Catholic Religion in his neighbourhood, and even a priest of the Jewish persuasion at Randegg. This circumstance produced an interview between M. Rœsler and M. Levi, the head of the Jewish communion at the abovementioned place, on the subject of M. Pestalozze's plan, the result of which is, that M. Levi has given all the facilities in his power to the schoolmaster of his district; that, in addition to this, he maintains five Jewish childen at his own expense, at Hohentwiel; and, finally, that Mademoiselle Gnehm is to reside with him next Easter, with a view of teaching the new method to his daughter-in-law, and also of giving instructions to his grand-children. Behold then, a minister of the Gospel, who forms masters for the schools of the Israelites, and a girl born of Christian parents, who gives instructions to a Jewish mother and her children!

Mathematical Problems.

An easy manner of finding three Square Numbers in Arithmetical Progression.

General Rule.

The sum of the legs, the hypotenuse and difference of the legs of any rational right angled triangle, will always constitute the roots of three square numbers in Arithmetical Progression.

That is, assume x and y, for the generating numbers of any rational right angled triangle, then the roots of the three squares, will be universally exhibited by $x^2+2xy-y^2$; x^2+y^2, and $x^2-2xy-y^2$, where x and y may be assumed any numbers at pleasure.

Problem 1st.

To find three squares in Arithmetical progression, such, that the mean or middle root, added to each of the other two roots, may make square numbers universally.

Rule.

In the formula $x^2+2xy-yy$; x^2+y^2, and $x^2-2xy-yy$, for x write h^2, and for y write b^2-p^2, (h, b, p, being the hypotenuse and legs of any rational right angled tringle whatever, and you have the required roots universally. Thus take $h=5$, $b=4$, and $p=3$, then $x=h^2=25$, and $y=b^2-p^2=7$, which being substituted in the formula for x and y give 926, 674, and 226, for the required roots, hence an infinite number of answers by assuming different values for h, b, p.

Problem

PROBLEM 2d.

To find three square numbers in Arithmetical progression, such that, the difference between the mean root, and each of the extreme roots may be rational square numbers universally ?

RULE.

In the general formula $x^2+2xy-y^2$; x^2+y^2, and $x^2-2xy-y^2$, for x write h^2+b^2, and for y write p^2 (h, b, p remaining as before) and you will have the three required roots universally. Thus take $h=5$, $b=4$ and $p=3$; then $x=h^2+b^2=41$, and $y=p^2=9$, which values being substituted in the formula for x and y, give 2338, 1762, 862, for the three required roots.

W. W. D.

ERRATA.

Magazine for May, *page* 231. Theorem 2, *line* 4, for $4aa\times\overline{2a^4+7a^2b^2-b^4}$.
Read $4aa\times\overline{2a^4+7a^2b^2-b^4}$.

Same *page*, Theorem 2, *line* 13 for a, must be assumed greater than $b\sqrt{2}$.
Read a, must be assumed less than $b\sqrt{2}$.

Magazine for July, *page* 328, *line* 29, for $x=2mnb\times\overline{amb-c}-a^2\times\overline{m^2b^2n-c^2}$.
Read $x=2mnb\times\overline{amb-c}-a\times\overline{m^2b^2n-c^2}$.

When the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle is given and rectangle of either of the legs drawn into their sum, the readiest method I know to find the legs is thus. Assume xy and y for the legs, then $x^2y^2+y^2=\overline{52}^2=a$ the hypothenuse and $\overline{xy+y}\times y=1360=b$, from the first equation $y^2=\frac{a}{x^2+1}$ & from the second $y^2=\frac{b}{x+1}$ Ergo $\frac{a}{x^2+1}=\frac{b}{x+1}$, and multiplying crosswise $ax+a=bx^2+b$, or $bx^2-ax=a-b$, multiply this equation by $4b$, and add aa to each side, so shall $4b^2x^2-4bax+aa=4ab-4b^2+aa$, and taking the square root on each side $2bx-a=\sqrt{\overline{4ab-4b^2+aa}}$ when $x=\frac{a+\sqrt{\overline{4ab-4b^2+a^2}}}{2b}=\frac{12}{5}$ and $y=\sqrt{\frac{b}{x+1}}=\sqrt{\frac{1360}{1+\frac{12}{5}}}=\sqrt{\frac{6800}{17}}=20$ one of the legs, and $xy=29\times\frac{12}{5}=48$ the other as required.

☞ The method used above in finding x from the equation $bx^2-ax=a-b$ is vastly superior to the common method, and is extremely easy; for whenever the highest power of the unknown quantity has a co-efficient multiply the whole equation by 4 times that co-efficient, and to the product add the square of the co-efficient of the single power of x, then the left-hand side of your equation will be always a complete square; whose root extracted, reduces the adfected quadratic to a simple equation.

JOHN MORAN.

rveyor and Valuator of Land.

Mount Byrne Lodge, July 20, 1811.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF LORD E——D F————D.

Tune—" *Molly Astore.*"

1.

Why droops fair Erin's pensive head?
What means those plaints of woe,
Why is her hair dishevell d spread?
For whom these sorrows flow?
Her Shamrock wreathe lies on the grouud,
While tears begem its leaves;
And from her Harp, a thrilling sound,
Her mournful soul relieves.

2.

" A widow rear'd an only son,
To truth and virtue formed;
His bloom of life but just begun,
His heart with valour warm d;
For him her souls affections glow—
But soon her soul shall mourn;
The spoiler came—and laid him low—
She weeps around his urn.

3.

What crime drew down an early doom,
On his devoted head?
Why does a dark and silent tomb,
Enclose the " *mighty dead?*"
He loved—(a flame by Heaven inspired)—
He loved his native land!
In her defence by valour fir'd,
He raised his patriotic hand."

4.

Weep on, my lovely daughters weep,
Lord Edward lies below!
No morn shall break his deadly sleep,
To view Ierne's woe:
But may the avenging arm of God,
With ligth'nings blast the crew,
Who on their country's freedom trod,
And brave Fitzgerald slew!!

HOPE AND THE EXILE.

By Counsellor Sampson.

Resumed from our Magazine of July last.

" Then for some dark and hidden crime,
" Of which thy soul doth now relent,
" Thou hast been stricken in thy prime,
" And doom d to sorrow and repent!

" Oh! thou than spring-time flow'rs more fair,
" More beauteous than the rosy morn,
" Whose breath embalms the circling air;
" Why waste that breath in words of scorn.

" And were I stained with crimes so fell,
" As silent thought could not endure;

" What power, what art, or magic spell,
" Hast thou, the sting of guilt to cure?

" Mine is that pow'r, that magic spell,
" To cheat the wretched of his pain;
" The guilty from the verge of Hell,
" To raise to Heav'n and light again.

" Then hie thee to those men of blood,
" Whose crimes my innocence attest;
" Go; bid them seek their country's good,
" And in that virtue yet be blest

" Say in the verge of Britain's Isle,
" A captive on a rocky steep,

" Did

" Did lay him down and muse the while,
" Gazing o'er the sullen deep.

" Who would not change one lonely hour,
" Of melancholy rapture there,
" For all their ill-got wealth and power,
" Their abject thoughts, their guilty care.

" And now I know thee Nymph, full sure,
" For as where wat'ry vapors rise,
" Which Heaven's bright azure did obscure,
" And dimm'd the beauty of the skies.

" So memory which long had lain,
" Envelop'd in oblivion's cloud,
" Withdraws her misty veil again,
" Hope's new born image to unshroud.

" 'Tis even now the twentieth year,
" Since watching for a fav'ring gale,
" This cliff I sought—thou dist appear,
" And cheat me with a flatt'ring tale.

" Oh! 'twas a vision—fair and bright,
" A dream my youthful sense that stole,
" Thro' fields of glory, paths of light,
" And joy that thrill'd upon my soul.

" Oh! 'twas a vision—wildly sweet,
" My brows with lays and myrtle crown'd;
" Gay flow'rets springing at my feet,
" And loves and graces dancing round.

" Oh! 'twas a sweet bewild'ring dream,
" To see the chaste Phœbe's silv'ry light,
" Dance to the murmurs of the stream,
" That winds round Hermus's shadowy height.

" But it was false as thou art fair,
" And thou art false as it was vain;
" Go, mimic form—light thing of air,
" Nor tempt me with thy smiles again.

" True, on this sea-worn point of land,
" I often rest, and often here,
" To the poor sailor wave my hand,
" And bid him think of gallant cheer.

" And when the swelling canvas flows,
" And floats upon the wanton wind;
" Bid him, to foreign climes that goes,
" To trust in those he left behind.

" And thankless man, hast thou forgot,
" How often in thou loneliest hours;
" Fair flow'ry wreaths for thee I've wrought.
" And wrap'd thee in elysian bowers?

" When the rude wave, and wintry blast,
" Of mortal dangers made their sport,
" Have I not sat upon the mast,
" To waft thee to a friendly port?

" When deep, sequester'd and forlorn,
" And buried in the dungeon's gloom,
" Have I not taught thy soul to scorn
" Th' assassin's steel—the tyrant's doom?

" And when with sickness worn and wan,
" Death's ugly terrors thou couldst brave;
" 'Twas I, when earthly joys were gone,
" That shew'd thee life, beyond the grave.

" Spirit of comfort! now I see,
" Thou still art kind, and from this hour,
" I swear for evermore to be,
" The willing vassal of thy power!

Say then but this—shall yon green Isle,
Which dearer is than life to me;
Be ever bless'd with fortune's smile,
Be ever happy—ever free?

These words I spoke with downcast eyes,
Fearing to hear what she might say;
I raised them up, and to the skies,
The fairy phantom wing'd her way.

* A Mountain of Thrace, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

A TRANSLATION OF DR. GILBOURNE'S LEONINE ELEGY ON KILPATRICK

Which appeared in our Magazine of last July.

Kilpatrick dead! let pensive plaints and cries,
Reverberate and rend the liquid skies;
Aurora's son, to death an early spoil,
Has prematurely left this mortal coil.
From his birth-place with native Indian ore,
His sire decred him to Ierne's shore,
To cultivate his mind and spend his store;
Such was his boundless inborn charity,
An object unrelieved he scarce could see,
The bare he clad, the friendless famished fed,
And from rich misers' clutches debtors freed,
He with his social guests, free from controul,
'Quaff'd off with glee, the joram jug, or bowl,
To wine and women always he adhered,
When glowing with that, those prostrate he revered,

Bacchus

Bacchus he idolized to such excess,
As would the strength of Hercules depress,
His sable locks the internal warmth could shew,
Wherewith his amorous breast was used to glow;
He patronised each sportive game and art,
Mæcenas like, his aid he used to impart.
When at the ponderous ball their strength men try'd,
Or emulous cocks with force and fury vy'd,
He their just prizes amongst the victors shared,
And even the vanquished by his bounties cheered,
Hunting the hare, fox, deer, or stag, his steed
Was almost equa to the wind for speed.
This patriot, for his country and king's defence,
A legion levy'd at his own expense,
Whose soul so great, that while he lived, his purse
Was always open to the universe.
He, whose wealth's exhaustless in the bank,
Now lies enshrined beneath a hollow plank,
Let Bacchus his untimely death deplore,
Who while alive, did him with zeal adore.
Kilpatrick dead! now shall Salernum's School,*
Her patron's loss, most cordially condole.
Kilpatrick dead! now few like him survive,
Of him bereft, sad Gilborne scarce can thrive,
Whose heart is so replete with grief and woe,
That he cannot the labours undergo,
To pay the tribute to his merits due:
Then to his manes, now bids his last adieu.

SUIRO PETROPOLITANUS.

* A very scarce and curious little work, written in Latin Leonine verse, by John of Milan, and entitled "*Schola Salertana sive de valetudine conservanda*," or "The school of Salernum s precepts for the preservation of health." It was dedicated to Robert Duke of Normandy, Wm. the Conqueror's son, who, on returning from the Crusades in the Holy land, visited the famous College of Salerno in Italy, and conferred some favors on its professors, for curing a dangerous wound he received in his arm during his campaigns in Palestine. This little work, was commented on by Arnoldus de *Villa Nova* and others, Dr. Gilbourne translated it into English verse, and intended to publish it by subscription. To some of his respectable relatives about Rathdowny or Skierk in the Queen's County, the author of the above translation will esteem himself obliged by communicating further information respecting the Doctors' death and his papers &c. through the medium of the *Irish Magazine*

ROM THE NORFOLK HERALD OF VIRGINIA.

Passing through the City of Washington a few weeks ago forcibly impressed by the melancholy appearance of a small and interesting building, with a cross on the top, nearly encompassed by tall and waving poplars, and which presented to my mind the ideas of a little village church. I was informed that it was a chapel built by a Mr. James Barry, late of that place, on one of his own lots, for the accommodation of those of his Catholic brethren whose residence was remote from the parish church; my informer added, with a sigh that seemed to come from the heart, that Mr. Barry and his amiable daughters were "all dead, and buried in the vault beneath the chapel!" I was surprised to find no memorial of the founder, nor any inscription by which the traveller might learn the names of those interred there.

I took my pencil, and gave vent to my feelings in the following lines, which you may publish if you deem them worthy a place in your paper. G. B.

Stop stranger, mix a tear with mine,
Ah! who has hear a tear suppressed?
Beneath this altar's sacred shrine
The Father and the Daughters rest.
With holy love, and pious care,
He made this modest temple rise;
They† dress'd the hallow'd Altar there,
To him, whose throne is in the skies.
The lovely rose that drops its head,
When cruel winds and storms assail,
That lovely rose is sweet, tho' dead,
And still gives fragance to the gale.
So those two flowe s of promise rare,
Too early cull'd in beauty's bloom;
Still seem to shed with holy care,
Religious fragrance from the tomb.

But thou‡ whose sighs load every gale,
Since first their sainted spirits fled;
Ah! what will all thy griefs avail,
Or tears that love and sorrow shed?
Oh! raise thy hopes, resign thy care,
Thy days on earth but few are given;
Thy Husband and thy Daughters fair,
Await to welcome Thee in Heaven.
And when from doubt and sorrow free,
Thy relics here with them are laid;
I'll plant the mournful Cypress tree,
That round shall shed a holy shade.
The Pilgrim oft shall seek the shrine,
That lovely hands so lately dress'd;
And sighing breathe a prayer divine,
And bid its silent tenants rest.

* *Mr. James Barry.* † *His daughters, Anne and Mary.* ‡ *Mrs. B. Widow of Mr. J. B.*

IN John's-lane, Mr. James Hanlon, woollen-draper, a man highly esteemed for his correct dealings and independent spirit.

In Mountjoy-square, sincerely lamented by a numerous class of acquaintance, Mrs. Agnes Bradshaw, in the 98th year of her age, relict of the late Obadiah Bradshaw, formerly an eminent Protestant hair cutter and wig-maker, on the Coombe. Mr. Bradshaw, at the period when the illustrious house of Brunswick ascended the throne of these *united* realms, made a considerable figure in the politics of the day. He was then representative in the city council, for the corporation of Barbers, and made the identical wig presented by the Lord Mayor, Alderman and Citizens, with the freedom of the City of Dublin, to General Brucinback, who accompanied the Elector of Hanover to England. Mr. Bradshaw attended the deputation to London, which consisted of the Recorder, Counsellor Inknees and four Aldermen, and had the honor of putting the first razor on the royal face, after his majesty's happy arrival on English ground, which royal razor is still preserved by an Officer appointed for the purpose by the ancient corporation of Shavers. among their antiquities, and laid on a dish at the head of the table, at every dinner commemorating the glorious first of July, 1690, and the 12th of July, 1791. Mr. Bradshaw served the office of Lord Mayor, twice after going through the minor situations with considerable credit.

His activity while serving the office of Sheriff, has not been rivalled by any gentleman since his time. It was his alertness, that delivered Dublin from a Popish conspiracy, which his penetration discovered in a garret in Usher's-court, in the year 1725. He caught the conspirators in the very act of hearing mass, and had the priest in his canonicals paraded thro' the streets, and transported according to several statutes, enacted for the suppression of popery. His care of the protestant interest was conspicuous on other objects of great public concern. He framed a petition to the House of Commons, which roused that independent assembly to a sense of their duty, and by granting the prayer of the same, prevented any but Protestants of exercising the trade of Coal porter, which by a statute passed in the reign of our great Dutch deliverer, no papist dare interfere in, but which the supiness of the executive, had allowed to sleep on the statute books, as a dead letter. His attention to the rights and franchises of his native city engaged him in several weighty and expensive contests. At his own expense, he made a long and arduous voyage on the River Poddle. had it fathomed, and its banks cleared of a crowd of concealed papists, who had settled on them as manufacturers, to the prejudice of loyal men, in whom the exclusive right was invested by law.

Several years before his death he contributed largely to the support of the Foundling Hospital, and had the honor of giving that hint to the citizens since so beneficial to our municipal policy, that it was only from that national seminary, we could expect to draw a pure Protestant magistracy. The model of the brass wig, worn on the statute of his late Majesty George 2d, in front of the Weavers Hall, was the last work he performed in his own mechanical profession. He was buried in St. Luke's church-yard, on the 23d of October 1769, being the anniversary of the Irish Rebellion, a day he uniformly most religiously and convivially observed. The bearers on this affecting and solemn duty, were, the father of the present Sir Ruebens Legboard, professor of A, B, C, and lecturer on Stocking frame music, to the Foundling Hospital, Sir Edw. Newenham, Kt of St. Doulagh, Lucas the patriot and apothecary, and Alderman Whipcord, Drum Major and dairyman to the old soldiers at Kilmainham.

In Exchange court, in the 14th year of his age, Master William Frederick Adolphus Biblemouth. son of Sergeant Biblemouth. This promising youth fell an early victim to his zeal for the establishment, by a fall from his poney, on a mission of great importance in the neighbourhood of Clonmell, under which he lingered untill Sunday, when he expired in Mr. Farrell's arms, while the Major was exhorting at the Board of Grace.

Young as this lamented youth was, his manner of training a Caravat, letting him loose, and catching him again, when a proper reward was offered, was the admiration of the oldest man in the office. No better Bible-hand, has appeared in a tabernacle, or a Court of Justice.

At Willmount near Rathfarnham, in the 18th year of his age, Mr. Henry Porter, son of Mr. Wm. Porter, of Grafton-street.

In Gt. Strand-st. Mr. Maurice Dunn.

☞ To CORRESPONDENTS.—In our next we shall give the copy of a very curious Letter, which has been enclosed to us, from the County of Galway, written by a noble Baron, to a celebrated *politician*, who resides in Mount Jerome. The public will be much amused by the perusal of it, and considerable light will be thrown on the motives which induced *certain* persons to procure complimentary resolutions, in favor of John Keogh, Esq.





LORD LOUTH. *IN NEWGATE.*

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

To this Months Magazine we prefix an Engraving of

LORD LOUTH

Amusing himself in his chamber in Newgate, with some culinary experiments preparatory to his Dinner. Our readers may be assured the likeness of the noble Baron is strictly preserved by the artist, as we spare no expense on such occasions, to keep up the character of our print, to which the future Historian of Newgate or the Biographer of the house of Plunket, may resort for the best and most faithful materials, and from the most authentic sources.

ON Wednesday Evening, the 1st of September, 1811, the day Lord Louth's sentence of three months imprisonment expired, his Lordship packed up his kitchen utensils, sweeping and clothes brushes, plate bucket, and coal-box; and had them sent under an escort to Louth-hall, accompanied with a written dispatch, announcing his Lordship's liberation, and his intention of setting off for Dunsany Castle, from which he would take his departure for Louth-hall, where his anxious and grateful tenantry would have an opportunity of testifying their joy at the happy return of their benevolent and generous friend. *Laurence* would have conveyed the dispatch, but the poor fellow was so emaciated, by some experiments he was making on his constitution, with a view of saving the half guinea a week *promised* him as board

board wages, for his wife and children, that he fell from the strong charger borrowed from the paving-board, for the purpose of cheapening the happy intelligence in its *transit* from Newgate to Louth Castle. The company who attended to congratulate the Baron on the termination of his imprisonment, were more numerous than any other day since his arrival in Green-street. Among the the titled characters at the levee, were Sir Charles Coote, register of trees to the County of Armagh, Circumnavigator of Lough Neagh, clerk to the paving-board, and an *irregular* descendant of the Earls of Mountrath; Sir Edward Bellew; Earl Fingall, Captain of the Rathnally cavalry, at the celebrated battle of Tara; Lord Tyrawly and Lord Dufferin. The Esquires, Captains, Generals and Ecclesiastics formed a considerable group.—Mr. Bellingham the Ale-maker; Mr. Pollock clerk of the crown; Major Marlay, Step father of Sir John Cloncurry Piers; Counsellor Bellew, a Catholic Barrister, and a member of the Concordatum Society; Mr. Hardman, secretary to the board of excise, a gentleman much distinguished by the patronage of the celebrated Irish philantropist, patriot and stateman John Foster; Messrs Pratts, of King's-court; Captain Gatthins formerly an eminent malster, and at one time in the army; the Rev. Dean Keating; the Rev. Mr. Eustace and the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees. His Lordship expressed considerable satisfaction at the attention of his numerous friends but suffered a temporary chagrin by the carelessness of Lawrence, whose attention was so taken up by the multiplicity of business, that some rogue supposed to be Peppard the convict, contrived to steal his Lordship's excellent new bellows, however, after damning ragged Laurence, and advising him to be more circumspect, on pain of a fine, the sun beamed once more through the wires of his Lordship's cage, and again every thing was restored to its former chearfullness.

As the other malefactors expressed some hopes, that their noble fellow lodger, would, on his departure leave them some pecuniary deposit, to enable them to enjoy one festive hour, they had arranged themselves in the best possible condition to remind his Lordship of an opportunity of exercising his benevolence, but, to their utter confusion, he very wisely postponed his exit, until the guilty expectants were locked into their several cells, and at a late hour took his seat in an hackney coach, and where he went we have not learned; though Betty Cushion who made his Lordship's bed, and performed other domestic affairs in the regulation of his apartments, has frequently declared since, that she saw the Devil on the coach-box; perhaps Betty's vision had been led astray about his Lordship's driver, as her services were forgotten, in the hurry of the day.

Persecution in Ireland.

A canting artful fanatic of the name of Gordon, who published what he terms a history of Ireland, thus describes the Catholic Religion: "Its intolerant spirit has far surpassed that of all others, even the Mahommedan. For under whatever system of worship can we find in history, such accounts of inquisition, such national massacres, and such numbers with solemn formality burned alive for a difference of opinion." History loses its dignity, in such hands as this mountebank possesses, when he presumes to conceal the unprecedented massacres before his eyes, which his own country exhibits, with an attempt to divert the public attention, to other misrepresentations made by his fanatical *cast* of the conduct and character of other nations. We say that the Protestant missionaries

missionaries in Ireland, have destroyed more of the human race, in the name of God, and for the specious purpose of advancing their doctrines, than all the inquisitions in Europe, or all the greedy adventurers in the new world, have done in their most guilty and vindictive zeal and rapacity, and to aggravate the unparalleled atrocities, the Protestant exterminators had not the merit of being ashamed of their conduct; they have written their crimes in their law books, and have boasted of their progress, by enumerating their victims. If the Spaniards desolated America, the crimes to be attributed to them, were done at such a distance from the seat of Government, and in the infancy of legal restriction, that the adventurers were as much disengaged from authority as they were divested of humanity; the passions of avarice and conquest were unloosed, and the remoteness of the theatre promised impunity. The Protestant professors of the gospel in Ireland, desolated, murdered, and transported; created desarts and destroyed millions, under legitimate controul and by legislative authority. The avidity of the plunderer, and the passion of the exterminator were reduced into system; Senates presided for the purpose of erasing the human race, and prayers and thanksgivings were offered to the Deity in proportion to the murder of his creatures, who were removed by the merciless and unrelenting destroyer. We need not refer to the pages we allude to, we are in prison, our access to them like our access to the world is abridged by our own misfortunes, but the books are nor concealed, they have been printed at enormous expense and every man who runs may read. The system of extermination, need not be sought for, in our oral or written history, it is yet before our eyes, and the youngest of our readers are cotemporaries, and many of them posthumous sufferers. The history of persecution since the Reformation, has not given so many victims to intolerance in any country, we include Spain and France in the same extent of country, as the small county of Armagh, not less than seven thousand Catholics were hunted from it in the years of 1797 and 8, nor less than ninety six families exterminated.

The Spaniards expelled four hundred thousand Moors, who were invaders, from a country seven hundred miles by six hundred in extent and the Orangemen who were intruders, expelled and murdered in the short, space of two years, twelve thousand in one district that measures not more than twenty miles by fifteen.

Lord Moira, sustains part of our statement, in a speech of his in the English Parliament in 1798, "Before God and my country, I speak what myself have seen: I have seen in Ireland, the most absurd as well as the most disgusting tyranny, that any nation ever groaned under—I have seen troops sent full of this prejudice, that every inhabitant of that kingdom is a rebel to the British Government; the most wanton insults, the most grievous oppressions practised upon men of all ranks and conditions in a part of the country as free from disturbances as the city of London. Thirty houses are sometimes burned in a single night, *but from prudential motives*, I wish *to draw a veil over more aggravated facts.*" The reader may imagine the facts the noble Lord alluded to, are not of that description that would justify us in saying, he meant they were confined to the simple and common practice of only burning thirty houses in one night; we presume to say, there was a little killing accompanying the burnings. We would ask the fanatical historian, to produce any example of persecution so flagrant and unrelenting as those, practised under the nose of the Legislature—as those we cite on this occasion. It appears from

campaign under the direction of that distinguished officer Sir Charles Asgill, that a plan of extermination on a large scale, was to take place on the 12th of July last, one of the anniversary feasts that are usually celebrated by the murder of the Catholics, previously selected for the occasion. The gallant general encamped in the vicinity of Letterkenny, and the murderers, were allowed to appear in array, with their musquets loaded to the terror of the poor objects of their persecution, who were spared much to the credit of Sir Charles, from any further outrage than what their apprehensions furnished. In the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, a youth of the name of Moyvournagh, was shot by a small party of the Orangemen. The father of the victim applied to every Magistrate, lay and ecclesiastical in the county for some redress, and at the last assizes to the Judge; but we have not heard any more of the affair, only that the Justices of the Peace, treated the unfortunate parent with neglect and contempt, and the Judge has not succeeded so far against the perpetrators as to have *them disarmed.* If these samples of persecution are not equal to any we have read, and are not vastly more atrocious because they are continued to this hour, three hundred years of unceasing violence and unprecedented cruelty, have not satiated the persecutors—such monstrous horrors have long since ceased in every part of the globe, they flow in Ireland, in all the fervor of youth, time, example or revolution, have not exhausted their energies, nor warmed the actors into any mitigation of their labours.

Inquisitions in Ireland.

There is not an English traveller who visits Spain or Portugal, and gives to the world his observations, but expresses a most philosophic feeling at the exaggerated picture he is pleased to draw of the tribunal of the Inquisition. Though he affects such strong feelings at the outrages he says that are committed in the name of God and Religion, he knows very well, that not one person has suffered on the accusation of heresy within the last seventy years, and that the chamber of the Inquisition was only occupied by the cognizance of those crimes, which are accompanied by a lewd and vicious life; to check them, and to punish wretches who make a livelihood by infamous habits, comprehend the modern jurisdiction of the Inquisition. Subsequent to the expulsion of the disciples of Mahomet from Spain, the Inquisition was used as a political institution to detect such of the proscribed invaders, who remained under the disguise of Christians and who kept up an illicit and treasonable correspondence, with their brethren on the opposite coast of Africa, who to this day flatter themselves with a resumption of the enviable country their ancestors were driven from. As these apprehensions have long since expired, the functions of the Inquisition have declined also, and now the dreaded and misrepresented establishment is limited to the cognizance of professed blasphemers, and other persons of infamous lives. By comparison of the History of England with that of Spain—we see that Spain preserved such a union amongst its people, by avoiding a plurality of visionary creeds, and discountenancing the wild and unlimited vagaries of fools and fanatics; that she has not only preserved a high character of probity, sobriety, and honor to the Spanish name, but has avoided those disgusting and blood thirsty scenes, which have so repeatedly disgraced the character of the human species in England and Ireland. Men of acknowledged piety, great vigilance and learning, which characterise the Catholic Clergy over the world, were the

he centinels that stood at every man's oor; and the wisdom of confession ade every family report its domestic onduction in faith and morals, at stated nd frequent periods; that the tyger f innovation and fanaticism was deected on every approach, until the ronster exhausted by his malignt industry, was driven to the caerns of shame and guilt. Such was e glories of the Spanish church, it iumphed over the enemies of social der, preserved internal tranquillity, d an external reputation unknown any other nation, for pure and elected notions of morality and honor. ill the English canting philantropist, ll, in defiance of every evidence, nine over the degraded condition of e Continental Catholic—The bugar of the Inquisition, and the en-ed condition of the human mind ighed down by ignorance, and the animations of light withheld, by erdicting the interpretation of the iptures to fools and fanatics. Any son who visits England, and obves the state of Religion and Morals re, have only to attend their con iticles and Courts of Criminal Jus-. In the first, will be seen the st stupid and illiterate of the peopreaching and disgracing the gos; and in the other, a recital of crimes which human nature revolts with rror.

f curiosity would influence a man have the hardihood to inspect into History of Ireland, there he may l in blood, a voluminous history of testant Inquisitions, and Inquisitions t have not relaxed neither in vigilance cruelty, in consequence of the roved condition of the human d, Inquisitions that are not enfeel by time nor satiated with victims. the years of 1798 and 1799, in blin only, there were not less than y *Holy Offices*, The Majors, the change, the Old Custom-house, Royal Barracks, including the vot; Beresford's Riding-house, Justice Bell's and General Drury's, &c. Where every degree of cruelty that revenge blind zeal, plunder and the worst and most interested and merciless passions could invent, were practised. To be a catholic was tantamount to conviction for the most enormous crimes, and to the fire, faggot, gibbet and triangles, the unheard victims were driven. Sex, age or reputation, had no influence on the torturers.

The Irish *Auto da fe*, was in every quarter of the unhappy country, and the condemned marched to execution amidst the reproaches of his murderers, who accompanied their exultations with hymns and martial music. The sound of religion and loyalty rent the air, and augmented the horrors of death, already advanced in a considerable degree, by the torments and ignominy of the pitch cap, and the unhealed wounds by recent flagellation. The Spanish and Irish Inquisitions, if we are allowed to compare the lying tales of English travellers of the Spaniards, had each *religion* for its object, to be a papist in Ireland was a capital offence; the accusation was in itself imperious, and it demanded the life and property of the accused for the use of the trained butchers. With all the alledged infamy, which the Spanish Inquisition is accused of, we have not heard that one part of the Spanish population, was invested with the powers of Judges, Casuits and Executioners, to plunder and exterminate the other. This general improvement was invented in Ireland, and not one English traveller, philosopher, or divine, has ever uttered one sigh for the murder of tens of thousands.

INTERCEPTED CORREPONDENCE

Between Jack Keegan a Butcher, and Captain Fitzimons, Editor of the Hibernian Journal.

" Venison of the first quality, from " a Nobleman's Park, to be had constantly

" constantly during the Season, at " John Keegan's, Clarendon-Mar- " ket, No. 27."

" *Sept.* 6, 1811.

To Mr. Keegan, Clarendon-Market.

" Captain Fitzsimons presents his compliments to Mr. Keegan, and having given him *some* money before now, he sends him the enclosed advertisement, in hopes he will order it for the Hibernian Journal, where the charges shall be made agreeable, and no demand made for *puffing*.—The Hibernian Journal is now the only impartial paper in Dublin—it is published twice a day and no extra charge, and circulates through all Dublin, Ireland, and England, &c.

P. S. *Captain F. will say nothing of his custom occasionally.*

Comfort Lodge, Sept. 7, 1811.

ANSWER.

SIR,

I received your polite note. I should be proud in obliging you, but Jemmy Troy, who understands newspapers, tells me, that the Hibernian Journal is not read out of the office where it is printed; and as I want to sell my meat, it might stink on my hands for wane of buyers, as your paper lies on your hands for want of readers. You say you have given me *some* money, for that I thank you—you also say you charge nothing *extra* for *puffing*—you will greatly serve me, by *sparing* your *puffing* in my business, because I have a healthy Journeyman, who does all the *puffing and blowing* I want, and as cheap as yourself, without extra charge. For God's sake say no more of *puffing*, if it comes to the ears of the Lord Mayor I would run the chance of getting no more for my venison than if I committed it to Comfort Lodge; as to your *custom*, which you mention in your postcript, I don't think it would answer either of us, lest we might disappoint each other; I might neglect sending you your dinner, because I might suspect you would forget sending the money To be plain with you dear Captain, would not give a *trotter* for your whol establishment, without the *Arragun shese*.

Yours, JACK KEEGAN.

The Original of this Correspondence may be seen, at our Office, in the hand writings o the two gentlemen.

George Lidwell, Esq.

The Thurles yeoman infantry, hav ing been disarmed by Government they addressed their liberal and spi rited Captain, George Lidwell, Esq on the occasion, in which they includ their resignation.

In Mr. Lidwell's answer, dated th 2d September, he pays every ju compliment to the disgraced body Mr. Poole and the Duke of Rich mond, differ in principles and politic with every *unhired* Irishman; and o this occasion it is strongly impressive for it is to the liberal, manly, an Irish character, which the Thurle infantry uniformly manifested in th good understanding always existin between them and their Catholic neigh bours, that they owed the unr lenting displeasure of Mr. Perceval agents in this devoted country. M Lidwell thus expresses the charact of his fellow soldiers: " You ca refer to, and I hereby call on eve Magistrate in your neighbourhoo and on each of those Officers, th have been stationed in Thurles sin 1798, to state, (if in their power,) solitary instance of a Yeoman's bein charged with using his arms in an riot or private quarrell, with any co duct unbecoming a good and respe table citizen."

We believe you Mr. Lidwell, b cause your excellent character is lo known and esteemed by Five Millio of suffering Irishmen; and we belie you, because if your corps had imi ted the armed murderers of Armag Fermanagh, and Tyrone, who sh th

:heir unarmed Catholic countrymen on curtain anniversaries, their loyalty would not be impeached; nor if they were so brutalised, as the Orange banditties are; you would not so far disgrace the character of a Magistrate, as to refuse the protectiou of the Laws; to any person claiming it against their outrages; you would not imitate the Magistrates of Fermanagh, who refused the unfortunate *Mavour-nagh*, any redress or any hearing, when he applied to them to take examinations against an armed banditti, who way laid and shot his son. You and your brave companions, will be remembered by your grateful country, with lasting sentiments of approbation; your retirement adds to your reputation; you are not the instruments, which are fitted to debase a nation, or degrade the Irish name.

Perturbation of the County of Tipperary.

The perturbed state of this county, as Judge Osberne expressed it, has most fortunately subsided into the most legal tranquillity. The four fellows, who were convicted at the assizes, of stealing three bay mares and one horse, for the purpose of raising a regiment of cavalry, to reinforce the enemy in Spain, have been hanged on the 12th of September. The detection of these traitors, has lead to the developement of another conspiracy, which had been in great forwardness; a plan had been formed to build a fleet of armed ships on the river Barrow, for the same treasonable purposes. One of the Dock-yards is actually detected, and a considerable quantity of pick axes, iron hoops, large gimblets, two *foles*, and other naval stores were seized, concealed under a hay-stack. The principal ship-wright, a Frenchman, who formerly exercised the profesion of sausage-maker in Clonmell, has effected his escape, we suppose to renew his treasons in some remote corner of the country. A description of him has been sent to the Major, by Mr. Kiley the Caravat maker, and to General Coombe Drury, who cures old women of longevity, whose instructions have been forwarded to arrest all suspicious persons who want two of their back teeth, a defect very remarkable in the Frenchmen, which it is expected will lead to a detection of thisdaripg incendiary.

The Art of Dying.

There are two establishments in Dublin, descriptions of their respective merits are daily advertised in our papers by the proprietors, who very cautiously conceal their names. One promises to repair the human body, however it may be deranged, the Advertisement states, " by the *gentleman who keeps the dispensary in Marlborough-street.* The other engages, that the *Dyer in strand-street*, will renew, new colour, and restore any old clothes so effectually, in point of brilliancy, soundness, and texture, that the nicest eye cannot distinguish any trace of age or injury in the transformed drapery. We are surprised, that the modesty of those two great artificers in *dying*, will not allow them, to let the world be blessed with a knowledge of their several names, their wonderful histories, the places that gave them birth, and the Colleges they graduated in.

Account of Malaga, from Mr. Jacob's Letters in Spain.

Like all Spanish towns, Malaga is a most beautifnl object at a distance, but will not bear a near inspection. The Alameyda is the only part of the town which is handsome, and that is truly magnificient. It consists of a foot-walk in the middle, about eighty feet wide, with orange and oleander trees planted on each side; without these are good carriage

carriage roads, and on both sides a row of sumptuous and elegant houses. It is not the edifices constructed by human labour that render Malaga an interesting spot, but the benign climate and fruitful soil with which Providence has blessed it, and which the industry of the people has been exerted to improve. The rivers Guadalmedina and Guadalorce, which empty themselves at this place into the ocean, wind round the mountains, and pass through valleys the richest and most fertile in the world, and it is upon the banks of these rivers that the prodigious quantity of figs, almonds, oranges, lemons, olives, sumach, juniper berries, wax, and honey, are produced, which, with the dried raisins and wines from the mountains, and the cork of the hills, form the foundation of the natural external commerce of Malaga.

The productions with which Europe is supplied from the western world, such as coffee, cotton, cocoa, indigo, and pimento, had been all cultivated in this part of Spain for many ages before America was discovered; and though it has only been of late years that any great increase in their cultivation has taken place, yet, from the productiveness of the soil, from the specimens that have been produced, and the political prospects of the world, the hope is entertained, that this part of Spain may, in time, be rendered capable of superseding the necessity of cultivating the West India Islands by the labour of slaves.

The present commerce of Malaga is very flourishing. The peace with England has opened a vent for its commodities, which has been improved with great assiduity. The exports of wines and fruits during the last year, amounted nearly to three times as much as in any preceding year; and, as the commercial laws of Spain are less strictly obeyed here than at Cadiz, where the attention of the Junta is more immediately called to them, they have had their commerce less restricted.

We left Malaga at noon. The first part of the road, which runs along the sea side, was good and well constructed and was adorned on the left hand with the neat cottages of the peasantry, who were comfortably eating their frugal meals at the door, "every man under his own vine, and under his own fig tree." The hills to the top were covered with vines, and the chasms between them with fig, almond, plum, orange, lemon, and apricot trees. On the coast between the clifts some fine levels, called Playas, open with a front generally towards the sea, of from one to two miles in extent, and terminate at the foot of the hills so as to form a triangular plain. The soil of these playas is formed by the washing of the rains from the mountains, and, without any manure, is very productive in wheat and barley; which two species of grain are usually sown in alternate years, without allowing the lands to lie fallow. The richness of the soil, and the heat of the sun, cause the earth to yield almost spontaneously those productions which, in other situations, are the result of much labour.

After riding about four hours, we left the shore to visit a sugar plantation at Torre del Mar. For three miles, as we approached it, our road passed through fields of cotton and sugar canes. The sugars made on this coast resemble those of Cuba more than those produced in our West India island; they are not so white as those of the first quality from Cuba, but more so than the inferior kind; and, as sugars of equal quality from the British Islands would, with the addition of freight and insurance, cost more money in Europe than those raised in this vicinity, nothing is wanted to increase these establishments to a considerable extent, but a sufficient capital. It is not generally known, that sugar has been one of the productions of Spain for at least seven hundred years, and that the process of planting the canes, grinding them, and granulating the juice,

juice, has been very little, if at all, improved within that time.

Coffee, cotton, sugar, and cocoa, are cultivated wholly by capitalists, who are alone able to defray the great expences of manuring and irrigating the land, and of erecting machinery, all of which processes require considerable disbursements before any profits can be derived from the crops. In a country, therefore, where capital is so limited as in Spain, there can be but little progress made in the increase of this branch of agriculture; and hence, the plantations are in exact proportion to that surplus of capital which the merchants of Malaga can spare, for this purpose, from their other concerns.

The ancient and more extensive system of agriculture is in a state equally languishing, from the same cause. The growers of wine, raisins, and figs, are mostly small proprietors of lands, or petty tenants, paying their rents monthly, when in money, and, when in produce at the season of harvest, and who, being unable to subsist and pay their labourers, are under the necessity of being supplied by the merchants to whom they mortgage their expected produce, long before it is fit for market; the consequence is, that the cultivators are kept in a state of poverty and depression, from which there is no prospect of their emerging.

On the hills that surround Malaga, there are upwards of seven thousand vineyards, which produce annually eighty thousand arobas of wine, of which more than one half is exported. The first harvest of grapes commences in the month of June, which is solely for those dried by the sun, the heat of which, by extracting the saccharine juice, preserves them without any other process; and this species is known through Europe under the denomination of Malaga raisins. In the month of September the second crop is gathered, which is made into a dry wine resembling sherry, and called by that name, but, to my taste, much inferior. Of late years the cultivation of the grape for this kind of wine has much increased, and the merchants are not without hope, that in a few years they shall rival the vineyards of Xeres, both in quantity and quality. The last vintage of the year is in October and November, and produces those wines called in Spain and other colonies Malaga, and in England Mountain; the natives of Spain prefer these to the dry wines of Xeres, or even of Madeira.

There are several species of wine made in this district of great celebrity, one in particular called Pedro Ximenes, is very rich, and is said to be made from the Rhenish grape transplanted to these mountains, where it has lost its tartness, and acquired a rich and delicious flavour. Another kind called Guinda, is merely the common sweet wine of the mountains, with a mixture of the juice of cherries, and is not much valued here, but highly esteemed in other countries; and the Lagrima de Malaga, a sweet wine resembling Constantia, though highly valued by Spaniards, is not agreeable to an English palate. These wines are rather cultivated by the curious than made an object of commerce, and the quantity produced of each is very small.

Next to wine, the most important article is oil, for the making of which there more than seven hundred mills in the district through which I have lately passed. In general the oil partakes of the bad qualities I noticed at Seville but in Velez more attention is paid to cleanliness than any where else, and the oil is by far the best I have tasted in Spain.

The quantity of raisins exported hence is very great, indeed this is the principal market for that article. Besides what is sent over the mountains to Granada and other places farther north, there is annually exported

fifty thousand quintals by small vessels, which anchor near Torre del Mar, or by ships from the port of Malaga.

The quantity of figs dried in this neighbourhood is very considerable, but is of less importance, as an object of foreign trade, than the raisins; they are mostly sent into the mountains, or to the city of Granada, whence wheat and barley are brought in exchange; for, though some of the playas are capable of producing these grains in the greatest abundance, the quantity raised is not sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants.

Oranges, lemons, citrons, and almonds, are much cultivated, and the more rare fruits, such as the pine apple and chirimoya of Peru, are produced without difficulty; the banana and plantain, though not plentiful are yet sufficiently grown to shew that every vegetable production of the West Indies may be cultivated here with success.

Mathew Crowley.

On Sunday, the 22d of September, the Convert Mathew, preached a Sermon in Glassnevin Church; this Church and the Turnpike and Mathew, are all under the control of the Scotch Bishop, who resides in the village. If this Sermon was intended to convert the Catholics of Glassnevin, it has been preached by two years too late, as they were removed or rather banished to "*Hell or Connaught*," and their cottages erased, to make room for more loyal and polished settlers, from the Low-lands of Scotland. If it was to benefit the funds of the Turnpike, by the great numbers that were to be attracted by the eloquence of the Apostate, it failed also, for two reasons; such of the Orange rabble, who are *called* to hear the words of novelty, were engaged at a field exercise, by the more evangelical nose eloquence of Kent the Huxterman; and the better orders of the people thought it more entertaining to bring their families to enjoy the surrounding scenery of the County of Dublin, which the fine weather afforded in an unusual degree, than spend their valuable hours attending the polemical arguments and cant of the proselyte. The receipts at the Church also failed, as the hearers consisted, like all our country Churches in Ireland, with the exception of the Bishop and his family, and the serjeant of the guard, (for the sodiery are every where,) the Sexton, his wife, the school mistress her lap dog and spectacles.

Protestanism and Orangeism, different in character.

The Catholic Meetings throughout Ireland, have contributed to dissipate the delusion which the common enemy of our Independence had the art of employing against the Catholic mind, in its notions and character of our Protestant brethren. We have discovered from the rank, numbers and talents of our Protestant countrymen, who assisted at these meetings, that the bugbear Protestant Ascendancy, is a monster of foreign manufacture, that the beast is confined to a few, that the unhired and respectable part of Protestants have seen through the artifice, and by their devotion to Catholic rights have discovered, that a monopoly of power where there is no liberty, can be valued only by the most besotted or the worst members of the community. It is Orange Ascendancy only, it is a profanation to add to it the sacred name of religion; its religion is extermination, and its object conquest. Protestanism is not intolerancy, though tyranny may borrow its name, it is not guilty, it neither debauches public orders, hires traitors, nor courts the oppressors; much has been done in its name to degrade our species, and to subject our country. If Catholics, had been

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the instruments of despots, *Magna Charta*, is a living document of their veneration for liberty. If Protestants have been duped to trample on the rights of others in Ireland, they have amply expiated the errors of seduction in America, there they have erected an empire, on whose extensive bosom, every unfortunate human being, be his colour, geographical distinction, or speculative notion, however various or visionary, there he may get a home, and the Protestant, who snatched from the oppressor a new world, assumes no distinction, covets no monopoly, but holds out his generous arms so the suffering world, inviting all the oppressed to come and share a repose and security hitherto unknown in the history of the human race. Such are the works of the Protestant, and such would they be in Ireland, if the unhired opinion of Irishmen dared be expressed, and if the monster Orangeism, of foreign growth, was not subsidized to insult one portion of our citizens, and traduce the other, by assuming its name and inventing its character,—but the illusion is disappearing, the Protestant and the Catholic in Ireland, like the Protestant and Catholic in America, have discovered that the people who can cultivate social intercourse with each other, cannot be mutual enemies.

The gentry of Ireland have detected the common enemy—the Orange tyger, they have pulled off his mask, and have flung it to the affrighted demon, its whips, its gibbets and triangles. Had the nobility of France done so, and not have separated themselves, at the suggestion of wicked ministers from the people, they would not now be wandering over Europe without a friend, or a settlement, nor would the throne of the Capets, be occupied by an adventurer, or surrounded by a new order of men plucked out of the very populace, whom antiquated pride had taught them to despise.

Vice Regal Tour.

The reader is to suppose that America like Ireland, is exactly in the same condition, she was forty years since, without commerce, without ships, money, or the benefit of any of the advantages which a fine commercial situation offers to the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants. With its corporations, standing army, established clergy, tythe proctors, collectors of window light, hearth money and other numerous duties; its Earls, Viscounts, Knights, Dukes and Esquires, and a ragged population called on by hired newspapers, to submission and duty, to a constitution, the envy and admiration of the world.

New York, October 23.—This day his Grace the Lord Lieutenant arrived from Philadelphia, at the Palace of his Excellency Sir Hardbottle Grindstone, Knight of the illustrious order of the Garter, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Governor of Dover Castle, one of the Brothers of the Trinity house, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Warwick, one of the Lords of the *stool*, master of his majesty's Buck hounds, and a privy Counsellor for Ireland, as well as Ranger of his majesty's Park, the Phoenix near Dublin. His Grace was conducted amidst shouts of joy, to the Palace at Broadway, by the intire garrison, under the command of Sir Charles Asgil, Lord Cornwallis, and Colonel Littlehales; the regiments that attended on the occasion, were the Hampshire, West York, Surrey, Tower Hamlets and Middlesex militia; the 35th, 84th, 19th, 65th and 21st regiments of the line; the Manhattan, King's Bridge, Powley's Hook and Haerlem Corps of Yeomanry. His Grace expressed the highest satisfaction at the soldier like appearance of the

several Corps of Yeomanry, and was pleased to inspect them while they went through a variety of evolutions. Nothing could exceed the joy manifested on the occasion by the populace, his Excellency promised he would write a letter to Mr. Perceval, recommending the good people of New York to his favor, for their loyalty and attachment, to a nation and constitution, by whose protection every man can sit enjoying ease and opulence under his own fig-tree.

In the evening his grace attended by his *aid de camps*, and the Lord Mayor, visited Long Island, to see a vessel launched from the dock yard of Messrs. Kanaways, the interesting novelty of a new vessel brought considerable crowds to the island, who were highly gratified at the dexterity with which she was forced on her destined element, she was named the Richmond, in compliment to the illustrious visitor; she is designed for the lime and brick-dust trade, between York and Albany. The day was uncommonly fine, and we have the pleasure of saying, that no accident happened, except about six little boys, who were kicked to death by the Royal New York Light Horse.

On the next morning, his Grace was pleased to accept of an address from the Recorder, dressed in his wig and robes, accompanied by the members of the several corporations in the costume of their fraternities, to which his Grace returned a most gracious answer.

This deputation was succeeded by another, composed of all the Orange Lodges, headed by the grand master, the Reverend M , Cabbinfire, President of King's College, and rector of St. Paul's, Broadway, member of the Bible society, and Honorary and Corresponding Fellow, of the Royal burning institute of Enni-killen in Ireland. The worthy apostle read the address, and was complimented highly for the order of the societies, and their attachment to the principles of the revolution, under whose auspices his majesty's happy colonies, had so happily prospered, and was now the freest and greatest image of their parent state, as well as the most favoured countries in the world. The deputation retired, while their band, performed several loyal tunes, "*the Boyne Water.*" "*Yankee doodle.*" "*the Great Cornwallis.*" "*the Tronton march.*" "*Briton's never shall be slaves.*" "*Rule Britania.*" and other airs, that reminded the company of the happy extinction of rebellion, and the national liberty that has so happily succeeded those civil broils, set forward by the enemies of religion and social order. A very superb dinner was prepared in the Town Hall, Broadway, at which more than 200 persons banquetted. His Grace and Sir Charles, sat at the head of the table between the Rev. Mr. Cabbin-fire, and his worship the Mayor.

After the cloth was removed several loyal and appropriate toasts were given. The King, the Regent, the 35th regiment, and its noble Colonel, the Farming Society; the Society for discountenancing vice; the Army and Navy of Great Britain; the memory of Generals Howe and Arnold, and the Patriots whose fidelity to the mother country, contributed to the salvation of these happy colonies, by preventing civil war.

Many other patriotic toasts were drank, which we are not able at present to enumerate, and about twelve hi Grace retired, leaving every individual in the room highly gratified at the dignified ease and unaffected chearfulness of his demeanour.

Next day at an early hour his Grace proceeded to Suffolk County in Long Island, to inspect the condition of the buildings erected there under the munificent patronage of the Duke of York, a vast range of *Cachette's* for hiding those numerous wretches, who under the pretext of heavy

heavy taxes and want of work, have been tried and convicted of beggary. Our note-taker and his Grace set off under a salute of 31 pieces of cannon from the Royal-salute battery, on Governor's Island, and as soon as the illustrious Duke arrives we will receive particulars, which we will communicate to our loyal and anxious readers without any delay.—*Royal and Imperial New York Journal.*

Scotch Heroism.

MR. COX,

SIR—I beg you will insert the following facts, which are too well known to every inhabitant in, and near Kilcock, to need any confirmation from your faithful admirer,

HIBERNIA.

In the year 1798, justly styled the torture year in Ireland, a party of the ill-fated insurgents were encamped on the hills of Ballymaglassen, five miles north of Kilcock; while the brave Colonel G. leader of the half-famished Highlanders, took up his quarters in Kilcock; being in possession of that town, and no enemy nigh, he made known the refined clemency of his disposition, by poignarding the Catholics, or, to use his own elegant language, papishes, and burning every cabin within the horizon of his station, murdering the wretched inhabitants, men, women and children, and such was the savage delight he took in the tortures he inflicted, that, like Nero, the Roman emperor, most famed for his insatiable cruelty, he never omitted ordering his band to play the brightest tunes, particularly a very pleasant Irish jig, called *Moreen na Ghiberlhawn*, during the conflagrations to signify the pleasure the groans and lamentations of the dying creatures, caused in his magnanimous bosom; "Coom coom mai bra Scotch lauds, he would cry, addressing his hardened myrmidons, let oos noo sweep these coorsed rabels to the de'el. We ha leave fra goovernment, to coot the had off ery rabel we meet, and I oorder ye not to spar man, woman noor child, ye sha ha au this foine coontry far yor reward." Why mun, this land is sau rich, it would gui the finest kale in the world" Thus would this gallant warrior encourage his soldiers, already callous to every feeling of humanity. Let the following truth eternally brand the name of G. with the stigma of blood thirsty and inhuman.

The martial law, then in force, forbid the use of fire or candle light after the hour of nine, under pain of death to the inhabitants and destruction to the house where it was, and highly gratified were the highlanders, when they perceived either fire or candle light after that hour. Fatally, a few minutes after the stated hour, a poor woman, the wretched mother of five or six small children, having lulled her sucking infant to sleep, was endeavouring to find some potatoes which she preserved for her husband and children's supper: her daughter, a girl about seven years old drew a wisp from the bed, blew the fire and lit it without permission from her mother, in order to find the potatoes. No sooner did the vigilant highlanders, (whose thirst for Irish blood exceeded that of a saint after righteousness,) perceive the gleam of light through the cabin window, than they collected themselves in a body round the devoted hut, and instantly set, not only that, but all the adjoining ones, on fire. The women and children ran into the street almost naked, filling the air with the most piercing and bitter cries. What sport for the barbarians! who chased them playfully, with their fixed bayonets from corner to corner of the streets to put them out of pain, as the Highlanders termed it. Five poor inoffensive labouring men escaped from the slaughter, into a neighbouring field, and took up their lodging in a waste house with an intention to remain all night.

night. About one o'clock when they believed all quiet, they ventured to light a fire of stick and rubbish, to roast a few potatoes, which one of them had put into his coat pocket for his supper. What an inauspicious hour for these unfortunate men!!! A party of the Highlanders, after the houses were quite consumed and the inhabitants, as they thought all dead, elated with success and glorying in their triumph, rambled into the field where this waste house stood, when quickly perceiving the smoke, hastened to the spot, and found the ill fated affrighted fugitives, who with hungry eagerness were devouring their miserable meal. The Scotchmen with one voice roared, "damn the rabels! we ha them noo! noo quarters, noo quarters! Let us kill um au." So saying they ran at once with their bayonets upon the unarmed victims, and stabbed them repeatedly, while in the *very* act of imploring mercy on their knees protesting their innocence; but the merciless Highlanders, whose hearts never felt an impulse of pity, answered not their supplications, but by louder cries of, noo quarters, and continued to mangle their bodies, with their bayonets, till their arms tired; but this was not enough, they agreed to drag the dying bodies to the town, to let their Colonel see what they had done; and they *did* actually drag the groaning carcasses *into* Kilcock, to Col. G——; who was not yet retired to rest, who highly approved of their courage and indefatigable zeal for the good of the country, promised to recompence their services with promotion—immediately ordered the still struggling bodies to be hung by the chains on the butchers hooks, in market-street; and that he might the better glut his eyes with this bloody spectacle, he ordered his Scotch boys to fire at the suspended bodies, while he, *himself*, stood a feasted spectator of this revolting scene, until they became as riddles, where they remained several days; monuments of Scotch heroism and magnanimity. It has been remarked from the beginning that cruelty and cowardice go hand in hand, of which the subsequent anecdote is a proof. This brave son of Mars, sallied forth one morning accompanied by his Highlanders, with cannon, arms, amunition, &c. with an intention, *if he met no resistance*, to cut the rebels to pieces. When he came within sight of the insurgents, he began to reconnoitre their ranks. The insurgents put themselves in array, and prepared to give the Colonel battle; the Colonel made a dead halt; being more fond of luxury than the soldiers of the mighty Cyrus of old, who assuaged their hunger with coarse bread and wild herbs, and slacked their thirst with ditch water, after the example of their invincible General: not so with the *misguided* insurgents; my brave countrymen, who, *sans* General, *d'armée*, *sans* discipline, courageously faced a veteran army; and instead of coarse bread, wild herbs and water, had their baggage carts well stored with good potatoes, fat flitches of bacon, and several cars loaded with half barrels of buttermilk for general beverage. Now, Mr. Cox, you must know, that half barrels seen at a distance, do not intirely unresemble cannons, at least they appeared as such, to the terror-struck Colonel; to whose astonished eyes they seemed, through his microscopical quizzing glass, the largest battering cannon; then instantly calling out, all pale, and in a tremendous voice, "toorn toorn! my bra boys the cursed rabels ha got cannon, roon roon, oor we shau be au cut to pieces;" so saying, himself and his light-footed Highlanders scoured across the country, with precipitation, towards Leixlip, where they found security, at head quarters. To this day the name of Colonel G——, is remembered in the vicinity of Kilcock, with horror, for his inhumanity, and contempt,

mpt, for his cowardice and to every erson, beast or bird, that manifests a astardly spirit, is given the name of olonel Gordon. A farmer in the eighbourhood had a very large turkey ock, which strutted about, making continual noise, with as much pride nd arrogance as if he was master of e farm-yard; but the smallest hen, ick, or even a chicken, beat him way from the food at pleasure, nor ould he dare to resent their attacks, nd this *same* turkey cock was as well nown by the name of Colonel G. as at great promontory at Dublin is by e name of Hoath-hill, and were it ot that I would not soil your paper ith any substance of a disagreeable lour, I could tell you the physical fect the sight of the half barrels of ttermilk had on the body of our eroic Colonel.

HIBERNIA.

LAUGHTER IN CARLOW.

(Continued from our Mag. for August, page 364.)

MR. EDITOR,

Recollecting the innumerable claims at a captive people must have on e only publication in the country, at has courage to stigmatize an inlerant Government, and recollectg also, that it would be tedious to capitulate all the sumless murders mmitted, no doubt, for the glory of od, I will conclude my rapid sketch this memorable catastrophe.—As have been a melancholy witness to e murderous atrocities which I have tempted to describe, I am certain I derate the number massacred in Carw during that week of blood, when say, they amounted to more than *e hundred* of as fine fellows as ever anned the *graves of Walcheren*, or anured the plains of *Spain or Portgal*. As the demon of Oppression as resolved that his Magazine of ngeance should explode over this illoverned, ill-fated town, an account the mode of treating prisoners, must warmly engage the attention of my countrymen.—In order to give the reader an idea of the kind of monsters that gave motion to the political machine, I will just mention one instance of depravity, which will enable the mind to credit a tale of woe, as disgraceful to the country, as it shall be faithfully narrated.—Some days prior to the murder, there was a mountain cormorant descended from the ridge of Old Leighlin, and lit on the town of Leighlin-bridge, where he croaked destruction to his devoted prey; this carnivrous monster was known by the name of "Paddy the Pointer," whoever was marked by the talons of this Kite, were instantly seized on, their arms tied behind, and in that situation, in the form of a flight of wild Ducks, they marched manacled into Carlow. To the disgrace of the aristocracy of the country be it said, that they met these traders in blood, paraded the town, accompanied by this vulture, who, mounted on a horse, with a long white rod in his hand, led this *Christian Crusade*! But as the publicity of the scene would not admit of a prompter, and his master refusing his magic aid, he overshot the mark, and in his zeal for the extirpation of Popery, he fastened on some of the yellow tribe, which, in some measure, weakened the respectability of his evidence: notwithstanding this instance of fallibility, whoever he pointed at was dragged to the gallows-yard, where all were consigned to the dungeon, except such as could answer to the death-like signs of *Orangeism*.—In looking into the annals of barbarous nations, even where tyranny spread her Dragon-wing over the sable-children of Africa, there—even there—there is not a parallel for the cruelty inflicted on the victims confined in the different prisons in Carlow. In the jail, there was upwards of one hundred, whose rigorous captivity was in some measure aleviated by the humanity

humanity of the jailer; but the horrors practised on such as were confined in the gallows-yard, sets description itself at defiance—— The place of confinement was a stable, about twenty-feet square, paved with large rugged stones, which rendered it extremely difficult for exhausted nature to repose on: the stench occasioned by the late tenants of this region of despair, was increased by cutting off all communication of fresh air, which rendered breathing nearly impossible: the number confined here was about sixty—to describe the tyranny practised on the poor countrymen would far exceed the limits of a letter; it was usual on entering the prison to be knocked on the head with a carabine, or kicked in the bottom of the belly; I have known men that never saw the day light during their confinement, from blows they received from the inhuman monsters that were placed over them—but there was a species of cruelty practised on those men, whose sweat has fertilized the soil of their tormentors, which would disgrace a Couthon or a Suwarrow.—I appeal to the candor of my reader, whether the Russian Bear that murdered his prisoners in cold blood, was not more merciful, than the Irish savage, who could himself feast, while he ordered sixty of his countrymen to *Starve!!!* yes, I repeat it, ordered them to *Starve!* for it is notorious, that, for the first four days of confinement, it was by bribery alone their friends could procure them sustenance—this is a fact that should not be concealed; the historian should mark it by tingeing the types with blood—hear it you *Camdens*, and *Castlereaghs;* hear it you overgrown, stall-fed, tithe-fed, big-belied *Bishops;* hear it and blush, if yet a blush remains?—When their humanity suffered them to admit nourishment to the starving victims, such was the caution used, that, both the bearer and sentinels, were obliged to taste, ere it was suffered to approach the lips of the prisoners—it is almost superfluous to remark, that this was done to prevent them from terminating their misery, which would deprive the Carlow bloods of an evening's amusement; for, it was a custom with the *Best Man* in Carlow to mess in the barrack that he might revel in blood as well as wine.—As Major Dermiss's room was exactly over this abode of sorrow, he appeared every night at the prison door, at the hour of twelve, habited like a Turk, and in a voice of thunder denounced death and destruction, by ordering the guard to shoot the prisoners, should the smallest noise prevail! saying, "we cannot spare a single soldier to watch the prisoners,"—not one night passed, but they were on their knees, expecting every moment to be dispatched, even the very noise of an express, was sufficient to alarm the *Dogs of War*, who, panted with impatience for the signal, to lap the blood of the human game.—But let us hope that the time is near,

When thy proud Lords, unpitied land!
shall see
That Man hath yet a soul—and dare be
FREE!
Then to the dust oppression shall be
hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from
the world!

A CARLOW FRIEND.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

From a Baron in the South, to a well known Politician at Mount Jerome.

MY VERY DEAR KEOGH.

I hope you will consider I have performed my duty, in obtaining for you, the Resolutions of thanks, which both of us have so great an interest in procuring, as generally as possible; that I had difficulties to contend with of no ordinary kind, you will readily admit, but I have, as you will see, with the assistance of our best friend, the *Honorable Mr. F.* overcame them. There were several both here and in

——————whom I communicated

favour

my intentions to, and whose co-operation I thought I might count upon, from favours extended to them by my firm; (which by the bye is no bad auxiliary in a difficult cause.) but to my great mortification, I found them most resolutely determined to resist any favourable expression towards you; and therefore, I intimated to them that I would abandon the object, in consequence of its not meeting with *their* approbation; you know, you and I have always concurred that all is fair in political warfare, no matter *what principle abandoned, what friend sacrificed, nor what cause betrayed.* I therefore, in adherence to these *sacred* doctrines pursued *secretly*, my first intention, and enlisted by every stratagem I was master of, (and I did not fail to bring into my aid, the system you have told me, you have so successfully practised when you had M'Donnell, Sweetman, M'Cormick and others to manage) as many as I could who received instructions to remain, for some time after the business of the day was apparently disposed of. I thus secured the departure of our opponents, whom, to say the truth, were able to overpower us with numbers, and the detention of my *Bank friends*, and by the result you will see I accomplished my object. It is well that this manœuvre is not again to be practised, for I think, I will be watched pretty closely hereafter; I hope and trust, you have arranged matters well with Everard of Sligo, and our *veto* friend, Boyle of Cork; and Sir Patrick O'Connor; and our new friend John Byrne, in Louth and Dublin. I tremble for the result, but fortunately your poor tenantry in the former county, will be useful; I hope you have desired your Agent to give them upon this occasion, *shoes* and *stockings;* pardon me here, when I conjure you to exercise towards them, in future more humanity, your severity and exaction of such *high rents*, are made use of by your enemies, to establish the truth of every political crime laid to your charge, it is alleged, and with much feasibility, that a man who can be so cruel to his tenants for the purpose of some small and wretched increase of money, would not have virtue sufficient to resist the bribe of a Minister, to betray any political trust reposed in him. Upon this subject of political delinquency, you and I have much of obloquy to purge ourselves from, and it is high time for both of us to strike out some plan for an exculpation, or at least, to have placed upon record, what may throw *doubts* in the way of *self evident facts.* Edward Byrne is the only one of the Delegates who went over with us in 1793, to London, who has paid his debt of nature, to be sure. Devereaux cannot now do any mischief as he is a prisoner in France, and may never return; and I think I have muzzled Bellew, by prevailing upon him to second the resolution of thanks to you in Galway; I have considered this attempt at exculpation, more imperative, since I have read a book said to be written by Thomas Addis Emmet, in America, with the assistance of Doctor M'Nevin, who was a member of our Sub-committee in 1793, in which there is the following passage—"while some of the Delegates from the convention were yet in London, the Sub-committee apprehending from *private* circumstances, that it was advisable to make the extent of their wishes known to the Irish administration, deputed some of their body to wait on Major Hobart, and acquaint him that the object and expectations of the Catholics were the entire Repeal of the Popery laws—this declaration the Secretary received with perfect politeness, but without implicating his responsibility, by an indiscreet reply—some days after, a second interview, on the same subject, having been judged necessary, the Sub-committee feeling that it was called upon to be precise and specific,

desired its Deputies to read to Mr. Hobart, on its part the same declaration reduced to writing: when it was accordingly done, Mr. Hobart addressed himself to Mr. Keogh, one of the Deputation, and asked "Did he not think that if Government went for the Elective Franchise, and a Repeal of the Catholic Laws relating to Juries, with some minor circumstances then stated, enough would be done?" Mr. Keogh replied "that as one of the deputation, he could only answer that it would not content the Catholics, and that there he had no right to deliver any private opinion." "But it is your private opinion I request to know?" rejoined the Secretary.—— "Why then," said Mr. Keogh, "if I *was* to give my private opinion, I should say they are substantial benefits." "*It is not in the power of Government, directly answered the Minister, to grant more.*" Some vague discourse was then carried on with others of the Deputation, as if it was possible to negociate on the footing of partial Emancipation.

When the conversation, in substance at least, the same as the foregoing, was repeated to the Sub-Committee, it was exceedingly irritated, and hoping to retrieve what was past, instantly sent a NEW Deputation, consisting of different Members to reiterate the declaration in stronger terms, but the Secretary had taken his ground.—— Which bears so strongly upon your integrity that some refutation of the tendency of its inference should be undertaken, I know you have at your command the services of the worthy and respectable Mr. Comerford, give him the materials, in which you need not be very scrupulous, and I have every confidence he will put them into a good shape; for God's sake dont let *Clinch* or *Brennan* meddle with the matter. I know you have considered silence as the wisest course *hitherto*, but, I think it will be better to flatly deny that you ever held any private and unauthorised interview, whilst on the Delegation in London, with the Minister of the day, or that *that* interview was *accidentally* discovered by a certain Marquiss, going abruptly into the apartment in which you were closeted with the Minister. You must deny that your sentiments respecting the instructions of the Catholic convention, to its Delegates, were altered after this private interview, and that you advised the other Delegates to concur with you in recommending the Sub-committee, which remained in Dublin, to open a negociation with Major Hobart, the then Secretary for Ireland, which you know you were particulary instrumental in preventing, previously to our being appointed to go to London, when Lord Donoughmore was sent by Lord Westmoreland with an assurance to the Members of the Convention, that if the Petition to the King was delivered to him, he would transmit it with a recommendation from his Government, that the prayer of it would be taken into his Majesty's most gracious consideration. You must manage this part of the subject with great address, for it is only in the power of such talents as Mr. Comerford's, to be able to persuade the Catholics that the negociation so refused, and by your instrumentality, could then be injurious, and become magically serviceable, so soon as Mr. Dundass recommended this course, after the private interview had been had with you; you will see the necessity likewise of explaining away the seeming knowlege which Major Hobart had of the satisfactory answer you would give to the question he put to you, as described by Emmett, namely: "did you think that if Government went for the elective Franchise, and the Repeal of the Catholic Laws relating to Juries with some minor circumstances then stated, enough would be done?" otherwise it will occur to such troublesome men as Nicholas Mahon, to enquire if it is not self evident, if Hobart was not certain of the answer he

he would receive, he would not risk the putting of the question to you, who had been, as no doubt, reported by Lord Donoughmore, the very man to prevent the negociation with the Convention, on the professed ground, that by entering into it you would imply a willingness to accept of less than total emancipation, in preference, to putting the question to Edward Byrne, Dennis Thomas O'Brien, Mac Donnell and others, who were supposed to be always more moderate in their demands, as well as in their expectations. I will not press this matter further upon you, the difficulty will appear sufficient to cause you to use your utmost ingenuity. You are accused of having received about this period a considerable addition to your fortune. I know it will be difficult for you to shew how a property at the utmost of about £20,000. with which I understand, you retired from your mercery pursuit, chargeable with the maintenance of a numerous family, could increase to the comparative immense income of £6000 per annum; but surely that is not very difficult to give satisfaction upon: there have been lotteries, and you were successful in your adventures. As to the Peerage my late noble mother received, she was the particular friend of our present most gracious Queen, and what wonder is it that by her influence his Majesty was prevailed upon to gratify the wishes of his lovely consort. You can say my mother went to school in Germany with the Queen, provided you find from our good friend, Mr. Cornelius Keogh, that such personages in that country go to any public place for their education. By the bye, I have been informed you have made some indiscreet remarks upon this same Peerage, at a time when you and I were not on very friendly terms. I can scarcely suppose that you could have said, even in a moment of passion, that "a dirty old woman in Connaught, (meaning my mother) having received a Peerage, demonstrated my perfidy to the Catholic cause," for God's sake do not repeat these indiscretions; deny the fact of our having so many squabbles in London, that you attempted to insist upon my name being placed at the foot of the other Delegates, when we notified our arrival to your friend Mr. Dundass, or that you wished to remain after the other Delegates took their departure from thence, or that I threatened to pistol you if you would persist, or that this argument was successful.

Explain how it came to pass that you moved in Francis-street Chapel, in 1795, that the Catholics should for ever renounce the project of persevering in the pursuit of their emancipation, and join their Presbyterian Brethren in the general cause of reform, (the very conduct desired by Mr Pitt) which subjected the Catholics to become a prey to every designing and mistaken political adventurer, and which caused many of them to become the victims of the united folly and treachery of some of the leaders of the United Irishmen, and of the free quarters, burning and whiping of the Orange Government of the day. Also explain how you managed to procure a protection from Justice Drury, by his Certificate of your having conformed to an Amnesty-bill, thereby acknowledging yourelf to be an United Irishman, and so soon as measures were ripe for commencing the work of Union, Lord Castlereagh gave you permission to go to England with all your family and property, whilst your old companions in politics, John Sweetman and Doctor M'Nevin, were immured in a prison, and Richard M'Cormick obliged to abscond. I am well aware you had the address at that time to influence Denis Bowes Daly to apply to Lord Castlereagh for his permission to pass into England, in order that it might appear the Government of that day were not friendly to you; but you are now generally known to possess so much cleverness in the

art of intrigue, that something satisfactory in the way of explanation, will be absolutely necessary. to convince the people you were not an agent of the Government from 1793 to 1798, of all things free yourself from the possibility of being associated in fame with Tom Reynolds. Can you explain in any way satisfactory your conduct in 1804, when you recommended the Catholics to abstain from petitioning the Legislature for the removal of all the Penal Laws, and strongly urged the more *dignified* course of Memorialing Mr. Pitt; this continued devotion to the wishes of Mr. Pitt is most unfortunate in your political history, as it would seem that you have uniformly, since the period of that unfortunately discovered conversation with the Minister in 1793, promoted the accomplishment of every measure of hostility which that Minister meditated against this devoted country. You have been much aspersed for a want of feeling for the distresses of the Wife and Children of the late Theobald Wolfe Tone. It has been said that a subscription was set on foot, principally amongst his former friends, and that you had been applied to for your contribution, when you generously promised to give fifty pounds, but when you were called to for payment, your *memory* professed entire ignorance of any such promise, *and you refused to contribute;* now it is well known that poor Tone spent a great part of his time in composing and writing speeches for you, to deliver if you could, but at all events to have printed, as if spoken by you, whereby you will be thought of by future historians, to be a learned man, although Clinch thought proper to represent you otherwise; I am aware, you may allege, that by your influence in the Sub-committee, in 1793 and 1794, you procured him a very large contribution from the funds of the Catholic body, but this kindness will be considered to have been at other peoples expence, and wont wipe away the stain of the want of humanity, towards his suffering children, in a foreign country—set this matter to rights.—It has been rumoured too, and I believe by Mr. Marsden, that you had a negotiation of a very important nature, upon the tapis with the Right Honourable John Foster, in 1804; how comes it to pass, that so clever a man as you are, should so unhappily expose yourself to have all your *private* dealings with great and small politicians, brought thus to light; you know it will appear damning to a Catholic, to seek favors from Mr. Foster. There is scarcely any thing more, that I would wish you to disavow in the statement, (I think it right to have published) from 1804 to the present period, except a part of a speech delivered by you, at a meeting of Catholics, in Stephen's-green, where you say you never would divulge the secret conversations you had with the Minister, in 1793—plumply deny you ever uttered such an expression, otherwise it is recorded by yourself, that you had a private conversation with the Minister, on the subject of your mission, in your delegated capacity in 1793, now 18 years ago, without the concurrence of your fellow Delegates, and to whom you never imparted its nature or substance. There might have been some reasons for withholding the communication at the time, but surely if you dont deny that you never had such a conversation, it will appear entirely unaccountable that you should after such a lapse of time, think it disserviceable to the Catholic cause to disclose it—you had better not touch on Ryan's statement, the impression made upon the public by its circulation, has not served *us*, but we have the satisfaction of feeling that we prevented his attainment of the favor intended him, by Mr. Fox, and Lord Henry Petty—you need not say any thing about my having solicited the same appointment, for our friend, the Honourable Charles F——

through

ough Mr. D. B. Daly. I have in my ciety, for your future fame, touched on such subjects, as I think most terial, to bring under your immedi- consideration, it is possible I may ve omitted many, which you ought embrace, but when they shall occur me, I will not fail to write to you ain; my health is but poorly, I ve undergone great vexation of mind late; it gives me great satisfaction find you are again restored to your iable family; and proud I am, that, e labour of our friend, Mr. Billy urphy, to out rival the last tribute id to the Rev. Mr. Clarke's remains, likely to be postponed to a more stant day.

Yours affectionately.

am Bank.
August, 1811.

LETTER FROM NED CAHILL.

MR. COX,

I lost my hand in the *sarvice* of ing George the III. God bless him, id people now say as how he is mad, it, that is neither your affair or mine. nd though I have lost one hand, Ir. Cox, I make shift to write these w lines with the *tother*, which is my ft, and so I hope you will excuse y bad writing. Well Sir, the 12th f this month, we were all *tould* that here was not to be any more orange *xpeditions*, nor *dissemblies* of Orange- ien in all the whole *province* of Ire- nd, but that we were all, both Pro- estants, Quakers, Presbyterians, and wadlers, to live for ever *heretofore* in he greatest peace and *animosity*. Sure nough we were going *with the great- et of mildness*, to make a bonfire, to *xecrate the distinction* of religious *con- ord*, when, what should myself, and he boys of the market hear, but the une of "croppy lie down" playing in he Church-lane. Well, out of the narket we all run, and who should we espy, but master Willy *limping* way before forty or fifty taylors, and coblers, and tinkers, and scavengers, and shoe-boys, and they had orange lillies stuck in their caps, and master Willy had one as well as the rest. As they had guns and *bagnets*, we were afraid to be sure, to shout after them or throw dirt on them, but by my soul, Mr. Cox, if it was'nt for their *defensive* weapons, we'd have dirtied them *pirty* well, with clauber, "*do ye mind me.*" When they marched a'l through the streets, with master *limpy lero* in the front, playing the "Boyne Water, Protestant boys, and Croppy lie down;" they went back to the Church-lane, and master Willy went to make a fine *noration* to them— "gentlemen" says he to the shoe-boys; "if any individual, hem, hem; if any individual I say, hem, hem; gentlemen I have got a great *could*, but you all know what I mean to say." "Yes your honour" says the scavengers, and they gave three great shouts. Now Mr. Cox, the truth is, that master Willy could no more make an *noration*, than I could swallow him in a bit, lame leg and all, and as for his person, such a commander! Why Mr. Cox, if you met him in the streets of Carlow, without a good coat on him, you would give him a halfpenny for charity: so, after the three shouts the shoe-boys went home to eat the *praties*, and I was desired by a very honest neighbour, old Derham, to write you the whole account of it. You must know Sir, that Col. Rochford is dead, and master Willy will soon limp after him, and we *suspected* there was an end to all orange doings in this town, for he was the grand *minister*, (as the saying is) of Orangemen. And they say, Mr Cox, that he died like Herod, or Antiochus, or Tiberius, or the Walking Gallows, or Cornet Lawder, or the Gory Orangeman that eat the Priest's vestments.— *I axed* a decent boy in the market, who has fine *larning*, what the name of the *melody* was, that *kilt* the *Curnel*, and he says its called the *Morbus pedicularis*,

pedicularis, and it was he told me about Herod and the other *fellous*, that I put their names in this letter, and he says they were all Orangemen. Now Sir, I leave it to yourself, and every one here says, "you'r an honest man" for all you'r in Newgate, about *cutting the painter*, and sure we all know, that you *coudent cut the painter*, and sure if it is to be, you cant help it, for *what is to be, must be*, (as the saying is) but i'll leave it to you Mr. Cox, whether it is *sarving* government to let forty or fifty *scabby* Orangemen, with a shabby *Lazar* for their leader, to be making a shew of themselves with their orange lillies, vexing all the honest people in the town—for, "*do ye mind me*" Mr. Cox, all the good disposed men, the Romans, and Protestants, and Quakers, say, that "its very wicked, and very foolish to be breeding mischief among neighbours, that would never have a word of dispute," if such wretches as *hungry pimps* and *lame beggars* wasent to be keeping the thing alive, for to get themselves made *permament Sargents* and *Liftenants*, because they're too proud to work for honest bread, and they're too cowardly to go rob — Besides Mr. Cox, such matters makes us not forget the murders and robberies that was committed on our *ansesters*, which we wish to forget if they will let us. If they go on this way; and Lord Bullington goes his way, and the French comes after him the other way, what a *purty kettle of fish*, they'll make of us all, when they find us ready to cut one anothers throats, about a man that came over with a big breeches from Holland, to make us eat praties, and wear frize, in place of bread and broadcloth. And who had more Romans than Protestants, in the army that beat his *dirty* father-in-law at *Oldbridge*; but the Orangemen here know nothing about history, or any other kind of larning, for they are as ignorant as *Hottentots*; and master Willy is the first. Mr. Cox, they ought to be " its a very long lane that " turn," we wish to forgive and if they will do the like; and co ing that *Bonnypart* is only thre sail from the coast of Ireland, he has 150 sail of the line!!! an *ould* soldier Mr. Cox, and I what's what. I made *bould* to you this letter for to *sarve* my try, and hopes you'll excuse the ble—so no more at present from yours with the greatest of mil

NED CA

Carlow, July 14th, 1811.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your kindness in inserti a former publication the OSNA BH of an "UNFORTUNATE O'NEILL," induced him to send you the follo one, which if you be equally favo to, will, in some measure, tend to s the asperity of his grief.

OSNA BRON *Sigh of Sorrow.*

LISTEN Ostream of fallen Benbu or roll thy black waves in sile whilst I mourn the Chiefs that h passed away—the sons of the mig that are low,—like the sun beams played on the hill in the evening, t are gone—even their traces are not hind them—long are their footst blown away off the heath.—Mig were they indeed! but mighty v their foes—in Erin's battle they b —in the field of the life-crushing a —in the fight of the valiant they di ——Ah! where shall I behold th like?—the wide scope of earth can boast their peers!—Alas, in thy mo dering walls O Benburb, I stare arou me—but in vain do I search the c ners—in vain do I strain these gr distilling eyes; for the brave offspr of ULLAGH's once mighty Chief mains not now to prop thy disjoin walls and scour the plains of Innisa of the dark-brow'd *intruders* clann;

n

as then can the children of Mi-
h lie down and slumber in safety,
strangers are amongst them—and
presence of the *intruder* stops the
ing motion of the harmless joke,
from the last of the winters
t they retire round the blaze of
withered heath, watched are their
ls—suspicion follows their steps—
ess is their state.—But long is the
n that is not followed by a calm!—
ss misery is not the lot of the
niard's race—for the folly of
her days" they are lashed—their
entors nought but the rod of the
T HIGH!—for the stripe of the
ptian resounded on the back of
l, but freed were his children
his yoke.——When the Elect of
err, the enemies of his name are
nstruments of his anger—the con-
ers of his justice are as rods in his
!—Thrice two hundred years
rolled round, and with them a
ous succession of hideous woes,—
the crimes of our fathers are not
ed off the memory of retribution—
the day is not far distant when
recollection shall be no more—
en the OMNIPOTENT shall send re-
to their children.—When the *Gall*
his hated race shall feel the poig-
sting of affliction—When he shall
that if leaden-footed justice be
, she is unerring in her pursuit—
the stripes of her wrath are
y and severe——for unhallowed
his hands with the blood of the in-
nt, they are red, and mercy was
far removed from his coward heart.
—The Ghosts of those whom his
l rage strewed lifeless over the
, stare him in the face——their
-darting eye-balls appear as if they
ld scorch him with their fire—yet
ght can give the sigh of sorrow to
flint-clad soul.—Faithful shall be
words of the Bard of ancient years!

Long and dreadful will be the
ows of ERIN, and many the wounds
er peace!—but MERCY shall look
n on the land, and the power of
intruder shall dwindle as the fallen
leaf." ! ! !——Oh! that *that* day may arrive—and soon—for bitter would be the thought to the Bard at his death, that his eyes were closing on the chain-bound Children of EIRE! ! ! ! !

——Oh! how can I be aught but frantic with wild rage and grief when on one side I behold *upstarts* in high and gilded vehicles, bearing Crests and Arms, as tho' they had been NOBLE CHIEFS in NOBLE days—and on the other the CHILDREN of the once MIGHTY MEN! worn out under the toil with which their cursed invaders have pressed them to the ground——Unhappy is the condition of ERIN, and remorseless are her tyrants hearts.

O'NEILL,* dauntless, belied, ill-fated child, of the once happy ULLA! where art thou? cold in the "*narrow house*" thou liest!——withered be the hand that laid the low——Deep is the sigh of ERIN—tears bedim her heavy rolling eyes,—for where thou wentest her hope fled away, like snow on the heath of the mountain, when the sun darts the beam of his strength against it.——Oh! may the black curse of the widowed mother descend on thy ruthless foes—may the pointed fire of Heaven——but hush! useless rage of my uplifted soul;——what can their madness achieve for the luckless, grief-worn land of Innisalga? —nought—then leave to Heaven the mitigation of that punishment which the rigour of its justice required it should inflict.——ERIN! Child of misfortune! wipe away the tear off thy cheek!—console thee, my mother, for of thy bitter draught of affliction, nought but the dregs remains in the cup—near is the hour in which thy "cold hearted" tyrant shall roll in the dust beneath the scourge of long derided, long insulted Heaven.—Then will the race of the Scythian Spaniard taste the almost forgotten sweets of peace—then will plenty beam on the fields of verdant Innisfail! and pleasure dwell within the walls of Benburb!—light and airy then will be the thoughts of

O'NEILL.

Benburb, Sept. 25, 1811.

* The Family of O'NEILL.

A New

A new treaty of alliance.

A treaty offensive and defensive we understand has been finally entered into, between Lord Cheltenham, who has been heretofore known by the appellation of the "*natural representative of the Catholics*," and of the "possessor of all taste and delicacy;" John Keogh, Esq. of Mount Jerome, James Bernard Clinch, Barrister at Law, John Brenan, Esq. *alias*, the Wrestling Doctor; by which it is contracted that they shall individually and collectively labour to mar and discomfit all the exertions which may be made by Counsellors O'Connell, and O'Gorman, Doctor Dromgoold, and such others, as have heretofore stood forward as the undaunted champions of the Catholic cause, in their endeavors to combat the unconstitutional efforts of Mr. Pole, to deprive the Catholics of their right to petition—it is likewise agreed that in future the contracting parties shall not publish any lampoons or scurrilous hand bills, against each other, but that they will use all their talents in vilifying and defaming such characters as shall dare to deny that John Keogh is one of the purest and most immaculate characters now living; and in order that this necessary duty shall be carried into complete effect, John Burke Fitzsimons, Tipperary, authorized the Wrestling Doctor to promise the services of his independent paper, the Hibernian Journal, to promote the honourable intentions of the "moderate Catholics," so associated. Lord Cheltenham commenced his efforts at the late meeting of the Catholics, in the County of Dublin, by opposing a vote of thanks, to the late General Committee of the Catholics of Ireland, on which occasion he declared "*he was always of opinion*, no man was so deserving of the Catholic gratitude as his *worthy and venerable friend* John Keogh!!!" we have heard it said that LORD CASTLEREAGH advanced a lie with more self confidence than any o Lord, but the declaration made Lord Cheltenham, outdoes him many degrees. We understand t was much difficulty to bring the tracting parties to agree upon terms of the treaty. John Keogh much averse to associate with L Cheltenham, until he gave up the nuscript of the life and adventures Slippery Jack, which he notified the year 1806, he was determined short time to gratify the public w a view of—Whereby he promised unfold the "the Life and Adventu of SLIPPERY JACK, a *notorious char ter*, with an interesting account of *various escapes*, and of the SILKY pri ples and honorable contrivances, means of which he effected them."

James Bernard Clinch likewise l great objections to form the allian because Lord Cheltenham with renowned "taste and delicacy," ter ed him in the year 1806, a ragg a—d writer, only fit to manufactt puzzle sticks: but his Lordship ma ample atonement, and the Lawyer w reconciled.

We have not room to observe fr ther upon this monstrous coalition, b we pledge ourselves we shall keep eye upon the parties, and hold the up to the observation of the public.

CAPTAIN WALSH

AND THE

WELLESLEYS.

The celebrated hero Captain Walsh whose conduct towards the catholi soldiers under his command in Enni ki len, was brought before the public and a demand made on the governmen for redress for the brave men, b Counseller Kernan, to which the go vernment of his Grace the Duke o Richmond gave a decent appearance and apparently submitting to publi opinion, had this captain removed t Longford, after reprimanding him fo hi

his gross conduct towards his men, whom he frequently treated in the most ignominious manner by turning their cloathes, and condemning them to unmanly drudgery for going to mass. The captain knew the men under whom he aspired to rank too well, to desist from his proselyteing military piety. He is too well informed in the policy and trick of the Wellesleys, to apprehend any danger, or any interruption, in the line of his profession by abandoning his little system of persecution and insult. He is too well read in the *Patriot's, Circular letters*, and speeches of the Talaverian family, to apprehend they will consider him departing from their system, by any act that will evince his abhorrence of the proscribed doctrines of popery. Captain Walsh, though he may become odious in the eyes of the liberal part of the empire, knows full well, that the "No popery Perceval and his creatures the Wellesleys, and the "*unspotted Ermine*," appreciate his services too highly to abandon him to vulgar malignity. No, dear captain, your fate, is not in common hands. You will rise in defiance of popery and its partisans, your services, demand for you, the *Baton*. You are destined to figure in the military annals of your country. Captain Walsh will form a star himself one day among those great Generals whose exploits have placed them among that constellation of Commanders, who have astonished the admiring world; beside the Wellingtons, Blayneys, and Johnstons. Those Great Heroes, of Talavera, Malaga, and New Ross, will not appear a whit superior to the *turn-coat champion* of Enniskillen. We have received the following account from a Correspondent in Longford, of a brilliant affair, which gives him another l urel, and poises our hero another step on the military scale.

About three weeks back the wife of one of the Artillery drivers, in Longford Barracks, lying-in, and the child being rather delicate the Rev. Mr. ..... coadjutor in the parish, was requested to attend at the Barracks and baptize the infant. He accordingly went, and was in the act of commencing the ceremony, when an "orderly man" came in with positive commands that *no such business* should be suffered there: he was followed in a few minutes after by the *noble Captain* himself, who, in the greatest rage and fury abused the unfortunate father in the most gross manner, and ordered him to take the child instantly from the Barracks to some cabin, for that *there* (the barracks) it should not be baptised—The slave was of course forced to comply with the inhuman mandate, but the wretched mother would not be separated from her child in her then critical condition, and wrapping a blanket round her, followed her infant.

CATHOLICS & DOCTOR DUIGENAN.

We have it from the most respectable authority, that the Roman Catholics of the city of Dublin will be convened, in a few days, under the auspices of Dr. Duigenan, for the purpose of voting, the thanks of their community to W. W. Pole, Esq. for the extraordinary services he has rendered them, by the publication of his circular letter, and the proclamation issued from his Majesty's Irish privy Council, on the 30th of July last.—Jack Giffard, Farrel the constable, the Glasnevin bishop, the Major, Kent the huxter man, D. Latouche, Serg. Moore, Serjeant M'Mahon and the Solicitor General, it is said, have signified their intentions of countenancing the meeting by their presence. It is also reported that Mrs. Peter Latouche, with all the purchased proselytes of the Delgany school, will attend upon this edifying occasion. The three lawyers will prove to the satisfaction of the assembly, that, although in the eye of the law, it is a high misdemeanour for a man in distress to beg for relief, yet, it is agreeable to the present state of the constitution,

praise worthy, and deserving of reward, to approve of the conduct of Ministers, whatever it may be, and whether it arise from ignorance, imbecility, or wickedness —The Doctor intends to make a long speech in his *usual style of eloquence and good manners;* and the *gentleman*, whom some of our cotemporaries designate by the name of "the Doc," has a speech in rehearsal, which he intends to growl out upon the occasion, with *his accustomed liberality.* We are assured he has taken so much pains in the studying of this speech, that he is able to modulate his voice to all the varieties of *Canine* intonation, from the deep chested growl of the English mastiff, to the supplicating yelp of the most fawning spaniel. The Bishop will give his solemn Benediction to the congregation, and the business of the day will be concluded by a Hymn of thanksgiving, chanted by the Major, Messrs. Farrel and Kent, and a grand chorus, by the Delgany Choir.

We have heard a report, that W.W. Pole has become a Papist, and several of the most zealous Catholics publicksly rejoice at his conversion, and argue, that his conduct for the last six or seven months, has been such as to justify the report, and proves the sincerity of his intentions to adhere to the oldest Christian Church in the world. They adduce as arguments to support their opinion, the pitiful lamentations which he makes, for the state of thraldom, in which his holiness the Pope is held by Buonaparte, and also the publication of his circular letter, addressed to the Sheriffs, Magistrates, &c. and the proclamation issued by the Privy Council, which, under the appearance of enmity to the Catholics, was in reality intended by him to consolidate the Catholic body, and cause all the respectable Protestants in Ireland to come boldly forward and give their support to their long persecuted and too patiently suffering fellow subjects. We confess, that we are of opinion, that Mr. W.W. Pole is not the sincere convert, which the Roman Catholics would wish him to be; though we allow, that his letter and the proclamation, have had the effects which they attribute to them, yet we are afraid, that they have been caused by that intolerant and persecuting spirit, which has actuated the Wellesleys and the Poles since the day of the treacherous and infamous murder of MULLIMAST.

ON BRIDGES.

Sir John Carr, the Traveller, or we might say the Book maker, in the voluminous and expensive description of his visits to Ireland, in which he attempts to describe our manners in a trifling affectation of wit, appears passionately engaged in discovering Irish bulls, speaking of Sarah's-bridge, better known to us as Island-bridge, he describes it as having two flagged footways of six feet on *each* side. We believe if this account be true, it is the only bridge in the British dominions, so peculiarly furnished; we have daily passed over it, since we read Sir John's account, and have carefully compared the bridge with the rambling gentleman's description of it, and have not yet discovered more than *one* footway on *each* side.

He takes another opportunity of driving his *English bulls*, over another bridge, in these words: "The Old-bridge is a crazy, dirty, wretched pile of antiquity, and was rebuilt in 1428; the sooner it shares the fate of its hoary brother, called Ormond-bridge, which fell *before the floods* of December 1803, the better." We are at a loss by this account to learn what particular bridge the *namby pamby* gentleman alludes to, so many bridges have fallen *before* that period, that we defy the most intelligent writer on bridge building, from Noah to Alderman Thorpe, to give us the name of the wonderful bridge, the

English

English gentleman has selected for his comparison on this occasion.

THE HARP SOCIETY.

The funds of the Society have been transferred to the Institution for instructing Blind children in useful trades. The songs of our ancient Bards have been long banished from our national melodies, by our English rulers, and to revive them, would be only recapitulating sufferings, that could have no other tendency, but to disturb by one *harmony*, the other *harmony* that exists between the Irish and their English brethren. This seasonable and loyal extinction of our Harp Society, was agreed on after mature deliberation, and to the credit of the managers, unanimously. The attendance on the solemn occasion, was numerous; among the members present, were Major Swan, Mr. Millar the Attorney, who kicked the Major at a former Meeting, Major Sirr, Farrell Bibleмouth, the Bishop of Kildare, and General Vallancy.

CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Two persons who have distinguished themselves by some specious nonsense, at some late Catholic Meetings, a Mr. Campsie and a Doctor Coyne, are highly praised in the Patriot; we regret the Catholic Body is disgraced by men, whose conduct is a theme of exultation to our enemies. When we reflect on the corruptions incident to our nature, and the dissimilarity in the human intellect, we feel nothing for the wretches who have so often started for the prize of infamy, but pity or contempt. The Christian religion, is not diminished in the opinion of the good, because it produced a Judas or a Julian; nor is Catholicity less venerable, because it produced a Luther, a Campsie, a Crowley, or a Reynolds.

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

On Monday, the 2d of September his Grace and family arrived in Belfast—poor degraded Belfast! once the residence of the most illustrious, though unfortunate of our countrymen; this is not the first time you had the gallant Colonel Lennox within your walls, your sign posts and your shops remember the visit of the illustrious guest. How the mighty have fallen! Belfast celebrated in commerce, in literature, and in the annals of liberty! Belfast, that taught a suppliant people to raise their heads and demand their rights, never contemplated when its citizens and its press were teaching and brightening our hemisphere that in 1811, Verner the exterminator of that people, whom you called from their dungeons, to taste life and freedom, should be manager of a disgusting set of ceremonies, and should lead a cavalcade in triumph through your streets; the minister of intolerance, and the angel of death, should trample those streets together, and before those houses, once the residences of a Porter, a Sampson, and a Nelson. The Northern Star, is set indeed, and the city it once animated, and the people it roused to freedom have passed away.

BIBLES.

We find by an entry made in our deserted Custom House, that Robert Shaw, the Member for Dublin, has on the 5th of September, very munificently imported another cargo of Scotch Bibles, for the use of the *mere* Irish. If our Representatives in Parliament, took as much care of our bodies as they do of our souls, there would not be a better fed race of peasantry in Europe; but the converse is the fact, the passion for making proselytes is so predominant, that we are to be cured of popery and eating; for it is attributed to our religion, not to our taste, that we make so many riotous objections to the emigrations of our provisions. We defy Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Crowley, with the whole aid of all the Bible Societies to

produce one convert among us, who would resign either his conscience or his mutton, to accommodate either the religion or the tables of our English teachers.

ENGLISH INSTRUCTION.

On Sunday, a very impressive discourse was preached in Mr. Latouche's travelling pulpit, by an English sergeant of the newly arrived militia. The discourse or lecture began at Arbour Hill, and was finished much to the credit of the strapped apostle, within twenty yards of Palmerstown. The subject was principally directed against the Irish sins of Popery and pike making. The machine that bore the preacher, was drawn by four assissant saints in a regular and convenient measure, that could not in any manner deprive the hearers on the line of grace, the benefits of the instruction intended for the rebellious and idolatrous, the only inconvenience it was attended with, being delivered in Wedgbury English; the part that was intelligible to the mere Irish, who assembled in great crowds, was the handsome and significant horror, which the missioner expressed against the sin of idolatry, by a cooper of crucifixes, one of which he very significantly broke on the brazen beak of the travelling forum, at certain stages. The Major and brother Dugdale have promised the christian world, a translation of the Sermon from the Wedgbury dialect into general English, as soon as the Bible Society can spare a dictionary of the two tongues from their library.

PRIEST CATCHING.

The Patriot has announced another Priest who has conformed; this new proselyte has so filled the elect with joy, that Biblemouth has prophesied the immediate conversion of the Irish. The Board of Grace are in raptures, and the Major has engaged, that he will be able to govern the people of Ireland, in less than two years, with St. Andrew's Watch, because said his *Honor*, "disaffection must disappear with Popery." The Major ought to recollect, that informers among priests or laymen, can be obtained, while ever rewards can be had as the wages of seduction. There are five millions of Papists in this country, and three thousand priests. Though poverty and sensual pleasures are among the leading evils of corruption, and from what we know of mankind, will, as as they heretofore have done, tend to demonstrate human depravity. It is no more an evidence of the decrease of Popery, that one priest of 3,000 is seduced into the unbounded latitude of sensual enjoyment, than it is a proof of declining morals that an idler was hanged for robbery. The British Church wants recruits, it has got two priests to sustain its skeleton, for the Methodists have not left it one member, that is not bound to it by the large bounties its funds bestow on its leaders. The Bishops and inferior clergy, are the principal part of the congregations, particularly in Ireland. The fat incumbent, preaches for his salary to his only hearers, the Sexton, the Sexton's wife and the Sweeping Brush.

HIBERNIAN JOURNAL AND MR. KEOGH.

The able Editors of this respectable and well read print, the Doctor and the Captain, have taken some pains in the paper of the 17th of September, to vindicate the characters of Messrs. Crowley and Keogh, against what the wrestling Physician terms "the manifestoes of Watty Cox." The public may judge tolerably near the truth, of the Divine, the Politician, the Captain, and the Doctor, when they are thus detected scratching each other in the Hibernian Journal. As for Watty Cox, he is prouder of his present rank in Newgate, than he could be by exchanging places and

and character with any of the *quartettoe.* The condition of the Captain, with his castle in a state of siege, and his pen soliciting credit from *Jack Keegan* the Butcher, for *blowing* his meat in the Hibernian Journal, is not very enviable—Nor is Mr. Crowley's condition much more respectable, who shares the table of the Scotch Bishop, for ridiculing his religion and his country. The Doctor sells his humour and adulation of Mr. Jerome, to the Mercer, for Sunday rations and quarterly surtouts, or at birth day feasts, celebrating the natal day of St. Cornelius, the *smutty* Bard, furnishes the annual ode that owes its poetic energy and boundless flights, to the comforts of new shoes, and the inspiration of the whiskey bottle.

BARRACK MAKING.

Not less than three additional Barracks on extensive scales are building in Dublin. The one at Golden-bridge is to accommodate 7,000 men; that between Porto-Bello and Harold's-Cross, is for 8,000; and one at Macartney-Bridge, for 1000 cavalry. As they are to be occupied by British gentlemen, who unite the profession of preachers, to the romantic trade of arms, we have no doubt they will be consulted on the Catholic Question, at some future period, if the discussion of it continues to disturb Mr. Perceval and his No-Popery agents in this country.

LORD BLAYNEY.

We understand that repeated overtures have been made by our Government to the French, for the purpose of obtaining the release of this great and distinguished General The French Government, have obstinately refused an exchange of the Irish hero, they are so apprehensive of his high military talents, that if he was restored, there would not be a strong town in the peninsula, he would not *enter.* General Sebastiani has acknowledged Lord Blayney's talents, by naming him "*the hero of Malaga.*"

ENGLISH PREACHERS.

The inspired Corporals and Drum-Majors who have lately arrived, and are every sabbath displaying their evangelical eloquence, in our towns and villages, are strangely struck at the coolness their raptures are received by the Irish. On Sunday last, a red-headed grenadier and his wife, made not less than thirty attempts to attract some hearers in Chapelized. The Apostle and his rib, removed their stool and hymn book, into every point of the village, sung and exhorted by turns, until they were exhausted, at length the gentleman was so out of patience, that he retired to share with his *Nanee* a pint of buttermilk on which they regaled, said grace and departed for roll call, declaring, "*the Hirish could only be saved by shooting.*"

ISLAND OF SAINTS.

Our habitual and obstinate disposition to Rebellion, have long since caused us to lose the character of our country; she was formerly called the Island of Saints, but, now distinguished as an Island of Rebels, where every gentleman, like Lord Clare, must have his pistols handed into his coach, as regularly as his servant hands him his hat. Our former character is about to be restored; the nation that borrowed our Legislature, is to regenerate us. she is to put us on the road to heaven, and to the purpose, has given us a loan of 2[illegible]000 preachers, under whose instruction, we have every prospect of completing a treaty with the other world, [illegible] must go, either under the [illegible] the Musquet or the Bible, the [illegible] remains in our [illegible] obey instruction its [illegible] it, we die. [illegible] ity, and

and if we do not submit to live like Saints, we must depart as Infidels.

THE SOLICITOR GENERAL.

This learned gentleman, acted as Judge of Assize on the Summer Circuit, and with much credit to his understanding, his charges to the Juries were done in a vigorous and ardent manner of language, that evince a complete knowldge of the law and the human mind; nor was his eloquence thrown away, the Juries understood every word as well as if each man had a dictionary. The prisoners felt the weight of every discourse also, to which Tom Galvin, who travels Circuit, added the expected appendix. Such men as Perceval, who have "*unspotted Ermine*," Coronets, and Ribbons to dispose of, are a kind of political haberdashers; they must get money or value in Ireland for their wares. Mr. Perceval has his note takers in all the Criminal Courts of Law, and woe be to him, that trifles with the arduous services he undertakes, for to him, the Ermine, the Ribbon, and the Coronet are forbidden.

LORD MANNERS.

We read in the Newswapers, that this bigotted man, attended the Prince Regent's Levee on his arrival from Ireland; we were surprised, that a person like Lord Manners, who avowed his determination, as a creature of the Poles, to insult the Catholics of Ireland, could have the audacity of meeting his Royal Highness, after the indignity he put on the Prince's best friends. The Prince is certainly restrained in his wishes for Ireland, or he would not have dined some time since with Lord Castlereagh and Lord Camden; but, from his natural attachment to his Irish future subjects, we think he will do as much to protect five millions of men from insult and petty oppression, as he graciously done on the 10th of September last, by chastising a corps of officers, for libelling the inhabitants of Canterbury.

JAFFA AND ARMAGH.

These two celebrated places, are the topics of recrimination in the Journals of France and England where abuse is necessary for throwing odium on each other of the adverse nations. The English newsmakers are continually quoting Jaffa as an example of the atrocious character of the French Emperor. The only authority we have for the allledged massacre at Jaffa, is Sir Robert Wilson; now we have, thousands of indisputable ones, to prove the massacres of Armagh, among those witnesses are Lord Moira, and the Earl of Gosford; and among the nine thousand sufferers, many of whom escaped, is Mr. Bernard Coile; with such evidences, we say, the horrors of Armagh are proved, while there is not a second to prove that of Jaffa.

LORD LOUTH'S DINNER.

On the Day of his enlargement, he entertained such of his fellow prisoners in the state side, as deigned to speak to him, these amounted to two persons, one an Attorney, and the other a Divine. Our readers may form some adequate idea of his Lordship's hospitality, from the elegant account they heard of him by Judge Day, a man of veracity, though like the *honorable* Mr. Jocelyn, Lord Farnham and Major Sirr, he has no great regard for *our* labours. However, the two imprisoned gentlemen, not believing one word to a Lords prejudice, who was so kind as to walk with them occasionally through Mr. M'Dowel's nursery, accepted the invitation, and a social interview took place, which the visitors expected would be accompanied by all the delicacies of the season, and the choicest wines; but alas when the turnkey who acted as servant as *Lawrence* was absent, being a small bi-

it indisposed by long fasting, unco-
ered the dishes The astonished faces
f the visitors, may be easily imagined,
nd the various attitudes of the minister,
who was after saying a grace of such
orm, deep fervor, and elevated imagery,
s would answer a Lord Mayor, or an
Archbishops table; had nothing for his
ibourbut four pounds of mutton chops,
nd a stinking haddock. His Lord-
hip observed the embarrassed state of
is friends, but attempted in vain to
estore them to an eating condition,
y desiring Dick Hayden, to send
or a pound of stakes to the market,
nd to borrow a cork *screw* from, Mrs.
M'Dowell, this effort was useless,
either of the two had strength
nough to use their knives; the chops
ere scarcely touched, and the had-
ock escaped to be flung into the
ust hole.

A HANGING MISTAKE IN 1798.

During the fervor of the proscrip-
ons of 1798, a fellow of the name of
Hutchinson, a yeoman, applied to the
ivisional minister of terror, to write
own the name of one James Cassidy,
ho resided in Church-street in the
ity of Dublin, who the informer ac-
used of hiding in a house belonging
o him in High-street, a pike head,
wo Catholic manuals and a crucifix,
very item of which was a capital
ffence to be possessed of. The loyal
an's depositions were taken for gospel
ruth, and the victim was written down
the black book for execution.
About the hour of ten in the evening,
the month of August, Hutchinson
ttended according to agreement, to
onduct the executioners to the resi-
ence of the convict, and the party
roceeded with their arms, rope and
iangles, to the spot marked out by
heir guide, fortunately for poor Cas-
dy, Hutchinson had taken such a
ock of spirituous liquors in a grocers
hop, which he had been plundering
f some seditious Teas and Bank-notes,
hat his recollection as to the geogra-
hical situation of Cassidy's lodgings,
as so confused that he missed the
house, and in his hurry conducted his
huntsmen into one of similar appear-
ance. The party mounted the stairs
preceded by Hutchinson, and forced
into a room, in which lay a person in
bed. Hutchinson identified the game,
with a loud imprecation, and notwith-
standing some broken words of the
accused person, denying the charge,
the prisoner who appeared in a red
night cap, was immediately dragged
forward, accoutred with a yeoman's
cloak, and flung into a cart, that
attended to carry the unfortunate
person to execution. They drove off
to Arbour-hill, where Major ———s,
had a gallows ready, after flinging a
few bodies, just executed, on an ad-
joining dunghill. Hutchinson was in
the highest spirits at the prospect, his
vigilance on this occasion, gave him
of making a fortune or rising in the
state, which his companions congratu-
lated him on with considerable humour.
They had just arrived at the place of
execution, when the prisoner who ap-
peared to be nearly senseless on the
road, gave a loud shriek on seeing the
gallows, which was tolerably visible,
as the executioners had lighted torches
to direct them in their work of death.
The condemned wretch recognised the
head executioner, and the Major, and
called on him by name, for mercy,
which attracted his notice in a particu-
lar manner, and on approaching the
cart, he discovered that the person said
to be Peter Cassidy, by the informer,
was no other than Mary Neill, an
unfortunate young women of bad life,
who had been ruined by Lord C——,
Thomas Edgworth & Mary Llewelyn,
a few years before, and had been put
to-bed in a state of intoxication, from
which she was recovering, when
Hutchinson was on the point of hang-
ing her, as Peter Cassidy. The Major
was not drunk enough to have the
temerity to hang the poor devil, which
he wished to do, as it would remove a
living memorial of his noble friends
depravity, she was discharged, and
Hutchinson was advised to go catch
other game.

LORD

LORD LOUTH.

Lord Louth's return to his house from Newgate, we hope will be noticed by his numerous and well *dressed* tenants, with those demonstrations of duty and affection, which his Lordships eminent patriotism and benevolence deserves. We hope for his Lodship's tranquillity, he will not resume the *timber* business, his speculations in it have been unfavourably attended, the losses on one ash, were not less than two thousand pounds, in fact there is no man, noble or ignoble in the county, has made any thing of the trade but Mr. Mathews, and his partner one Byrne, an Attorney.

A few hours after Lord Louth's departure from Newgate, on the 18th of last month, accompanied by the Reverend Dean Keating, his man Lawrence was taken suddenly ill, through weakness, not having eat any food for the last thirty hours, and for several minutes was despaired of, however by the humanity of Mr. M'Dowell, who allowed him a bed, and by a small collection made among the prisoners, poor Lawrence was so restored by the comforts of a clean shirt, some refreshments, and a pair of new shoes, he is so much recovered, that it is expected, he will be able to obtain a service with some gentleman, who is in the habit of paying servants their wages.

A LETTER *on the reasons that led the Rev. Mathew Crowley, to change from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant Religion.*

Having read in the *Patriot* some days ago, the pretended reasons that led Rev. Mathew Crowley to change from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant Religion; it may be necessary to say, that they are not *truly* given, on the contrary, *designedly mistated* — *It is not true* that the Rev. Mathew Crowley was professor of Scriptures at the time of his leaving Maynooth; he had certainly been allowed to fill that Chair for some time, but was removed to the place of Dean, which was the last situation he held in Maynooth College, and he would have been dismissed from *this*, on account of his late conduct, had he even continued a Catholic; nor would he be allowed to resume his former place he even applied to be reinstated, when he found he could no longer hold the office of Dean, that was denied to him; hence he departed from the College in ire and irritation, declaring his intention to take some step, for which he and his friends would be sorry.—Rev. Mr. Crowley did lecture on Scripture for a very short time, but of what did those Lectures consist not *of critical observations, laborious researches, or deep disquisitions.* Mr Crowley is incompetent to these. No *he merely, literally,* and *drily selected* passages from Commentators, which he gave in the shape of a dictate—and here lies his great merit as Professor of Scriptures.—The Reverend Mr. Crowley *knows not Hebrew;* he is not *master of Greek;* he has *neither the judgement,* nor *genius,* nor *penetration;* he *possesses not* those *natural gifts,* or *high acquirements, which every man must possess, before he can become learned in the Scriptures.* Weak heads will grow dizzy by looking long into deep things. He has now departed from that Church by whom he had been educated—that Church who had selected him for her Minister, would have made him her Champion; and rewarded his merit (which is neither more nor less than a tolerably good memory improved by labour) far, very far beyond his desert. Happy indeed would it be for Mr. Crowley, if he had *considered his former expulsion from Maynooth College as the will of Providence making known to him that he had not been called to the Priestly Order; and that if he did advance to it, he would betray it.*—"*I was wild and giddy then,*" (says Mr. Crowley, speaking of his expulsion,) "*but I always loved my Religion.*"—*Alas! how inconstant this love.* He will tomorrow or next day give us his reasons *propria personæ* for leaving the Catholic Faith; we will again hear from him

him, to be sure, of the *Idolatry, Superstition, Sacrileges, Selling of Indulgences, &c. &c.* of the Romish Religion. —His eyes have been opened by Doctors Stillingfleet, Boucher, &c. &c. whom he was about to confute in his lectures of the next year, says the *Patriot*.—He received no such commission as the *Patriot* affects he had, to collect the errors of the different Sects in order to refute them. This is not a work of such difficulty, and any person who wishes to qualify himself for the task, let him read *Bossuet's Variations*. Was it from Stillingfleet and Boucher he learned the humility which taught him to fly in rage and resentment from his superiors, because they refused to gratify his vindictiveness; Doctors Stillingfleet and Boucher, &c. &c. demonstrated to him the truth of the Established Church, and falsehood of his own. Let us hear from him the arguments of those Doctors to prove the Established Church, but 300 years old, and now sinking into *methodism*, is the unchangeable Church of God, founded on a rock against whom the gates of Hell should never prevail; who never could err, as the Spirit of Truth was always to abide with her, even to the consummation of ages. Let him shew that the Catholic Church is not the true Church; which even in Ireland, arose amidst persecutions and privations, her Ministers chased like wild beasts, her followers scattered, bribes and rewards held out for deserting her, penalties and tortures against those who adhered to her, yet has she multiplied and increased; and, if Tertullian lived to this day, would not he write to Irish Catholics; "that their blood became a faithful seed for their increase?" The very means made use of for their destruction, in the hands of Providence still made them more and more multiply, and this day they cover the whole face of the land, "like an immeasureable ruin." Let him shew from his Doctors that this is not the true Church. —Let him prove that the Established Church is the *undivided Kingdom of Christ*, where every two members profess not the same principles, for this reason, every man and woman is permitted to interpret the Scriptures, to form their own notions of religion, to be instructor to themselves, and of course these interpretations must vary according to the measure of intellect which each possesses. Every man must read the Bible, and it is his duty, and blind men, and deaf men, and illiterate men, are without this great means of Salvation.—The Catholic Religion acts not thus. All Catholics are allowed to *read*, but not all to *interpret*. They have lawyers for the purpose of interpretation, as in the law of the land, and therefore whether you can read, or whether you cannot, you have it in your power to understand the law, to know it *genuinely*, in the true sense. The same for the learned and unlearned, the rich and the poor, all view it in the same uniform sense. Let him prove that the Catholic Church is not the true Church, which can count from this day, back to the days of her founder, Christ, her Pastors and Popes; naming them, shewing the days of their reigns their acts and proceedings; she alone is fulfilling the words of Jesus Christ, rolling on unchangeably to the consummation of Ages.—No other establishment, whether political or religious, can argue for their durability as She can; can count those length of Years, their immemorial Titles, their 300, or 400 Bishops, Popes passing and succeeding each other in regular order. None can shew their Wounds and Scars, and Martyrs and Champions as She can. When Mr. Crowley and the *Patriot* prove, and shews all this from Doctors Stillingfleet and Boucher, &c. &c. then will we give him credit for his Apostacy.

A CLERGYMAN.

ACCOUNT, &c.

PERNAMBUCO is a large town, containing 60,000 people, and carrying on a great foreign and domestic trade. The coast near it is very low, and the country well clothed with woods, in perpetual verdure, which, contrasted with the white cottages scattered along the shore, the Indians fishing in their jungadas, or canoes, and the beautiful serene sky, affords to the European as he approaches it, a most pleasing prospect.

The town stands on a great extent of ground, and many of the houses are well built, chiefly of stone. The streets are wide and spacious, the churches are truly magnificent, and the images they contain are immensely valuable. It is supposed that the religious form one-eight part of the population; and of the continual crowd passing through the streets, they make no small portion. These people are dressed according to the order they profess, whether Carthusians, Grey Friars, or whatever it may be. One of these orders is particularly distinguishable, not only by being externally clothed very well, but by their fair round bellies, which appear to be in general well lined, and much of the same cut with that of Sir John Falstaff. These are the Carmelites.

Nearly half of the inhabitants are slaves, who are humanely treated by the Portuguese, and make good and faithful servants. There is a market appropriated purposely for these unfortunate beings, where two or three hundred are commonly seen huddled together, squatted on their hams, like monkies, and completely *in cuerpo*. They are thus exposed for sale, having been previously rubbed over with a species of oil, which gives them a glossy, shining appearance; and, in addition, are decorated with head necklaces and bracelets, to set them off to advantage. They seem to regard white people as a superior sort of beings, and look on one as he passes with a most vacant stare, I thought to myself, one day, whilst observing three hundred of them landing from a vessel just arrived, surely the day will come when these people will be as polished as we are, and ourselves become like the ancient Romans, only known in history.

Pernambuco stands on two islands, and is connected together by two bridges, one of which is a most beautiful structure, built by the Dutch when they took this place from the Portuguese, in 1670. It consists of fifteen arches, under which runs a strong and rapid river, that comes many hundred miles down the country.

On each side of this bridge are shops full of European merchandize, particularly English manufactures, or as they are called by the Portuguse, "frazendas inglesas." It is only in the middle that a person knows he is on a bridge, he then beholds an opening, which during the day is often full of passengers, enjoying the cool refreshing breeze that comes down the river, and gratifying themselves with the prospect, which from this spot is truly delightful. The river seen winding up as far as Olinda, which is seated on a hill; on either bank beautiful white cottages, intermixed with mangrove and cocoa trees, and fruitful vineyards: the Indians paddling down the river with their unwieldy canoes, the fishermen on the beach drying their nets, and nature displaying her gayest verdure, form altogether a *coup d'œil*, which it is impossible to conceive much more to describe. The other is a very long wooden bridge, in which there is nothing at all remarkable, more than being quite open to the breeze which comes down the river. It is on that account much resorted to in the evening, especially by the English, who, seated on each side, often amuse themselves by criticising, with the characteristic liberty of their country, the numerous passengers.

Most of the houses in Pernambuco are lofty, and, instead of glass windows, have green lattices, which has a pretty

pretty effect, especially as all their houses are white, and frequently surrounded with beautiful evergreens. All these windows are prominent, not unlike the Elizabethan windows, seen in some of our old country towns. During the morning, the better sort of Portuguese are seen leaning out of them, muffled up in their long cloaks, and exhibiting a genuine picture of indolence. They never live on the ground floor, which is commonly used for cellars or shops. The ladies are only seen towards the evening, peeping through the lattices; very few ever appearing in the streets, and then closely veiled, and in a kind of hammock with curtains, carried by two slaves on a long pole.

There are a good many coffee-houses here, which are known by a small round board, with *Casa de Caffé* written upon it. The principal one is kept by a priest, and is the common resort of all the merchants, serving them as an exchange. Good wine, sangaree, and a tolerable breakfast, can be procured here at all hours of the day. Here is also an excellent billiard table, and several backgammon tables, well frequented, especially on a Sunday, the day these amusements are mostly followed, according to the custom of the Roman Catholic religion. About eleven in the morning, the merchants make a tolerable shew at this place, and a good deal of business is transacted.

Since the Prince Regent came to the Brazils, the trade has increased greatly. Before this period it was carried on with Europe in large ships, similar to our East Indiamen; but it is of course now thrown open to all nations The Portuguese merchants are rich and respectable. In all their transactions, payment is made at the time of purchase; they have no idea of credit Most of our English merchants are young men, sent out as agents from houses in England; they are a very wild set. It always appeared a mystery to me, how they contrived to live in such a gay style on a trifling commission; but I have invariably remarked, that English agents abroad live much superior to their employers at home; and while the latter become bankrupts, they in general get rich.

The harbour of Pernambuco is wonderfully convenient. It is formed by a natural pier, extending in a direct line many miles. This is a coral reef, so exactly straight and even, that one would almost imagine it the work of art. The vessels lie along side each other in tiers, moored head and stern, about half pistol-shot from the shore, and close to this reef, which at high-water spring tides is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea, and forms an excellent barrier. This place is in latitude 8° south, consequently the heat is excessive, the thermometer frequently being at 90° in the shade. During the night it is always calm, with a good deal of lightning. About nine in the morning the sea breeze comes gradually, and is strongest about noon, when by degrees it dies away into a calm, that generally takes place towards sunset.

Pernambuco is very well fortified in appearance, but it would make a poor resistance. The carriages of their guns are decayed, and no one can conceive such a set of ragged fellows as their soldiers, no two of whom are dressed in the same uniform. An officer on duty, with his guard, would form an admirable group for such a pencil as Hogarth's. All vessels on arriving in the harbour are obliged to land their powder, which is conveyed by proper officers to a Magazine, and returned on departure However, whilst deposited here, it is in general well tithed. They can raise about 5000 military. comprising the militia; however, the greatest part of these are Blacks.

The governor of Pernambuco is generally a Portuguese nobleman, and lives in great state On passing through the streets, every respect is shewn him. This office is by no means permanent,

for a new one comes every two or three years from Rio Janeiro. The present governor, who is an enterprising man, came by land from Bahia, escorted by five hundred troops. They had, in their journey, some very severe skirmishes with the natives, who are called the Japayos, and are Cannibals. By disease, wild beasts, enemies, and other evils, very little more than half of them arrived safe.

The churches at Pernambuco are large buildings. They contain some excellent paintings, and each of them has a number of chancels, or more properly chapels, dedicated to particular saints, which on certain days are shewn, ornamented with flowers. They are quite open, having no pews, and the people either stand or kneel. All are very richly furnished; in short, no one can conceive the grandeur the insides some of them exhibit. They are generally very large, with a great number of pillars, which gives them the appearance of cathedrals. One large consecrated lamp is continually burning over the high altar, and also a great number of tapers, in candlesticks, about seven or eight feet high, some of them of massy silver. The glimmering of these candles, at noon day, has a curious and rather solemn effect. The doors are generally open, and a good many people are seen on their knees at prayers, before the different saints; others receiving the sacrament, some confessing, and *Padres* (priests) gliding from one door to another, or traversing with a silent sanctified deportment the different parts of the church. These conspire to give a stranger an idea, that they have enough to do. A confessional chair, of which there are generally six or eight in a church, is made very large and high, so that the priest, who is in it, is not seen. Those who wish to confess (mostly women) go singly, and kneeling down opposite a lattice work in the side of it, ease their burthened consciences, and get absolution. Besides the church itself, there is always under the same roof apartments for the *Padres*, or Fathers, (as the Portuguese style the priests) in which they live much in the same manner as our monks of old, having their cells and a large room where they dine together.

In every street there are different images of the Virgin Mary and the saints, which, on particular days are exposed to view, superbly illuminated with a number of large candles. About eight in the evening the children in the neighbourhood assemble round them and sing hymns. This has a pleasing effect, especially as they keep time with great exactness, and have a person to direct them who rings a little bell, whilst they are singing particular parts. Twice every day, about ten in the morning and seven in the evening, at the tolling of a bell every thing in an instant is at a stand. Men, women, or children, whether in the streets or the houses, instantly pull off their hats, cross themselves, and say a short prayer. This continues about a minute. At the second tolling every thing goes on again as usual. During this time a particular part of the mass is performing in the grand church. Although this has a striking effect, the positions people are sometimes caught in are very ludicrous. It appears almost the instantaneous effect of magic. It was my good fortune to be here during Lent, which is most rigidly observed. The illuminations on the churches, fire-works, and processions during the Easter, were very grand. The latter surpass any thing of the kind I ever heard of. It is impossible to avoid smiling at such a combination of superstition and folly, and at the same time being sensibly struck with the immense value of the images displayed on the occasion. One of them I shall describe. Although I may not perhaps be exactly correct in the number of priests, monks, &c. I assure you I am nearly so. It took place on Easter Sunday, about three o'clock

o'clock in the afternoon. The order was as follows:—

Black girls strewing flowers.

A trumpeter covered entirely with black crape, close fitted to his body, with two large horns and red eyes.

Four priests carrying a large red flag with gold fringe, having a white cross in it.

Twenty monks in their robes, two and two, the first carrying a consecrated lamp.

Thirty white children, dressed as cherubims and seraphims, with gauze wings edged with tinsel, large feathers on their heads, carrying emblems of peace, plenty, &c.

The bishop in his robes, sprinkling holy water from a vase carried by a priest, and bestowing his blessings as he passed, by lifting up his hands and frequent ejaculations.

A priest carrying a cross of solid gold.

Forty priests, two and two, singing hymns at intervals.

An officer and twelve soldiers, six abreast, with arms reversed.

A band of music, playing at intervals solemn airs.

Forty Grey Friars in their robes, two and two.

Black officer and twelve black soldiers, six abreast, with arms reversed.

Large oblong square pedestal, representing the nativity of Christ in figures of silver, as large as life, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty Carthusian monks with lighted tapers, two and two.

Another pedestal shewing Christ's preaching in the wilderness, in a figure of silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty Carmelite monks in their robes, carrying tapers, two and two.

Another pedestal shewing Christ's transfiguration, in figures of silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty choristers singing hymns.

Pedestal shewing the Last Supper, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty Grey Friars with tapers.

Pedestal shewing Chirst being scourged, carried by twelve men.

A priest carrying a black flag.

Thirty priests with lighted tapers, two and two.

A pedestal with the crucifixion in gold, the rays round Christ's head set with precious stones; carried by twelve slaves.

Fifty poor black women, two abreast, weeping.

Pedestal shewing the tomb with the Virgin Mary weeping over it, in figures of silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Fifty black women weeping.

Pedestal shewing the ascension of Christ into Heaven, in silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Fift ychoristers singing hymns.

About two hundred priests and monks in their different orders, six abreast, each order with a gold or silver cross.

An officer and twenty four black soldiers, shouldered arms.

Band of music.

About five hundred soldiers, six deep.

Royal standard of Portugal.

The governor with his aides-du-camp.

Band of music.

About five hundred black soldiers, part of the militia.

Every one seemed sensibly affected with the solemnity of the scene. As the procession passed along, the people fell on their knees with uplifted hands, and when the crucifixion came by I observed most of them wept. From the first image, as far as the governor, was a row on each side, consisting of all the gentlemen in the town in long black cloaks, carrying white rods, who walked in a direct line, about three yards distant from it. These shows are often repeated, and, as may be conceived, have a wonderful effect on the lower classes, especially the slaves.

The Portuguese take every method of impressing on the minds of the latter the importance of religion, of which the following cannot fail of striking them forcibly. Whenever a slave happens to die before he is baptized, they do not allow him burial; but his body is thrown down on the sea shore, a little below the town, where it is left a prey for bustards and wild beasts. In a walk along the beach to Olinda, I saw no less than five of these bodies lying a little above high water mark. It is impossible to conceive more disgusting objects; however I took special care afterwards to avoid them, which was easily done, as the birds (who flock round them like the crows in England round a dead horse) pointed out where they lay.

Whilst

Whilst here, I witnessed an instance of the effect it would have on a man to be estranged from his native country in his youth, in the person of one of the governor's aides-du-camp. This young man, who is a native of Cornwall, and is now about thirty years of age, was taken prisoner more than sixteen years ago, in a small English vessel smuggling on the coast, on board of which he was in the capacity of a cabin boy. Being a handsome youth, the governor conceived a partiality for him, and brought him up in the Portuguese army: he is now his favourite aid-du-camp, and always accompanies him when he goes in public. He is a genteel young man; his blue eyes and fair complexion immediately denote him to be an Englishman. Singular as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, he has nearly forgot his native language, and does not take the least notice whatever of his countrymen, whom he seems even to disown. He appears long ago to have given up all ideas of ever more returning to visit the country which gave him birth, and to have become quite a naturalized Portuguese. Many interesting reflections will naturally arise in the minds of those who read this, possessing any degree of sensibility, on contemplating this singular and romantic incident.

Perambuco is seated on very low ground, and quite surrounded by water, consequently intermittent fevers are very common. There is only one hospital which consist of a very large room with about thirty beds on each side, filled with wretches suffering under the most loathsome diseases. A man stands at the door to solicit the charity of the passengers, which helps to defray the expences. When a patient dies, he is laid on a table at the entrance with a plate on his breast, to raise in a similar way money to bury him. It often happens four or five bodies are thus exposed. Great numbers of slaves die of the small small-pox on their first importation and still more from the fever and dysentery. A few months before my arrival here a tribe of the natives of Japayos, consisting of about two hundred men, women and children, came to the town from the interior. The governor gave them every encouragement; but these complaints (especially the latter) getting amongst them, the whole party died successively. The country a few miles from the town is full of thick impenetrable woods, dreadfully infested with wild beasts and reptiles, especially snakes. I was one evening returning to the town from Mr. M——'s country residence, when I saw a poor aged black stung in the leg by one of the latter, which he managed however to kill with a large stick he carried. It was about four feet long of a dusky greenish brown colour, with black spots on the back, and rather of a lighter colour under the belly. He conveyed it in his hand to the town, groaning piteously all the way, which I found he had good reason to do, for one of the English I met with told me there was no cure for the bite of that particular snake, and his death would certainly follow in a few hours. By the time we arrived in the town, his leg and thigh were so swollen, that he could scarcely walk. As he passed through the streets to the hospital, no one seemed to take any notice of his distress, unless by shaking their heads to signify that it was all over. I pitied the poor fellows situation from the bottom of my heart. Two days after I saw his body at the hospital door, exposed in the usual way to raise money to bury it; it was quite putrid, especially the leg which had been stung.

I have often heard of the Ignis fatuus, or as it is called, a Jack-a Lantern, but I never saw one before I came to Pernambuco, at a short distance from which they are very common. It is mostly at twilight in the evening

ening they are visible, when I have unted more than thirty together. I ow not what to compare them to, less it is very large sparks which from a blacksmith forge; they e from the ground and continue to at about in the atmosphere, at the stance of eight or ten feet from the rface for some minutes, when they tally disappear.

This country also abounds with e most beautiful birds, some of hich are as red as scarlet, and sing lightfully. Macaws and parrots are o very common, nearly every house ving one or two at the door, and they often set each other a chat- ing through a whole street, they ke such a confounded din that an glishman would think he was got o a Welch market.

In regard to the fishes on this coast y are very numerous. The river ar Pernambuco abounds with aliga- s which are often very destructive; l that extraordinary fish the torpedo frequently caught here. The elec- c power is so strong in this fish, t even the line which catches him ways a slight shock. The blacks e a curious way of catching fish, ich is thus performed: on a dark ht they go on jungadas, a (sort canoe composed of three or four g pieces of wood, lashed together) which they make a large blazing , which instantly attracts the fish, en they strike them with harpoons; st of the fish with which Pernam- co is supplied are caught in this y. I have before observed that nda is a distinct city, three miles m Pernambuco. One day I visited s place in company with an Ame- n captain. It is seated on a small , on the summit of which is a large nastery.

The town is small; and, though st of the merchants of Pernambuco e seats here, it is nevertheless very ly peopled. The houses are beau- l white buildings, interspersed with delightful gardens; rising as they do one above another on the side of the hill, it is seen a great way off at sea. The great trade and other advantages of Pernambuco have drawn all the merchants from it; and it now contains little more than two monasteries and a nunnery, with a few poor people dependent on them.

One cannot imagine a more romantic situation or one who commands a more lovely prospect than the monastery, especially the church, which is far the highest object on this coast, and is visible a long way off at sea. As it was late in the evening before we returned to the bottom of the hill, after taking each a glass of sangaree, and smoking a segar, we hired a canoe, which soon paddled us down the river to Pernambuco, through a swampy wood of low mangrove trees, full of alligators, one of which we could discern crossing the river a little before us.

MEMOIRS OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN,

The celebrated Painter.

THIS eulogium obtained a prize from the Society of Literature, &c. in the department of Eure: the author is Nichola Ruault. It has been observed that the French language, instead of being daily enriched by the accession of new words and phrases, appears to have become actually poor, in consequence of the "luxury of fine expressions," and the superabundance of "false brilliancy." This reprehensible novelty has been greatly patronised by literary associations of all kinds, and, at length, has acquired the appellation of the academical style. The society here alluded to, however, has, in opposition to custom, crowned a candidate, who dared to present himself in the arena, without any of that pomp and affectation so usual in similar cases. He does not abound with fine phrases, but he proves himself to be a man

man of letters, a friend of the fine arts, and even an artist himself.

Nicholas Poussin, the subject of the present memoir, was simple and modest in his manner of living, as well as in the exhibition of those grand conceptions which have placed him in the rank of great painters. The panegyrist, in this discourse, has had sufficient good sense to conform his style to the predominant character of the subject of it; and, instead of exalting, or even praising, the eagle of the French school, he is simply content, for his glory, as well as his own reputation, to make the world acquainted with him: in this he has perfectly succeeded. On some occasions, however, he knows how to assume an elevated tone: "Sublime painter! divine artist! disclose to us your secret; develope your genius; tell us how, and by what means, you have produced so many and such great works? Ah! doubtless, were you in the midst of us, you would reply like Newton, when interrogated respecting his important discoveries, 'It was by always thinking of them;—it was by constantly following nature, which never deceives those who pursue her traces with fidelity;—by always keeping in mind the fine conceptions of the ancients, who are our masters in all the arts;—by observing Nature, not only in her grand masses, but also in her most trifling details. During my walks, and in my journies, every object afforded to me a new subject for meditation; animals, men, trees, and shrubs, the rivers and their banks, all, even to the ruins of rocks, and the remnants of public monuments, ravaged by time, as well as by the hands of the barbarians. With my pencil in my hand, I always traced whatever appeared worthy of observation, at the very moment it presented itself, provided it seemed deserving of notice, and particularly if it could prove useful to me, in the course of my labours."

The parallel between Raphael and Poussin, deserves to be quoted: "No man ever received from Nature more talents, or a greater genius for painting, than Raphael. He appears to have been exclusively created for his own particular art. His compositions exhibit admirable simplicity; his dispositions are magnificent; his thought not only fine but natural; his expressions eloquent; his attitudes constantly natural; in short, nothing forced, or at variance with himself. The distinguishing characteristics of his figures are, elegance and nobleness; his outlines are natural and easy; his colours make one forget that he attended but little to this branch of his art; a certain air given to his heads bestow on them something like divinity: in a word, Raphael has united sublimity with grace; he is the Virgil of painting, or rather, he is a celestial painter descended on the earth, like the angel whose name he bears, in order to charm mankind by the inexpressible beauty of his works.

"Poussin exhibited the exquisite sentiment of whatever is true, simple, or natural. Each of his ideas is profound, and appears to be the result of mature reflections, made in his own mind before he had transferred them to the canvas. Nearly all his figures possess the character of grand, noble, serene, or majestic, in express conformity to the subject of which he happened to treat. His colours are suitable to the serenity of his style; all the airs assumed by his heads, are either grave or heroic. Judgment and sagacity are never wanting. We never find in any of his works, those anachronisms so frequent in the pictures of other great painters, who finish their pictures merely to please monks and prelates. When we examine his labours, it is immediately suggested to our imagination, that they have been completed by the pencil of a Greek artist; there is but little modern in his compositions: they are the compositions of an ancient, born in the seventeenth century of our sera. He subjugates

subjugates the mind by the force of his genius; he speaks rather to the soul than to the imagination. His style, which is close and concise, produces much thought in others. To the eyes of philosophers, Poussin is a great painter; to them indeed, he is the Tacitus of painting."

During the remainder of the eulogium, M. Rualt points out a multitude of characteristic traits peculiar to his subject; but many will doubtless think, that he is too passionately addicted to his hero, when he assigns to him a marked superiority over all the grand painters, either of ancient or modern times. According to this critic, neither Raphael nor Michael Angelo possessed his austere genius, nor that perfect taste of the ancients which has assigned to him a peculiar pre-eminence in the history of his art. In short, we are told, that Poussin has produced nothing that savours of mediocrity.

The author terminates his discourse by a short and brilliant passage, in which he points out the analogy between the immortal painter of the Deluge and Eudamidas, and the sublime composer of the Cid and of Cinna. This analogy is formed with a considerable degree of policy and art, as it is, doubtless, honourable to France, flattering to the society that was to decide on his own merits, as well as to the province in which it was pronounced, and to which it was addressed.

"Happy Normandy! felicitate thyself at having produced this immortal artist! felicitate thyself in having given birth to the two finest geniuses of which the French nation can boast, Peter Corneille and Nicholas Poussin, contemporaries, and the wonder of their age; both, at that period, without equals in their native country, and both, even at this day, considered as the first in their respective arts.

Bishop of Glassnevin.

So little faith does the Bishop of Glassnevin, place in the radical conversion of Mr. Crowley, that, under the sanction of his grave authority, broad hints relative to a matrimonial connection have been already thrown out, to a certain lady, not far from Carlisle-bridge; on behalf of his Reverend ward. This subtle attempt to chain him to his newly adopted doctrines, has been unluckily thwarted by the perverseness of his intended spouse, who frankly declares, that, she considers it a scheme to disburthen the Bishop's establishment, of an unwelcome inmate, and obviate the difficulty of providing a living at the present moment, by *cozening* her of the fruits of her frugality and industry.

Captain Tipperary Fitzsimons, of the Sandymount Infantry, and the suffering Portuguese.

Non-commissioned Officers and privates subscription, of one days pay, for relief of Portuguese.—*See Hib. Jour.—this week.*

Quere.—The subscription of the *Captain*, and other *Commissioned* Officers.

SIR RUEBENS LEGBOARDS SALE OF PICTURES COTINUED.

Sir Ruebens has been travelling thro' England during the summer, and visiting the most celebrated amateurs, with a view of embellishing his collection of Ancient and modern Masters, by the choicest of the most approved productions of the pencil, native and foreign. He was so fortunate as to meet with a brother amateur, in a decayed stocking-frame-maker in Nottingham, of whom he purchased the original Taking down from the Cross, by Sir Peter Paul Ruebens, which clears up a disputed point on the originality of the picture on the same subject, which Mrs. Moore of Thomas-street forfeited to the funds of the Prevot, for her treasonable attempts to conceal guineas from the *Majors*, in 1798. M. Pack, was the first person

person among the Hanging Committee of Irish artists, under the patronage of the Dublin Society, who had the scientific discernment, to declare more than six months since, before a large company of native and loyal painters, and *collectors* at Kearney's smoking and bayonet club, that the Major's picture, or we mean the one in his possession, agreeable to an old article in Martial Law, is nothing but a copy. It, was to this hint and the discovery made by Sir Ruebens in Nottingham, that occasioned Mr. O'Brien's Major, to offer it at public auction a few days since, when it was bought, along with Miles Duigenan's forfeited writing desk, by one of the elders of the religious society of curriers, for forty guineas.

The following new Paintings have been just exposed for sale, in a stocking-makers hall, Glassmanogue, Connaught Piety, or the Banker presenting his mother with the patent of a peerage. The good old woman, while she draws on her stockings with one hand, receives the roll with the nick-name, with rapturous marks of pleasure in the other; this picture is by the pencil of Sir William Beechy, who altered the nose of Mr. Foster, for the Dublin Society, and is intended as a companion for the celebrated Grecian Daughter, by West.

2. Mr. Secretary Cooke, treating with a lame, fresh coloured looking Irish senator, for his vote in favor of the Union. The English Clerk, is an excellent portrait; the joy expressed on the lame gentleman, when he is offered "*the unsullied ermine*" for his services, is very happily expressed, but the dignity which should accompany the Bench is much lowered by the too *deep halt*, which the artist has incorrectly given to the hero of the piece.

3. Doctor Brenan preparing a Drayman's shins, for a wrestling match. The Doctor's manner of touching his athletic patient, with the edge of a *brogue*, to reconcile the hero to the field exercise, is so sharp that the wrestler is thrown into a most aukward position, it reminds us of the picture of Dixon the shoe-maker, whose legs are under the hands of Sir Charles Vernon, who attempts to train them into a graceful attitude, to assist him to *bow* to the Duke of Richmond, when returning thanks to his Grace, for being appointed a Police Magistrate.

4. Alderman ——, exercising his corps of engineers, preparatory to the siege of Miles Duigenan, the grocer's house, in Gratton-street. The Alderman's countenance, is made to look as important, as if he was after *sacking* Paris, instead of the petty engagement he was about,—to *sack* Mile's teas. This picture has several good likenesses well grouped, that of Sheild's, who was appointed to a place in the Post Office, for shooting a Papist porter, with a load of wine on his back, is equal in point of coloring and execution to any of our revolutionary paintings, but, the bags, with which every man is armed, are of too much cubic capacity, to cary if a quick retreat was necessary.—This picture, was intended for the hall of the Bible Society lately erected, at the sign of the episcopal turnpike in Glassnevin.

Accounts from Carlow.

"*Alas! poor Country! almost afraid to know itself!*"

MR. EDITOR,—

Though not in the habit of wasting time in reading the putrid columns of a paper, unblushingly calling itself "the Patriot," my curiosity was excited by a Paragraph, dated, August the 24th, under the words, "State of Ireland." As every time this noxious production teems with calumny on that ornament of the country, the Catholic Committee of Ireland, I will not insult that respectable body, by attempting to defend them against charges, as foul as they are false.——Nor shall I deign to notice an indignity offered to the memory of that revered character—that lover of Irishmen, that friend to Freedom, Doctor Hussey,—no! of that Libel, I shall only animadvert on a question which the impudent Editor of that *pensioned print* had the audacity to propose, viz.—"What does the Irish peasant care about eligibility to the Seals?' granted, Mr. Patriot, no matter who is Chancellor, provided he be an honest man. But let me ask you thou favourite of the Castle,—has the Irish peasant nothing to complain of, nothing to occupy his mind, but who shall occupy the Seals?—Hypocrite, had you been in Carlow the morning your slander arrived there, you might have witnessed a scene, which would make any but you blush for the impudence of the question.—As I took up the pen more for the purpose of giving publicity to the transaction alluded to, than to combat your nonsense, I will give a short, but faithful account of it my next.

[*To be continued.*]

Investigation

Investigation of Theorem 1. *for Irish Magazine, for May* 1811.

Assume $a^2\times(h^2+x^2)^2$; $h^2\times(a^2+x^2)^2$ and $4a^2x^2h^2$ for the three required squares, by which two of the conditions are satisfied it only remains to make $(h^2-a^2)\times(h^2a^2-x^4)$ a rational square. Let $h^2-a^2=l^2$ or which amounts to the same thing let h=hypothenuse, a and b the legs of any rational right angled triangle whatsoever, then dividing the last equation by h^2-a^2 or l^2 the quotient $h^2a^2-x^4=\square=$. Suppose $\left(ha-\frac{h^2x^2}{2ah}\right)^2$ by which means $x=\frac{2abh}{a^2+h^2}$ and this value substituted for x in the original assumption, for the the roots, they will respectively (when reduced to a common denominator) stand thus $(h^2+a^2)^2+(2al)^2 : \times h\ (h^2+a^2)^2+(2bh)^2 : \times a$ & $4abh\times[h^2+a^2)^2$ rejecting the common denominator. Where h, a and b may be taken equal to the three sides of any rational right angled triangle whatsoever, without any limitation, and every triangle you make use of, furnishes two different answers by changing the value of the legs about the right angle. And I am confident this is the most simple solution the problem will admit of, being effected by a simple equality only. W, W. D.

Investigation of Theorem 2.

Retaining h, a, b as before, assume $\frac{aa}{2}-bx$; $\frac{aa}{2}+b^2+bx$; $x^2+bx-\frac{aa}{2}$ and $\frac{a^2x^2}{b^2}-bx+\frac{aa}{2}$ for the required numbers, and you have 4 of the condition satisfied, it only remains then, to solve this duplicate equality $\frac{a^2x^2}{b^2}+a^2+b^2=\square$ and $\frac{a^2x^2}{b^2}-2bx+aa=\square$ by the common rule $x=\frac{b}{4aa}\times(4a^2-h^2)$ which being substituted in the original assumptions, and rejecting the square common denominator, gives $aa\times(5a^2-2b^2)^2-a^4$; $4aa\times(2a^4+7a^2b^2-b^4)$, $4a^4\times(a^2+11b^2)-b^4\times(12a^2-b^2)$ & $a^2\times:(4a^2-2b^2)^2+(a^2-b^2)^2$; for the required numbers universally a being always less than $b\sqrt{2}$: W. W. D.

If 3, 4, 5, be assumed for the legs and hypothenuse then we obtain 10304, 92096, 3385 and 34640, for the 4 required numbers which are the least numbers we can possibly derive from this theorem.

In the Magazine for May, for $4aa\times(2a^4+7a^2h-b^4$, *read* $4aa\times(2a^4+7a^2b^2-b^4$, and for a must be always assumed greater than $b\sqrt{2}$, read a must be always less than $b\sqrt{2}$.

Investigation of Theorem, page 328, *Irish Magazine for July,*

Assume $a^2x^2+b^2y^2$: $b^2x^2+a^2y^2$; and $2abxy$ for the required numbers, whereby 4 of the conditions are satisfied, and there only remains this duplicate equality $(aa+bb)\times x^2+y^2$, and $(aa-bb)\times x^2-y^2$, for x write vy, and divide

divide off by y^2. So shall $(aa+bb)\times(v^2+1)=\square$, and $(aa-bb)\times(v^2-1)=\square$: here we know a case $v=\frac{a}{b}$ put $z=v+\frac{a}{b}$, or $\frac{bz-a}{b}=v$, which being substituted above, and the square common in the denominator rejected produces $(aa+bb)\times(b^2z^2-2baz)+(aa+bb)^2=\square$,

and $(aa-bb)\times(b^2z^2-2baz)+(aa-bb)^2=\square$

make $aa+bb=m$, $aa-bb=n$, and your equations will become

$m\times(b^2z^2-2baz)+m^2=\square$, and $n\times(b^2z^2-2baz)+n^2$, which are evidently within the jurisdiction of the Diophantine theory, multiply the first by n^2, and the second by m^2, and you obtain

$$n^2m\times(b^2z^2-2baz)+m^2n^2=\square.$$
$$m^2n\times(b^2z^2-2baz)+m^2n^2=\square,$$

their difference being divided into two factors $=\left(-2mn+\frac{mnbz}{a}\right)\times(m-n)\times b$

az half their sum is $\frac{mnbz+(m-n)ba^2z}{2a}-mn$. Put $\frac{mnb+(m-n)ba^2}{2a}=c$, then we have per rule $(z-m)^2=(m^2n)b^2z^2-2baz)+m^2n^2=c^2z^2-2cmnz+m^2n^2$ from then we obtain $z=\frac{2mn\times(amb-c)}{m^2b^2n-c^2}$; $v=z-\frac{a}{b}=\frac{2mnb\times(amb-a\times(m^2b^2n-c^2)}{b\times(m^2b^2n-c^2)}$

whence $x=2mnb\times(amb-c)-a\times(m^2b^2n-c^2)$ and $y=b\times(m^2b^2n-c^2)$ universally, and this is the first direct universal investigation that has (in my opinion) hitherto appeared to this problems ; It is however, to be observed that Mr. Eulers manner of investigation brings out smaller numbers as I have remarked already, and as both methods are now before the public, it is with deference submitted to the judgment of the learned, which of them should meet with a decid preference.

I would further wish to have it understood that I hold no kind of competition with any person, and that it never was a principle of mine to be jealous of anothers fame—my sole motive for inserting various theorems (the invention of which I claim exclusively to myself) in this miscellany was merely for the purpose of uncouraging others to turn aside from the beaten track, pointed ont by the ancients, and to attempt the investigation of Diophantine problems upon other principles. How far I have succeeded in this laudable undertaking, whether by the doctrine of right angled triangles or otherwise is implicitly submitted to the judgment of the learned.

JOHN MORAN, *Surveyor and Valuator of Lands.*

Mount Byrne Lodge, near Dundalk.

Errata in Magazine for July.

Page 328, *line* 29, *right hand Column*, for $-a^2\times m^2b^2n-c^2$.

Read $-a\times m^2b^2n-c^2$.

Question by Mister Nicholas May, Pigeon-house, at Mr. Dillon's Mercantil and Mathematical School Poolbeg-street.

Two ships depart a certain port in north latitude, and sail each on the arch of a great circle in the S. W. quarter, until they arrive at two different ports, situated under the equinoctial, whose difference of longitude is 27°. 55'. Query the true course and distance sailed by each ship, when A's course exceeded B's by 31° 25'. And that arch of a great circle measuring the sum of their distances sailed is 79°. 58'.

A Latin Oration in honor and praise of St. PATRICK, the Apostle, Archbishop and Primate of Ireland, pronounced in the *hall* (alas! now no more the seminary of pious, learned men) of the Convent of Irish Franciscans at Lovain, Anno. 1684, on occasion of Mr. Francis Coppinger taking the habit, by Nicholas Vernulæus, a native of Luxenbourg Historiographer to the king, and public professor of eloquence in the University of Lovain;

ORATIO

IN LAUDEM

DIVI PATRICII,

APOSTOLI

ARCHIEPISCOPI, ET PRIMATIS

HIBERNIÆ.

FELIX Hibernia, beata Sanctorum Insula, fortunatissima provinciarum omnium provincia; cui cœlum, audeo dicere, invideat, quam terrarum orbis regionibus omnibus anteponat, cui cæteræ cedant, nec invitæ, orientis & occidentis, meridiei, & septentrionis oræ, Iterùm dico, felix ter & amplius Hibernia, quam non tam humana felicitas extollit, quàm divina quædam bonitas privilegiis singularibus exornat. Scio mirari vos, Auditores, unde mihi tam insolitum sit orationis exordium, & nisi me meus fallat animus, ita cogitando apud vos dicitis, jacet hoc tempore Hibernia nostra, & felicem illam prædicas? penè sepultâ est, & beatam appellas? tota rebus afflictis ac propè desperatis calamitosa est, & fortunatissimam nuncupas? An esse tot inter adversitatis ictus felicitas potest? an inter tot hujus temporis miserias beatitudo reperitur? an inter rerum omnium, atque adeò religionis & antiquæ gloriæ detrimenta fortunata conditio censetur? Quid hic felix? quid beatum? quid fortunatum?" Non retexo sermonem, & felicem sæpius Hiberniam exclamo. Felix est, quæ Divum Patricium apostolum habuit, cujus cœlesti lumine veteres errorum tenebras dissipavit; beata est, quæ Patricium Archiepiscopum obtinuit, cujus voce Christianam legem accepit; & divinis erudita præceptis, ad æternam gloriam aspiravit; fortunata est, quæ Patricium nacta primum orientis in se Religionis Catholicæ Præsulem invidendam gentibus omnibus felicitatem est consecuta. Etenim postquam hic sol Hiberniæ affulsit, cessarunt gentilitatis antiquæ tenebræ, & fide pietate, constantiâ reliquas omnes orbis provincias Hibernia post se reliquit; postquam sanctitatis illud prodigium in Hibernia apparuit, prodigii in eam quòd imitatio facisunt cœli, & quicquid divinarum est gratiarum, in hanc terram plusquam liberaliter effuderunt, postquam non satis in terris natus, quàm è cœlo delapsus in Hiberniam Patricius accessit, penè plures in ea Divi quàm homines extiterunt, & quasi locum nomenque cubi cœlo commutasset, cœlum in terris fuit, Divorum natale solum, Religionis sedes, veræ sapientiæ domicilium, miraculorum theatrum. Jaceat hoc tempore squalida mœstaque Hibernia, adhuc felix est, quæ Patricii meritis fidei Christianæ lucem non amittit; prematur ac penè opprimatur fortunæ adversantis insultu, adhuc beata est, quæ de pietate constantiaque sua nihil remittit; sit calamitosa, quæ filios suos aut in exilium ablegatos, aut in vincula detrusos, aut in cruciatus & tormenta raptos videt, adhuc fortunata est, quæ cœlo martyres donat, gentibus aliis fidei aut sapientiæ lucem impertitur, Religionem incorruptam conservat, de tyrannide & de hæresi triumphat. Quæ omnia quoniam Divi Patricii meritis & sanctitati sunt adscribenda, ingrata sanè esset Hibernia, si de Patricio hodie taceret. A quo & primordia Religionis accepit, & ornamenta sanctitatis. Enimverò dum ad hujus præconium vestræ obsequentis voluntati, Religiosissimi Patres, accedo, augustam illam beatorum Spirituum eloquentiam hic desidero, quæro, quæ sola pro dignitate Patricium potest exornare. Video enim illum virtutum majestate supra id omne assurrexisse, quod humanum est. Nimirum is est, in cujus animo virtus ipsa sedem elegit, in cujus mente plusquam humana prudentia sessitavit, cujus ore sermoneque Spiritus Sanctus est locutus. Is est inquam, Patricius divino quodam divinæ providentiæ genius, in quo totas vires suas sanctitas experiretur, & qui non tam virtute factus fuit, quam ex ipso virtus est confecta. Quid? me de imo pauca differentem audire beatum & attentum velitis, efficiam profectò, ut illum mundo majorem fuisse credatis cui universa mundi natura obtemperavit; hos solos omnibus excelsiorum et Divis superiorem extitisse judicetis, qui ea, stupete terra cœlique, peregit, quæ agere nemo alius potuisset, nisi qui esset plusquam homo. Hos intra

terminos

terminos orationem hanc deducam & concludam.

Atque inprimis quoniam non tam hominem, quàm cœlestem quendam virum laudamus, non ambitiosè generis ejus claritatem inquiramus, aut majorum ejus stemmata numeremus, qui non è terra, quasquam in terra ex hominibus natus, sed è cœlo fatis ita disponentibus originem, & á virtute nobilitatem accepit. Quis enim illum parem hominibus nascendi conditione dicat, qui solo tactu lumen adhuc puer cæco restituit? qui aquarum illuviem verbis tantùm aliquibus repressit? qui sorori suæ colliso ad acutum silicem lapide graviter vulneratæ sumptâ ex ore suo salivâ sanitatem reddidit? qui nutricium suum repentinâ morte ex hominibus sublatum, impresso fronti ejus Crucis signo à morte ad homines reduxit? Hæc crepundia tantùm ejus fuerunt, hæc primæ ætatis rudimenta, hæc Patricianæ virtutis & sanctitatis elementa. Crevit ætas, & crevit virtus; cùmque destinatus à deo esset, ut inter homines naturæ miraculum appareret, priùs apud deum magnus esse desideravit, quàm hominibus se mundo majorem exhiberet. Atque idcircò in eam inprimis curam incubuit, ut quam erat in baptismo innocentiam conseeutus, eandem adolescens, juvenis, & Senex immaculatam conservaret. Fuit innocens, quoad vixit, & vitæ innocentiam, quâ nihil gratius esse deo potest, ita virtutibus ornavit, ut annorum numerum meritorum numerus superaret. Edebat primâ ætate ea virtutum opera, quæ operare vel optare alius per ætatem ultimam nunquam potuisset; nec erat alius de eo sermo, quàm Patricium primæ innocentiæ virum esse, cui elementa obsecundare, bruta animantia obtemperare, universa mundi natura propter vitæ puritatem & virtutis excellentiam obsequi deberet. Nullæ unquam mundi deliciæ animum ejus pervicerunt, sed cùm esset ad eam gloriam à deo electus, ut non tam homo, quàm quidam in terris angelus videri deberet, jejuniis corpus macerabat, virtutum exercitiis mentem cum Deo conjungebat, totum se divinæ Majestatis laudibus decantandis occupabat. Ita fiebat, ut cùm corpore constaret, sine corpore tamen esse videretur, ac seipsum deo quotidie totum offerret. Hic ego vos obtestor, Auditores, potuitne Deo gratius quicquam ab eo præstari? potuítne aut meliùs vivere, aut sapientiùs inter homines versari? potuítne gloriosiùs vitæ suæ rationes instituere, quàm nihil, nisi ex divino nutu agere, seque ipsum & sua omnia ad Deum referre? Jactitent alii trophæa sua, victorias, & triumphos; triumphator est eximius, qui victoriam de seipso reportavit. Extollant alii partam à Majoribus generis claritatem; nobilissimus est & clarissimus, qui vitæ innocentia splendescit. Superbiant alii, quod invidendam intra parietes suos opulentiam, & cujusvis instrumenta voluptatis possideant; ditissimus est qui virtutum æeritis est opulentus. Talis cùm esset Patricius, vicit mundi admirationem, & supra naturam positus famulantia sibi elementa (tanta vis est sanctitatis) est expertus, Illi terra tum obedivit, cùm ad Synniam fluvium sedenti, & navem, quæ transiret, frustra expectanti precibus ejus commota sese in altum sustulit, & se siccam firmamque pedibus ejus calcandam exhibuit. Illi mare tum obtemperavit, cùm obortâ tempestate periclitanti inter procellas navi ventis & undis, ut quiescerent, imperavit, & reductâ serenitate quieverunt. Iterùm verò ejus imperio tum paruit, cùm sociis invisere eum volentibus, sed effusâ inundatione impeditis, ubi sanctissimi viri præcipientem vocem intellexit sine mora aquas suas retraxit. Illi tum aër obsecundavit cùm ad ejus preces inductas Magi cujusdam arte tenebras & effusam caliginem rejecit; cùm Magum quendam alium, qui se Deum apud imperitam multitudinem asserebat, sublimi ad cœlum volatu Dæmonum ope contendentem, orante Patricio in terram deturbavit; cùm tenebras iterùm densissimâ nube Conachtiam obtegentes, & iter gloriosissimo. Antistiti in eam regionem præcludentes, quodam quasi precum ab eo fusarum monitu confestim exterminavit. Illi tum obsecutus est ignis, cùm ex congestis glaciei fragmentis mutatâ naturæ lege ac solius fidei merito adhuc puer flammam ingentem & diuturnam excitavit. O prodigium! O naturæ portentum! Sed nimirum Patricii virtutem muta elementa agnoscebant, & ejus Sanctitati divinâ impeliente voluntate parebant. Tanta vis est innocentiæ, quæ quamdiu in hominis alicùius animo integra illibataque conservatur, tamdiu eum rerum omnium arbitrum, elementorum Dominum, naturæ principem constituit. Non jam dico, quod aquam in mel verterit, eoque nutricem suam sanitati restituerit; leve id Patricio fuit. Taceo, quod venenum sibi propinatum à vino separaverit & paratas vitæ suæ insidias effugerit; usitatum id Patricio fuit.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

A SOLEMN ELEGY,

On the awful dissolution of Donnerail's Defender, *who expired in the Lying-in-Hospital, Britain-street, Dublin, on the night of 29th May last, in consequence of a three years travail, whereby an* ABORTION, *has disgraced his pangs, he being ushered into Oblivion.*

AMBUBARIARUM collegia, pharmacopolæ
Mendici, mimæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne,
Moestum ac solicitum caeteris moate Tigelli:
Quippe Malignus erat.—

HOR.

Last Night has sail'd on board old Charon's Boat,
A ruffian vile as ever cut a throat:
Who in dispensing the DIRE CUP OF SORROW,
Incurr'd the guilt of Sodom and Gomorrha.
The grave therefore the Monster will not spew,
For who can rob the Devil of his due:
Since that grim Deity he did adore,
Has claimed his *own* to hold for evermore.

SERRILITAS.

Domnick-street, 30th May, 1811.

ODE,

Composed for the 4th of July 1811, *and sung at the Republican celebration in Salem, America.*

Welcome! Welcome the day when assembled as one,
Our gallant forefathers proclaimed us a nation,
When LIBERTY rose, as from Chaos the Sun,
To illumine our Realm with the rays of salvation.
Heard in triumph, her voice
Bade her Children rejoice,
And defend by their valour the laws of their choice.
Let the Slave bite the dust, who to power bends the knee,
The Gods shall protect those who dare to be free.

'Mid the perils of war, mid the darkness of death,
Our Sires forc'd their way through the wilderness dreary,
In vain famine and sickness shed pestilent breath,
They grew by defeat, and their zeal ne'er was weary.
Lo! LIBERTY'S light
Through the tempest shone bright,
'Twas their cloud by the day, and their pillar by night.
Let the brave ne'er despair, for though myriads oppose,
The arm nerv'd by FREEDOM shall conquer all foes.

Shades

Shades of Heroes departed! the perils ye bore,
The fame of your deeds to your offspring descending,
Shall swell through each vale and enkindle each shore,
From the spring of the morn to the day s western ending.
Your country to save,
'Mid the battle's dire rave
Ye bled—and the laurels have cover'd your grave—
While we mourn your sad doom, not unblest be the sign,
'Tis sweet—'tis sublime, for our country to die.

Where liberty dwells, lo, what beauties arise,
Arts, science, and virtue enjoy her protection,
Ev'n the soil feels fresh nurture distilled from the skies,
And pours from its bosom the fruits of perfection,
Beneath her mild reign,
Commerce freights the free main,
And the loves and the Graces disport on the plain.
Then perish the coward who shrinks to a slave,
Heaven gives its rich blessings to nourish the brave,

Such blessings are ours with our honours content,
We ask but our rights in their peaceful possession—
Not vainly we threaten, not lightly resent,
Our hearts leap in union to combat oppression.
When perils are rise,
We decline not the strife—
Our altars and homes are more dear than our life—
The land of our forefathers ne'er nourish'd a slave,
To *die or be free* is the right of the brave!

OBITUARY.

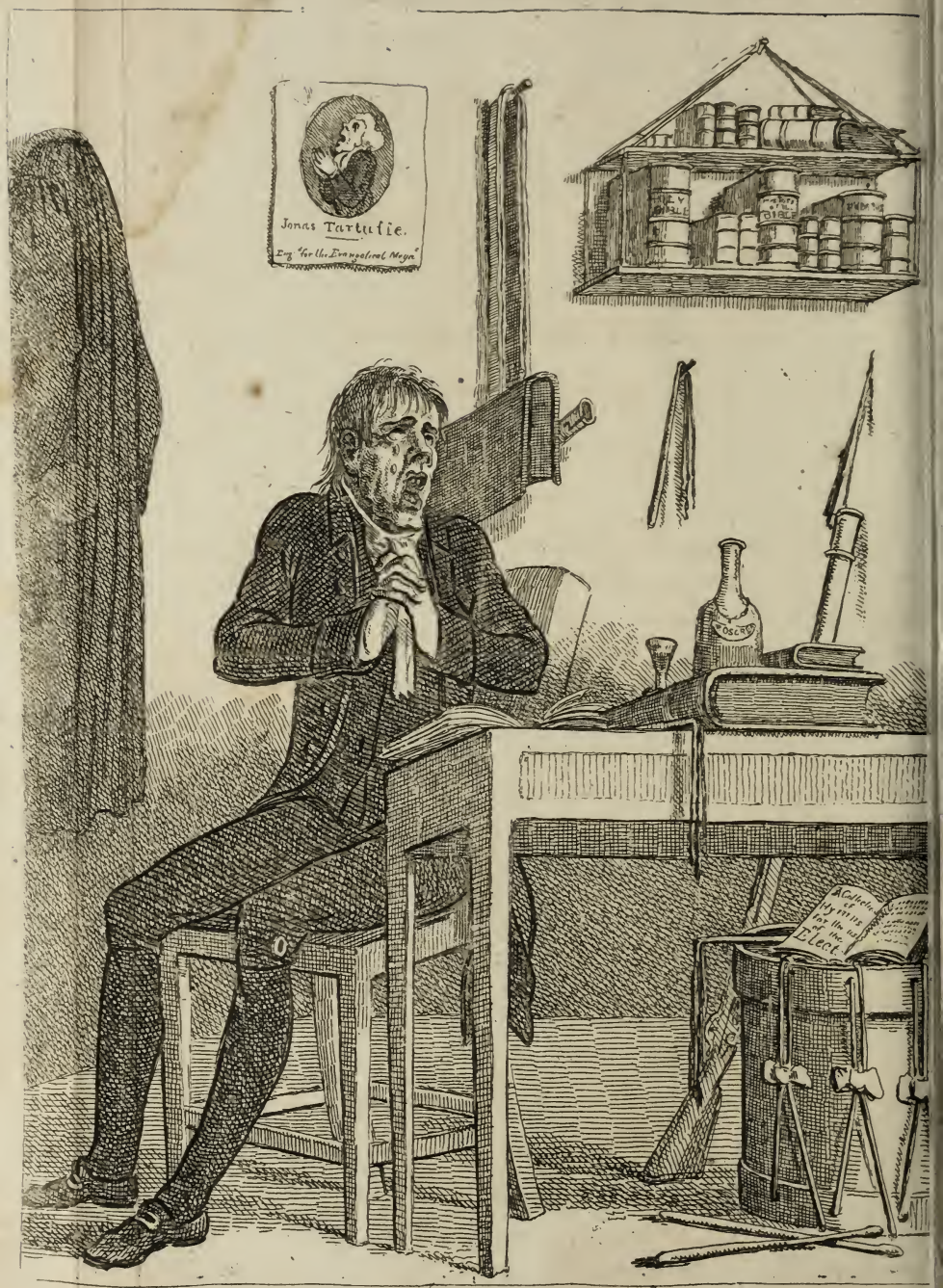
AT her residence in Church-lane, College-green, a poor literary young lady, Miss Express, aged four months and two days. She was very incautiously placed in *French* hands, who, very contrary to their national character, affected a great respect for the "*Queen of the Waters,*" their esteem was so great for the said Queen, that they advised, though they were Catholics, their brethren should go to the territories of their favourite, to acquire the rudiments of religion and liberty. These principles and doctrines offended many of the Subscribers to the care of Miss Express, and so provoked them by the premature viciousness of character she exhibited, that they would have terminated her existence in the first week, by withdrawing their support, had not her real disposition been rendered somewhat dubious, by the unintelligible apologies of one of her Nurses, of the name of *Clinch*.

In Bath, on the 11th inst. John Tyrrell, late of Clonard, County Kildare, better known in this kingdom by the name of "The Swivel eyed Miller" He had the honor of being Captain of the Clonard Cavalry, and was the first man in the year 1798, who invented half hanging, though through over zeal he has been often known to send from six to ten mere Irishmen into eternity of a day. He died in the deepest distress, in Bath, and has lived these several years on the bounty of another Irishman like himself, who dare not shew his face in his native country.

TO OUR READERS.

☞ We have in our possession Memoirs of the late Theobald Wolfe Tone, Esq. written by himself, which we will lay before the Public, in a future number. A more interesting document of Irish history has not appeared, though abounding in a variety of anecdote.—it will be more esteemed by Irishmen for being the production of one of the most illustrious, though unfortunate of our countrymen.

☞ We hereby warn a ruffian of the name of Patrick Farrell, a publican, in Maynooth, who has had the *informing* zeal of one of the murderers of 1798, to beat and abuse one of our carriers for selling our Magazine; that the law is not so far degraded in Ireland, that we will not seek its protection, to guard our publication, and to make an example of any hired, or even titled assassin, who dare to disturb the public peace, in our persons or property. We know Farrell and his history, —he may be promoted—he may be a hangman, or may be a magistrate on some future emergency.


Jonas Tartufle.
Esq. for the Evangelical Negro
POISON
POISON
POISON

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1811.

With our November Magazine we present to our readers a masterly likeness of Mr. Ebeneazer Wheelmouth Gribbins, *Chaplain to the Major and Majoress, Marchand des Chemises in Barrack-street, vendue master of Hymn Literature to the Society for Discountenancing Vice: Honorary Member of the Manchester Bible society, one of the select preachers appointed by the last call, as registered by the Board of Grace, for converting the people of Connaught, Master of the Orange Lodge, No. 246, Sword Bearer to the Armagh Rackers, and lately Drum Major to the 40th Regiment.*

THE most material incidents in the interesting memoirs of Mr. Gribbins we have selected from an eulogium, pronounced on him at a dinner sermon, preached before Grace, to Beresford's bloodhounds, on the anniversary of the birth day of our great deliverer, the memorable 4th of November, 1798, by brother *Jim* the negro, whipcord operator to that illustrious brigade. Mr. Gribbins has cleared up some obscurities that appear in the narrative of his black biographer, which very happily elucidate a great portion of the ecclesiastical and military labours of this great champion of order, in church and state. The public owe this correction in the valuable history of the pious and loyal subject of these memoirs, to a late visit made by his Grace the Duke of Richmond to the beautiful seat of Mr. Gunn, in the County of Wicklow, where his grace was accompanied by Mr. Bushe, Captain Verner, Sir Charles Vernon, and several other gentlemen of his household. Mr. Gribbin had the honor of preaching at Mr. Gunn's, where he was favored by the approbation of the first man in the country, and the fourth at the bar, for his eloquence and various labours as a musical soldier, and an industrious divine. It appears that our hero was born at Leeds, a very celebrated town in the history of British industry, for weaving & spinning; arts that have placed the modern Britons among the most distinguished nations of the earth, that have aspired

to any skill in the uses of the *wheel* or the *treadle*, and to advance the emoluments and profits thereof, so many thousands have rushed into the field to vindicate their rights, and compell all nations and languages to buy their breeches and hose in Old England, at such prices and such seasons as the 'Queen of the Waters' in her mercy and justice might dictate. In pursuit of such measures and to enforce such sound and generous policy, and to deter the French Emperor and his under agents, the Kings of Prussia, Saxony, Wertimburg and under crowned vassals, from burning such manufactures, Seventy thousand Britons have offered up their lives in Spain, twenty-thousand in Walcheren, besides one million and forty-eight-thousand, who have retired from the world to pray for their country, and fast for their country,—in fourteen-hundred protestant monasteries, named in our law *parlance work houses*. Young Gribbins who appears from the earliest period of his eventful life, to aspire to distinction, very soon got disgusted, with the dull uniformity of a manufactory, and the inadequate and depreciated food, which taxation and war had made to succeed, the good roast beef, of which so much has been said and sung by their ancestors. The *staggering bob*, the minor cows and bullocks of modern times, and the aid of an expensive slice of salted pork, having superseded the feasts of other days, so terrified our champion from the pursuits of industry, that he very judiciously lodged his father and mother in the parish work house, agreeable to the manners of filial piety in the country, and had himself enrolled in a recruiting party, then stationed in a neighbouring village, for the purpose of calling on young Britons, to chastise *their rebellious subjects* in America, who had taken it into their heads to make laws for themselves, instead of applying to men and legislatures, whose remote situation made them very unfit in point of understanding, and want of local knowlege, to make laws or to give protection. A long intimacy with popular tunes, sacred and profane, which he frequently performed on the Jews harp, to a set of subterranean saints in a neighbouring coal-pit, had given him such an idea of music, that his merit was rewarded in the regiment to which he was appointed, by getting under the instruction of an old and experienced drummer, from whom he learned all the graces of the elbow, and all signals so necessary to a person who seeks eminence, in the march moving parchment. His regiment was ordered to Boston, under Lord Percy, with instructions to knock the town of Boston into ruins about the ears of the rebels, an agreeable and humane hint made in the English House of Commons, by an eloquent member, of the name of *Van*. The expedition embarked at Portsmouth, where our hero, was rewarded by his colonel with two quarts of good old English brown stout, for the handsome manner he played "*Britons never shall be slaves*," which kept the men in the highest spirits, while shipping, with the exception of six British grenadiers, who were flogged a few moments before, for staying too long with some of the british fair, under the pretext of taking a final leave of wives and sisters. The marks of affection were so handsomely laid on their backs, by Gribbins, who acted as executioner on the affair, that they were legible three days after the hearers were killed, at the battle of Bunkers-hill. The history of his military life while marching, flying, and starving, in the wildernesses of America, is not much distinguished for variety, hanging and robbing the rebels, and at seasonable intervals tawing the skins of his companions in hardship and glory, comprize the entire of his marching excursions, which terminated by lame-

ness,

nees, incurred by a fall from the roof of a log-house, on which he and another red prize master, had mounted to secure a party of shirts, belonging to a rebel family, who had hung the drapery out to dry. After remaining in the hospital at New York more than six months, he was discharged from its noxious beds, with a confirmed lameness, which rendered him incapable of exercising his profession at arms. However, his services, sufferings and loyalty, had recommended his case to the consideration of the governor, who was pleased to appoint him to the office of deputy Jailor, and Vice Torturer, in the Jersey prison ship, an old line of battle vessel, appropriated to the confining of such of the people, as were suspected of rebellious principles. It was in this office of power and trust, his taste and ingenuity in the art of tormenting, developed itself, and so much to the satisfaction of his employers, that his health was usually given at loyal parties, among other great names who were remembered in a round of toasts. His manner of extorting money from the friends of prisoners, by giving the confined some estimations of the horrors of suffocation, is still spoken of in New York by many of the few survivors, whom the retreat of the Britons, had providently restored to the world. At the conclusion of the treaty of peace with the United States, he very reluctantly was obliged to resign his situation in the floating prevot, and embark for Old England, with his former regiment, and nine other regiments, infantry and cavalry shipped together in his Majesty's sloop the Wasp, of fourteen guns, and happily arrived in the Downs, after a pleasant voyage of four weeks.

As Mr. Gribbins's wound and the termination of the war deprived him of bread in a military way, his ingenuity suggested to him to adopt the rigid and devout life of a christian missioner, but to be a master in this new business some very great difficulties were to be surmounted, such as a little knowlege of reading and writing, this he flattered himself would be obtained by the assistance of a brother with whom he lodged, who was considered as a very fluent preacher, having frequently performed with great approbation to crouded congregations, collected from the different manufactories in the county. Mr. Gribbins depended also on his own great industry, and having the rudiments of literary acquirements from an early part of his life, so much that he remembered all the letters of the alphabet, and could spell and put them together with such judgment as any English member of the mob, contrive to do such things, though in a manner something inferior to that used in that liberal seat of knowlege, Oxford. He applied himself under the instructions of his apostolic preceptor, and in less than a year he was able to make out a verse in St. Mathew, between spelling and reading it, which gave him such confidence, that, if he could obtain a call which he was taught, was to be had by frequent demands made among the faithful, whose joint interest being urged pretty loud and vigorous, would be answered in due time, so that between heavenly and earthly interest, no doubts remained on his mind of ultimate success. He persisted to read and even pray, and implore at home and abroad, until the boon was mercifully granted, and on the 24th of December, 1786, he felt himself, while helping a brother to clean his chimney, touched with the electric fire of grace and revelation, his sins forgiven, and his mission certified—The happy intelligence was made known to the elect, and the new Birth was celebrated with Hosannas and love feasts. He was immediately ordered travelling furniture, by the Bible Society of Manchester. A bible, a hymn-book, a stool, and a travelling chapeau, with brim formed to communicate gravity, nothing inferiour to

Fortunatus's cap. His mission was pointed out, and the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, ordered him a map of Ireland, to which seat of idolatry and treason, he was ordered to repair, to buffet the beast, as the champion of England, being at that day considered the CRIB of gospel pugilism. His labours in the vineyard were wonderful, if he failed to make converts, he was frequently honored by the palm of martyrdom: for a list of his sufferings, we refer our readers to a large volume of Martyrology, lately printed, for the use of the preachers in distant parts, and translated into the Bengalese language, at the expence of the London Propaganda Society.

The unfair treatment he met among the treasonable Irish, so injured his health, that he asked leave to retire and to be indulged in the exercise of a mercantile life, these reasonable demands were allowed, and as he had a taste for the sound of the fife, he chose for his residence, that emporium of religion, gallantry and loyalty, barrack-street in Dublin: there he commenced extensively in the sale and resale of old clothes, and has realised a decent property. His munificence has kept pace with his wealth. The chimney on the south corner of the tabernacle in Oxmantown, is a gift of his, and the barbers' pole, with the gilt head on it, opposite the horse barrack, under which corporal Slitcheck shaves recruits, was erected at his expense for the benefit of the old veteran, who served with him in the JERSEY.

When those enemies to British freedom, the united Irishmen, fabricated pikes and arrayed themselves against the constitution. Mr. Gribbins forgot his *honorable* wounds, "shook his years away," and had himself enrolled as a member of that illustrious bands of heroes, vulgarly called Beresford's Bloodhounds, among whom he became so distinguished for valour, piety and discipline, that he was appointed on the field of battle in the Rathfarnham campaign, by the unanimous vote of the corps, their chaplain and serjeant major. After performing extraordinary acts of military skill, he was invited to the Major's household and domesticated there as private chaplain, as a mark of his *honors'* great esteem for the soldier-like manner Mr. Gribbins conducted the covering party, who assisted at the seige and plunder of Miles Duigenan, the grocer's house in Grafton-street. Mr. Gribbins continues a favorite expounder of the word, with the major, and should the gallows, or any unforeseen misfortune, Jemmy O'Brien Serjeant Biblemouth, Mr. Gribbins, is spoken of, as the successor in the Jug hunting department in the vicinity of the metropolis, and chief Biblehand on state prosecutions. Mr. Gribbins is of a comely appearance, and only for the shirt affair in America, would be six feet one inch in height.

The Duke of Richmond's liberality.

A man called Counsellor Swift, has a salary from Ministers, as Editor of the Patriot Newspaper, of one thousand pounds a year. The obvious and plain duty of this man, is to abuse the Catholics of Ireland, who are described in every page, and in every publication as a faction. The Duke has been described to us, by his eating registers, as a man, who is not regulated by religious distinctions. His Patriot, and his official companions, give the lie to this description. Mr. Swift is his literary organ, and Major Sirr his Magisterial Executor, and both have the honor of his spare hours on convivial occasions, whenever the Ball-alley, or the Privy Council, do not demand more playful or serious occupations. The Papists, who fight the battles of the British, and who starve themselves under the advice of the Farming Society, are made the sport of every adventurer, whose object is official distinction

junction or Magisterial power. The farce of seduction, has been so well performed, that the tragedy of force has now superseded it. The Papist so long flattered, and so long beguiled, while the weakness of his persecutors made things doubtful, is now taught, that his complaints are not worthy of consideration. Mr. Swift laughs at the demands of the Papist, and refers him to another mode of intimidation. with the exultation of a conqueror, and the sneer of a tyrant, points out the answers to his claims, and says our barracks are built, and the British teachers you had the audacity to dispute with, occupy them, and whenever you please, they will settle the account.

Jack Keegan the Butcher, and Captain Fitzsimons.

We have the pleasure of announcing to the public, that the interesting literary correspondence, between Mr. Keegan of Clarendon-market, and Capt. Fitzsimons, *Sunday* Commander-in-Chief of the Sandymount Infantry, and Editor of the Hibernian Journal, through the facetious mediation of Jack Stevenson, the pawn-broker, have been settled without resorting to the unpleasant issue of a personal conflict, which the public so justly apprehended. The articles of the treaty, have been hung up on every hook in the Dublin markets. Jack Keegan, has undertaken to *puff* his own meat, and the Captain has engaged not to meddle with any mutton or venison, without paying the duties, as in such cases made and provided, or in other words, the full value before *potting* them, the prices to be appraised by the pawn-broker. As there has arisen a dispute about the respective respectability, of the greasy and literary adversaries. This part of the controversy, had been also nearly adjusted to mutual satisfaction also, by the prudence of the pawn banker. The Capt. and the Butcher, had a friendly meeting at Connor's in William-street, where each was to produce the documents of his public services. But we are sorry to say, Mr. Keegan had the advantage, as he exhibited a silver *trotter*, awarded to him, by the Farming Society, for the best unblown mutton in the Dublin market, for the year 1810. The Captain, insisted on the decision in his favor, in point of weight, as he received a six pint silver cup from the Commissioners of Excise, for his uncorrupt services, while Inspector General of Excise Duties.—This appeared indisputable, and would have decided the business, had not Mr. Stevenson, very incautiously neglected to bring forth the vessel, as he has had the care of it for the last two years. The Court agreed to adjourn the final consideration, to the next *Sunday*, to make the adjustment convenient to all parties.

Nobility hostile to the Irish Magazine.

The Irish Magazine, appears so objectionable to Nobility, that it is interdicted in its circulation, by our numerous Lords, *so called.* Lord F—— has prevented the sale of it in Cavan, Lord J—— in Dundalk, Lord C—— in Galway, and another Lord, whom our carrier in the county of Kilkenny, in his communication so imperfectly describes in his bad spelling, that we are not in possesion of his name, nor can we, until our man's arrival in town, which we expect in a few days, provided he is not half hanged. The public will admit, from this short statement, that though the Irish House of Lords, have ceased to legislate as a body; they have not ceased to legislate individually. If we ever write one of those instructive and enlightened books on Heraldry, we think, we will be able to give a very handsome account of the illustrious drummers and trumpeters of Cromwell's armies, who introduced the civilization of Nobility into Ireland.

By the premature rebellion of the American

American Colonies, they have lost the opportunity of rank, and have condemned themselves and their posterity, to the condition of vulgar men. At this day there is not a single Lord in the American states, except Lord Courtenay, who is an *Irish* Lord, though an English man, nor would he have honored the vulgar rebels of America by his presence, only his own ill natured country compelled him to expatriation, to avoid the gallows; for we assure our readers, they had it in contemplation, to hang the representative of the ancient House of Courtenay.

It was a shrewd observation of a brother Editor in London, who some years ago, said, on observing the rapid increase of the peerage, that the English constitution had a *levelling* principle in it, and he very naturally became so alarmed, he apprehended if some reasonable check was not given to the immense multiplication of Nobles, that the people would soon be *reduced* into Lords.

As for our parts, we would aspire to the peerage though we are Papists like my Lord F——, but as we live by Judge Day's permission under the gallows, we must dispense with any other elevation at present, than what it offers.

On the folly of choosing Titled persons on Public Affairs.

Whenever an oppressed people in similar situations with that of Ireland, seek any redress of grievances, they should adopt measures that should appear to have a reasonable share of respect attached to them. If we are serious, our conduct should be marked by dignity, sanity at least, we should begin the mode of redress at the right end, the contrary has been our conduct, and the event should have taught us wisdom. If Ireland ever obtained any thing, from the proud hand of Britain, it was effected in despite of her own aristocracy, and of its masters in Britain. The volunteers of Ireland, had the opportunity of making the independence of their country perpetual, had they not in the weakness of their intellect called the Nobility into their confidence, and in the foolish deference they allowed to artificial rank, promised themselves their demands, would appear with more impressive force by being sanctioned, or as their narrow ideas suggested, ornamented by men of titled characters. Reason in this case seemed to be obscured, for the men they had chosen, were by their very titles the most insincere leaders that could be selected, their titles, wore the badges of their servility, they were had from the men who disputed our independence, and the Lord, in every case proved that he prefered the interest of another country, whose livery he wore, to that, which called on him for his assistance. Lord Charlemont is an evidence of our position, placed at the head of the volunteer army, he undertook to serve the jealous interest of Britain, he abided by the armed force of the country, he led it and beguiled it until he diverted its energies into bigotry: then into lassitude, and like Grattan he attended it to its grave. Tricked out of their arms, the volunteers retired without leaving any security for their country, against the re-assumption of British power, some thousands of them lived to see, the country they might have saved, reduced into a mere province, by the infamous Act of Union.

Notwithstanding this severe and afflicting lesson, the Catholics have been led into the same stupid labyrinth, and even in defiance of common sense, have, on every occasion, selected titled men to give character to their claim, not a meeting was ever convened in Ireland within the last year, that did not study to procure a Lord, or an *honorable* gentleman as Lord Ffrench, names his son, to preside. The peo-

ple

ple of Ireland ought to remember, or at least consider, that the British minister, laughs at the stupid idea of terrifying him by the names or authorities of creatures of his own fabrication, who, if so far nationalized, which would be miraculous, as to dispute with him on the sincerity of his measures; he would with as much rapidity as ink could register them, make as many Lords to counterpoise their influence, in one half hour, as would inundate the country in number and rapacity, equal to the locusts, which desolated and eat up the land of Egypt.

It is not the immeaning influence of a Lord, that can give to Ireland her rights, or to her people protection or justice. A Franklin, or an Adams, have done more for the honor and happiness of nations, than all the Lords, that ever the British school of Nobility exhibited to the gaze of a besotted world.

Degraded condition of Lord Chatham *in New York.*

A royalist correspondent of a Federal Newspaper in New York, (for there are many men still living in the American States, who continue to be infected with the whims and follies of the old school now so long exploded by the free constitution of America, still whimpering over the fallen nonsense of the privileged orders,) has discovered as he informs the editors of the Mercantile Advertiser, the headless and armless marble statue of the immortal Pitt, Lord Chatham in the City Hall, now building, in the degraded situation of acting as a prop to support one of the sheds under which the stone cutters work. He gives the history of this valuable relic " The colonies erected it to commemorate their gratitude for the eloquence Mr. Pitt displayed, resisting the stamp act, and had it placed at the intersection of Wall-street and William-street, but at the revolution some inhospitable and rude republicans in their abhorrence of the tender and maternal kindness of the parent country had most scandalously broken the venerable figure, by knocking off its head and amputating it, as it now appears under the stone cutters roof. He laments that this elegant expression of a peoples' love should be slighted, that great public services shou'd be so soon forgotten." It is scarcely worth our notice to make any observations on this fanatic. He appears to be more a knave than a fool, he must understand so much of the British character that in its trade of Parliament, it always assumes two appearances. The ministerialists and the opposition, who differ only on the principle of place hunting, yet invariably agree in the necessity of subjugating what they call their subjects, for in the relations Englishmen have with their colonies, they individually and collectively are sovereigns. The opposition is always formed of patriots, because every man who wants to displace his rival, has no other ammunition but public opinion to hit at the opponent. Mr. Pitt on this invariable doctrine, inseparable from British intrigue and ambition, enlisted the silly colonists under his banners and beguiled them by his eloquence, they took the bait, and decreed him the honors of the pantheon in Wall-street, but had they known the man, or the policy of Parliamentary intrigue, they would not have been at the expence of breaking his statue. When they declared their independence, though Mr. Pitt was then in opposition, the diminution of the British empire so alarmed him, that he threw of the disguise off affected liberty, and the English political masquerader thus delivered himself. " The *independent* views of America have been stated, and asserted as the foundation of this address. My Lords,

no man wishes more for the due dependence of America on this country than I do. To preserve it, and not to confirm the state of independence into which your measures hitherto have driven *them* is the object we ought to unite in obtaining."

New York and Dublin.

The comparative prosperity of these two cities may be accurately known by the news-papers of the two places. Newspapers are a species of commercial histories, they register the misfortunes, and the prosperity of nations where despotism has not entirely suppressed this kind of public record. In the Public Advertiser, published daily in New York, on the third of August last were 252 commercial advertisements, and from what we know of the trade of America, there are never a less number of advertisements in the same paper any day of its publication. In one day in October, we carefully counted every advertisement in all the Dublin news-papers of the day and the entire only amounted to 159, viz. Evening Post 74, Saunders, 69, Patriot 3, Hibernian Journal 4, Corrspondent 9. The public may judge by this the condition of the trade of Dublin, and that of New York, how Union has extinguished commerce in one country, and Dis-Union enlarged it in another. Ireland was only allowed to enjoy a national independence 16 years. In 1784 she demanded her rights and obtained them, relying on the honor of Great Britain, we laid by those arms, by which we became a nation, and in 1800 the sly jealousy of a rival found us defenceless, she discovered our weakness that arose from our neglect, and again we sunk into a Province.

The Lord Mayor's Dinner.

September the 30th, Alderman Archer, the new Lord Mayor, gave his inauguration dinner at the Mansion house. Among the company assembled on the occasion, the *Patriot*, has given us a list, viz. Luke Sibthorp, the glazier; Gen. Sims, *alias* Suds, the police barber; Gen. Lord Harrington; Sir Charles Asgill the American hero. The Duke of Richmond, colonel of the 35th regiment so distinguished in the war of sign posts, in Belfast in the year 1793; Wellesley Pole the Circular letter writer against the *papists*; The Solicitor-General, one of Cox's prosecutors; Lord *March*, a favorite pupil and assistant of Lord Talavera's, Sir C. M. Ormsby, lieutenant colonel of Beresford's walking corps in the rebellion; the Rt. Hon. Patrick Duigenan, formerly of St. Bride's college in Little-ship-street; Sir Richard Musgrave, the lying historian and collector of excise duties: Sir William Alexander, bart. banker, who got his title and fortune, for his industry as a police magistrate: Sir William Stamer, bart. a rich alderman and policeman, who obtained his rank at the last Royal Jubilee; and the Lord Mayor, who is allowed to be a decent man, and as "the *Patriot*" says, a very classical orator, as he made a very *pointed oration*, this we admit he could do, and a *sharp one* too, as he is a sword cutler. We forgot to count Mr. Grattan, to our shame we forgot to give him the precedence he so eminently deserves at the hands of his countrymen. The extroordinary man, who miraculously 'watched over his country in her cradle and walked after her to her grave.' We may judge of the company by species of toasts used to grace the convivial manners of the assembly. To obviate the necessity of guessing at them we select a few for the amusement of our readers.

"Mr. Pole—and may he long continue to protect the true interests of Ireland."

This is a true Corporation compliment to the secretary, for his barrack building answers to catholic claims.

"The memory of William Pitt."

This toast was drank by Mr. Grattan and the rest of the company, with solemn reverence, every person standing. It is now impossible to judge, whether ignorance or depravity was uppermost with such citizens, who could so seriously express such devotion to the name of a man who in his whole life, never indicated any thing towards this unfortunate country, but the inveteracy of an enemy; a man who by buying one part of the people, and scourging the other, robbed us of our independence and literally laid the city of Dublin so low, that it is nothing but a heap of ruins filled with soldiers and beggars.

"The 35th regiment."

If this meeting of Protestant citizens, had any feeling for the sufferings of the Protestant citizens of Belfast, in 1793, they would have had more decency, but ignorance and servility are their best apologies. The character of Dublin, has vascilated so often, that we have some reason to hope, one of the finest cities in Europe, will not long remain in the hands of such abject managers.

"Sir Richard Musgrave, the Herodotus of Ireland."

To this Sir Richard made an ample and elegant acknowledgement, which was received with enthusiastic applause.

"General Sims, and the police army."

The General rose to speak, but was either so full of the *Tumbler*, or of gratitude, that he was unable to proceed and the *Shaver* resumed his seat.

TO

Silvester Costigan, Esq. Distiller.

Newgate, October 14, 1811.

SIR,

A few days after my committal to this dreary abode of guilt and misery, you were pleased through the medium of your friend Mr. ——— to offer your services and that of your friends, to help me by some pecuniary assistance, to defray a part of the immense expences incurred by the many Trials I underwent in the Court of King's Bench, and of Oyer and Terminer, with such other expences as my long and melancholy imprisonment necessarily indicated as inevitable. My vanity was gratified at the respectable notice of a man of your rank and high consideration. The cloud of accumulated distresses which surround me on all sides was much dissipated by the generous assistance which your good nature promised. For six months I have patiently waited, every day of which I expected whenever any person interrupted the broken rays of the sun, that lingered through the door of my cell, that the delegate of Irish feeling, the representative of the house of Costigan, was rapping for entrance to perform that promise which my credulity taught me would mitigate my sufferings and administer that consolation, which, uniting to gratify my pride and diminish my wants, would encrease such comforts as the nature of a prison would admit. Though you have been tardy, your interference has not been useless, because the daily expectation of your friendship has beguiled the lingering hours, and I have been supported in my health and spirits by the pleasing illusion of your assistance, so far you have served me, but you incautiously and abruptly have broken the spell that fascinated me a few days ago, by allowing me to know through your original ambassador, that I had forfeited your patronage, by my observations on your friend of Mount Jerome; my dear Mr Costigan, you have explained yourself very incautiously, and indeed uncharitably, by interrupting the pleasing delusion, you ought to have given me another half year to support my hopes, as it would not cost you any thing, and would have left me to the enjoyment of expected, though imaginary

imaginary happiness; if happiness can be had in such a condition of human existence as a cold and gloomy prison; shame sir, to deprive an unfortunate innocent Irishman even of the dream of consolation! We are told, that "one of the greatest injuries, a man can afflict is to raise an expectation for the purpose of disappointment," you have unkindly, wantonly and unmercifully, realized this breach of morality.

Perhaps, when you *hear* this letter read, you or your discreet counsellors may say it is intended as an intimidation, or an attempt to awaken you into a sense of your imprudence, on the presumption, that you might be shamed into a performance of your promise.

Be assured Sir, I have no such motive, in the presence of God, and my country, I hereby declare, that no human interference, that no privation, that no imprisonment, however long and irksome, can ever make me degrade myself, so much as to take any compliment, assistance, remuneration or gift, in any manner or form, from Silvester Costigan. His Majesty's government have made me independant of such men as you are, they allow me *three loaves, twenty-one pounds of potatoes*, and an *unlimitted access*, at all lawful hours, to a cellar of good water, each week, and when I require it, I can command a warm blanket, and my choice of the driest unoccupied flag in the jail.

While such liberal and constitutional solid benefits are administered to me, I shall never be tempted to exchange them for your paltry favors, nor would I even for your friends' coach, or his wine vaults;—time, a good constitution, and sufficient courage, to encounter my unfortunate circumstances, will surmount two years of misfortune, and again I shall be given to the world by the same mercy that feeds me. Nor, shall I then envy Mr. Tom R———s, or Jack K———, the opulence they have acquired.

I could be severe Mr. Costigan, only I know you are so superficially skilled in the necromancy of politics, that, your inexperience and intellect have contributed to make you the dupe of fortune hunters, who trade in the degradation of your unfortunate and subdued country.

WALTER COX.

Memoirs of Mr. Curran.

(From an American Publication.)

"When the appointment of the celebrated orator, J. P Curran, to an office of high emolument, was published in the papers, a person observed '*then he has made his last speech*'—*that eloquence* which astonished and delighted a susceptible people, which outstript Domosthenes in majesty and force, which surpassed Cicero in imagination, pathos, and grace, is dead to the world for a paltry office of 5000*l.* a year—thus Sir William Jones was *promoted* the Bengal bench—and *Mackintosh* to Bombay—promoted for destruction—offices in India and Ireland, are tombs of immolated genius."

Vitera extollimus, recentium incuriosi.

It is a very general opinion, that the study of Law is adverse to genius; that a lively imagination cannot be tied to professional pursuits; and that wit cannot be possessed but to the exclusion of industry.

Among the many examples which might be adduced to prove the falsity of this conceit, Mr. CURRAN is not the least striking. No man has acquired higher reputation for those powers which delight and captivate the fancy, that touch the springs of passion, elicit tears from sensibility, or extort from gravity itself the burst of laughter—yet has the exertions of this gentleman raised him from

from the humblest walks of life, if not to the first place, certainly to the first rank at the Irish bar. He has not, indeed, attained high official situations, or risen to those honours which are oftener the reward of *judicious* politics than of *professional* ability; but he has acquired that which is a much stronger proof of talent, the uncontested title of being *The first Advocate in his country.*

Mr. Curran is now above fifty years of age—He was born in the county of Cork, of parents who were undistinguished by wealth or situation; who had neither a fortune by which they could enable their son to live independently, nor connexions by which they could advance him in a learned profession. They were, however, capable of giving him the rudiments of a liberal education; and that seems to be the only advantage which he derived from his family.

Having qualified himself for the university, he entered into the only character in which his circumstances enabled him to appear, that of a *Sizer* in the college of Dublin; a situation of which the emoluments are very trivial, while the marks of inferiority which distinguish it from that of the other students are of the most mortifying kind. The *Sizers* have, indeed, their tuition free of expense; but they are obliged to keep the rolls of their tutors, and attend to the weekly distribution of the fines and punishment of the pupils. They have their commons *gratis*, but they dine only on the fragments of the Fellows' table, and are compellable to discharge several menial offices in the dining hall.

In this situation Mr. Curran passed the first year at the university; nor did he appear, in one point of pecuniary circumstances, to stand at the head of even that humble class. It is a fact, that the man who possessed powers that could mould the heart, charm the imagination, and guide the judgment of a court or a senate, was often destitute of a whole coat!

At the usual time (two years after entrance) he obtained a scholarship, by which, and by the emoluments arising from some petty offices generally bestowed on scholars, he emerged from the distresses in which he had hitherto been involved. The remainder of his college life is not marked by any peculiar incidents: he obtained the usual honours with which the policy of the university rewards industry and talents, and he is said to have made some progress in reading the laborious course which is prescribed for Fellowship candidates; but, whether disgusted with the drudgery, or deterred by the magnitude of the undertaking, he soon desisted from college pursuits, and turned his attention to the bar.

Previously to his becoming a student in the Inns Court, London, Mr. Curran married a lady of his own country. This match appears to have been founded in inclinations, for she did not bring him a fortune to compensate the inconveniencies unavoidably attending so premature a connexion. Of the means by which he supported himself and wife during his studies in England, and afterwards to defray the expense of his call to the bar, nothing certain is known; it is natural to suppose, with talents like his, that in such a place as London, it would not be very difficult to procure a livelihood by his literary exertions. But whatever might have been the mode by which his finances were supplied, it is certain that when he first came to the bar, he was in great poverty—He then resided in Kevin-street, Dublin, a place only occupied by the lowest class of people, and which in point of *gentility*, is on a level with the least reputable part of Westminster.

Mrs. Curran had now brought him a child; and being unable to indulge in the practice so common in great

cities of sending the children out to be nursed, she was obliged to undergo the labour of discharging at once the duties of nurse, cook, and housewife!

About this time Mr. Curran became a member of a convivial society, originally formed by young lawyers, called the *Monks of the Screw*—they were poor, but merry; the object of their meetings was to forget, in what is called "good fellowship," the cares and crosses of life. The *devotion* of these Monks, however, was promoted by an humbler liquor than the juice of the grape, and their *temple* was nothing more than an *upper* room in a Kevin-street ale-house!—Poor as such a society must have been, the circumstances of Mr. Curran were so humble, that they were bittered by his connexion even with it. As the Club affected to be select, it became at length necessary, that they should have an apartment to themselves; they therefore engaged one at a certain rent, and Mr. Curran was complimented with the use of it, for the residence of himself and family, except only during those evenings when the Club met—He must have been poor indeed, who lodged in such a mansion!

Mr. Curran, however, was not the only man of talents, who at that time belonged to this society, and who arose to eminence—The present chief Baron of the Irish exchequer, Lord Yelverton, the early and intimate friend of Mr Curran, was one of its original members. Though more fortunate in his *political* pursuits, the connexion formed and cemented between them in their early years, has continued through every vicissitude of succeeding life.

That learning and talents are often enabled to raise themselves into notice, without the fortunate co-operation of extrinsic circumstances, is an observation which has been often exemplified in every profession; but, perhaps, more frequently in the law than in any other—Our young barrister, with all his capabilities, however, remained entirely unnoticed at the bar. The attention of the public was at length turned towards him in rather a singular way.

He had been engaged as agent by one of the candidates at a contested election, and, in the course of the poll, it became necessary for him to make objections to a vote proffered by the adverse party, which he did in that strong sarcastic manner for which he is so remarkable His antogonist, a man of overbearing manners, felt the pungency of the barrister's wit, and not recognising merit under a shabby coat, and rather a mean appearance, he appled to him some very gross epithets —With more spirit than discretion, Mr. Curran leaped from his seat, seized him by the collar, and would have struck him, but for the interposition of the by-standers; but he disclosed his mind and character in some very *pithy* sentences—The gentleman not only acknowledged his mistake, but generously granted him his friendship, and was of essential service to his future pursuits in the line of his profession.

From this period, Mr. Curran began to rise rapidly—Within less than six months, he quitted his gratuitous lodgings in Kevin-street, and removed nearer to a more reputable part of the town. Mrs. Curran no longer dishonoured her lord's circumstances, by appearing in the discharge of those offices which are usually performed by deputy—nay, in less than a year, the rising prosperity of the family was visible in the luxury of a one horse chair! Merit was now finding its proper level, and in this instance at least, we do not behold a great genius struggling with adversity, or sullied, in the estimation of vulgar minds, by undeserved poverty.

Mr. Curran's rise must have been rapid indeed, for in the year 1784, we find him dignified with a silk gown as King's Counsel, and seated in the

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house of commons, where he seconded with sportive humour, or sarcastic wit, every effortof the minority, or popular party, for the civil and religious emancipation of their country.

During the interesting period in which Mr. Fitzgibbon filled the office of the attorney general, Mr Curran was one of the leaders of opposition; of course, he came into frequent collision with that dogmatical and haughty lawyer. The high tone of language with which the attorney general endeavoured to overbear his political opponents, was more frequently combated by the wit, than by the arguments of Mr. Curran. If in this mode of warfare, he did not always repel the blow, he at least evaded its force, and though he could not on every occasion, boast of victory, he escaped defeat—In one of these contests, Mr. Curran sent home his wit, his ridicule, and his irony, in so sharp a style, that it produced a challenge—They fought in the Phœnix Park, and even there Mr. C. could not forbear his jokes, to the amusement of the seconds; as to his antagonist, he never was of a laughable humour on any occasion—Luckily they fired without effect, and there was no blood shed—Fate, it seems had decreed, that Mr. F. should not die in the field of battle———

While Mr. Curran was continuing to be successful in his profession, he did not suffer any opportunities of enjoying pleasure to pass him—he was eagerly sought for in every company, and, by his never failing fund of wit, he generally kept the table in a roar till the "envious sun peep'd in at the windows." He was indeed a man of uncommon gaiety, he possessed an exquisite ear for music, and being no ordinary performer on the Forte Piano, it was not strange that Mrs. Billington, who has captivated all the world by her magical powers, should, for a time, enchant Mr C.

It has already been observed, that, in his parliamentary character, Mr. Curran has always been attached to the popular cause. Indeed from his first outset in life, he has been a steady friend to the legislative independence, to the free commerce, and a reform in the representation of Ireland. He uniformly declared against Mr. Pitt's crusade against France; and, with unremitted vigour, he opposed the fire and sword system against Ireland. Finding the inefficacy of his efforts, he withdrew, along with Mr. Grattan and some others, from the house of commons, and has since been known to the public only as an advocate. In this capacity, he has defended, with unrivalled talents, many of his countrymen, who, instead of glorifying in a *revolution*, have unfortunately found themselves involved in all the horror of a *rebellion*.

As a *lawyer*, Mr Curran has not particularly distinguished himself; in this respect, he stands only on an equality with his brethren—it is as an *advocate* that he outstrips his competitors. In this character, he has not his equal in the three kingdoms. With Mr. Erskine he has been compared; but, in the opinion of many judges, who have attentively considered the merits of both, the latter holds only the second place.

Mr. Erskine is an acute, grave, laborious and, frequently, an eloquent pleader; he turns the bright side of his client's case to full view, urges its strong parts with the force of a masculine understanding, and covers its weakness with very ingenious sophistry; but the jury still remember that Mr. Erskine is an advocate, and are on their guard against his arts. Mr. Curran, while he displays as much acuteness as Mr. Erskine gets nearer to the hearts and passions of his auditors; and, by the ardour and animation of an eloquence neither forced nor fictitious, excludes every feeling and every thought, but those which he wishes to excite. In the examination

of

of witnesses, also, Mr. Curran is eminently powerful. In his manner, he resembles Mr. Garrow, but excels even that gentleman in probing a rotten cause to the bottom, in eliciting truth from prevarication, and touching the secret strings that actuate the human heart.

Of all the orators of the present day, Mr. Curran is thought to have the greatest resemblance to Mr. Sheridan (both Irishmen,) considering the one in parliament, the other before a Jury. They have nearly the same flow of ideas, and similar flights of genius, alternately witty and pathetic, ironical and majestic. Whatever may have been the original, or the local merit of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, we do not now feel ourselves agitated by their orations; even in their best translations, their language is faint and uninteresting, when compared with *Curran* and *Sheridan*—the one when he describes the miseries of the persecuted Irish—the other when he paints the sufferings of the oppressed Hindoos.

But Mr Curran's parliamentary speeches seldom possess the excellence which marks his professional defences They display much less of the *mens divinor*—they are irregular and desultory, and seem to be rather the play of his mind, than its serious exertions. They, however, abound with admirable strokes of sarcastic humour; and though they assist but little in guiding decision, yet produce a good effect, by holding up venality and corruption to public detestation.

Of classical learning, Mr. Curran seems to have early laid in a good store; his allusions to the Roman poets are frequent, and his quotations from them are prompt and happy. It is a curious circumstance, that to study the Latin authors, and to commit to the memory, their remarkable passages, formed a part of Mr. Curran's preparation for the bar; and that he continues, from his experience of its utility, to recommend this practice to the student of law.

Deceived by his *tout ensemble*, several young Englishmen, who thought it a duty incumbent upon them to take every opportunity of quizzing the Paddies, have ventured to break their Birmingham wit upon our hero—but they soon found that they had 'caught a tartar;'—his keen sarcastic wit and expressive gestures turned the laugh against themselves, and made them quit the field with disgrace.

The people of England, in general, although situated almost within sight of Ireland, are wonderfully ignorant of that country, and have the most absurd notions of the size, strength, and manners of her inhabitants. Accustomed to contemn the Irish, and blinded by pride and prejudice; Englishmen will not believe that any man can be born in Ireland with a capacity above the rank of a drayman or a haymaker. And when such men as are named below,† are mentioned as being natives of Ireland, *John Bull* is surprised and incredulous, for he thinks no man with brain can possibly be born out of Old England!‡

With respect to person, Mr. Curran, like Mr. Grattan, is not much indebted to nature. His statute is low, and

‡ The English have contrived to throw the character of blundering on a people who have been rendered unfortunate by their subjection to English injustice. A blundering Irishman is a constant fund of amusement on the English stage; many a play would be damn'd but for an Irishman's mistakes; and many a paragraph-writer would starve, but for his far-fetch'd witticisms on the natives of Ireland. A late writer has defined a blunder to be "a laughable confusion of ideas," to which the vulgar and the ignorant of every country are liable, and none more than the English themselves—but that the Irish can attain to the utmost purity and elegance of speaking and writing the English language, let the names of literary characters testify.

† See Paddina, and Egeworth's Dissertation on Bulls.

and his whole appearance far from prepossessing. He has, however, an eye which emits the fire of genius, and is admirably calculated to transmit either the scintillations of fancy, or that deep and touching pathos of the heart, which he not only feels himself, but can so powerfully excite in others. Of dress, he is remarkably, perhaps, culpably negligent; he has often played Cicero in the senate, in the garb of Scrub! His negligence in this respect, has sometimes led him into street adventures, of a funny and ridiculous nature—but Mr. C. is exceedingly fond of whatever is humorous—he tells several stories of himself with infinite spirit, much to the amusement of the company; and all the high wits, and all the low wits of the city, can repeat a deal of comical sayings and doings of the great Orator Curran.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

CHARACTER OF MR. CURRAN.

If it were worth while to combat the notion, that descent, that nobility, should alone be a passport to honour and virtue, the history of this man would furnish the refutation—From no worm eaten statutes, from no musty records of nobility, does he derive his title to honour, or his claim to reputation. He searched no Herald's office for the purpose of ascertaining the age of his tribe; he bribed no court favourite to revive some title which was extinct, in his favour. The star and garter, with all those other gew gaws which amuse so many children in the shape of men, held out no temptation to him. Overlooking all such puerile and anile distinctions, he threw himself on the resources of his mind, resting his claim on the judgment of his cotemporaries and posterity.

To the unaccommodating spirit of the Spartan is joined, in him the polish, the delicacy of Athenian manners: Now, he reaches the point in debate by a few bold and nervous sentences, expressed with laconic vigour and epigrammatic spirit: Now, his words appear to move only to the melodious and measured cadences of Attic harmony. The Spartan œconomy is forgotten, and an imagination, luxuriant beyond all account, is permitted to range as it were in despite of control, and in derision of method, in all the sportiveness of mirth, and all the poignancy of satire.

The voice of this man happily corresponds with his genius; easily, by its compass and flexibility, accommodating itself to the several passions which he wishes to convey. It is a clear medium by which he is enabled to transfuse his spirit into his hearers, and kindle in their hearts an enthusiasm in defence of liberty, which, like the Greek fire, is not afterwards to be extinguished.

When his soul is enflamed with the frantic excesses of tyranny, the darkness on his brow gives notice of the tempest that is gathering: while the lightning in his eye, an unerring precursor, announces the thunder that is to follow. His invective is keen, is terrible, is desolating. The great lords of the court tremble on their benches, surrounded by guards and clad in purple and ermine; whilst, like a minister of divine wrath, he denounces against them the vengeance of Heaven and the curses of posterity. The spies of the government have been known to faint under his examination, alleging that they were unable to bear the fire of his eloquence, and the torture of his interrogatories.

He is small of stature, and of a visage sallow and wan: but when he opens his lips, his personal defects vanish; his stature reaches the clouds and he appears to be alone, graceful and lovely in the creation. You are under a species of enchantment similar to what Horace alludes to in his art of poetry, when the skilful dramatist transports you sometimes to Thebes

and

and sometimes to Athens.—Curran is indeed a magician who enchains the imaginations of his hearers, and the spell is of such potency, that neither wisdom nor ignorance have any charm to resist it.

When he harangues in defence of the rights of mankind, the most bigotted are in love with liberty and virtue; whilst, with a master hand, he portrays the miseries of Ireland, not a dry eye is to be seen; the court is drowned in tears; corrupt juries, packed and empannelled for the special purpose of condemnation, softened and touched by his eloquence, resign to him their victim; the prison doors fly open at his approach; the chains fall from the hands of the victims. He is the Angel of Mercy, whose lips, touched with fire by the Almighty, whisper hope in the dungeon of despair, and speak deliverance to the captive.

But to form a correct estimate of this wonderful man, you must consider him, not merely as an orator, as a man distinguished only in a single walk or department of literature.—Men in general have their fort or strong ground in which lies their peculiar excellence and strength. But this is not the case with him; in every thing he is great, in every thing equal. He is, as it were, a centre in the circle of sciences, an attractive and luminous focus, on which rays are incessantly falling from all parts of the orb; a profound mathematician; a logician, acute, subtle, and persuasive; a philosopher, elegantly speculative, and profoundly erudite; a wit, sometimes lashing vice with the wrath and indignation of Juvenal, sometimes tittering at folly with the elegant and courtly irony of Flaccus; a politician, clear-sighted, steady, and incorruptible; an orator realizing and transcending the definition of Cicero.

Lord Making.

There is no man in Europe except Bonaparte, has done so much to ennoble his relations as Lord F——, Lord F—— was regulated by filial piety, Bonaparte by the pride of conquest, Lord Ffrench had his aged mother made a *Lord*, when she was seventy years of age, we suppose it was merely as a medical experiment, to divert her from an alarming state of melancholy, we are told she recovered her spirits in a very great degree, when the officers charged with the play-things of Heraldry were presented to her. The charming display of crescents, mullets, lozenges, bends, bendlets, mentlects, swallows, stars and magpyes, with corsnet, and surmounting crest, with the handsome manner the toys were colored and emblazoned, had such a happy effect on the good old lady, that she enjoyed several years in sound condition, and left the baby house to her posterity.

Messrs. Cox, Bushe, Saurin and Perceval.

Since the extinction of our parliament, the British has had no opportunity of judging of the zeal or ability of the men, who best deserved "*the unspotted Ermine,*" but through the medium of Bar eloquence. The unfrequent public prosecutions on the part of the Crown, since the Union has been unfavourable to legal adventurers, except the little business of 1803, which afforded some handsome opportunities to display native talents in defence of our new constitution. The trial of Mr. Emmet, elicited an exhibition of legal knowlege, and classical elegance, unequalled in the history of our bar. An O'Grady and a Plunket, were found worthy of high distinction, and of ministerial confidence. The trials of Cox, by rousing the constitutional vigilance of a Saurin and of a Bushe, gave life to a majestic flow of language that has endeared the Attorney and Solicitor General, to every man of sound taste and loyal principle. The British Haberdasher is satisfied that he has found

found the men who are qualified to wear the most valuable articles in his wardrobe. Mr. Bushe on these fortunate occasions, had also the advantage of clearing up some suspicions, about his political creed, which his humorous and polite opposition to the Union had justified. This was done in a few words by his magical application of language; he handed himself into the trial very handsomely, and accounted his opinions, in these words. "The Counsel for the prisoner, have insinuated, that the meaning of the words "*The Painter Cut*," could be only considered as another way of describing a repeal of the Union. Much has been said on this subject, and many of our most distinguished and best men have differed on the policy and wisdom of the Legislative Union, many have mistaken this *modification* of the constitution in the passion and hurry of the times, which cannot be thought either evil or criminal when not guided by any other rule than what every man thinks he has a right to use when discoursing on any abstract or speculative subject."

We hope Mr. Perceval has been satisfied with this eloquent definition of Mr. Bushe's. Mr. Bushe calls the Union a *modification* of the constitution. We have no Dictionary in our Ceil, but we presume to say, that it was *extinction*, not *modification*, because a thing extinguished, has lost its form, with its existence; modifying implies another appearance of the thing acted on, but here the thing disappears, yet Mr. Bushe calls it only a modification. Mr. Bushe perhaps has explained his opinion on the sale of his country to the satisfaction of Mr. Perceval; for our part, we think it more criminal than absolute nonsense usually is, and we leave Mr. Bushe and Mr. Perceval in the full enjoyment of recruited confidence.

Counsellor Reed.

By very recent letters from our Correspondent at the Black Rock, we are assured that in case of the expected demise of our gracious Sovereign, such arrangements in the judicial department have been made that Mr. Bushe will succeed the present venerable Chief Justice. We are proud to say our country has not produced a man of more talent, more vigorous in his age, nor better prepared by a long course of education, nor more learned in black-lettered forensic knowledge, nor so fitted to wear the "*unspotted ermine*" than Mr. Bushe. It is our opinion, which we presume to say, is in no manner contemptible. Our wonderful knowlege in such matters is so well established that we are not afraid to assert, that no candidate for public honor or judicial distinction appears so well fitted to meet the measure of the well-earned wardrobe destined by Mr. Perceval for the services of eminent Irish genius.

The only gentleman of the bar, who is qualified to succeed Mr. Bushe since the lamented death of Counsellor Adams is Counsellor Read, a man who it is needless to say unites in himself the eloquence of a Mansfield, the vigour of a Thurlow, with the *wisdom* and *humanity* of a *Bladderchops*. If Ireland has lost her trade and her independence, she can never lose her literary character, though she has not Thellusons, Peeles, Boltons or Beckfords more commercial, trading besotted men, who had no other distinction than that of mechanical or trading ingenuity. While letters are venerated, our country will defy any age to produce such classical names so well prepared to emblazon the page of history as our *Adams*, *Bushes*, *Reeds*, and *Tolers*.

Spanish America.

Liberty has again reared her standard, and in defiance of the PIRATES and DESPOTS of Europe, America from Cape Horn to Massachusetts is engaged in one common understanding. The vast population of the new world have decreed that the people are the

only sovereign, that the farmers are the real nobility, and we have the pleasure to say, that Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man," and constitution of the United States have been translated into the Spanish language, and have been circulated with amazing success through the immense and enviable regions of the *ci-devant* Spanish colonies.

Law Making.

Since the Gentlemen and Lords in England were restored to the privilege of making laws for us, which we wrested from them by the bayonet in 1782, a statute was enacted, that no whiskey should be allowed for the use of prisoners in any goal in Ireland. The very enactment of this cruel and absurd law, proves the absurdity and impudence of men, who dare usurp the authority of making regulations for a country to whose manners, local condition and national sustenance they are real strangers. It is the assumption of a quack, and the cruelty of a despot, that would interdict the use of a regimen of which they were ignorant of its medical or social qualities. An Englishman has no more notion of what whiskey is, than a Chinese general has of the battle of Ross, and yet he presumes to measure it out, and legalize its use, under the greatest affectation of his knowledge of its chemical preparation and deleterious effects. From this drunken subject, it must be obvious that strangers are bad law makers.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S ATTENTION TO THE TRADE OF IRELAND.

The *Patriot* newspaper, the sworn property of Mr. Pole, has announced to its *numerous* readers, that his Grace has made Balbriggan a free port, has appointed a custom-house officer to manage the growing commercial consequence of that great depot, and to obviate the trouble and expense that the captains of the two coal vessels who annually visit it, had by being obliged to apply to the Custom-House of Dublin, a new custom-house is to be erected for the important occasion. It would save a considerable sum if a few of the apartments of our useless Dublin Custom-House could be removed, they being of little more use than for registering the soldiers and coaches sent from England to promote our civilization and industry.

General Drury.

Mr. Cox.—As it appears by your last number, that you are not acquainted with the name of the gentleman at whose expense the charitable dispensary in Naylor's-lane, Marlborough-street, is supported. It is no other than the great General *Coombe* Drury, who commanded the King's troops out of his garret window on the fatal evening of July the 23d, 1803.

The Irish Press.

Mr. Grattan gave the following account of the state of the Irish press, in an answer to the address of the freemen and freeholders of Dublin, assembled at the Exchange, the 29th of July, 1797.

"Foreign disgrace leads naturally, and of course to the subject of domestic oppression. I cannot here omit that part of your resolutions, which adverts to the barbarities committed on the habitations, property, and persons of the people—and I beg to join with yours, my testimony against such repeated, wanton, savage, abominable and *permitted* outrages. Barbarities and murders, such as no printer, will now dare to publish, lest he too should be plundered, or murdered for the ordinary exercise of his trade."

This was the state of the country, and the dreadful condition of the Irish people,

people, one year before, what Lord Castlereagh termed, an unprovoked and unnatural Rebellion.

In those days, the Judges went circuit, and they tried such culprits, as General Lake, and the Armagh Rackers were pleased to spare, to ornament the criminal calendar. We do not remember that "*the unspotted Ermine*" in its charges to juries ever deprecated the conduct of the *musquet* judges, though they sometimes entertained their hearers, with a slight legal wheezing on the blessings of our enviable constitution, the horrors of French principles, the licentiousness of the press, and the ungovernable appetites of the people, who it appears had been starved as regularly by the exportations of the provisions, and as effectually by the existing policy in fashion in 1797, as they are now under the managing wisdom of the Farming Society.

Boxing.

At the bruising conflict between the Black and Crib, on the 28th of September, many thousands of the civilized British attended, to enjoy the rational and refined amusement. The literary gentleman, who was retained to register the details of the engagement, we understand is one of the Gazette writers, for recording the glory of the fleets and armies of the Empire, has described this great contest, with the most precise and lettered exactness, asserts, that one fourth of the mob present, was composed of nobles and gentry. We have been instructed to add, by an intelligent correspondent, that not less than four hundred clergymen attended, whose attention to the combat, and whose knowledge in the science, by the manner they betted, attracted such a considerable number of inferior judges in this christian amusement, who were encouraged to stake with considerable effect, and were enabled by the judicious observations of their clerical advisers, to retire from the field, with a vast accession of property.

The ages of Chivalry and superstition, have retired before the illuminations of the reformation, and have been succeeded by a more elevated and enlarged character of national manners. Boxing has taken place of the tournament, the clergy, of our days, like those who regulated the manners of our ancient knights, attend to regulate our modern heroes. Certainly the knights of the *fist*, are not so superstitious as to submit to the tedious formalities which prepared the Knights of other days; they neither hear mass, go to confession, nor remain in prayer during the night preceding their inauguration. Old fashioned religion, has been exploded from the englightened land of modern Britain, but, we do not discover that more polished manners have kept pace with the substituted doctrines.

A more liberal mode of thinking, has succeeded the rigid discipline of, what modern philosophers term a dark age. The clergy now regulate bruising matches, theatres and racing wagers, yet without neglecting the estates of the church, they leave their flocks to the care of the illiterate.—The consequences are, that education presides to direct brutes, and the ignorant preach the Gospel. The Bishop swears at a boxing fete, and the buckle-maker teaches Divinity in the Temple.

Circular Letter to the Brotherhood, in the Name of a Body of Orange Yeomen, who were disbanded for disobedience of Orders.

BROTHERS,

The sacred obligation which binds us to each other for the preservation of the laws and constitution of our country, prompted us to meet in arms, on the 29th of April last, in order to prevent the ignominious flog-

ging of brothers William and Archibald Scott, which was to have taken place in the manner stated in the inclosed affidavit, for the avowed purpose of disgracing our body.

This assembly on our part which contained upwards of 500 loyalists, and was, as we are advised by eminent lawyers, strictly legal, and within the pale of the glorious constitution, which we are sworn to defend, has been misrepresented to government by our avowed enemies, who thereupon precipitately and without enquiry into the facts, disbanded our corps, which has gratified our enemies (we mean the enemies to loyalty) more than we can describe, as appears by their exultations in the newspapers.

We are now seeking redress for the injuries we have received, by an appeal to the laws of our country, and have instituted suits in the Court of King's Bench, which are now pending; the result of which (we have no doubt) will not only obtain for us ample satisfaction, but procure for us the re-establishment of our corps, and thereby add to the honour of our cause, which we would willingly sacrifice our lives to maintain.

As considerable sums have been already expended on those proceedings, which were the free offering of our brethren, as well as our own, we request the further support and co-operation of all true brothers, and beg of them immediately to forward their subscriptions, to any of the undermentioned persons, who are respectively authorised to receive the same, namely, Alexander Berry, Esq. late Captain of the Loyal Tullyhunko corps, Rockville, Killesandra; Lieutenant Slemmons, Longford corps, Longford; Mr. Foster, Ballynamore corps, Ballynamore; and Captain Irwin, of Irwinstown, Enniskillen; who will forward the subscriptions paid to them respectively, to William St. John, Esq. of No. 33, French-street, Dublin, our conducting law agent, to be applied by him in the several necessary disbursements which our counsel will advise and we direct.

All persons contributing towards this loyal and praise-worthy object, have a right to be informed of the proceedings therein, and the several sums expended thereon by applying by letter or otherwise to our said law agent, who will refund to subscribers, or otherwise apply in such manner as they may order for the general good of the Protestant cause, whatever redundancy of money, (if any may happen to be in his hands) on the termination of said suits.

By Order of (the several members of the Tullyhunko corps, and their slandered brethren, who dub themselves) the association of suffering loyalists.

SLEMMONS, Sec.

Armagh, Oct. 1811.

P. S. As it is of the utmost importance to preserve secrecy in our communications, we hope that none but a brother shall see this letter.

To

The Trap.

Through the humanity of our worthy Sheriffs, and under the mechanical ingenuity of the *gallows engineer*, Mr. Dickinson, the iron machine of death has been considerably improved. By the construction of the one, very patriotically invented in the year 1798, it was so made in the hurry of loyalty, that it inflicted two punishments, where the humanity of the law intended but one: for by the inclined manner the grate was formed, it pitched the offender on the frame, in such a manner, and so violently forward, that the head of the victim was generally knocked to pieces, some seconds before the rope could have its intended influence; so that torture always preceded the punishment intended by the sentence pronounced by "*the unspotted ermine.*" Now, by the genius of the new magistrates of

1811,

1811, this painful and unnecessary part of the ceremony of extinction is completely obviated, the fata parallel is made to divide, like folding doors, the frame is escaped, and the person of the convict is allowed to go unimpaired by a perpendicular descent to the full length of the *cable tow*, that is to suffocate him. This must be allowed is mathematical hanging; for as Billy M'Dowell describes the former mode, "a man was shoved off, doubled like a *cod in a pot.*"

Bible Affairs.

A specimen of the present improved state of the British mind, since its release from the restrictions of popery.

(From the Leeds Quarter Sessions, 14th of October, 1811.)

John Barnley, weaver, of Beeston, was brought before the Court on a charge of deserting his family, and leaving them chargeable to the township. When he was placed at the Bar, he was interrogated in the following terms:

Court.—What reason have you to assign for the deserting your family, and leaving them chargeable to the township?

Prisoner.—I was called by the word of God so to do.

Court.—Where have you lived since, and what have you done?

Prisoner.—I have lived at Potoveus, near Wakefield, and have worked at my business as a weaver.

Court.—What can you earn a week upon an average?

Prisoner.—From eighteen to twenty shillings per week.

Court.—And how do you dispose of it?

Prisoner. — After supplying my own necessities, I distribute the rest among my poor neighbours.

Court.—But should not your wife and children be the first objects of your care and bounty?

Prisoner.—No; unless they are in greater distress than all others.

Court.—The Scripture, which you profess to follow, says, speaking of the relation of man and wife, that they shall be one flesh, of course, you are under as great an obligation to maintain her as yourself.

Prisoner. — The Scripture saith, whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder; but God never joined me and my wife together.

Court.—Who then did?

Prisoner.—I have told you who *did not*, you may easily judge who did.

Court.—We suppose you are as much joined together as any other married people are.

Prisoner.—My family are now no more to me than any other persons.

Court.—The laws of your country require that you should maintain your family, and if you neglect or refuse to do it, you become liable to a serious punishment.

Prisoner.—I am willing to suffer all you think proper to inflict; I expect to suffer persecution; for the Scripture says, those that will live godly in Christ Jesus, must endure persecution. I regard the laws of God only, and do not regard any other laws.

Court.—You seem to have read the Scriptures to very little profit, or you would not have failed in so plain a duty as that of providing for your own household.

Prisoner. — The Scripture commands me to love my neighbour as myself, and I cannot do that if I suffer him to want when I have the power to relieve him. My wife and children have all changes of raiment, but I see many others that are half naked. Should I not, therefore, cloath these rather than expend my money on my family?

Court.—But your family cannot live upon their raiment; they require also victuals.

Prisoner.—They are able to provide for their own maintenance, and the Gospel requires me to forsake father and mother, wife and children. Indeed it was contrary to the Gospel for

for me to take a wife; and I sinned in so doing.

Court.—Have you any friends here?

Prisoner.—I have only one friend, who is above.

Court.—Is there any person here who knows you?

Prisoner.—Mr. Banks knows me.

Mr. Banks being called upon, stated that he should suppose, from the recent conduct of the prisoner, that his mind was not in a sane state. Formerly he was an industrious man; of late, he understood that he had read the Bible with uncommon assiduity and fervency. He would absent himself whole days together, and retired into woods and fields for the purpose of reading it. After some time spent in this manner, he went away from his family, and refused to contribute to their support. His family contrived to carry on the business, and he bought of them what pieces they made. He understood that what the prisoner had said of giving away his earnings to objects of distress was correct.

The Court made another attempt to convince this deluded man of the impropriety of his conduct, but without the least effect; he replied to all their reasonings, by quoting appropriate texts of Scripture. Nor would he even promise to permit his employer to pay to his family the small sum of five shillings weekly. He dared not, he said, make any promises or engagements of any kind. Nor was the attempt to work upon his feelings more successful; his fanaticism had, apparently, rooted from his heart all the tender charities of domestic life. When it was intimated to him that one of his children was in a decline, he seemed perfectly unmoved; nor did the tears of his wife, who implored him only to assist in paying the debts before he went away, in the least affect him. He coldly replied, that the landlord might distress for the rent.

The Court asked some questions of the Overseers as to the affairs of the family, the answers to which the writer of this did not hear; but they confirmed what Mr. Banks had said as to the manner in which he disposed of his surplus earnings, and expressed an opinion that no benefit was likely to result from sending him again to the House of Correction. After some consultation with the Bench, the Recorder addressed him to the following effect:—

"John Barnley, The Court are disposed to deal leniently with you, in hopes that better consideration will remove the delusion you labour under. For this purpose I would advise you to read your Bible with still greater attention, and ask the advice of some intelligent friends, particularly the Minister you attend upon. I would also beg of you seriously to consider, that all the rest of the world think it their duty to provide, in the first place, for their families; and you, surely, cannot suppose that they are all neglecting the care of their souls, and in the road to eternal destruction. This consideration should induce you to distrust your own judgment, and if you have any humility, and humility is a chistian virtue, you would conclude that it is more probable that you should be mistaken than that all the rest of mankind should be wrong. Your wife has already expressed her wish that no severity should be used towards you. Influenced by these considerations the Court has ordered that you should be discharged."

Prisoner.—The Scripture saith, that darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. And again in another place, that the whole world lieth in wickedness. I know that the way of duty is the path of suffering; but it is the path which our Leader trod, and we must follow his steps.

An exact list of all the cities in France; whose population is not less than 20,000, taken in 1811, by order of the French government.

Places

Places.	*Population.*
Paris . .	547,756
Marseilles .	96,413
Bourdeaux . .	90,992
Lyons . . .	88,919
Rouen . .	87,000
Turin . . .	79,000
Nantes . .	77,162
Brusselles . .	66,297
Anvers . .	56,318
Gand . . .	55,161
Lille . . .	54,756
Toulouse . .	50,171
Liege . . .	50 000
Strasbourg .	49,056
Colonge . .	42,706
Orleans . .	41,937
Amiens . .	41,279
Nismes . .	39,594
Mentz . . .	38,656
Bruges . .	33,632
Angiers . .	33,000
Montpelier .	32,723
Caen . . .	30,923
Rheims . .	30,225
Clermont . .	30,000
Alessandria .	30,000
Besancon . .	28,436
Nancy . . .	28,227
Versailles . .	27,574
Rennes . .	25.904
Brest . . .	25,865
Louvain . .	25,000
Aix-la-Chapelle	24,419
Troyes . .	24,061
Geneve . .	22,759
Mayence . .	22,325
Touci . . .	21,974
Montauban .	21,957
Mondovi . .	21,557
Avignon . .	21,412
Tournay . .	21,803
Asti . .	21,225
Dunkerque .	21,158
Aix . . .	21,009
Grenoble .	20,654
Tours . . .	20,240
Limoges . .	20,225
Saint-Omer .	20,109
Dieppe . .	20,000
	2,401,062

The Bridge of Ronda.

Among the various things which have attracted my attention in Spain, none have excited so much admiration as the singular situation of this city, the river Guadiaro which encircles it, and the bridges which connect it with its suburbs. It is placed on a rock, with cliffs, either perpendicular and abrupt towards the river, or with broken craggs, whose jutting prominences, having a little soil, have been planted with orange and fig trees. A fissure in this rock, of great depth, surrounds the city on three sides, and at the bottom of the fissure the river rushes along with impetuous rapidity. Two bridges are constructed over the fissure; the first is a single arch, resting on the rocks on the two sides, the height of which from the water is one hundred and twenty feet. The river descends from this to the second bridge, whilst the rocks on each side as rapidly increase in height; so that from this second bridge to the water, there is the astonishing height of two hundred and eighty feet. The highest tower in Spain, the Giralda in Seville, or the Monument near London Bridge, if they were placed on the water, might stand under this stupendous arch, without their tops reaching to it.

The mode of constructing this bridge is no less surprising than the situation in which it is placed, and its extraordinary elevation; it is a single arch of one hundred and ten feet in diameter; it is supported by solid pillars of masonry, built from the bottom of the river, about fifteen feet in thickness, which are fixed into the solid rock on both sides, and on which the ends of the arch rest; other pillars are built to support these principal ones, which are connected with them by other small arches.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it: from below it appears suspended in the air; and when upon

upon the bridge, the river beneath appears no longer a mighty torrent, but resembles a rippling brook. When standing on the bridge, the optical delusion is very singular: the torrent of water appears to run up a hill towards the bridge, and the same phenomenon takes place when viewed in either direction.

Meeting at Dalkey.

On the 26th day of the month called *Cassidonius*, and the five hundred and fortieth moon, next after the death of Stephen the Third, and last King of Dalkey, a meeting was held in the territories of the deceased Monarch, to consider whether the title to the crown of Dalkey became extinct by the insanity and death of the late King Stephen, and what measures should be taken to supply the defect of the royal authority, in case they deemed it expedient to alter their ancient constitution called "*magna.*" On this occasion the presumptive heir to the crown of Dalkey, a minor, attended by all the law, military, and naval officers belonging to this once flourishing kingdom appeared, with the crown and regalia borne before him by two of the most eminent of the late King Stephen's subjects.

The procession moved in the following order from that magnificent ruins the ancient cathedral to the late Imperial Palace of Dalkey:—

1st. The young Prince, in deep mourning, decorated with the insignia of the order of *Aysterarius*.

2d. The remnant of the late Monarch's household officers, consisting of his chamberlain, an old pilot from Dunleary; two cockle-women from Irishtown, ladies of honour; Counsellor Magee, Chancellor; Counsellor Swift, Attorney General; the wrestling Doctor, and Doctor Waring his Physicians; and the Major his political and religious director.

3d. My Lord Quebec, Earl Scavien, and Marquis of Sandymount, preceded by two oyster women, carrying the crown of Dalkey in a basket, the bottom of which was stuffed with sea weed to prevent its falling through.

4th. The Grand Duke of Dalkey, protector of the confederation of Ireland's Eye, Treasurer of Lambay, Warden of Howth, Lord Lieutenant of the Muglins, and Knight of the Order of St. Patrick's Island, near Skerries. Two blacks, that is sweeps, walked before him bearing the mace.

5th. The Archbishop of Dalkey, Vice President of Dunleary College, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Bullock, Historiographer to the Prince of Monkstown, Grand Almoner to the Dutchess of Bray Head, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ring's End.

6th. His chief *Eunuch*, Jack Tipperary, junior, bearing the keys of the Seraglio.

7th. The Lord Chief Justice *Dunderhead*, Chief Remembrancer to the oyster beds of Clontarf, a Knight of the Order of the *Rope*, one of the barons of Snuffy-hall, Public Accuser of *Irishtown*, and a Commissioner of Police for the *North Bull*.

8th. His Excellency Jockey Bladderchops, riding on an ass, with panniers; in one of which he carried Blackstone's Commentaries, and in the other Taplin's Farriery. His robes of State were richly embroidered, with numerous *outre* figures, chiefly monkies, tigers, crocodiles and serpents.

9th. The most worshipful the puissant Earl *Thatchscull*, of Sweetman Abbey, Lord Mayor of the kingdom of Dalkey. The procession was a little impeded by his Worship staggering from one side of the road to the other, by which he frequently came in contact with two blind pipers, musicians in ordinary to the late King Stephen.

10th. Jack Hangman of Trevor Lodge, executioner extraordinary to the

the kingdom of Dalkey. He carried a basket, containing the pacificators of Dalkey, a rope and a bible.

11th. His High Mightiness the Duke of *Grogracket*, Inspector General of whiskey bottles in Dalkey, professor of boxing in Butcher's lane College, keeper of the royal *manager*ie, and a lord of the bedchamber to the Dutchess of Gordonstown.

12th. The Right Honorable William Pettyfool Addlebrains, Secretary of State to the late King Stephen, one of the Knights of the Poddlehole, Grand Inquisitor to the holy office of the *Sierra Corkella*, professor of fudge in the royal college of Sycamore Grove, a groom of the Pole, and distressor-general of the fishermen in Dalkey.

13th. His honor Fat Gross Gob, register to the grand inquisitor of the "*Sierra Corkilla*," one of the consistorial judges of *plunderboor*, a fellow of the royal college of *liters*, president of the university of *Mustylus*, one of the A. B. C.'s of T. C. D.'s, and once a graduate in St. Bride's college. His honor the register was dressed in his robe of office, the outside of which was elegantly embroidered with figures of devils, flames, purgatory and doctors.

14th. Sir John *Barker*, Earl of *Dog*-town, Receiver General to the Elector of Cerberus, a Collector of Excise for the district of *Mastiffwrath*, Grand Growler to the Duke of Grogracket, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Corporation of Glutton-board, and Printer in Ordinary to the Association of *Murdermen*.

15th. John *Cantingslop*, Esq. Contractor for Wigs to the Board of Grace, Embalmer of Old Breecheses for the *Corps du Gard* of Hymn-singers, Lay Preacher and Psalm-singer to the Boatswains of Navy Quay, and Chief Executor to the Children of the late Cromwellgrace, formerly Protector of the Kingdom of Dalkey.

16th. The Reverend Abomilique *Westmule*, one of the Collectors of the Revenues of Tythepeasant, Professor of Religious Controversy in the Province of Leinsterlake, a Commissioner of Taxes for the town of *Banyeenroar*, and a Member of the Sect of Horror-struck Romandoes.

17th. John Crockery, Esq. Professor of Doggrell, in the College of Temple-lane, Deputy Warden of the *Sinks* of Catherlough, a Knight of the Shire for the *Commons* of Comfort Lodge, Grand Pensionary to the Board of *Slanderall*, Teacher of *Pothooks* to the Children of *Bigotfool*, Deputy *Remembrancer* to the Countess of *Easyways*, and one of the Registers of the Corporation of *Chinabroke*, in the County of Runaway, and Kingdom of Dalkey.

18th. Counsellor Palehare, one of the Messengers to the Honorable William Pettyfool Addlebrains, Professor of *Stuttering*, in the College of *Privateplays*, a Teacher of Elocution in the University of *Latevisit*, a Member of the Society of Political *Quakers*, and one of the Privy Counsellors to the Chief Major in Dalkey.

19th. Jack Persure, Esq. Chronicler Extraordinary to the Governor *Grogracket*, *invisible* spy to Pettyfool Addlebrains, Under Secretary to his Grace the Marquis of *Thumb-bible*, Taster of Whiskey to the Commissioners of *Tryrobber*, Governor of the strong fortress of *Keephimout*, President of the Honorable Society of *Flybailiff*, a Member of the Society for discountenancing *Honestpay*, a candidate for the borough of *Gallowsgreen*, at the next general election, and *reputed* sire to the chief *Eunuch* of Dalkey.

20th. The Honorable William *Legalsons*, Public Accuser for the province of *Painterbox*, *Recanter* Extraordinary to the Corporation of Unionbar, Manufacturer of Flummery for the people of *Swallowbull*, Professor of Prophecy for the Island of *Sufferall*, and Prime Adviser to the Coun-

cellors of *Slovenhall,* in the kingdom of Dalkey.

21st. The Hon. Charles Bushybloat, Deputy to the Public Accuser, a Commissioner for the district of Plunderpress, one of the Knights of the Order of Uniondream, Professor of Rhetoric in the Courts of Legalfarce, and an Inspector of the Newspapers in Dalkey.

22d. Major Sandyrags, Private Secretary to the Club of Drunkenswine, Chief Disciplinarian to the Army of Shirtlessrognes, Professor of Borrowing to the Board of Begabout, one of the Society of Schemedinner, and a Graduate in the university of Gibbethill.

23d. Major Blacklegs, Drum Major in the regiment of Robmerchant, a Collector of Excise for the district of Starveorphan, Professor of Walking in the College of Crookedknees, a Judge of Circuit for the county of Pinmalster, Messenger in Ordinary to the Association of Gallowsthief, and Vice President of the Board of Hanghimup.

24th. Sir James Rideabout, Chief Plenipotentiary to the Duke of Publicbawds, Professor of Navigation to the Island of Getaplace, a Knight of the Illustrious Order of Everyside, and Coroner for the district of Smokehimwell, in the kingdom of Dalkey.

25th. Cornelius O'Sycamore, Esq. of Patriot Lodge, Chief Panegyrist to the Board of Bigotknaves, Professor of Scurrility in the College of Frenzypole, Grand Pensionary to the Duke of Grogracket, a Member of the Association of Writefiction, and Messenger in Ordinary to the Office of Sneakaway.

26th. Muley Molock, Esq. of Patriot Lodge, a Clerk in the Office of Piratestamp, Professor of Optics in the University of Swiveley, Chief Amanuensis to the Board of Crazyswift, Grand Equerry to the Knights of Scandaltongue, Evesdropper Extraordinary to the Grand Master of *Castlepimps*, and Select Dreamer to the Chief Secretary of Dalkey.

The rere of the procession was brought up by John Exvolume, Esq. of Demereplodge, Adjutant General of the armies in Dalkey. He was attended by the *Corps d'Armee* of Supplementaries, who made a respectable figure on this important occasion. They were composed of sixteen oystermen with drudges, twenty-two castclothesmen with pikes, nineteen weavers with loom-sides, thirteen nailors with muskets, five miners with bellowses for blowing up fortifications, eight Scotchmen with old water-pipes of fit calibre to batter the Muglins, one hundred debtors from the Isle of Man, commanded by Sir John Piers, riding Manx horses, a formidable body, well appointed as cavalry, one hundred and thirty of the *foot lanciers De Tara*, desperate dogs, with lances 12 feet long, the whole procession was closed by a detachment of flying artillery, mounted on the oyster cars of Sutton.

When they arrived at the grand entrance to the Imperial Palace of Dalkey, they were met by the Marquis of Mapas's Obelisk, with a deputation of the Knights of St. John of Stillorgan, accompanied by a band of vocal and instrumental performers, who ushered them into the Grand Saloon of the Palace. The throne being vacant, the crown and regalia were placed thereon. An awful silence of some minutes prevailed, which was broken by the presumptive heir of Stephen, who tendered his claim in writing to the crown of Dalkey, which was received by the Lord Chamberlain, and placed in an oyster basket.

My Lord Quebec moved, that they should resolve themselves into a committee of Privy Counsellors, and that each member should declare upon his honour that he would not divulge the secrets of the meeting.

Counsellor Swift, on hearing this proposal made, crouched, and got under

under the table, where he remained unperceived until the business of the day had been concluded, and from him we received an account of what passed on this momentous occasion. The meeting having resolved itself into a committee of Privy Counsellors, who all pledged themselves, as required, not to reveal any matter which would occur, except Counsellor Swift, who lay hid under the table, Lord Quebec moved, that the crown and regalia then lying on the throne, should be considered a substitute for the deceased Monarch, until they might agree to appoint a King or Regent, who would occupy the throne in as harmless and inefficacious a manner as these emblems of royalty. This motion passed, in the affirmative, with loud acclamations.

Lord Quebec then addressed the meeting in the following words: Conscript Fathers—Before I propose several resolutions, which I hold in my hand, I deem it just and expedient, that the claim of the presumptive heir of the late King Stephen be read by Sir Charles Bashybloat, which was accordingly done—It was couched in the following terms:—

To the several Officers of the Kingdom of Dalkey, Civil, Naval, and Military, who were employed by, or otherwise engaged in the service of the late King Stephen, *Greeting:*—

WHEREAS, The Throne of Dalkey having become vacant by the visitation of the MOST HIGH, and the subsequent decease of our honored and illustrious Sire, the late King Stephen, of blessed memory. We Stephen, his legitimate son and presumptive heir to the throne, do make known by these presents, our wish to be reinstated in the possession of our rightful inheritance, from which we have been some time excluded by the internal convulsions of this kingdom, and the late rebellions carried on by the natives of Lambay and Houth, for the avowed purpose of separating these provinces from the empire of Dalkey, and whereas we found our claim to the Throne of Dalkey upon indefeasible hereditary right, which has from time immemorial, transferred the inhabitants of this realm, from one Monarch of our family to another, without asking their opinions or consent in any wise upon the subject; and whereas we do not consider it necessary to offer any other reason than the foregoing in justification of this our claim to the throne of these realms, but we do hereby promise, on our royal faith, to govern our subjects of Dalkey (in case they shall reinstate us in the possession of the Crown and all the prerogatives thereto appertaining) with the same mild and impartial sway, which has OBTAINED for our immediate predecessor, the CHARACTERS of the wise, the just, and pious Stephen. And we do further promise to imitate our great ancestor, by keeping down the oppressed, as they have been hitherto kept down, to the end that they may not raise their factious heads, and to exalt still higher such as formerly held considerable offices in the State, that, by their assistance, we may be enabled to detect the plotting machinations of those whom we may think it just and necessary to restrain from violence and sedition.

Given under our hand and seal in the 26th of the month Cassidonius, and in the five hundred and fortieth moon next after the death of the late Monarch Stephen of blessed memory.

PRINCE STEPHEN.

The claim having been read, and replaced in the oyster basket, my Lord Quebec resumed. Conscript Fathers—You have all, with due attention I trust, heard the claim of Stephen the last, read. I did not intend to have trespassed long on your attention, but the introduction of the name of King Stephen of blessed memory, in this claim, has brought to

my recollection circumstances, which I would wish shrouded in the veil of eternal night; and, as the recruiting SERJEANT said before they were known, I wish *Sheos had come again.* Melancholy, however, as the task is, I must proceed, in quality of an hereditary Counsellor of the Crown of Dalkey, to lay before this venerable assembly a brief statement of the augu[illegible]s who have deserted us, an account of the public debt of this kingdom, and the cause of its increase, why we have mustered so shabby a national force on this occasion. And at the same time I shall offer some good and sufficient reasons why we ought to recognize the claim of Prince Stephen as just, but with these provisoes, that he shall be a King as if he were not. That he shall leave the management, direction, and commandment of all, and all manner of affairs to us and to his other officers of State, without any the least controul on the part of him the said Prince Stephen now claiming the Crown of Dalkey. But oh ancient and Imperial kingdom! When I think on thy cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces; thy solemn temples and rocks of adamant. Yes, Gentlemen, our rocks of adamant have been blasted by orders of the ballast-office of a neighbouring petty island, to whom the late King Stephen sold them when he took to drinking whiskey. They have been carried off our territory, and not one of them shall remain above the waves, to tell the passing mariner, "There once was Dalkey the Queen of Waters!" Oh once great, humane, and just nation! What now is become of thy power to shield the weak from oppression? Where shall we find thy humanity, but in a record of the deeds of other days? And thy justice, oh Dalkey, has been marred by the piracy of the fishermen of Dunleary! Yes, Conscript Fathers, the very last day we dined here, the Sabbath day was the one fixed upon by these plunderers to rob us of our dinner (loud applauses). This mark of your approbation, Conscript Fathers, overwhelms me with confusion; and now that I talk of overwhelming, it brings to my mind how, on that very same day, the felons stole our dinner, the late goaler of Dalkey, a good and faithful subject (rest his soul), got drunk and fell out of the Imperial barge into the sea, where he was, in an instant, overwhelmed with the waves, and with much difficulty we extricated him from the great perils by which he was encompassed. You may think this a digression, but, I assure you it is all very much to the purpose.

But to come more immediately to the business, for which we are assembled, I told you that our august allies have deserted us. Do you doubt it? Cast your eyes around, look at the potent Prince of St. Patrick's island. Observe he has entered into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the Emperor of Kilbatrig. See his Most Christian Majesty, the King of Bullock, and the Muglins leagued with the powerful Monarch of Clontarf. Take notice of the close connexion, which has latterly taken place between the Elector of Merrion and the Prince Bishop of Donnybrook. Do you not know that an intermarriage has more intimately bound in the hemp of friendship the puissant King of Ballybough and the Grand Duke of Kingsend. While in the formation of all these alliances Dalkey, once the arbitress of the world has scarcely been spoken of, except to treat her CHARACTER with contempt and derision. Hapless Dalkey—fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from her high estate and weltering. I cannot forbear in this place mentioning somewhat about weltering. I was lately in an island of Savages on my return from a forty years tour. Yes, Conscript Fathers, I have travelled every spot of the known globe, from

from Swift's Alley to Wapping. In this island of Savages they appoint certain of the natives to meet, either in an open field, or on a hurdle composed of the branches of trees, where they fight like our game cocks with their heels: or like our rams who strike each other with their foreheads: or like our bull dogs, they knaw each other with their teeth; in fine, they kick, butt, and bite, until they fall on the ground shapeless masses of dirt and blood, and there they remain for a length of time unpitied and unassisted, weltering in their gore. You'll remark, that the the word "weltering," brought this matter to my remembrance. The next thing I have to call your attention to is, the enormous increase of the public debt of Dalkey. In the month Ramadan, and the year twenty thousand and forty-two, the debt of Dalkey amounted only to thirteen shillings, due to the Admiral of the fleet, being his share of the prize money accumulating for sixteen years before, and two shillings and ninepence three farthings, being the offreckonings for the land force department, which was paid to John Exvolume, Esq. by my draft in his favour on the Treasury. Those were the days of Dalkey's prosperity—a full Treasury—a powerful Navy—a respectable land force, and the national debt only fifteen shillings and ninepence three farthings!!! In that same year, luckless year, "Aye let it be recorded in the calendar as one account," King Stephen made a feast—*a fete rockpetre*, to which he invited the principal officers of his kingdom. When we reflect on the mountains of beef and cabbage, the oceans of port and whiskey that were consumed on that solemn occasion, is it too much, my friends, to pay the tribute of a tear to the memory of "*departed worth.*"—(Here the whole assembly shed tears in abundance.)

When my Lord Quebec was about to resume, he was some time prevented by the sobbing of the Wrestling Doctor, who cried bitterly after the beef and cabbage. After the Doctor's grief had subsided, my Lord Quebec proceeded in the following words:—Conscript Fathers, I can well appreciate the value of these tears, precious drops, well fitted to 'soften rocks and bend the knotted oaks' of Dalkey. But to return to the dinner—King Stephen, on that fatal day, drank too hard, the consequence was that he got drunk, the Chancellor got drunk, the Lord Mayor got drunk; in short, all the Lords of the Court got bloody drunk; nor could I, the most temperate of all his Majesty's subjects, escape the dire contagion, I got beastly drunk—*(much disapprobation)*. Late in the evening we proceeded, in a zig-zag direction, towards the electorate of Merrion, where the King fell into a ditch, and the Imperial diadem was lost!! Judge of our consternation—judge of our apprehensions, lest the Crown should fall into the hands of any of the neighbouring Potentates, by which it might be for ever lost to the family of King Stephen.

[*The particulars of this most important Meeting shall appear in our next.*]

Curious Discovery.

We have been favored by a friend with a very extraordinary publication, which appears by the number marked on to be 63 weeks old. It is named "The Weekly Advertiser," printed, as it states, by a person of the name of Shea, College-green. It is about the size of a common newspaper, divided into columns, and so constructed, that it may be read either folded or opened. It contains proclamations, by the authority of the Lord Lieutenant and Council; among them is one interdicting the hunted and starved Irish, of flying to America, to seek repose and food in that enviable region.

gion. It is edited by an Un-Reverend Dean *Mister* CAMILLUS, formerly MARCUS, by whose pen many flourishing compliments to Wellesley Pole ornament its columns. The poetic department is filled by Marcus's brother, a learned and much distinguished pleader at the Irish Bar. It is circulated with great caution among gentlemen in office, such as Mr. Manning of the Police, and his five chief brethren in the jug-smelling department. Justice Axletree, his Lady, and the other Justices and their ribs, who are swelled into coaches for the exercise of their wisdom under the comb-maker and his *honor* the Major.

Anecdote of a Mrs. Hill of Castlecomer.

When the horrors of 1798 were extended over the country, and martial law and martial cruelty were disposing of the lives and properties of the unfortunate and exasperated Irish people, the son and brother of a widow living at Castlecomer of the name of Hill, were taken into custody, and conveyed to Kilkenny goal by a party of the messengers of desolation. As usual every species of terror and corruption were made use of to inveigle the youth and his uncle to betray their neighbours by accusing them of real or imaginary acts of rebellion, though the wretches in authority might hang and torture at their pleasure, yet they took every measure to give some sanction to part of their cruelties; it enlarged the range of their amusement by exhibiting a terrified wretch in the character of a prosecutor, destroying perhaps the most innocent and harmless of his friends and relations. They wrought so much on the younger Hill, by promising him his life and a mitigation of the torture, that he agreed to compose an information to please them. In the interval between this agreement and the day he was to have the information ready, his mother was allowed to visit him, an indulgence she never cou'd procure before. After some conversation about his health, and other unimportant matters, the mother asked had he any idea of becoming an informer, as it was reported of him. He admitted he had made a promise to that effect, that he might obtain some relaxation of the shocking severity he was treated with. On this the unfortunate parent fell on her knees, and requested the son to consider, that if he were to disgrace himself and his family he never could be again admitted either into her house or to any friendly intercourse with his former neighbours. She assured him with tears in her eyes, that his life was the utmost wish of her heart to preserve, but her notions of maternal affection must submit to what she considered higher, her honor and the honor of her child, and she implored him not to lose that principle to earn what, at best might be but a short and uncertain existence, embittered by every reflection which conscious infamy and public abhorrence must ever create, he took her advice, the generous boy implored his mother's forgiveness, sent off a letter declaring his resolution to resist every temptation rather than earn an infamous life, and the next morning he was executed with his uncle.

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

SON OF TIPPOO SAIB.

By Calcutta papers lately received in England, we learn that Mohee Codheen, second son of the late Sovereign Tippoo Saib, who was deposed and killed in his own capital some years since by the Marquis Wellesley—shot himself with a fowling piece on the detection of a plan laid for his escape. The democratic Sovereigns of India have learned from the

the French democrats how to secure their conquests by the blood of Kings. They reversed the throne of Tippoo, killed him, and imprisoned his children, and now they tell the world that the young Prince shot himself to avoid the punishment that awaited him for the great offence of attempting to free himself from the horrors of a long confinement. The Duke of Enghien suffered for the same species of crime, but his executioners were more humane than the British, they did not aggravate his misfortunes by an imprisonment of 15 years, and then accuse him of killing himself, because detected in a plan for his freedom, and the subsequent resumption of his throne.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY!

The London Gazette of Oct. the 1st, announce the appointment of the Right Hon. Henry Wellesley, as his Majesty's Ambassador extraordinary, to his *catholic* Majesty, Ferdinand the VII. This act of the kings ministers, we consider to be as wicked and foolish as any thing we remember done by the same *fanatical faction.* It sanctions high treason by inviting a man they call Ferdinand the VII. to depose his Royal parent, and it appoints an Ambassador, to a nominal monarch, a man who dare not venture within 600 miles of the same royal presence. This is not the first evidence we have of the Wellesley's treatment of monarchy. We read of one Wellesley murdering Tippo Saib, in his capital, and now we will shortly see the same spirit that regulates those men who trade in Thrones, abandon unfortunate monarchs they have seduced to the malice of their other enemies, it requires but superficial foresight to discover that if ever the man, the Wellesley's have nicknamed Ferdinand the VII. can steal from his prison, he has nothing to expect but to form one of the crowd of Royal vagrants, who are at present wandering through Europe, depending on such casual assistance as the money of their enemies or the treachery of their friends allow them for an existence. This hostility to kings, may be apologized for by the literary minions, the *Patriot makers* to the house of Cowley Wisely,* as religious duties, the Wellesley's being such advocates of true religion, which their piety must justify, as Tippo Saib was a Mahometan and Charles or Ferdinand nothing but a Papist. But how will their spirit of religion reconcile itself to the treatment, they gave the unfortunate Protestant king of Denmark; whose capital they burnt, whose ships and subjects they dragged into unmerited captivity, or to the treatment they gave to the Protestant deposed monarch of Sweden, to whom they denied an asylum ! ! !

COLONEL FAULKNER.

Colonel Faulkner has given notice to the Freeholders of the County of Dublin, that he will undertake to represent them in the next Parliament, there is little doubt of his appointment to that great trust; if none but the Orangemen vote at the next election, his colleague in such cases, will be Luke White the flying stationer, or his son Spence's Major. If the catholics and the enemies to persecution take any part in the canvass, we presume to say Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Talbot will be the public favourites.

LORD LOUTH.

At a great sale of timber, the entire of the Ash and Beech of the wood Kilmannus, were brought to the hammer on the 26th ult. Lord L. was

* *Cowley Wisely*, are *the former* names of this illustrious Norman Anglo Irish family, as we read in the lying and nonsensical books of Heraldry.

was expected to be there among the numerous bidders, but the owners of timber were disappointed by the neglect of the auctioneer's clerk, who did not serve the notice of sale, by being ignorant of the liberation of his Lordship from Newgate, on the 18th of the preceding month. Mathews attended and purchased a number of invisible trees, which were sold very cheap, as they are not fit for cutting.

CHANNEL-ROW PRISON.

The ragged subjects of Benjamin the Second, have so multiplied by the effects of the act of union, that an increase of territory was lately deemed necessary for their accommodation, if accommodation can mean any thing more than it does in this realm of bang-beggars, which really is nothing more than an useful precaution to distribute the animal exhalations arising from a too crouded confinement, bad breaths, and putrid steams, from half starved stomachs and unclothed carcasses, which if not distributed in a more enlarged superficial area, would be as fatal as artillery to the claret drinking Vice Kings, who deign to govern. Seven acres have been bought at the expense of five thousand five hundred pounds from Lord Monk, for the salutary and now perpetual convenience of his Majesty and his well fed Ministers of state.

NEAT CALCULATION.

It has been very accurately calculated by Mr. O'Flinn, teacher of the mathematics in Keizer's-lane, and one of the Irish Institute, that one quart of Stewart's best writing ink would make one thousand two hundred and eighteen Lords, and that all the ink used in the office of the Ulster king of arms, since the memorable invention of *displayed Eagles*, would not make one farmer, one poet, or even one good serjeant major.

CAPTAIN HELSHAM OF KILKENNY.

The Corps of Yeomanry commanded by this gentleman were disarmed at the time a similar treatment was used towards Ms. Lidwell's Corps. When Mr. Pole had issued his celebrated letter, a meeting of the Catholics of Kilkenny was agreed on, but, as a convenient place for the purpose was necessary, some gentlemen conceived the Tholsel would be the fittest from its size, to accommodate the numerous attendants naturally expected, and applied to Captain Helsham, for his interest and influence, to have the use of the building on the occasion. Mr. Helsham answered, "I am not Mayor, nor Deputy Mayor, and have not the means of accomodating you, by giving you the use of the Tholsel; but, my own property and services are at your disposal. You may have my house and garden whenever the meeting is called." This answer of Mr. Helsham's, was so unpleasant to the ministers of torture and intolerance, that it was deemed proper to make an example, to deter other liberal men from such breaches of English policy, and for this great offence Mr. Helsham was deprived of his command, and his Corps disarmed, who were nearly all Catholics.

THE WRESTLING DOCTOR.

This medical *Shin* merchant, is about removing to London, where he is promised very extensive practice.—He is to be patronized by the intire body of *Sewells*, for the purpose of giving advice at *Milling* matches. He may be consulted at Crib's, the Champion of England's coal-yard, every day, from ten until two in the afternoon. He means in a little time to undertake training, and will attend at any part of Great Britain for the purpose.

SHOOTING

SHOOTING SEASON.

The Winter shooting season begins on the 4th of this month. Every preparation is making among the musquet judges, to afford the most convenient quarters and best aspects for such strange Gentlemen who are properly qualified, as purple marksmen, to share in the diversions. Moyvournagh, whose youngest son was shot on the last summer meeting, the 12th of July, has taken away a considerable part of the game from the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, consisting of three live boys and three daughters, which has caused some considerable disappointment in the loyal vicinity. A party of the Armagh rackers, and of the Tyrone *scorchers*, have volunteered to trace the old poacher Moyvournagh, to his hiding place, and no doubt can be entertained of his detection.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY.

The Patriot informs the enlightened hunters of heraldic literature, that this title is not extinct. This important intelligence has been posted up, at the Commercial-buildings, Royal Exchange, Custom-house, the Weavers-hall, and all the other most distinguished places in Dublin, for trading and manufacturing prosperity. The happy news was circulated with every demonstration of joy, not a person in the Liberty went supperless to bed that evening, nothing was heard for three days but the public voice in every quarter crying out, "The house of Queensbury yet liveth."

The manufacturing house of Blackburn, Kennedy and Bonety, on the Coombe, which failed about two years since, was opened again in great splendour, on the occasion, by the mob, who illuminated every broken pane of glass in the building, and exhibited a very handsome transparency, on which was painted the arms of Queensbury, with its Dragons, Sphinxes, Griffins, Salamanders, and all the other kindred of the imaginary family of monsters that ever drunken men dreamed of. The age of chivalry is not gone, Dukes and Beggars are the companions of polished life They are kindred generations, they sit side by side through these happy dominions, though they hate each other, their existence is necessary where mummery and wretchedness are part of our civil and political machinery.

ANECDOTE OF CAROLAN.

Carolan in the course of his visits happened after a long absence to call on Mr. Robinson of Gort, in the county of Galway. Mr. Robinson welcomed his guest with much affability, and with some humour addressing his friend, "Well, Carolan, you call to me now because you are dry," handing him at the same time a glass of strong beer, assuring him it was seven years in the house, and defied him to say that Captain Daly, to whom he devoted so much of his time, could produce such excellent beverage. No, answered Carolan, for had Captain Daly the Shannon converted into beer, it would be inferior in age to your beer, for he could not keep it half of seven years.

ALDERMAN CASH.

This Civic Gentleman, as Master of the Corporation of Paper Stainers, Stationers and Cutlers, entertained the Lord Mayor and a select company of corporation gentry on the 25th of October at Morrison's, in Dawson-street. It is strange what a passion for authority and rank in this way pervades the members of the different Guilds, and how an Alderman would take such pains, and be at such expence as to descend to the condition of Master, an office which he filled before. Mr. Cash contrived, while the company were waiting for dinner, to introduce the Catholic Question, for

the purpose of ascertaining the numbers and opinions of those who were hostile to it. He discovered in the course of conversation, that a considerable part of the company were friendly to the measure. This provoked the Alderman to make a long speech, in which he introduced all the usual cant and rubbish of language, to embellish the horrors his loyalty felt at the apprehended introduction of Popery into our Protestant Corporations, to whom the prosperity of Dublin, and the safety and security of the Constitution, in Church and State, are so much indebted for their care of the common safety, from the attacks of foreign *enemies* and *domestic traitors*. The Alderman is much improved in sturdy eloquence since he belonged to *us*. He was eloquent at that period, because eloquence is natural to him, besides being originally a man of letters—" *A Master School.*"

IMAGINARY AUTHORSHIP.

During the seven years' war, a German, named John Matthias King, who was connected with the commissariate of the Prussian army, came over to London. It does not appear that he published in England any book.

On his return to Germany, he said, that he had written a refutation of the King of Prussia's infidel philosophy, and boasted of his triumph in this literary crusade. Afterwards, he said, that the King of Prussia was seeking for him to imprison him, and that he should perish in a protestant inquisition, suffering like Trenk. In order to avoid this supposititious danger, he took refuge in the imperial city of Frankfort on the Maine; hired a garret in the house of a Jew, named Brentano, which he never quitted; had the door, which fronted his staircase, filled up with grating, so that he could receive provisions through the lattice, without opening his apartment; bought fire arms, which lay about always loaded; and in every thing lived after the manner of a man, who hourly expected to be seized by the constables, and was determined to repel force by force. His chairs, his tables, his clothes, were made by himself, with singular dexterity. He had sunk upon his life a sufficient sum to buy all he wanted; and would frequently treat himself with oranges, which the Jew-boys brought to his grating. Of his savings he made an annual rouleau, to the amount sometimes of three hundred ducats, which he sent to some evangelical pastor for charitable uses. He died in 1776.

SINGULAR COLLECTION OF LETTERS.

The correspondence of men celebrated for genius, learning, rank, or activity, has repeatedly been edited. Even the correspondence of obscure men has found commentators. That of merchants, of lovers, of parents, has been published, as supplying models for imitation. But the most singular collection of epistolary exertions ever compiled, was printed at Berlin in 1783, for Mylius; and consists of Original Letters of Lunatics. They are not forgeries, but were picked up by a formal quest resulting from enquiry at the several mad-houses. They throw light on many questions of psychology; not directly, but as adapted to be the cause of observation in others. The editor commends letter-writing as the most useful discipline, in which those who are out of their minds can be employed. No doubt he aspires to assemble materials for half a dozen additional volumes.

NEW POST-OFFICE IN THE PHŒNIX PARK.

As it has been understood some time past, that the Post-Office was to be removed from College-green, some gentlemen, who we are told are merchants, alarmed at the great inconvenience their trade might sustain by the

the intended measure, very prudently waited upon Wellesley Pole to expostulate against the serious change, which they assured him with considerable force of eloquence would be fatal to the commercial interests of this trading city. The Right Hon. Secretary heard them with patience, and with great politeness assured them that no steps would be taken by the government without consulting the *Chamber of Commerce.* Chamber of Commerce? this is the first intimation ever we had of a Chamber of Commerce—the word indicates so much, that were a stranger to read it, he would imagine our external relations were on the most respectable trading footing. He would not believe that a maritime city, containing more than 300,000 inhabitants, does not possess one ship employed in any foreign commerce. Though all the necessary accommodations we read of in trading cities exist in Dublin, such as a Custom-house, that appears more an Hospital, an Exchange, as gloomy and unfrequented as one of the inner ailes of Westminster Abbey, Commercial Buildings, where some foreign commodities, imported by retail from Liverpool, are sold by auction, where the buyers, the goods, and the auctionier, assembled on any occasion, are not in the aggregate worth twenty thousand pounds; and we learn from Wellesley Pole, that we have a Chamber of Commerce, but we are at a loss to know where it stands, or who was its architect. We suppose Mr. Pole was not perfectly disengaged in his mind from more important business in his opinion than the claims of a few *Huxtermen.* It was the Barrack Board he meant, and to it he will apply for their advice for the most convenient site on which to build a Post-Office. As the principal business of such an establishment is the correspondence between the armies and each other and their respective relations, and for that reason we think the new Post-Office will be erected in the Phœnix Park, near the seat of the Right Hon. Secretary. The real business which occupies the active care of Mr. Pole, is not the trade, but what *he* terms the security of the country.

CIVILIZATION.

The *Patriot* accuse the *Irish Magazine* of what it terms "throwing the first stone," because in some former Numbers we inserted some extracts from Corry. As it appears not pleasing to Owner and Editors of *The Patriot* to have a recital of the enormities committed on the Irish in the progress of English *civilization*, we now give from a favorite British author, Sir John Temple some extracts, that must prove to the Irish reader, what enlightened men were chosen to govern Ireland, write her history, and introduce civilization. The following affidavits of apparitions are taken from the London edition of 1646, page 133. 134.

Examinations touching the Apparitions at Portnedowne Bridge, within the Province of Ulster.

James Shaw of Market-hill in the county of Armagh, inn-keeper, deposeth, that many of the Irish rebels, in the time of this deponent's restraint, and staying among them, told him very often, and that it was a common report that all those that lived about the bridge of Portnedowne, were so affrighted with the cries and noise made there of some spirits or visions for revenge, as that they durst not stay but fled away thence; so as they protested, affrighted to Market-hill, saying, they durst not stay nor return thither for fear of these cries and spirits, but took grounds and made creats in or near the parish of Maliabrack, Jurat. August 14, 1642.

Joane, the relict of Gabriel Constable, late of Drumard in the county of Armagh,

Armagh, gentleman, deposeth and saith, that she hath often heard the rebels, Owen O'Farren, Patrick O'Conellan, and divers others of the rebels at Drumard, earnestly say, protest and tell one another, that the blood of some of those that were knocked in the heads, and afterwards drowned at Portedowne-bridge, still remained on the bridge, and would not be washed away; and that often there appeared visions or apparations, sometimes of men, sometimes of women, breast high above the water, at or near Portedowne, which did most extremely and fearfully screech and cry out for vengeance against the Irish that had murdered their bodies there; and that their cries and screeches did so terrify the Irish thereabouts, that none durst stay nor live longer there, but fled and removed further into the country, and this was a common report amongst the rebels there, and that it passed for a truth amongst them, for any thing she could ever observe to the contrary, Jurat. January 1, 1643.

Catharine, the relict of William Coke, late of the county of Armagh, carpenter, sworn and examined, saith, that about the 20th of December, 1641, a great number of rebels in that county, did most barbarously drown at that time one hundred and eighty Protestants, men, women and children in the river at the bridge of Portnedowne; and that about nine days afterwards, she saw a vision or spirit in the shape of a man, as she apprehended, that appeared in that river, in the place of the drowning, bolt upright breast-high, with hands lifted up, and stood in that posture there, until the latter end of Lent next following; about which time some of the English army marching in these parts, whereof her husband was one (as he and they confidently affirmed to this deponent) saw that spirit or vision standing upright, and in the posture before-mentioned; but after that time the said spirit or vision vanished and appeared no more, that she knoweth: and she heard, but saw not, that there were other visions and apparitions, and much screeching and strange noise heard in that river at times afterwards, Jurat. February 24, 1643.

Elizabeth, the wife of Captain Rice Price, of Armagh, deposeth and saith, that she and other women, whose husbands were murdered, hearing of divers apparitions and visions which were seen near Portnedowne-bridge, since the drowning of her children, and the rest of the Protestants there, went unto the bridge aforesaid about twilight in the evening; then and there upon a sudden there appeared unto them a vision or spirit, assuming the shape of a woman, waist-high upright in the water, naked, with elevated and closed hands, her hair hanging down, very white, her eyes seemed to twinkle, and her skin as white as snow; which spirit seemed to stand straight up in the water, often repeated the word *Revenge*, *Revenge*, *Revenge*; whereat this deponent and the rest being put into a strong amazement and affright walked from the place, Jurat. January 29, 1642.

Arthur Culme of Clowoughter in the county of Cavan, Esq. deposeth, that he was credibly informed by some that were present there, that there were thirty women and young children and seven men flung into the river of Belturbet, and when some of them offered to swim for their lives, they were by the rebels followed in cots, and knocked on the heads with poles; the same day they hanged two women at Turbert; and this deponent doth verily believe, that Mulmore O'Rely the then sheriff, had a hand in the commanding the murder of those said persons for that he saw him write two notes which he sent to Turbert by Bryan Rely, upon whose coming these

these murders were committed: and those persons who were present also affirmed, that the bodies of those thirty persons drowned did not appear upon the water till about six weeks after past; as the said Rely came to the town, all the bodies came floating up to the very bridge; those persons were all formerly stayed in the town by his protection, when the rest of their neighbours in the town went away.

Master George Creighton, Minister of Virginia, in the county of Cavan, deposeth, among other particulars in his examination, that divers women brought into his house a young woman almost naked, to whom a rogue came upon the way, these women being present, and required her to give him her money or else he would kill her, and so drew his sword; her answer was, You cannot kill me unless God give you leave, and his will be done: whereupon the rogue thrust three times at her naked body with his drawn sword, and yet never pierced her skin; whereat he being, as it seems, much confounded, went away and left her; and that he saw this woman, and heard this particular related by divers women, who were by and saw what they reported.

Sir Ruebens Legboard's Sale of Pictures, continued.

No. 1. Is a full length portrait of a pattern Bull, presented to the Farming Society by Lord Grey. His Lordship highly approves of the increase of this part of Irish superabundant animals, and at the patriotism of our Societies, who devote so much of their attention to the improvement of the food destined for our Sovereigns, the British Grenadiers and Jenny Spinners.

No. 2. A Night Piece in the county of Carlow, by the pencil of a British artist, name unknown. This valuable production was bought at an auction in London. It was originally intended to ornament one of the Halls in Oxford, but in the carriage the principal figure in it was so much injured that it was set up to the hammer and bought by Sir Ruebens. It represents Bob Cornwall at the head of an armed party burning a cabin. The flames are inimitably colored, and without injuring the shade in which two of the party are tolerably visible, bearing off a young married woman as part of the spoil. The light is made to flash so judiciously, that the tears of the aged father, whose property is purifying, appear to roll in accurate succession through the deep furrows eminently expressed on his cheeks. The dragoons are well grouped, and the figures most happily preserved. Bob appears to regulate the movements of the party, and highly animated at the progress of the flames.

No. 3. An high-finished portrait of the Major, by Sir William Beechy. This capital portrait is to be forwarded to Counsellor Giffard in Ceylon, and was expressly painted for the purpose of ornamenting that great Lawyer's collection. It is to be accompanied by one of Tom Reynolds's, for which purpose an artist has been dispatched to Lisbon, where Tom is Post-Master, to take his likeness.

Alderman Pemberton attempting to dissolve the catholic meeting. This is the only likeness we remember to see of the Police Comb-maker. The contempt the gentlemen express at the appearance and authority of the Police functionary, and his assistant the Lawyer, is much better expressed than we could expect in a piece avowedly intended to compliment the two worthies.

No. 4. Is a large piece, six feet by four; it is an inside view of the Foundling Hospital: it represents Lady Arabella Denny, the benevolent patroness of the great national institution, giving directions to the women to wash four male children, just received in the wooden cradle, whom she

of

directs to be allotted their place in the upper ward destined for the education of young aldermen. The servants appear to pay great respect to the aged matron, and the infants seem to smile at their future distinction.

No. 5. The Duke of Richmond as large as life, with a racket in his right hand. He leans gracefully poised on Joe's shoulder, while the ragged marker is relating some singular ball-court anecdotes.

No. 6 Mr. Perceval's political, heraldic, and judicial wardrobe. The likeness of the haberdasher we are told is equal to any thing ever produced by the pencil of West. The *unspotted ermine* is hung up with much judgment, and well disposed to allure purchasers. The samples of heraldry exposed on the walls, are done in the best stile of drawing and coloring. The griffins that appear before the door, are done from a living original in the possession of Sir Michael Chevron of Gloucester-place. The sphinxes, lions, and tigers, are incomparable, and the *tout-ensemble* is not to be surpassed by any collection of polished witchcraft in the universe.

No. 7. Heavy's arrival at the Sheaf Inn, Kilkenny. The coloring and execution of the piece is highly admirable, and does infinite credit to the artist. That pale and care-worn gentleman seated between that thick-lipped fellow (Gore), the other gentleman is Sir W. the figure placed between them is the poor persecuted Heavy; his eyes seems fixed on the burning pile; a little to his left the agony expressed in his countenance indicates the fear that perhaps this is the goal of his earthly sufferings. The pile is composed of the household furniture of a poor woman of the name of Ryan, whose relative was implicated in that luckless Revolution of 1798. The tall fellow you see speaking to the baronet is Titus Oats. The demoniac grin of exultation, as he eyes the helpless victim of his machinations, is happily imagined and boldly executed. A little behind the carriage, you may distinguish Sir Charles Asgill and his train, bustling through the crowd. The big fellow, with spectacles and troopers boots is the Reverend Mr. B. Hurry and impatience is visible on every countenance, but more exp essive on the ugly visage of the *ci-devant* apothecary. The group of Orange assassins about the carriage is well disposed, and contributes much to the relief of the piece.

No. 8. Heavy, before the tribunal of the Inquisition, by the same artist. This piece possesses infinite merit, and exceeds any thing of the kind we have ever witnessed. That gentleman at the head of the table is Sir Charles Asgill, Inquisitor General; an awful serenity is marked on his countenance, and the nefarious business he is about, seems to strike him with doubt, horror and confusion. Underneath him is the Clerk of the Crown. The group about the General, are the members which compose the loyal office. The countenances of this group are so exquisitely designed as to convey to the beholder all that is horrible to be found in the mind of man. The figure at the end of the table, with a letter in his hand, is Titus Oats. We recommend to the curious observer to view it with all possible attention; I would presume to say, a more perfect personification of villainy, with all its attributes, there is not in the world. The letter he holds in his hand is anonymous, written by himself for the purpose of taking away the life of Heavy. He is in the act of acknowledging and disavowing; at the same time that the foul perjury appears so glaring that it will not pass Even with the Inquisition, guilt, disappointment, and all the viler passions are so exquisitely pourtrayed, *tout-en-semble*

ensemble of this figure, that we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most finished of the kind ever produced. The figure at the door is D. Sweetman; the sympathy expressed on his countenance is exquisite. He appears there to defeat the villainy of Titus Oats, and if possible save the life of Heavy. This figure does honor to the artist, and is a grateful tribute to the philanthropy of the original. The figure at the right of Titus, is the victim Heavy; a visible decay of nature appears through his person; but in his eye is the unextinguishable fire of indignant virtue. Behind him stands Keough the goaler, truly demoniac. The alguziles, executioners, &c. &c. &c. is happily imagined, and on the whole we pronounce unrivalled.

SINGULAR LAW-SUIT.

(From a French Journal.)

If there is one situation which more than another is calculated to excite a lively interest, it is, donbtless, that of a female and her youthful daughter, whom greedy relations attempt to deprive of their station in life, and the patrimonial rights attached to it.

The General of Division D'Estaing commanded, in Egypt, a part of the French army.

While stationed at Grand Cairo, he became acquainted with Anne Nazo, a young Egyptian, the daughter of a man who farmed the duties on spirituous liquors, and who was also Chief of a Greek battalion.

Captivated with her charms, and still more with her estimable qualities, he paid his addresses to her, and obtained her hand; the marriage took place on the 17th of January, 1800, in the Greek Church of St. Nicholas.

She was living with her husband, when, in February, 1801, accounts were received of the appearance of an English fleet. General D'Estaing immediately set out with General Menou, and a division of the French army, for the defence of Alexandria. Anne Nazo remained at Cairo, with Mesdames Menou, Delzons, Lantin, and other Egyptian women, who were become French by marriage, and with whom she had formed a society. An epistolary correspondence was then kept up between General D'Estaing and Anne Nazo, of which some fragments remain. All these letters were addressed in French, *a Madame D'Estaing*, in the hand-writing of the General.

Anne Nazo became pregnant. The fortress of Cairo capitulated. It was settled, that the troops under the orders of General Belliard, who commanded that fortress, should be embarked for France. On this occasion, Mesdames Menou, D'Estaing, Delzons, and Lantin were each requested by their husbands, who still defended Alexandria, to repair to France, on board the transports destined for the troops of General Belliard.

Anne Nazo embarked with her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, and their grandfather, on board a small Greek vessel. During the voyage, she was delivered of a daughter; and the master, in consequence of this event, cast anchor on the coast of Cephalonia, and the infant was baptised there by the name of Marie D'Estaing, by a Priest, who was brought from an adjacent chapel. The godfather and godmother were the Sieur Nassilfi, Officer of Chasseurs, and the maternal grandmother of the infant.

After a voyage of six months the vessel at last arrived at Tarento, in the kingdom of Naples, where Anne Nazo and her family were received by General Soult, now Duke and Marshal of the Empire.

Alexandria having been forced to capitulate, General D'Estaing returned to France with many other Generals and Officers. His arrival

even

even preceded that of Anne Nazo. He learned at Paris, that she was in Italy; and he was making preparations for rejoining her, when his life was terminated in the year 10, by a tragical event.—(In a duel with Menon.)

Anne Nazo had repaired with her family to Lyons, where she stopped some days to repose herself, and in expectation of accounts from her husband. She was there counting every moment, and flattering herself with the pleasing hope of soon seeing him; when a person brought her a letter from the Sieur D'Estaing, the father inviting her to repair to Aurillac, and disclosing to her a part of her misfortune.

How much was she to be pitied, who, thus falling at once from the smiling illusions of imagination into the frightful certainty of destitution, found herself without husband and without country, among people whose manners, and even whose language were unknown to her! Let him who can form an idea of the dreams of happiness which previously occupied her soul, put to himself, if he can, the dreadful situation of this unfortunate Egyptian, amidst the chaos in which her terrified imagination must have placed her!

Arrived at Aurillac, she was received by her father and mother-in-law with all the affability and kindness that were calculated to restore her spirits.

The whole family paid her the same attentions of friendship and sympathy. An odious cupidity had not yet poisoned the first dictates of nature. In the mean time the family took all the legal steps for succeeding to the property of General D'Estaing. Seals had been placed upon his property at Paris in the Hotel Meot, which he inhabited at the time of his death. In order to take off the seals, it was necessary that his heirs should be made known.

A family meeting was held before a Justice of the Peace at Aurillac, on the 5th Messidor, year 10; and this meeting conferred on D'Estaing, the father, the guardianship of Marie D'Estaing, in consequence of Anne Nazo, her mother being still a minor.

The next day a power of attorney was sent; the seals were raised at Paris, and an inventory was taken. All these acts were done in the name of the Sieur D'Estaing, the father, guardian of Marie D'Estaing, *daughter and sole heiress* of General D'Estaing.

Dame Delzons, (an Egyptian, and hitherto closely connected with Dame E'Estaing), wrote from Aurillac to Johanni Nazo, an account of what was passing. He immediately set out, and carried his daughter to Marseilles, without being able to get the child with them.

Irritated by this refusal, and the ill treatment of which his daughter had been the victim, he got a declaratory deed drawn up, in which the Egyptian refugees, who had crossed the sea with Dame D'Estaing, certified that she had been married at Cairo, and had been delivered of a daughter, baptized at Cephalonia, by the name of Marie D'Estaing.

Furnished with this deed, they addressed a memorial to the Emperor, claiming the restoration of Marie D'Estaing. His Majesty condescended to reply in a note under his own hand; and the Grand Judge having given due notice to the Sieur D'Estaing, the father, the latter hastened to give up the infant whom he had detained. But his children availed themselves of this circumstance to envenom his mind against her whom he had at first received as his daughter; and this was only a prelude to the persecutions which were in store for this unfortunate woman, of which (says the French paper) we shall give an account in a second article.

Questions

Questions and Solutions.

MR. COX,

By giving the following solution and question a place in the columns of your independent miscellany, you will greatly oblige

Yours, &c.

JOHN ROCHFORD.

CARLOW,
October 15th, 1811.

Solution to Mr. May's Question in October Magazine.

Put a and b for the sine and co-sine of the sum of the distances sailed, m = cosine difference of longitude, and n = sine one half difference of the courses, also put x = sine B's distance Sailed, then per nature of arches, the sine and co-sine of A's distances $= ax\sqrt{1-x^2}-bx$ and $ax+b\sqrt{1-x^2}$, and per spherics $ax\sqrt{1-x^2}-bx^2 : 1 :: m-ax\sqrt{1-x^2}-b\times 1-x^2 : 1+2n^2$ $\therefore$ $2+2.2\times ax\sqrt{1-x}$ $2=m+2bn^2x^2-b+2bx^2$, and now by squaring each side and bringing the unknown quantities to the same side, you will have a quadratic equation which can be easily solved, and then the value of x, whence all the other requisites are easily found by simple calculation.

QUESTION.

To find five rational squares a^2, b^2, c^2, d^2 and e^2, having the following conditions, *viz.* $abcd$ and $a^2+b^2+c^2+d^2$ are two rational cubes, e^2-d^2+a+cd b^2, $a^2+c^2+d^2+ab$, $a^2+b^2+c^2$, $c^2+a^2+c^2+ab$, $c^2-d^2-b^2$, and $a^2+b^2+c^2+d^2+e^2+a+b+e+d+e$, are six rational squares, and if c^2-b^2, d^2-e^2, and e^2-a^2 be each multiplied by (c^2) and then divided by a^2b^2 the first quotient will be a pronic number, the second a perfect number, and the third a cubic number. 'Tis required to find the respective values in rational numbers, and give a general investigation when the sum of the differences of every two of the five squares encreased by (a^2-2ab) is a rational square, also the sums and differences of every two of a^4, b^4, c^4, d^4 and e^4, all added together and this sum diminished by $b\times b-a\times d^2-a^2$ will be a rational square.

MR. COX,

By giving this problem a place in your impartial and highly interesting publication, you will oblige

Your's &c.

ROBERT KELLY,
Philomath and Land Surveyor.

Mogany, Queen's County.

Two farmers having purchased a triangular piece of land on the Barrow-side, at the rate of £4 per acre, one paying £10 for every £6 the other pays, and they now wish to have it divided between them, in proportion to the money advanced by each, and in the most equitable manner, which I found would be

be when the line of division from the vertex bore N. N. W. and S. S. W, the base line bearing E and W. Ingenious Philomaths of green Erin's isle you are requested to tell what each man must pay, by the most elegant method of investigation, when the sum of the diameter's of the inscribed and circumscribed circles is equal 240 chains 10 links four poles

N B. You may depend on receiving the solution the month after its publication.

For the Irish Magizine.

New Problem.

Required the values of x, y, v and z in the least integers possible where the following expressions, plus and minus $y2$ are respectively rational square numbers with an universal method of investigation?

I. . . $11625x^2 \pm y^2 = \square$'s
II. . . $45376x^2 \pm y^2 = \square$'s.
III . . $167041v^2 \pm y^2 = \square$'s,
IV. . . $59500v^2 \pm y^2 = \square$'s.
V. . $335201z^2 \pm y^2 = \square$'s.
VI. . $370000z^2 \pm y^2 = \square$'s.

If this problem is not answered by some of your learned correspondents in the course of next month, the investigation at large will be furnished in your Magazine for December, by

Sir, your, &c. &c.
John Moran, *Surveyor and Valuator of Land.*

Mount Byrne Lodge,
October 14, 1811.

ACCOUNTS FROM CARLOW.

(Continued from our last, page 474.)

It is usual, in the harvest season, for the Connaught labourers to emigrate from their West Indian pastures to the cultured plains of Leinster, where, if they are not allowed to banquet on their produce, they are suffered to bedew the stubble with their sweat, and fill the granaries of their unfeeling lords. As Carlow is a principle rendezvous for these walking skeletons, they assemble on Sundays, to be amount of many hundreds, for the purpose of being employed for the ensuing week. At the hour of one, which is about the time the last Mass is over in Carlow, the streets begin to fill with those men, which, in any country but this, are considered the very props of the state. On the morning of the 25th of August, as I sat in my room, pondering on the passing events of the day, I was alarmed by an incessant shouting which proceeded from the great mass of labourers assembled; on entering the crowd to learn the cause, I was more than astonished on beholding a form resembling a man, who, with raven countenance, and features distorted, attempting to preach a kind of Gospel, as little understood by the congregation assembled, as it was known in the days of Saint Patrick. I need not add, that this fanatic is one of those evangelizers called Methodist preachers. Vipers, as noxious to an Irishman, as the toad or the adder. Every time he raised his voice it was drowned by the shouts of the legitimate children of Erin. But the shouting suddenly changed to thunders of applause, on the appearance of a beggerman, who, hung in ragged drapery, mounted the stoney pulpit, where he held forth to the great annoyance of his competitor, until disrobed

robed by the rude grasp of fanaticism. The yeomen, poor souls! finding neither words nor grass would do, determed to try what virtue there was in steel, and four of them sallied forth, with fixed bayoners, exclaiming "comrades, to arms! to arms!" but the superior number of the enemy intimidating them they prudently retreated on the strong lines of *Torres vedras*. And tho' not the smallest menace was attempted on the part of the multitude. "save the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," the Gospel hector, notwithstanding his solicitude for the strayed souls, that wandered in the mazy errors of Popery, took advantage of the first law of nature, and, like Horace, escaped in bare-head from the field of battle.

Reader, can you credit, that an occurence, so trivial in itself, should alarm the chief magistrate of so peaceable a town as Carlow! should prompt him to sit down and write circular letters to the surrounding magistrates, and constables, to attend on the following Sunday, to keep peace in a town where it not was attempted to be interrupted, since the bloody epoch of ninety-eight? Yet it did alarm him, nearly as much, as when the enemy landed at Killalla; with this difference in his favour, that his tears then, fell for his own preservation; now, for the public wale!!! Merciful God! what are we to think of the government of the country, when to laugh at a mounted buffoon, is a sufficient pretext to put a garrison under arms; and endanger the lives of two thousand of the best men, because the most useful, the country has to boast of?—Yes, I repeat it, under arms! for the militia were fully accoutred, amply provided with powder and ball, ready at a moment's notice to execute the orders of a man without a single acre of landed property in the country, of which he arrogates the command.

It was an awful sight for the Established Church, to behold a Methodist Preacher in the very centre of a corporate town, attended by two magistrates, a troop of catchpoles, and one hundred men under arms, while he preached a doctrine, as opposite to Protestanism, as it is to reason itself.—If this be not forceing the Gospel at the point of the bayonet, I know not what to call it. But there was a circumstance, which I wish peculiary, to impress on the mind of my reader, which will remind him of the days of Mullamast; and, which will stamp the character of this blustering potentate, this growth of yesterday, this Killalla hero—hear it my countrymen; and forget not, that the man, who had time enough to write circular letters to the peace officers, and military of the town, had not charity enough, or humanity enough to post up a single notice declaraty of his intention Let me ask this lover of strong measures, he that could meditate such dreadful preparation for his fellow-creature; he that could pluck from the Statute-book the Riot-act, that sleeping lion, that should not be roused, except at the thunder of rebellion, let me ask him, why he did not manfully tell the half-starved labourers of Connaught they were to be shot, should they interupt a doctrine anathematized by his own Bishop at the last visitation held in Carlow! What might not have been the consequence, but for the humane interference of the Rev. Gentlemen, that had the christian courage, even in Carlow, that head quarters of bigotry, to dismount the battery, and unmask the plot? They it was, that proclaimed from the Altar to the wandering peasant, that the thunder roled over his devoted head. But for them, the streets of Carlow might have been dyed with the blood of those men, one of whose lives is of more importance to society, than a host of fanatics.—Had you thou modest Editor of the Patriot, been here on those days of alarm, and accompanied me through the ranks of misery that filled our streets, I could have pointed out to you the hypocrisy of your question in the furrowed countenances, and tread-bare rags which disfigure the remains of those men that bear up that mas of taxation, which, like another Sampson, must shake the pillars of the state, and bury all in one general ruin.

A CARLOW FRIEND.

A LATIN ORATION IN HONOR AND PRAISE OF ST. PATRICK.

(Continued from our last, page 478.)

Non commemoro, quod fontes quamplurimos, ut hominum egestati subveniret, aut in iis quosdam ad Christum aggregatos lustraret, è terra produxerit; penè quotidianum id Patricio fuit. Patior seleri, quod Boalum fluvium fusis ad Deum precibus ita diviserit, ut liberum sibi sociisque suis transitum parârit; miguum hoc fuit, sed Patricianæ virtuti parvum. Alia innumera, miraculo unique magnitudine stupenda reliquo, quæ sicut divinam

quandam in Patricio virtutem ostendebant, ita eum mundo majorem esse testabantur. Hoc dico, nihil nimis arduum ejus virtuti fuit, qui Naturam ipsam in sui admirationem convertit, et homines semper stupore defixos reliquit. Quanquam quid homines dico? qui animantes rationis expertes, qui Dæmones, qui Magos, qui cæcæ antiquitatis Deos, si hoc nomine sunt digni, ad suo imperio parendum adduxit. Testis est, ut alias præteream animantes, lupus ille, qui cùm ex ejus grege oviculam subtraxisset, eandem quasi precibus ejus coactus restituit, et suæ feritatis oblitus, sese ad pedes adolescentis abjecit. Testis est ille Dæmon, ut alios etiam taceam, qui cùm in bovem sese insinuavisset, et insano ad aliorum interitum furore armavisset, unico Patricii manus signo, vim ejus Sanctitatis non sustinens, discessit. Testes sunt illi Magi, quorum aliqui, dum ejus vitæ insidiabantur, fulmine cœlitus à Sanctissimo Antistite procurato conflagrarunt; alii conatibus ejus obsistentes cedere tandem sunt coacti; nonnulli, quod ipsius Sacrificio sacrilegas manus injicerent, dehiscente terrâ miserrimè expirarunt. Testis est denique Idolum illud Leogarii Regis ex auro conflatum, quod Deorum caput tanquam Deorum summus appellabatur, et circa quod duodecim aliorum statuæ Deorum inclinabantur. Nam cùm illi protenso baculo Patricius minaretur, et Deum ferventissimis precibus obtestaretur, corruit insana moles, et divinæ Majestatis potentiam Patriciique virtutem cadendo manifestavit. O te Patrici, quem tandem quantumque fuisse dicam? Majorem te mundo jam ostendi, cui elementa morem gesserunt, cujus nutum brutæ animantes observarunt, cui Magi cesserunt, quem Dæmones horruerunt; sed et ipsi cœli toties tuis precibus sollicitati, fulmen et fatalem ignem tibi subministraverunt. Nihil in universa natura fuit, quod tuo imperio non obsequeretur; cedebant morbi, si mandares, fugiebat mors et victas manus dabat, si imperares; senectus in juvenilem ætatem revocata novas vires, novum corporis decorem ac venustatem assumebat, si juberes. Id expertus est aliquando Rius magni nominis Princeps, cui cùm manum imposuisset, factus est ex sene juvenis, ex ægro sanus, ex debili robustus, ex Idololatra Christianus; et postquam senuerat, ætate florens ad æternam gloriam felici sorte transvolavit. Sed pergamus nos, Auditores, et quem mundo majorem vidimus, hominibus omnibus excelsiorem Divisque parem, quod erat secundo loco propositum, ostendamus. Dubitare de vestra attentione non possum, dum ea dicuntur, quæ audire nemo nolvellet, et quæ admirando concipere nemo unquam satis potest. Agite verò, an non ille supra cæterorum hominum conditionem positus, esse diceretur, qui vitam ad viginti dies sine cibo sustineret? sustinuit Patricius. Qui dierum quadraginta jejunium tanquam Helias aut Moyses alter Christum imitando perferret? pertulit Patricius. Qui noxia quævis animantia suarum virtute precum abigeret, et Dæmonum spectris Provinciam aliquam liberaret? abegit ex Hibernia Patricius, et totam liberavit. Qui Angelorum consortio frueretur? fruebatur Patricius, et hunc illi aut deducebant semper, aut consolabantur, aut de futuris admonebant. Plusquam hominis est futura tanquam præsentia intueri prædicereque, et quæ alibi contingunt, non ignorare; plusquam homo Patricius fuit, qui futurorum cognitione clarus Prophetico Spiritu rerum eventus ante pronuntiabat, quàm ab hominibus viderentur, et eorum veritatem certissimo semper sermone confirmabat. Quicquid alibi distantibus in locis gerebatur, non aliter, quàm si præsens adfuisset, videbat et cognoscebat. Si qui essent in lucem aliquando prodituri, quos virtus Divorum ordinibus adscriberet, horum nomina jam antè suis temporibus edebat, et patriam designabat. Quicquid dicebat, quicquid pronuntiabat, id omne ita ratum divina Majestas confirmabat, quasi ipsa pro tribunali sedens promulgavisset; unde fiebat, ut ii fortunatissimi essent, quibus benedixisset; ii calamitosissimi, quibus maledixisset. Plusquam hominis etiam est, paucissimis cibis multa hominum millia pascere; plusquam homo Patricus fuit, qui quinque animantibus bove uno, cervis duobus ac totidem apris quatuordecim hominum fame laborantium millia ita recreavit, ut nihil omninò deesset, multum verò superesset. Quid amplius dicam? Dei est non hominis homines vita functos ad vitam revocare, quod in mortem solius divinæ Majestatis sit Imperium, et ablatam semel vitam corruptis corporum exuviis restituere; Deus quidam, aut divinus certè homo Patricius fuit, qui semel novemdecim è sepulchris in quibus decennio nonnulli delituerant, excitavit; aliàs Regem Echum, cùm ante biduum obiisset, vitæ primò restituit, tum Religionis Christianæ rudimentis imbuit, lustralibus aquis expiavit, ac deinde ita postulantem, cum cœlesti pane recreavisset, ad secundam mortem, et per eam ad beatam immortalitatem dimisit. Quid quod aliquando giganteæ molis virum ita de pulvere suscitavit, ut omnibus horrori tantæ proceritatis

proceritatis aspectus esset? Quid quod Reguli cujusdam Avum, ut de Resurrectione fidem assereret, ex ipsis cineribus redivivum apparare fecit, baptizavit, et Christianum rursusque mortuum sepulchro conclusit? Quanquam ne singula consecter, pateant, si ita fieri potest, mortuorum sepulchra, et innumeri hic in luce consistent, qui secundam vitam suam Patricii precibus adscribent bis nati, bisque mortui. Nimirum quasi Fatis ipsis potentiores essent Antistitis hujus preces, ad eas rerum omnium domitrix mors, quos communi aurâ Spirituque privarat, eos ad lucem nec invita reducebat. Dicam, Auditores, cum summa Patricii gloria, quod sine veritatis damno retucere non possum. Fuit Patricius non quidem in terris Christus, sed Christo quàm simillimus, quem inter homines et vitæ sanctitate et prodigiosorum magnitudine operum representavit. Neque profectò aliud cœlum ipsum, si loqui posset, attestaretur, cujus vocem, quoniam ita lubet, ita fingite vos audire. Omnium mihi Divorum instar Patricius unus inter homines fuit, nec minor illis, sed æqualis. Fuit Angelus puritate scientiâque, et Dei legem Dei populo promulgavit; fuit Propheta futurarum rerum cognitione, quas ad hominum stuporem incredibili cum certitudine denuntiavit; fuit Apostolus divini verbi promulgatione, quâ Hiberniam universam et circumjacentes ad Christum Insulas adduxit; fuit Martyr patientiâ, quâ tot congesta sibi à Magis, ab Idololatris, à Tyrannis, à Dæmonibus tormenta superavit. neque aliud defuisse sibi unquam existimavit, quàm quod pro Christo vitam cruentâ morte non exhalaret. Fuit Confessor vitæ exemplo et doctrinâ; hâc multos erudiebat, illos suaviter ad virtutem impellebat; Fuit Virgo corpore animoque, nec quicquam de ejus integritate libido unquam delibavit. Talis autem cùm esset ac Divis omnibus par, tum Christo meo ita similis extitit, ut propemodum quicquid hic inter homines supra naturam divinâ virtute perfecit, hoc ille ejus nomine potentiâque cum omnium admiratione repræsentavit. Atque idcirco, quia proximè ad divinæ Majestatis similitudinem accessit, divos alios virtutum magnitudine æquavit, miraculorum multitudine superavit. Et quanquam jam in æterna gloria Dei omnipotentis aspectu perfruitur, tum tamen cùm adhuc mortalis inter mortales esset, illum in monte non procul a Capua vidit, salutavit, allocutus est, et ab ejus ore novum Spiritum doctrinamque cœlestem accepit; Christum vero medios inter Angelorum choros splendescentem sæpius cum aut Aris operaretur, aut D. Joannis Apocalypsin pervolveret, conspexit. Magnum hoc Dei beneficium fuit, sed magnis ac propemodum innumeris Patricii meritis debebatur, quo nemo unquam frequentius Deum die nocteque vel adoravit, vel precibus exoravit; quo nemo sublimior, et simul humilior; nemo laboriosior et simul nominis et famæ negligentior extitit. Sed fuit, ut æternum esset; profuit multis in terris, ut nemini in immortalitate sua et apud Deum ueesset. Ita sanè de illo loqueretur cœlum, si audire vocem ejus possemus. Quid nunc, Auditores, restat, nisi ut hodie Divo Patricio applaudantus? Age ergò, o Patrici, quia Hiberniam fidei Christianæ luce collustrasti, tibi gratias agit; quia tot illi Divos excitasti, tibi obligata est; quia te Patronum in cœlis habet, nunquam desperabit; quia tantâ gratia olim in terris, et nunc in Beatorum Domicilio vales, finem aliquando suarum miseriarum expectabit. Perire tui labores non possunt, et æternùm tua merita apud Deum vigebunt, atque idcirco tuam Hiberniam, quam Christo aliquando peperisti, discussis hæreseos nebulis, et fracto sævientium tyrannorum furore tandem Deo et tibi vindicabis. Sed ecce supplicem habes, et hunc Hibernum; gratiam petit, impetra illi; festo tibi die petit, negare nihil hodie potes; imitari te cupit, nihil tibi gratius esse debet; prodesse patriæ suæ desiderat, et in tuorum laborum partem venire, ange desiderium et juva conatum. Ut possit, hodie spiritualis militiæ Sacramento Divo se Francisco consecrare et in ejus jurare legem concupiscit; audi jurantem, et quia Seraphici Ordinis Patres hoc tempore tua in Hibernia Christianam Religionem vitæ probitate, doctrinæ excellentia, sanguinis profusione, et assidua miseriarum tolerantia retinent, fave juranti. Tu vero, Frater Francisce Coppingere, quoniam jam divina quadam mente præditus, quicquid mundi est, conculcasti, quicquid voluptatum est, ex animo proscripsisti, quicquid Dæmonum est, formidare desinisti' age, animum sume. Dedit tibi propositum audaciam, dabit constantia perseverantiam. Hodie te vinces, et te vincendo quicquid est hostium, debellabis. Cogita patere jam cœlum, audire Deum, Patricium spectare, Franciscum invitare, Hiberniam tuam exspectare; istos omnes tuo juramento recreabis, hos omnes Confratres tuos eodem exhilarabis. Euge igitur et aude, pro cœlo est quicquid agis; Euge et jura, hodie Christi miles, et sanctissimi Francisci filius efficieris. Ita Voveo et Divi.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

Mr. Cox,—On looking over some late numbers of your invaluable publication, I have observed some Poetical Essays of a very peculiar cast—if the following imitation of one, a Song called Little Con. *finds, a place in your Miscellany, it will encourage me to make similar attempts hereafter,*

Iam your Friend,

SCOURGE.

DOCTOR JOHN.—*Time* "*Molly Mog.*"

To Comfort lodge, go from the Broad-Stone,
And after the journey youv'e gone;
Turn out Newgate's tenants you'll find none
To match *Bravo* Quack Doctor John.

2.

His tongue viper like scatters poison,
His *frenzied* face bloated and wan,
Each sorrowful morn when rising,
A whiskey-dram cheers Doctor John.

3.

Of honest or virtuous 'mongst mankind,
A friend he cannot reckon one;
For those who to him have been most kind,
Were stung or stabb'd by Doctor John.

4.

If the Major now wants an informer,
On ERINS green bosom not one
Will take up the state-primer warmer,
Than reprobate quack Doctor John.

5.

But should his crimes hereafter bring him
Where justice their measure shall con;
If Bladderchops says he will swing him,
Who'll shed a tear for Doctor John?

6.

And when he walks off to the gibbet,
In shirt white as down of the swan,
Did O'Brien's last *Drama* exhibit,
Such cheers as will greet Doctor John?

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

To the Amateurs of Latin Song, Air "Erin Go Bragh;"

By P. CAROLAN, professor of Belles Lettres,

Carmen Leontinum.

Fertiles agros, coluère proavi,
Discordiâ remota, floruit Hibernia,
Meus agellus, multum dedit solati
Discordiâ remota, florcuit Hibernia.
Sed vo mihi misero extincto patronò,
Diutius negatur mihi, natali frui solo.
Sed migrare coacto, ad regiones ignotas
Discordiâ evicta, ruit Hibernia.

Legibus, consultis, licet obtemperavi,
Discordiâ evicta, ruit Hibernia.
Nec locus in Senatu, nec honor suffragi,
Discordiâ evicta ruit Hibernia.
Primum petenti, responsum mihi datum,
Libertatis fruendo, mi esse ignarum,
Lervitute exire, nondum licebat,
Discordiâ evicta, ruit Hibernia.

Servitì unpatiens, bellum, renovavi,
Codé perfusa, luget Hibernia,
Sed amicis desertus, heu! frustra certavi,
Codè perfusa, luget Hibernia,
Meum cosi virgis tigurium crémabant,
Boves trucedarùnt, et segetes vastabant,
Dié nunc me ament! quabia ferebam,
In exilium nunc acto vale Hibernia!

Talia querenti, apparuit mihi Gratia †,
Et casum ploranti, dilecto Hibernio,
Dicens, cur mi querelis exanimas inanis,
Etfatum deploras, dilecto Hibernio,
Filii redibunt, qui exulabant,
Crimina Tyranni morte piabunt.
Et B———s subactis, eritis beati,
Paceque contenta, florebit Hibernia.

COM-

† *Grace O'Maley, tutelary Goddess of Ireland.*

BLACK-ROCK.

Commission of Oyer and Terminer.

On Tuesday the 29th of November, an infamous miscreant of the name of Byrne, was tried before the Hon. Justice Day and Justice Fox for an atrocious conspiracy against the honor and happiness of a most respectable and amiable character as any in the country, a Prelate of the Established Church. We are happy to have it to say, this wretch has been convicted on the clearest evidence and from his own confession, and that this first attempt of converting this imported offence into the means of obtaining an infamous livelihood, has been checked by the spirit and promptitude of the noble family whose reputation was attacked by a species of evidence that is calculated to prostrate the purest character to the lowest moral degradation amongst the worst monsters of the human race. It must be gratifying to the pride of Irish character, since the shocking monster unhappily exists, that he did not make his vile experiment on some person of humble condition or more timid mind, than the venerable Gentleman who had the courage and virtue to meet the ruffian with the arm of the law, what havoc would have ensued among families and individuals by the success which would inevitably attend the villain, had he the precaution of beginning his trade of infamy by stumbling in any other quarter?

AMERICA.

The court of enquiry on the conduct of the American Commodore Rogers, after hearing the testimony of seventeen officers belonging to the ship President have unanimously agreed, that Commodore Rogers's original statement is confirmed. We are proud to hear that the gallant officer has acquitted himself to the credit of the American Navy, and hope he will live to serve his country and vindicate her rights on some more important occasion, for it is necessary, that the happiest and freest nation that ever existed, should be compelled to draw the sword. We rejoice in the happiness, tranquility and success of America, because her arms are open to the unfortunate of all countries, who are driven from their homes, friends and industry by the two scourges, that now desolate Europe. We rejoice more particularly, because hundreds of thousands of our brave and generous countrymen have gained another country in exchange for their own, where they were refused protection or bread, where the privileged rangeman measures out human existence as his will, and the devouring tax gatherer eats up the produce of the soil. As we remarked before, if America be not the land of our fathers, it is, we are proud to say the land of children.

(From Sir J. Carr's Travels in Spain.)

The Spanish Ladies.

In the evening we walked upon the Alameda, so called from alamo, a poplar. This is the name of a promenade, with which every town of any consideration in Spain, is embellished. It is certainly a very agreeable walk, commanding on one side a fine view of the sea. The seats with which it is furnished are of stone, and handsome; but the trees intended for its ornament, show by their wretched appearance, how unpropitious to their growth is their marine situation. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the Andalusian ladies to the greatest advantage, in that portion of their ancient costume which they never fail to assume whenever they go abroad. This dress is composed of the mantilla, or veil, which amongst the higher orders is usually of black gauze, and sometimes of lace, and descends from the head, to which it is fastened, over the back and arms, is just crossed in front, and then falls very gracefully a little below the knee, the monilio or jacket, and petticoat, called in Andalusia, the saya; and in other provinces, the basquina; both black and generally of silk, under which usually appear two pretty feet, dressed in white silk stockings and shoes. To these latter articles of dress, the Spanish ladies pay much attention. The gala dress of the ladies was formerly very fine and preposterous, and frequently descended from generation to generation; at marriages this dress was often let out to the humble classes. The grace and majesty of their walk, in which the Spanish ladies take great pride, never fail to excite the admiration of every foreigner: but, strange to tell, whenever they dress after the English fashion, or as they call it *en cuerpo*, of which they are very fond, a vulgar waddle supersedes the bewitching movements they display in their native attire. Nor ought the skill with which they use the fan, a much larger instrument than that carried by our ladies, to be passed over. It is scarcely ever out of their hands; they manage it with the most fascinating dexterity. To the fan thus used by some of the Andalusian ladies, a beautiful couplet of the late Rev. Mr. Homer, might be applied:

Go fan miscall'd! go seek a better name,
Thou can'st not cool, thou only can'st inflame.

Little girls, scarcely twice the height of a fan, are also completely at home in the management of one. At first, the universal blackness of the female dress produces rather a melancholy effect; but a stranger soon becomes accustomed to it.

(To be continued.)

At

OBITUARY.

At Booterstown, the Rev. John Connolly parish Priest of that place; he was much distinguished for eloquence and piety, and greatly esteemed among all classes in the neighbourhood of his mission, by his gentlemanly and liberal manners.

In Clonegal, county of Carlow, on the 14th of October, of a lingering illness, Mr. William Carroll. He was a man of noble and patriotic principles, as any his suffering country ever gave birth. He had no enemies, but those who were enemies to Ireland. On all occasions he contributed to the utmost of his power, to alleviate the sufferings of his hunted and persecuted brethren. In the reign of terror in 1798, and 9—he visited in prison, and succoured them in their hiding places, and administered pecuniary aid, and medical assistance, healed their wounds, and was their guide to lead them beyond the reach of their savage enemies. His benevolence marked him out as a victim, and the infuriated Orangeists of Clonegall, determined on his destruction, they proceeded to his hospitable house, but he was so fortunate as to have an intimation of their designs, and effected his escape.—Disappointed by the flight of their game, they wreaked their vengeance on his property which was considerable, they destroyed such as they could not remove, and confiscated the most portable, which they divided amongst each other. He was afterwards obliged to be concealed, until the arival of Lord Cornwallis, and again he was restored to cheer his aged parents. His fortune was ruined, and his health irreparably injured. One brother of his was expatriated, two brothers and an amiable sister yet live, to console a widowed mother, for the loss of the best of sons.

On the City-quay, of the gout in his stomach, aged 69, Colonel Southwell M'Clune. Mr. M'Clune was an eminent Cabinet Maker in Abbey-street, where he continued in opulence, and with considerable credit for many years, untill the night of the 23d of May, 1798, when he marched from Dublin, at the head of a select body of young men to the mountains, having been recently appointed a Colonel in the rebel army. Through the course of one campaign, his local knowlege of the difficult country, which was assigned to him by the Directory, and with a considerable share of intrepedity united, made him a very valuable and active officer.

He was at the battle of Hackets town, fought on the 25th of June, 1798, and by the judicious disposition of the little force under his command, contributed considerably to the credit and firmness, which marked the rebel forces employed that day. During his absence on his public duties, his house was plundered between some perfidious friends and open enemies, what one neglected the other seized on, and eventually his whole property was confiscated, his wife and children turned into the streets, and his house made a barrack. He was present at the destruction of the Ancient Britons, and what is remarkable, that the few maimed wretches of that corps who survived their companions, were lodged in Mr. M'Clune's house, then converted into an hospital where they remained until they were able to embark in Dublin Bay, for their own country. The Colonel was bred a presbyterian, and continued to his death a credit to that respectable communion.

On the 16th of October, at his house Myshol-Lodge, County Carlow, of a loathsome disease, Robert Cornwall. Esq. formerly an eminent Attorney, but in the eventful days of terror one of the most distinguished of the torturers. He was the first of the Carlow monsters who inflicted flagellation; the unhappy wretches who were abandoned to his mercy, were scarcely allowed one hours repose. He travelled and hunted the country with such exactness, that no person could escape his fury, accompanied by his companion in cruelty, B. Butler, with a strong escort of Cavalry, and marked his way by the burning cottages of the poor peasantry, by their tears and blood. Butler and he expressed the utmost enmity to the unfortunate Catholics whose houses, and persons were visited with every aggravation of horror that the most refined and brutal ingenuity could invent. The burning of the Cross n Mysho which had survived former barbar was an act of the two Co-partners in depredation torture and impiety. Buth whenever he shot any of the unfortuna men who came n h s way first searched t victim, and if he found a beads, or scap lar on the person, he decorated his h with the sacred articles, discharged h pistol, into the head of the shivering vi tim, and then exhibited his dog, to t affrighted inhabitants of the district, the trophies of his bravery.

In Slaney-street, Wexford, the no rious Hawtry White, a Magistrate of t County of Wexford, and a well kno exterminator in the years of 1797 a 1798.



FRANCIS HUDDLESTONE.

Informer against the Catholics

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

With this Month's Publication we give a very correct Likeness of

Huddlestone the Informer,

Which we assure the Public is as perfect a Representation of that Man as could be done by any Artist.

MR. BUSHE'S ELOQUENCE.

THE reporter employed by the *Freeman's Journal*, appears to be in raptures at the eloquence of this gentleman. He said in the publication of the 26th of November, "The Solicitor General then proceeded to make several apposite remarks on the policy of the statute, and concluded, amidst the admiration of *his* auditors, who, whatever their sentiments might be with regard to his cause, were charmed with the powers of his eloquence."

We are surprised that the gentleman who wrote this *tail* to Mr. Bushe's speech neglected to give the readers of his paper some sample of such unparalleled forensic talents. We have read the speech, and we have not discovered one tittle of expression in it, that would arrest the attention of even the most abject admirer of Mr. Bushe. We refer our readers to a perusal of it, and they will find it as devoid of what characterizes eloquence as any speech uttered on the same occasion. Mr. Bushe possesses two qualifications, which highly recommend him, the place of Solicitor General, and a countenance, which on solemn occasions is very striking, a particular earnestness of look, and an incapability of softening it on any subject: it is not fitted to express either humour or pity: it is adapted more to shake a culprit in the dock, to please a Jeffries,

fries, or to hurry a jury into an exercise of passion, than court them to the tranquillity of investigation. With such personal deficiencies no man can be eloquent, the voice, the subject, and the countenance, ought to speak together. The happy variety of countenance, which Mr. Curran on all occasions exhibited, communicated such a just sense of his subject, that a deaf man would feel it interesting. Mr. Bushe observed, by a person so circumstanced, could only convey one idea, that of prejudice to the person he accused, and were deaf men exclusively on a jury where he spoke, they would convict, though his meaning were contrary. However his heart may be influenced by the milder feelings, his face denies it. The eloquence he is capable of expressing, is irregular and tasteless invective, and his countenance is such a leading auxiliary, that if he were to hide it, his speech would be nothing but noise, tautology, vehemence and legal balderdash.

Persecution and Politics.

There is one object in view of Mr. Perceval and his under agents in this country, by bringing the Catholics to immediate trial and conviction. He obviates the trouble and loss of time which the discussion of their petition would naturally produce. Ministers on the introduction of the petition, would have it rejected as the petition of an *unlawful* assembly, as the framers were convicted. Thus the good people of England, whose good opinion we are told is every day increasing in our favour, would get quit of popish intrusion for another year, and a third, and at last, agreeable to the policy of our persecutors, our petitioning would be either suppressed by strong examples, or would be handed to posterity as an inheritance, and our children to future ages, would be seen begging according to law at the bar of a British senate, *secula seculorum*.

New Republics.

South America is busily engaged emancipating itself from the seclusion and despotism, which heretofore shut up from the other parts of the world, and trampelled on the sacred rights of man. While despotism treads with unrelenting pride and cruelty on the lands and waters of Europe, liberty is unfurling her standard in the *ci devant* dominions of the Spanish monarchy, in the new world. New republics are starting into uncontrolled existence, and new regions offer new asylums to mankind. We insert a letter written by an Irish gentleman in the Caraccas, to his friend in the Northern States of America. The Irish reader will find ample source of happiness in this document, which announces another refuge to his oppressed countrymen, where the soil, mode of government, happy climate and similarity of religious opinions, must contribute in an eminent degree to make it the choice of his fortune.

Extract of a Letter from Caraccas.

The Spaniards deserve the execration of every civilized man, for endeavouring to excite the slaves and produce a second St. Domingo warfare and desolation in this beautiful country. We are forming a National Militia and Volunteer Corps, both of which proceed with spirit and effect, and I hope will successfully sustain independence and civil liberty against all their enemies—these enemies are Spaniards of Old Spain, who, in their political creed, much resemble the Protestant Ascendancy Men of Ireland.—You will see by the official paper which I send, that the Government are adopting a wise and liberal policy with respect to foreigners: it is their wish, as it is also the desire of every patriotic enlightened Citizen here, and there are many, that the greatest number possible of industrious useful foreigners, should come to settle here; and, I assure

assure you, there never was a finer nor more profitable field before the view of emigrants than this rich, fertile, delightful country, present. You desire to know my real opinion of its actual state, and if there shall be religious liberty? As to the natural state of the country, it is the richest I ever saw; the soil dark deep, and rich, like that of Ireland; fertile beyond expectation, producing with little or no preparation, two crops of wheat, maize, and the other annual productions of other countries, in each year, and without manure of which they have scarcely an idea. The usual productions of the richest kind, such as indigo, coffee, sugar, tobacco, cotton, and cocoa; and these are so valuable for commerce, that the inhabitants neglect the cultivation of a sufficient quantity of wheat, barley, and other grains, as also the rearing of domestic animals near the towns, and all which might be made to abound in the greatest plenty. The vegetables and fruits, numerous, fine, and capable of being improved to the greatest degree by an improved culture. The climate equable, temperate, healthy and delightful; neither cold, below about 60 degrees of Farenheit, nor heat above 75 deg.; of course neither frost, nor snow, nor hail; but fine refreshing showers frequently; and the nights generally so cool in this city, as to make a blanket an agreeable part of your bed furniture. The sun's rays three parts of the day refracted by numerous clouds attracted by the heights; whence grey mornings, pleasant days, and cool evenings, always a refreshing breeze, and never so oppressive a heat as with you in summer. From this mixture of the temperate with the torrid clime, you may see growing in the same plantation the sugar-cane and wheat, the plantain-tree and Irish potatoes! and it is unquestionable that the vine, and almost all the necessary and agreeable or delicious productions of life might be successfully cultivated here. In fine, this country possesses all the natural means of being rendered a terrestial paradise. Neither will the same quantity of labour be requisite as with you. Nature here does almost every thing in the way of agriculture; and it is only necessary for man to give the ground a slight dressing, to procure fine crops. Besides, with you there are only six months or half the year of active vegetation: here the whole year, and consequently double the time productive. You may form a practical opinion of our climate and vegetation, when I tell you that the rose, jessamine; and other flowers, blossom throughout the year: and there is not a day but you may have green peas, sallad, fine apples, fine cabbages, and new Irish potatoes on your table. The poultry are fine, and might be numerous; and there might also be good butter and cheese, if farmers came to settle. With respect to liberty of conscience, the stranger may enjoy it here, with the exception of being obliged to respect some ceremonies, which custom still preserves, and of not being allowed the worship publicly of any religion different from the state religion, at present Catholic.—This, I must observe to you, is demanded rather by policy, so as not to disturb too violently and suddenly the habits of the less enlightened, lower orders of the people, than the wish or intention of the enlighted and the wise, who are now becoming many; as our enemies would be glad to have grounds for charging us with an an intention of destroying their church. Perhaps we will one day astonish with proclaiming the same freedom in *all points* as you now posses in the United States; but a little time, preparation and prudence will be necessary to pave the way and manage prejudices. In the mean time you might be as practically free on the score of religion here by merely keeping your religious opinion to the knowledge of the liberal. I need not to say, what you know, that the country being at pre-

sent in revolution whoever come to settle, must be prepared for those fears, alarms, and inquietudes, inseparable from such a state of things. But I have, no anxiety for the result; and now, while lands, houses, and all sort of property is cheap, and before many foreigners come in, is the time to venture. A small capital to purchase some acres of rich land, and you have independence for life. Farmers, cultivators who could pay passage, and some useful artists, such as hatters, cabinet-makers, smiths, gun-smiths and others, *boot*-makers *fashionable* tailors, *English saddle*-makers, printers, who are now wanted here, and in other parts; a teacher of English also would do well, many wish to learn it in preference to French. All these I say, have a field before them here of acquiring independence. Would to God many thousands of our countrymen, who are much esteemed here, were arrived. In fact religious coincidence, and other things point out this great Continent to the Irish, as a new and almost peculiar field for them to come to.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Copy of an original Letter written at Paris by the late Dr. Franklin:—

"*April* 22, 1781.

"I send you herewith a bill for ten *Louis d' ors*. I do not pretend to *give* such a sum. I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will, in time, enable you to pay all debts.—In that case, when you meet with another honest man, in similar distress, you must *pay* me, by *lending* this sum to him, injoining him to discharge his debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is *a trick* of mine for doing a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be *cunning*, and make the most of a *little*.

"B. F."

A Crown Lawyer Muzzled.

On the night of Doctor Sheridan's acquittal, Mr. Lidwill, who had been attending the trial during the two whole days, that it occupied the Court of King's Bench, addressed a Lawyer who was sitting near Serjeant M——, in the Court, and said—it is well Sir, that an honest Jury have pronounced the verdict we have just heard; had it been otherwise, this country would be a place fit only for the residence of the creatures of the Castle, the Judges of the Courts, and the Law Officers of the Crown—Serjeant M—— immediately turned to Mr. L———, and said, "well Sir," as the verdict has been agreeable to your wishes I think we ought all leave the country to you and your friends. "I think so too Sir, rejoined Mr. L———," you ought to go to Turkey, for I know of no other place so well suited to the principles and practices of the present administration. The Serjeant instantly shrunk under the majesty of Mr. L———'s superior mind, and the ascendancy of his genius—he took up his bag and walked out of the Court with as animated a pace as a thief goes to the gallows.

Arrest of a Note-taker.

During the Trial of Doctor Sheridan, one of the Catholic delegates, a pickpocket of decent appearance, was detected in the Hall of the Courts, in the exercise of his profession. While the persons who had taken him into custody were examining and searching him,

him, a gentleman who was passing, addressing himself to Counsellor Bethel, asked, what was the man's crime? "nothing," said the facetious lawyer, "but being one of the *note takers*, he has given offence to his highness, the Major, who has ordered him away from his business."

Exports against Popery.

On Tuesday evening, the 26th of November, at a late hour, notwithstanding a heavy gale blowing from S. E Mr. Bushe's phillipic against the Papists was shipped in his Majesty's yacht the *Union*, and the vessel put to sea under a discharge of 21 guns. This valuable article is destined for Mr. Perceval and his *no-popery* associates, as an official sample of the zeal, as well as the eloquence of the Premier's Irish Deputies. It would have been forwarded early in the morning of the above date, but it took so much time to *dove*-tail in the illuminations and ornaments, that the day was far advanced before it was properly finished. We hear it was taken in short hand by Counsellor Ridgeway, who was complimented with a brief against the Papists for his trouble. It is expected that Mr. Perceval, the English Haberdasher, will send over from his wareroom, a small package of "*spotless ermine*" in exchange, by the next convoy of British grenadiers and their wives, destined to civilize us.

A Repeal of the Union, and Catholic Emancipation, necessary to the safety of Ireland.

We have been repeatedly taught, that Britain ows her grandeur to the excellence of her Constitution, and to her commercial activity; and we have been as frequently told, that those nations whose people are deprived of those leading characters that constitute greatness, are absorbed in the vilest slavery.

There are no people on this globe, not excepting the proud Britons themselves, who have listened with more attention to those maxims of British policy, or have evinced a greater taste for such sublime principles than the Irish, and therefore they seek with firmness and dignity an equal share of that constitution, by the Emancipation of the great mass of their population, the Catholics, as necessary to their political happiness, and they seek a repeal of the UNION, as the only measure that can restore them to the rank and condition which commercial nations only can enjoy, and for which a populous and fruitful Island is best suited.

Strange it is, that our instructors will not allow us to follow their example; or practice any of their precepts. The theories of liberty and commerce, they allow us in abundance, with every material to raise imaginary republics, and extend our trading ideas over an imaginary world, but the moment we cease to dream, and attempt to reduce any thing to practice, they are indignant, shift from their fine lessons, and with a menacing attitude and haughty air—a nation of eight millions of shopkeepers, says to a nation of six millions of husbandmen—thus far have I decreed your condition, and henceforth it is to be unalterable. I have undertaken to make laws for you, and you must remain satisfied. Your artful application of the British Constitution to your case is *sedition*; the acts of a *faction*, and *pretences* of *seperatists*. The British Constitution is this, and this only—it is intended for Britons, it has no relative comparison with our trade, it is neither to be divided nor exported—it is *indivisible* and *residentiary*.

Law Contradictions.

On the trial of Doctor Sheridan, when his Counsel had finished his address to the Jury, the Solicitor General stood up to reply. This was opposed

opposed by the Counsel for the Traverser, as against the known and established usage of a Court of Criminal Justice, because, said Mr. Perrin, when a prisoner on his trial produces no witnesses, it was always ruled that reply was unnecessary, and cited the case of the King against Walter Cox, when Serjeant Moore stood up to reply, and was resisted by the Counsel for Mr. Cox, and after hearing each side on the dispute. Lord Norbury was pleased to refuse to hear Serjeant Moore in reply.

The recent case, so plain and apparently decisive, did not put down the lawers for the Crown. They quoted Lord Norbury in another case; this was the King against Robert Emmet, where the Court indulged Mr. Plunket, then Solicitor General with leave to reply, and Ireland will remember that celebrated speech, and the youth against whose life it was directed, as long as the history of our misfortunes continues to be written in *English*.

After hearing Lord Norbury quoted against Lord Norbury, the Court decided in favor of the reply, and Mr. Bushe was indulged in shooting off his legal ammunition, at the Papists, the *Conventionalists*, the *Faction*, the *Demagogues*, the *Agitators*, &c. so much for law and precedents.

Vice Kings.

Mrs. Jordan, who so frequently amused the Irish public, has done much by her love labours to serve her country. Like the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth, her children, though not qualified, through the irregularity of their birth to be kings, yet they are fully sufficient to be vice kings, and if Providence or politics deny us the honor of Richmonds, we will find ample compensation in the new house of the Fitz-Clarences.

A Chapter on Kings.

Early in the month of November the son of Orang-a-low, king of Easter Island, was baptized at Rotherithe. The generous Britons in their religious feelings, have carried this young monarch twelve thousand miles to inoculate him with English christianity. It must be some surprize to the thinking world, who hear of this apostolic act of grace, that the men who are so solicitous for the welfare of a young sovereign, have not some decent respect for old ones. Tippoo Saib was killed instead of being christened. The king of Denmark was not respected, though he was a *christian*. The king of Sweden was refused a lodging, though a protestant, and the king of Sicily, an ally, is not spared, though a suffering Bourbon.

Lord Blaney.

The public prints have been very criminally silent on this great general. We are surprised at so shameful a neglect. His lordship, we are assured by a correspondent, a *polish lancer*, now in Malaga, where he is under cure for an obstinate tooth-ache. That Lord Blaney is in great health and spirits, wears his Irish tried falchion every day with permission of the town major, and is engaged for the last fortnight measuring the comet, which, when compleated, he means to resume his military studies, in which he is a great proficient. He has been so fortunate as to possess himself of a breeches of Sebastiani's, with a cocked hat, and a spy glass, formerly used by that general, all nearly as good as new, and by a trifling expence can be made to fit any other person. With such inside and outside acquirements, we have no doubt, the Irishman will appear as eminent as *Turenne or Drury*.

Delgany.

Delgany.

By letters received at our office from the Delgany *Crib*, we are advised, that very considerable success has been made within the last month. Four girls and one boy under six years old, have been purchased from Popery, at the low prices of two pounds each. This favorable state of the Swaddling market has produced so much thanksgiving, that the progress of the gospel is to be announced to the faithful by a sermon, to be preached on the ensuing Sunday, by Kent the Huxterman, greasy almoner, and dispenser of the word to the house of Latouche.

Floating Lights.

A few days since, his Grace the Duke of Richmond, was graciously pleased to inspect the vessel intended to carry the floating lights, for the protection and guide of shipping, visiting Dublin harbour, and testified his high approbation of their utility and construction. This improvement is valuable in a military point of economy, because, it will contribute to save a very considerable portion of our only mercantile relations, the importation of soldiers and bibles, and to the credit of the Barrack-board, which may be truly denominated our Custom-house, and the evangelical zeal of our representative, Mr. Shaw, we cannot hereafter have any reasonable apprehensions for the security of our souls or bodies.

A Chapter on Constitutions.

The wise men our masters say, that the British constitution is the best in the world. The Catholics of Ireland have taken such a liking to it, that they petition to share it, and fight Bonaparte to preserve it. Judge Day says, that the Catholics act as if they wanted to take the constitution by storm. If they used no other weapons abroad than they do at home, it would be paper not bayonets; they would have had at Barossa and Albuera; they would in such circumstances be as contemptible in the eyes of Bonaparte as they are with Judge Day or Justice Blacker.

Miss Tilney Long.

We understand that his Royal Highness the Duke of C——, so well known for his devotion to the rights of hospitality in *Cork*, is among the accomplished candidates for this young lady's heart and fortune. We are proud to hear, that the Royal Duke has it in contemplation to increase the legitimate breed of kings, though a spurious nobility are eligible to vice regal eminence, it is only in the *dernier resort*, they are called on to exercise the kingly functions. A Fitz-Clarence or a Richmond may govern in provinces, but it is only *legal* blood that is fitted for Imperial Britain.

Mr. Horish's Speech to Alderman ——.

This popish sweep, for it is only within the last forty years that a papist dare exercise either of the trades of *sweep* or *coal porter*, waited on a certain alderman and grand juror, and like the Jew in the play demanded the amount of a bond; but in more merciful language in these words: "I have been flogged for an attempt to possess myself of Marino on a pike title. The law has given an indisputable title to your mansion, and by the Rosary, if you don't settle with me this evening, I will lodge my little *negroes* in my lady's bed, and drive your coach to Mass-lane, and then, *Sir*, you may hear all DAY bar sermons against Ireland and popery."

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Knowledge of the Law necessary in every Situation.

Lieutenant Burke of the 45th regiment deserted some time since from his colours in Portugal, and went over to the French. The French general not valuing either the man's talents or his principles, refused him any employment, but allowed him to live at his leisure in a village near the head quarters. In the course of the campaign, this village was surprised by a party of the British army, and Lieutenant Burke was taken and recognized. In a few days he was brought to trial, and in his defence produced proofs that they had no authority to punish him, as he was not in the army. The proof was indisputable, it was the *London Gazette*, in which Mr. Burke was declared superseded, for being absent without leave. The prisoner was discharged, and now lives in the city of Waterford.

Glassnevin.

On Sunday the good bishop of this diocese paraded through the village, accompanied by Messrs. Crowley and Cozens. The two converts appeared in good health, but not to advantage as to elegance, as they are obliged to continue in their training clothes. Mr. Crowley has acquired the swaddling droop in his eye-lids, and his hair stands the new sleek wonderfully. Mr. Cozens is rather pale, which is attributed to an abrupt abstinence from the *tumbler*. By the time they arrived at his lordship's turnpike, the holy triumvirs were met by a deputation from the board of grace, headed by Kent the huxterman, who had the honor of presenting his Scotch highness with a beautiful copy of Judge Day's speech to the grand jury, printed on *lamb*-skin by the Dugdalian press, which his lordship was pleased to receive very graciously. Mr. Kent complimented each of the three apostles with the kiss of peace, and mounted with considerable *grace* into Mr. Latouche's travelling pulpit, which was in waiting, and proceeded to preach his monthly sermon against pikes and crucifixes from the Canal bridge to Patrick's Close.

Union of Irishmen.

The late verdict on the trial of Dr. Sheridan, and the subsequent difference of opinion of the grand jury on the new bills of indictment against the other delegates, have contributed in a material manner to crush the hopes as well the arrogance of Mr. Perceval's no popery agents in this unfortunate country. A respectable protestant jury have told the British ministers, and their bigotted and pensioned deputies, that they are not disposed to be persecutors; that the unhired protestants of intelligence and property will not lend themselves to aid inflammatory adventuring lawyers to destroy the reputation, and liberties of their catholic countrymen, their kindred and friends. We trust this step so honestly made towards conciliation by a protestant jury, will tend to a speedy union of the Irish people, and shew to them in true colours the terrific twin monsters, persecution and tyranny. If the protestant people allow crown lawyers to poison their minds against five millions of men, to whom they are related by every sacred tye of country and consanguinity, the subjection of the catholic will be followed by the ruin of the protestant. Ireland is our common country, and no upstart lawyer, no bigotted judge, no Perceval, no Englishman, no Frenchman should trick Irishmen into hostility with each other, to convert our country into an arena, for the amusement and profit of the common enemy.

JUDGE

JUDGE DAY'S CHARGE.

On Thursday the 6th of Novem-er, the trial of the Catholics of Ire-and, in the person of Thomas Kir-van, Esq. commenced in the Court of King's Bench. The Judges present were Messrs. Downes, Day, Daly and Osborne. Our business is not to de-tail the hired language made use of by the Crown Lawyers, but to make such observations in our way as the na-ture and complexion of the proceed-ngs may warrant.

The Chief Justice spoke only to the points of law urged by the ad-verse lawyers, but it is to Judge Day's charge to the Grand Jury we would direct the attention of our readers. After congratulating the Gentlemen, and complimenting them for their suc-cess in preserving the public tranquil-lity in the metropolis, for the jury were nearly all police magistrates. He assured them the reports from the late circuits were no less favourable and sa-tisfactory.

"In a word," said his Lordship, "one general calm appears to pre-vail from end to end of the island."

It may be an easy task to lead a few ignorant jurymen by partial statements, but a nation is not to be directed from investigation by the sound of a name, or the magic of an office. Now, it is a fact that Judge Day differs in his account of the public tranquillity from his brother Judge Mr. Osborne, who, on the late circuit, in his charge to a grand jury at Clonmell, declared in very solemn language, that the county of Tipperary was then in a state of se-rious *perturbation*. When a man's me-mory is very deficient, or so worn out, that its defects occasion such an obvi-ous deviation from regularity, though the moral organs may be ever so sound, the person cannot be in such a state of regular regimé, as the high and labo-rious character of the Bench requires.

We confess, in the subsequent part of the charge, there is not the least appearance of forgetfulness, but on the contrary, every word expresses all the sanity, vigilance, discrimination and firmness, for which the British con-stitution in Ireland is distinguished, and the wisdom by which it is direct-ed, manifests itself in a very ardent at-titude.

His Lordship's remarks on our ora-tions and writings are not devoid of in-terest.

"This happy state of the coun-try is, perhaps, the more gratifying when we reflect upon the activity of incendiaries, throughout the long vacation, to inflame and corrupt the public mind. At no former period have orators, scribblers and printers, circulated with more busy indus-try their maddening poisons through the land. These mischievous advo-cates (as they are pleased to call them-selves, of religious and civil freedom) have engaged in their service a num-ber of the prints of this city, and those prints, *instead of sustaining the character of the Irish press, by liberal, fair and candid discussions*, have lent themselves to sedition."

This alarming account of five millions of men and of the Irish press, must have had all the influence on the *literate, unhi-red* and *opulent* gentlemen of the jury, necessary to rouse their vigilance, and to direct their inquiries, such as the na-ture of the trust, which their judicial investigation demanded. In fact, this part of the charge, directly and plain-ly says, that the newspapers, adverse to the Catholics, have all that charac-ter, which his lordship asserts the others want. We presume to say, that the government papers, the *Pa-triot*, and the *Dublin Journal*, are a disgrace to any civilized country; that their columns are the medium of the vilest, foulest, and most irritating calumnies, and that the Irish people, who are the objects of their abuse and misrepresentation, would be the most besotted and spiritless, if they did not, even at the hazard of Judge Day's displeasure, defend themselves from

from the studied system of corrupt slanderers, whose unequalled industry to destroy the honor and invalidate the rights of Ireland, increases into the most licentious impudence, in proportion as the military aspect of the country advances; for, they are candid enough to say, that as the days of seduction have passed away, the proscribed papists must be kept within the lines marked out by the constitution by *force*. Such are the *liberal*, *candid*, and *fair* discussions of the hired part of the Irish press, or with more correctness, the English press. Another paragraph of the charge says,

"The professed object of all this is Roman Catholic equalization, *figuratively* called Catholic Emancipation. But do those libellers fancy, that a measure the most momentous, pregnant with the most serious consequences to the whole empire, is to be carried by storm."

We admit the object is equalization, as Judge Day expresses it; but the word *professed*, which his Lordship put before it, appears to accuse us of another object. If the jury were constituted with more literal knowledge, than usually accompany Dublin jurors, they might convert the word professed into a very serious acceptation; but, happily for five millions of Irishmen, the *police wise-acres* had not the smartness to make any meaning out of it. They might be lead into a mistake by the words "*taking by storm*;" but, after letting the noise of the gale pass away, in their wise deliberations, they would be puzzled to know what kind of storming is to be apprehended from the Catholics of Ireland, who employ no other engines, even by Judge Day's account, but two or three newspapers. Again, he says,

"For myself, if I may allude to so inconsiderable an individual; for myself, while a politician, whether in or out of parliament, I uniformly and earnestly supported every relaxation of the popery laws; but in the *hottest* moments of my zeal for that measure, always presumed to think that there was an object of still more value to the state than even Catholic Emancipation, and that is, the public peace."

The Catholics of Ireland have been highly favoured indeed, by the politic notice of Counsellor Day. There was a day certainly, when the people of Ireland were deluded by great names with political knowledge was in its infancy and the numbers of the Catholics were unknown to themselves; but Counsellor Day never could claim such distinction, even with such degraded men as the Catholics of the day. They knew that adventurin lawyers, who sold their temporary services to borough-mongers in a marketable senate, were beneath the public notice, and they properly left it to Counsellor Day to record his own public services. It would require some more intelligent political *augur* than the listening police-men, to shew how there could exist an object of higher consideration, in a country containing six millions of people, than that of reconciling five millions of them to the state, to an equal share of those political and civil rights enjoyed by the minority, which the very jury before Judge Day, bear strong evidence of a privileged and favored class, by the manner they were selected to be the judges of the others, who may be said to have not the benefit of being tried by their peers. But Judge Day understands that five millions of Catholics stand in no estimation when the public peace is in contemplation, as if the words public peace meant, that tranquillity can be permanent in a community, where nine-tenths of it are denied every title of citizenship, and every claim to decent treatment. We have been long told that Catholics were not worthy of freedom from their gross ignorance; but now we are to understand that their emancipation would materially injure the public peace. If this casuistry or nonsense

were

re expressed in any other quarter, it ght be palliated by the ignorance of authority; but as it appears be- e the public in such dignified form, ur destinies did not alarm us, by the ful appearance of public affairs at ne and abroad, we would certainly be iged to laugh at the incoherencies the learned Judge. Again he says, " Gentlemen, the public peace must be resigned by its best aven- s, the grand juries and petty juries the country to factious and turbu- t men."

When a Judge addresses a grand jury, paratory to their investigation of criminal calendar, it is understood t the persons in custody are alluded

From such cases we are to under- nd, that Mr. Taafe, Mr. Kirwan, ctors Sheridan and Breen, as the re- sentatives of Catholic Ireland, are *ious and turbulent men.* And that jor Sirr, the police-man, William be, the partner of Tom Reynolds, lerman Stamer, James Blacker, Fre- ck Darley, William Hone, and Wil- n Lindsay, all police-men, and the ers on the pannel, are the best aven- s of the public peace. Here, learn- and property are designated as hos- to the public peace, and ignorance insolvency are called on as its *best gers.* The train of inconsistency nonsense continues in these terms: The public peace, in which com- ensive expression is included the *populi*, the happiness and well g of the people."

the happiness and well being of the ble be of such vital importance in opinion of the King's Bench, why ecate them in such rude and unqua- l strains, do the Judges insist that ninority of the inhabitants, the fa- d and governing class, whose bers do not comprehend one-tenth he population to be the people? the nine-tenths a faction, as the rnment press incessantly assert? are tired of this subject; it is at , as the Judge said, and it is to be tried, whether the British ministers and their obsequious agents, lega and milita y, will silence the public voice in Ireland, and smother it in the ruins of religion and property.

A VIEW OF DUBLIN.

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine.

SIR,

A few days ago an old friend and correspondent of mine, a native of America, landed in this city, and paid me a visit, and agreeable to our notions of hospitality, I prevailed on him to reside in my house, where he yet continues.

The Custom-House.

On Monday last we sauntered together through the town, and as we passed, I described to him every building and curiosity, as they attracted his attention. We began at the Custom-house, as it is called.—I undertook to satisfy him on such questions as his observations directed, in the following manner:—

Stranger.—Your Custom-house is a superb edifice, it appears of a modern construction. Does the business of Dublin bear due proportion to the extent and magnificence of the structure?

Citizen.—Our Custom-house was finished about twenty years since, and from the calculation we fondly made in those days, by the vast commercial prospects, which we entertained by the emancipation of our trade and legislature from the monopoly and pride of England, effected by our volunteer army, our custom house was no great deviation from our new notions of trade and economy. The picture is sadly reversed, and those fond and cheerful hopes are dissipated. England, whose fortune and existence hung by a single hair in 1781, listened to our claims,

affected apparently by their correctness, and intimidated by our arms, submitted to our demands, and Ireland became a nation. Her cities began to enlarge: her people were united, and her trade extended itself over the world. This prosperity was too good to continue. The hand which oppressed us, which was removed by our wisdom and courage, smote us again, we were divided and unarmed, and again, we have become the stalking monuments of our credulity. Our shipping, as you may observe, have disappeared; our Custom-house is only an hospital to provide for the pimps, menials and bastards of the men who have sold us. Our commerce is confined to a traffic in the human species: we exchange Irish soldiers for English soldiers: we send away what our people ought to eat, and import what is useless or frivolous. We export beef and butter, and import teas and tobacco. The consequences are, that hunger and idleness pervade the land. The people are chastising the pigs, whenever they detect them emigrating, and the musquet judges and the wig judges chastise them in return; so that pigs, peasants, soldiers and lawyers, are as busy as possible, and our gentry, who live in another country, read of our misfortunes with the same indifference, as we read of riots and famine in China.

This short essay on our commerce, so disgusted my friend, that he turned with horror from the naked mimic of trade, and we proceeded to College-green.

The Bank.

Stranger.—What is this very elegant building designed for?

Citizen.—It was our senate house, but has been transformed into a bank.

Stranger.—Then you have built a more convenient house for your nate.

Citizen.—No, our senators first s themselves, our trade, and our in pendence to the English minister, a the English minister sold the em senate house to the bank.

Stranger.—Though you had much external relations, your sa have been to a very considera amount, but your bank surprises r It appears to be a strong garrison. never remember to have read of a f tified bank. It possesses all the va ous defences known in the military a It has casern, covered ways, portc lis and batteries. It must have co derable quantities of gold within walls.

Citizen.—Not one ounce of gold silver in it, except a few tokens of latter metal, manufactured by bank company, of which the intrin value is not worth one half of the minal.

Stranger.—The account of yc public establishments puzzles r You are an extraordinary peo You have custom-houses without tra and banks without money.

Citizen.—If your patience will low you to satisfy curiosity, our ot rambles will shew you as many en matical institutions, and as difficult be explained.

Mayoralty House.

Citizen.—This is the residence our Lord Mayors, magistrates elec annually for the government of city; for which purpose of governi eighteen other magistrates and th assistants charge £25,000. each ye

Stranger.—Enigmas indeed, a blasphemy to boot, a mayor for g verning a city, and other men p for doing it. A man, who I am t is generally some shabby tradesm always ignorant and invariably s vile, dubbed with the appellation LOR

LORD. In my country, a man who assumed such a distinction, would be treated as you treat madmen. I do not know how to describe the uneasiness I feel to hear a miserable worm addressed by a title, only applicable to the LORD of heaven and earth. If this mayor's business is done by other men, why continue him?

Citizen.—He does many things. He visits our markets, and what he does not perform by the aid of his head, he compensates by the senses of his nose. He smells the butchers stalls, and can detect stinking meat or rotten guts, with such accuracy that not a joint of mutton, or a belly of tripes, however slightly tainted, can escape his *nasal* organ.

Commercial Buildings.

Stranger.—My friend, this appears to be a public building.

Citizen.—This structure is for the convenience of facilitating the sale of merchandizes.

Stranger.—Merchandizes, you must mean soldiers, as you said, that they are only the merchandizes entered at your Custom-house. I observe no marks of any other merchandizes in the place, the majority even of the crowd in the coffee-room appear to be military.

Citizen.—True, the greatest number of the loungers you see are officers in the army, but a very considerable part of the others are commercial men, such as whiskey factors, distillers, clerks, forestallers of malt, and bankrupts. Though there is little appearance of merchandizes, I assure you there is not one gentleman on the farther form that has not a sample in his pocket; and if you wait until three o'clock, you will have the pleasure of *hearing* a fat little man selling twenty tierces of sugar, and forty-nine tons of logwood.

Stranger.—Misery indeed. Why, Sir, this is the most wretched picture of trade that ever I heard of, an auction of merchandize? Were you to visit New York, and attend our daily auctions, you might form some just idea of trade. An auctionier there would dispose of, in three or four blows of his hammer, bundles of cinnamon, and bags of pepper full as large as this entire building, and as many hogsheads of sugar as would reach from this to your Light-house. I see the cause of your wretchedness, your laws are made in another country. We were exactly so circumstanced, until we *prevailed* upon our law-makers abroad to allow us to make our laws at home.

Citizen.—I discover, Sir, that you are tired of this subject. Let us visit the Exchange. Here it is, and I defy you to say there is any work in America exhibits more architectural grandeur.

Stranger.—Very superb indeed. It appears more like a cathedral than an Exchange. It is locked up, and as silent as a tomb.

Citizen.—It was open yesterday, being Change day, and Messrs. Latouche, Mac Donnell, and ten other merchants, walked through it two hours, after which it was swept and locked up again. There is a very elegant and extensive coffee-room up stairs, but the fire being out, and the day cold, we will not mind measuring it till a more favorable opportunity.

Stranger.—What houses are those nearly opposite?

Citizen.—One is the Bank of Messrs. Latouche, the other is that of Sir Thomas Newcomen, who is to be a Lord when his mother dies.

Stranger.—You expend considerable sums on paper offices in this country, and you have more lords than merchants.

Citizen.—We have indeed! our lords and our laws, like our clothes, are of English manufacture.

Stranger.—If you could contrive to make

'make your own laws, it would be of considerable protection to your industry. Were heavy duties laid on such importations, though your people are much behind other nations in refinement and industry, I think you might make lords and woollen-drapery, that would answer a plain and industrious people.

The Castle.

Citizen.—The adjoining gate leads into his Majesty's Castle of Dublin. The seat of the Viceroys, at present occupied by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, Wellesley Pole, Major Sirr, and others of the gentlemen and ladies, who are appointed to watch over the public happiness.

Stranger.—The residence of your Governor is much more elegant and extensive than the one for the same purpose formerly in New York. Our Governor retired into England in the year 1782, but, staid away so long, that we took the liberty in his absence of converting his residence into a custom-house.

Work House.

Citizen.—After viewing this seat of grandeur, perhaps the opposite degree of human condition might be an object of curiosity. Our prison in Channel Row, for hiding human misery, wretches convicted of poverty.

Stranger.—Every public institution your extraordinary establishments re objects very interesting to a tra-eller.

Citizen.—This is Channel Row pri-n, let us enter, it will require some me to pass through, if the disagree-e animal effluvia, which in defiance the constant lime washing, infects e air, the consequence of the gene-want of clean linen, or indeed of y linen, to cover the unhappy in-ates, does not intimidate you.

Citizen.—That gentleman in black, taking snuff, is the reigning monarch of Channel Row. He is descended in a direct line from the sovereign who founded this dynasty of beggars. That vast square is occupied by females, who in their early days contributed by their industry to earn a decent subsistence, but whom the absence of our gentry, by the effects of the Union, united with the evils of a war of 19 years, had long since deprived of employment, of their husbands and sons. They are nearly uncovered, and their passage to another world is cruelly interrupted by an occasional *noggin* of thin porridge, or a handful of bad potatoes. On the left are the men's apartments, if apartments mean square platforms, of fifty feet on each side, where the wretches are packed so close together, that when one person attempts to raise himself, the entire population on the loft must move together. Like the females, these wretches formerly were in the plenitude of those comforts which honest industry obtained, are now barred the enjoyment or the repose of the grave, by a scanty and intolerable improvement in the manufacture of a disgusting species of food, totally discharged of either comfort or nourishment. This dreadful abode communicates nothing but pain to every person, but the well fed administration that govern it. Let us retire, and view the next barrack.

A Barrack.

Citizen.—This is one of our barracks, it covers ten acres of ground, and contains four thousand soldiers.

Stranger.—One barrack, covering ten acres of ground, and occupied by four thousand men, you must be the most discontented of mankind if such a force is necessary to keep you in order, or a powerful enemy must be at your doors.

Citizen.—We are accused of being discontented, but our conduct you may

may observe does not warrant such an accusation; for no people go so quietly to Channel Row tomb, or to jail, or bear hunger, or naked counters with more resignation, or fight the battles of the empire with greater spirit, and as for an enemy, there is no enemy could reach Dublin until the rest of the island was conquered, and it is thought necessary to have ten other great barracks to protect us.

Stranger.—Your condition and dispositions are so enveloped in mystery, that I am at a loss to form any opinion upon your national character. You have more soldiers in one barrack in a city not three miles in length, than we have in the American States that are two thousand miles square.

As the barrack clock struck four, it reminded us of dinner, to which we adjourned, and again will resume our pedestrian excursion. I remain your obliged Correspondent,

VIATOR.

Triennial Visitation, Kilkenny.

The triennial visitation to inspect into the state of English christianity, was held in the cathedral church of Kilkenny in the month of October last by the Right Hon. Dr. Duigenan. The Rectors of the different parishes attended, to give reports of the state of their respective livings. They were interrogated individually by the doctor. One gentleman was asked, why he had no church? He answered he had no flock, that all his parishioners were Catholics. Another was asked, why his church had no bell? He said, if he had a bell as large as any in St. Paul's, Protestants lived so remote from the church, that if it was ringing a week together, it could not be heard by one of the same communion. The Reverend Mr. A——g was asked, had he a schoolmaster? He answered he had two. The doctor appeared well pleased at this account, and inquired did the state of his parish require two schoolmasters? Mr. A —— said yes; that one was a Catholic, and the other a Protestant. This answer had a very impressive effect on the doctor's temper, which now appeared to be much heated. He said, such conduct in a minister of the gospel was criminal, deserved the severest reprehension. Mr. A —— meekly replied, that he understood his conduct was regulated by the strict letter of the law and of humanity. The Protestant schoolmaster was agreeable to the statute, and so far the laws were obeyed. And by encouraging a Catholic teacher, he did not think he violated any duty due to public morals. He conceived the Catholics, who composed the entire body of his parishioners, contributed to his support, and it was the duty of a clergyman to contribute to their instruction and comforts. The learned Civilian got impatient at such doctrine, and in his accustomed polished manner of expression, lamented the weakness and criminality of ministers of the gospel, who could persuade themselves that an affectation of such perverted philosophy should make them the instruments of popery and idolatry, and in a county once so distinguished by the efforts it made to forward the glorious works of the Reformation. He lamented such a perversion of morals and religion, such as he heard on this day. What, said the Right Hon. Gentleman? One parish hath no schoolmaster, one hath no church, another hath no bell, and to aggravate this picture of irreligion, a venerable incumbent has publicly patronised popery by employing a Catholic schoolmaster. He could account for the decay of the established religion only by the neglect of the persons who had the care of souls. In Dublin, said his honor, he had known Romish children to attend Protestant schools, and to have obtained premiums for the

progress

progress they had made in true religion, which was to be attributed to the industry and care of the evangelical teachers there, who had thus triumphed over the crowd of Monkish teachers, with whom that city was overrun and infested. In fact, the decay of religion was so obvious in several counties, that not more persons can be collected to attend divine service than a serjeant and five or six privates of some regiment of militia. He remarked, if pastors would imitate the example of the Society for discountenancing Vice, there would not be one Papist in Ireland in two years.

We have to add, that the learned doctor's faith is in a very advanced state of decline in this island, as "*the unspotted ermine*" term Ireland. So much has it gone back in the county of Kilkenny, that a certain incumbent, whose living affords him a very ample share of the good things of this world, finds it so difficult to muster a sufficient number of Protestant officers, or lay brethren, that he was obliged to employ a Catholic to act as clerk and sexton, who very whimsically performs his duty, as he thinks it would be a profanation of his creed to officiate within a church. He stands outside of the door during service, and whenever *Amen* is to be said, he stoops in and *noses* it out with evident signs of reluctance.

Memoirs of Edward Finn.

In offering the following short memoir of an Irish hero to our readers, we shall preface it by extracting the following article from the *Dublin Evening Herald* of 28th October last, which describes the manner of his death.

On perusing Lord Wellington's dispatch, the reader will observe, that his Lordship mentions a gallant affair, in which the 14th and 16th light dragoons, and the light infantry of the 61st regiment of foot were opposed to the Lanciers De Berg, when our troops were distinguished by their usual bravery. On this occasion the officer who commanded the Lanciers and some of his men were surrounded. Every effort was strained to make them prisoners; yet the officer, without any hope of escape, continued to fight. All the exertions of our gallant fellows to take him, without injury to his person, were in vain. Still he endeavoured to animate his men, and persevered in a desperate resistance. *He refused quarter,* and the British with reluctance were in their own defence obliged *to cut him down.* When he fell, he addressed them in English in these words: "I AM SATISFIED. REMEMBER I AM AN IRISHMAN, AND MY NAME IS O'FINN," *and instantly expired!* This fact speaks volumes, and for the present we shall leave it to the intolerants, to the authors of the CIRCULAR and the PROCLAMATION, to make the commentary.

Edward Finn, who has recently signalized himself in Portugal, was born in the county of ****, where a brother of his and two sisters are now living. His father was a farmer in midling circumstsnces, but although not esteemed among the first in the county as a man of wealth, there was none more respected for the quiet and endearing virtues of domestic life, and the good example he set before his children. In the summer of 1798, when the furies of rapine and blood stalked unimpeded over this unhappy land, a band of British mercenaries commanded by a man, who united in his own person the characters of a christian minister, a magistrate, and a Captain of yeomanry, scoured the country, where Finn's father dwelt, in search of arms and suspected persons.

sons. After terrifying, almost to death, the rustic inmates of several hamlets, in a perfectly peacable country, the *man of God* directed his unhallowed footsteps to old Finn's house, which he entered, with a few of his ferocious attendants: he declared that he came "upon special information to search for pikes and other concealed arms," and required that the keys of the dwelling, and every out houses belonging to it should be immediately delivered up to him.

The old man, conscious of his own and his family's innocence, unhesitatingly complied with the requisition of this minister of blood, and desired his son Edward to attend him in the search, and direct him to every spot connected with the premises, where there might be a possibility of concealing arms. Edward, who was at that period only 19 years of age, attended the searches through every part of the dwelling and offices, and after a fruitless examination of some hours, they returned to the house much fatigued, where the old man presented them with refreshment, &c. When young Finn had returned into the house he appeared much agitated and vexed, and the reverend commander observing it, said to him, "What ails you, Sir?" The boy indignantly answered, "Sir, it is well known that there are no rebels in this part of the country, and it looks as if such gentlemen as you want to make the people rebel by harrassing them in their houses, and exposing their families to the insults of a licentious soldiery." "So, so," rejoined the captain, "I see you will make a good rebel, if I do not make a soldier of you," and he immediately ordered him to prepare himself, and return with him to * * * *. The old man, the boy's elder brother, and his three sisters, then living, implored this minister of tyranny not to punish the boys indiscretion so heavily, but they were imploring a tyger with his prey fast in his fangs; he obliged the unhappy youth to mount behind one of the dragoons, and conveyed him that evening to * * * *; and before any thing effectual could be done for his enlargement, he managed so dexterously as to have him transmitted to New Geneva, by a transport which sailed in two days after his arrest to Duncannon Fort. During nine months that the boy remained in New Geneva, repeated applications were made to the proper authorities, as Mr. E. Cooke can testify in Finn's behalf, and these applications were backed by certificates of good conduct from some magistrates and eminent men of the county where Finn's father resided. But all attempts to procure his release were found unavailing: from the moment that he uttered the unguarded expression, his doom was sealed by the arch-minister of discord, who always counteracted, by his malignant activity, every attempt which was made to relieve the unfortunate youth from his imprisonment. To the persons, who lived in Ireland in 1798, it will be superfluous to offer an argument to shew that the grievous punishment which this youth was fated to suffer, was monstrous beyond conception, when compared with the crime of which he was guilty. But, to the incredulous stranger it is useful to say, if you do not believe that so horrible a violation of all laws could take place, because *it is to your knowledge* an isolated fact. Read Gordon's, or Hay's History of the Irish Rebellion, or Plowden's History of Ireland, and you will be convinced by analogy of crime. It is here necessary to inform the reader, that the crimes of United Irishmen in the year 1798, were classed under three different heads, and punished accordingly. The crime of greatest magnitude, was having pikes in your possession, or acting as an officer in the Union Army, this crime was invariably punished with death. The second, in enormity, was having been sworn an

United Irishman, or subscribed sums of money to support United Irishmen under any circumstances. This offence was punished with transportation for life, or for seven years, and confiscation of property, as the case might be. The third and last was, being the reputed friend, confidant, or relation of an United Irishman, or having spoken disrespectfully of Orangemen, or blood-hunters, as in the case of Edward Finn: this crime was punished by selling the offenders to the King of Prussia. In the Spring of 1799, more than 200 convicts, as they were called, of whom Finn was one, were *forced* to embark in boats at some point near New Geneva; they were put on board a transport lying under the guns of Duncannon Fort, and after a short voyage landed at Embden in the territories of the King of Prussia, to whom they had been sold!!! When the news of the projected transportation of his son reached old Finn he redoubled his exertions: he renewed his applications at the Castle: he appealed to the *humanity* of the monsters who governed Ireland at that period: he represented, in one of his memorials, that this youth was the hope of his declining years, and the staff of his old age, and entreated *Cooke* and *Castlereagh*, as they were themselves *fathers*, not to send down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. It is not improbable but this application seriously exasperated the two *worthies*, as it is believed that Providence, in mercy to mankind, has incapacitated them from perpetuating their race, a fact with which the old man was not then acquainted. Be the cause what it may, old Finn was insolently turned by a menial from the door of Cooke's office, and never after saw or heard of his son. He returned to his humble dwelling, and fell into a settled despondency, which brought on lethargic fits that ended his life and misfortunes in six months after his son was made a slave. One of his daughters too, whose soul seemed wrapped up in the felicity of Edward, was seized by a melancholy, which brought on a decline, and she survived her father only three months. After the arrival of the Irish slaves at Embden, they were drafted into different Prussian regiments, where they remained until the memorable battle of Jena, when, soon as the Prussian army was routed, they, to a man, joined the French standard. Of the fortunes of Edward on the Continent, his family have not as yet obtained sufficient information, nor are they authentically informed by what means he appeared in the Lancers De Berg, as he had been originally attached to a French regiment. But his promotion did not surprise them, as he was well educated, of fine stature and comely features, knew the history of Ireland well, and detested her oppressors; and the account of his death, which has been borne to his afflicted relations only through the public prints, has brought this consolation with it, that as in life he never was guilty of an act which could make him ashamed to acknowledge his country, so in his death, he has not given cause for his country to disown him.

It has been stated in the English newspapers that he was a convicted rebel: an assertion at once false and infamous. Had he been a convicted rebel, as the English scribbler called him, the writer of this article would not seek to defend him against an implication which, coming from an Englishman, conveys no dishonor. The ideas of what rebellion is, are different in different countries.—— Washington conquered—O'Neil bled on a scaffold!!! Edward Finn was sold like an African slave, and when French bravery opened a passage for his escape, from Prussian bondage, he did well in availing himself of the auspicious moment: he was at liberty to choose his master, and no earthly law

law had a power to control him.—It was in the French service he first added the O to his name, as the French and Spaniards suppose the Milesians to be the legitimate Irish. Finn's family are of that branch that resided in the County Fermanagh, from whence they were expelled, at the time the laws of the Pale were enacted. They possessed an entire principality, and the patrimonal castle is still standing, and in good preservation, on the banks of Lough Erne; if any further particulars are communicated to us respecting this brave and magnanimous Irishman, we shall lay them before our readers in a future number.

To this statement, we add the observations of a London Newspaper.

IRISHMEN IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

(From the Political Examiner.)

A circumstance affecting the Irish, that lately occurred in Portugal, has excited a good deal of comment in certain Papers of every opposite politics—the advocates of that unhappy People making it a ground of admonition to this country, while the Ministerial Journals turn it into a new occasion for irritating and provoking them. Being at some distance from town at the present moment, and not in the way of seeing publications of any sort beyond a cursory glance, cannot make such references and extracts as I could wish relating to the story, but the fact seems to be briefly this: An Officer in the Enemy's ranks is surrounded by our soldiers; he fights with a desperate valour, refuses quarter, is mortally wounded, and exclaims upon his falling—"I die—I am satisfied.—Remember that I am an Irishman, and my name is O'Finn." *The Freeman's Journal*, in relating the "important circumstance" at length, thought very little comment necessary upon a fact which "spoke volumes," and left it for the present to be digested as it could by the "Intolerants;" and by the "Authors of the Circular and the Proclamation." The paragraph, with this brief and significant conclusion, was copied by the *Morning Chronicle;* and the circumstance of its being so copied appears, much more than the fact itself, to have roused the impatience and indignation of the Ministerial Journalist, who cannot conceive why such an affair should be called "important," or why it should have been treated with any other feeling than silent contempt. On the other hand, the Irish Papers, to shew that the circumstance was an important one both in an individual and national light, tell us that the Officer in question was a respectable man, who, among many others of his countrymen, quitted his native land in indignation at seeing it oppressed:—at this the Ministerialists feel themselves doubly annoyed, and the Editor of the *Courier* assures us that he knows much more of the deceased than his countrymen do, insists that he was neither more nor less than a swindler and a vagabond; that he cheated even his new patrons the French, among whom he has since risen to command; and in short, that if he had not died like a hero, he would in all probability have died like a thief, and terminated his career at the "*gallows.*" Therefore, argues the *Courier*, it is monstrous to talk of Irish rebels loving their country, and it is idle to lay any stress upon anecdotes like the present.—the traitors get punished for their desertion; and there, he thinks, is an end of the matter.

It is curious to see the logic of this comfortable Editor.—The other day, in order to reconcile our soldiers to the cat-o'nine tails, he assured them that they were "out of the pale of the Constitution;" and now, to convince us that we ought not to care for circumstances like the above, he con-

tents himself with the reflection, that all who forsake our cause are sure to be punished in serving a worse. But the Public, or at least such part of the Public as have known this Gentleman through what may be called, by courtesy, his literary career, place very little reliance on his bare assertions, either in these or less marvellous matters.—If Irishmen get a bad character at his hands, I believe he would obtain no very good one at theirs; and this, at least, is certain, that those who can forgive whole Newspapers to suit a particular purpose, are not likely to obtain credit with decent people for any suspicious part of one. What reply has been made to his charges against the Officer, I have not yet seen; but it is quite probable that there will be a formal contradiction of them, and that advantage will appear to have been taken of some similarity in the name of the deceased; it begins already to be spelt two or three different ways. But the manner of his death is assumed by the Courier as a proof that he was conscious of these offences and afraid of meeting the punishment they deserved. It was not enough for him, that to be taken in arms against the British would have been sufficient for his condemnation. His refusal of quarter argues nothing either for his good or bad character; but till the latter be proved, liberal minds will regard his last words as exhibiting a conspicuousness of a much higher description than conscious worthlessness, and will think, with justice, that a dying man would hardly have been eager to proclaim his name and country, if he had no better reputation for the one than that of a cheat, and no better claim upon the other than that of having disgraced it.

Leaving him, however, out of the question as a private man, and regarding his moral character as not yet ascertained in this country, one thing is clear respecting him——one thing, which, notwithstanding all that the Ministeralists can say, or unsay on the occasion, is quite enough to render the circumstance an 'important' one and to make us serious upon the subject in spite of the Courier. Whatever his name or nature, he is an Irishman found in arms against Englishmen: and not only found in arms, but found to be the leader of one of the most formidable of soldiers in the enemy's service, and not only found to be so leading our enemies, but refusing to die until he had done as much injury as the example of his valour and the rage of his indignation can effect. This conduct may be foolish, or monstrous, or mad; but such, nevertheless, is the fact—and if such is the fact not with regard to one Irishman only, but to a multitude of Irishmen, many of whom have sacrificed their fortunes and repose in so doing, no conclusion, under the present relative circumstances of the two nations, can be more just than this, that whatever ill may be thought of the deserters, some disgrace must inevitably attach to the government which they desert.

It is enough to say, in answer to this truth, that these unfortunate Irishmen, even upon their own principles, go from bad masters to worse, from those who oppress them in only one respect, to those who will oppress them in every other but that one. The Courier seems to think that they are naturally absurd in so doing, and almost beneath his notice for their stupidity; but let the thing be absurd as it may, and as much to be deprecated as every cool head must think it, the Courier and his friends may gain two pieces of information by it, which common sense and history have repeated ever since men and governments were formed.

1st, that those who are ill-treated, whether individuals, or bodies of men, or nations, are apt to consult their passions before their reason, particularly where their religion is concerned; and

2d,

21, That if it is absurd on their parts so to do, the provocation to such conduct is, if possible, still more absurd on the part of those whose interest it is that they should do otherwise.

Even with respect to patriotism, an Irishman rebelling against us is not to be accused of that extent of criminality which would attach to one of our own countrymen in the same case. Patriotism is in a great measure, and indeed principally, a feeling of the soil; and if the inhabitants of a dependant country regards it as ill treated by the ruling one, he cannot possibly feel a greater patriotism for the latter than for the former. God forbid I should become the advocate of Irish deserters, except as far as human reason and compassion should teach me to make the proper allowances for human error. I think them wrong in choosing the worst of the two evils, and I think them criminal in fighting both against their own countrymen and for a tyrant who would annihilate freedom; but if the causes of their conduct are to be traced to feelings that are not those of common rebels, and not those very vilest and worst feelings to which their oppressors would trace them, it becomes every just man to say so; and it becomes him at the same time to warn those oppressors how they insist upon the contrary, lest in representing the origin of such desertion of all that is absurd and worthless, they should only be describing their own policy.

LORD LOUTH.

On Monday the 18th of November this *Noble-man* again became a subject of legal notice. Counsellor Scriven applied to the Court of King's Bench, for an attachment against his Lordship, for a balance of an hundred pounds, due on account of the Timber Business, which he contracted with Mr. Mathews, for which the *Peer* was confined in Newgate three months. Mr. Scriven explained to the Court, that the defendant had passed his note for the Hundred Pounds, and made a verbal promise, of thirty eight pounds, another part of the engagement, and very emphatically observed, that as there was no written engagement for the payment of the latter sum, his client had no hopes of its recovery.—To the disgrace of the House of Peers, who try causes in the *dernier resort*, on their honour, Mr. Scriven suspected that the honor of one of the High Court of Lords was so doubtful in this case, that the thirty pounds must continue as part of the estate of the House of Plunket, and for ever remain an apple of discord on the genealogical Tree of the illustrious family. The Attachment was granted by the Court, as the attorney express it, conditionally, that is, if the Noble Lord refuses to pay the Hundred Pounds, he is to be removed from Louth Hall to safe custody, to resume the use of his bellows in the cell of such prison as "*the Spotless Ermine*" may assign him for his contumacy.

CLINICAL LECTURES.

The only advertisement in the Dublin Journal, is one of the school of Physic, founded by the late Sir Patrick Dunn. This we suppose is a private notice for some particular object, as the Paper is not a public one, some loyal as well as Canine, Lecture Hydrophobia subjects—loyal Dogs infected with dental complaints, to whose maladies Orange and Blue Doctors mean to give part of their consideration during the season. The public is to understand that *All——man's* are not the only heirs to the founders benevolence, as *some Dogs* are included.

Cheap Living in England.

By a copy of a letter we have read in the PATRIOT, written as *Marcus*, or *Camillus* gives it, by an Officer of the Irish Militia in the neighbourhood

bourhood of Plymouth. The best meat can be bought for six-pence a pound, and bread for three-half-pence. This return of the low prices of the necessaries of life would tempt any of our labouring poor, or military to emigrate to Old England, where things are so reasonable, and the people so hospitable. We are surprised that one million and sixty-eight thousand of those Britons should be obliged to eat gruel in Work-houses, or that our peasantry who visit the happy country to make the harvest, should report that the only meat in common use, is *Bullocks Livers* and *Staggering Bob*, and as to the hospitality, it is generally expressed to PAT, to go to Hell and be d——d.

English Sobriety.

Any man who visits the island of shopkeepers will be forcibly struck at the general appearance of sobriety in the country among the lower ranks. To a superficial observer, this might be attributed to a virtue, but it is otherwise. The prices of spirituous liquors are so very high, that it would take half of a tradesman's wages to purchase as much liquor as would make him drunk, and the malt liquor, or rather the compound of drugs, called porter, is poisoned with substitutes for corn; such as copperas, cochylus, liquorice root, Indian berries, Spanish woods, burnt sugar, and an immense number of other articles, the factitious beverage has been discovered to be so pernicious and disgusting, the use of it is declining with its character, and the brave Briton is compelled to be sober, excepting where he favours us with a visit to get a belly full, in a country where drunkenness contributes to pay the taxes and encrease the rent-rolls of an absentee race of landlords.

Catholic Misfortune.

Five millions of Irish Catholics have been informed a few days since by Judge Day, that when he was a politician and a Member of Parliament, he was friendly to the Catholic Claims to a moderate extent, but as they lent themselves to bad purposes, he must reprobate such measures. This is a serious misfortune, but to our credit we are not the only people who forfeited the good opinion of the "spotless *Ermine*." The perverse inhabitants of America fell under the like reprehension from an English Judge, in the year 1774, and the parties are not reconciled yet.

Court of Conscience.

Alderman Hone, one of the Grand Jury on the Catholics, and an *independent* merchant and Police-man, having succeeded Sir William Stamer, Alderman and Baronet, to the Judicial rank of six-penny Judge in the Court of Conscience, has been pleased, by a decree, communicated to the ragged officers of the Court, to make an advance on the price of each summons of two-pence halfpenny, and on each warrant, an advance of two shillings and two-pence, so that in future a summons is to be a nine-penny article, and a warrant three shillings British; so much for law making, and levying taxes, by City Magistrates—Certainly they are the only law makers in the country, and by a general rise in the necessaries of life, an Alderman cannot obtain a coach or a surloin on the terms such articles were formerly had, and many Aldermen, if not allowed some decent salaries for exercising their wisdom, would be legislating in the Marshalsea, or scowering *noggins* in Channel Row.

Celebration of the 4th of November.

The Anniversary of the Birth-day of the glorious deliverer was celebrated with becoming splendour in and about Comfort Lodge, the hospitable residence of Captain Tipperary, Commander in Chief of the Sandymount army

army. It is much to be regretted, that this great festival was not on a Sunday; as the Captain, like his co-temporary, General Coombe Drury, was compelled to inspect his men, and give the word of command from the upper works of his castle. This awkward way of doing loyal business, is attributed to the bad disposition of another corps, called the Mass-lane army, whose disloyalty is so notorious that they have no respect for the most elevated characters. Nothing will ever deter such enemies to order, but another whipping season, which we hope to see, when Captains, Majors and Corporals will be able to recruit their fortunes, and punish their enemies.

Constitutionally.

Judge Day says that the public peace is paramount to any other object; we admit the public peace is of some consequence, but we cannot understand that five millions of people who are desired to venerate the British constitution, for being the best in the world, could be supposed even by Judge Day, or any English made Magistrate, to be so stupid, as not to wish by any means, to share in a constitution they are desired to admire. Such stupidity of character is not natural to man, and such expressions as Judge Day's have no meaning. A hungry man, might as well hear a lecture on eating, and be liable to punishment for attempting to gratify his appetite. Perhaps, like the Catholic in the pursuit of equal rights, he might be answered, he ought to obtain it constitutionally, *alias* by law, this admonition only bids the hungry person consult his pocket before he attempted to banquet, but in the political condition, there is an exception, for to obtain a relaxation of slavery the constitutional remedy is very tedious, and never certain; we remember the independence of Ireland, was obtained in 1782, unconstitutionally, by force of arms, and we know it was extinguished unconstitutionally in 1800, by dint of money. If we dare play with the unmeaning word constitutionally, we could say more, but we recommend any person who wishes to hear it properly defined to consult some American Dictionary.

Trial of a Swaddling Missioner.

On Saturday, the 23d of November, a preacher of the name of Mc. Mullen, was tried before the Recorder, on charges of Robbery, and on a minute investigation, a jury of twelve shopkeepers were pleased to find a verdict of *guilty*, and his lordship ordered that the holy man should exchange the scene of his apostolic labours, and be conveyed to New South Wales, where he is to remain in the exercise of such useful duties, for seven years, as the spirit of religion or industry may decree most useful.

It appeared on the trial, that on the 25th ult. Andrew Mc. Gower, formerly a porter in the Commercial Buildings, but who had lately retired on a pension, left his apartments in Exchequer-street, dressed in a new suit of clothes, by some accident, which our reporter has not explained, got into company with the prisoner, we suppose attracted by sympathy, as he is also very much addicted to a holy manner of exercising his mouth in evangelical discourses, and a great candidate for a place in the new Jerusalem, a member of the Board of Grace, and much led by *Major* eloquence. After some preliminary exchanges of such tokens of their respective authorities, as they possessed, they agree to adjourn to some retreat, where they might enjoy the convenience of going at once into the progress of their missions, and add a little refreshment to the support of what philosophers term the animal economy. A public house in Exchange-street, which offered its hospitable

pitable attractions to share its repose and its medicines to the dry and the weary, stood exactly opposite to the two men of holy manners, and on its warm seats they agreed to become better acquainted. Here they resumed the subjects of grace and forgiveness, and occasionally whetted their imaginations with copious libations of burnt whiskey, until one of the Major's night army warned them of eleven o'clock, which was repeated by the landlord, who announced his intention of shutting up his tent. The parties having taken a considerable surcharge of the *spirit*, appeared nearly incapable of proceeding, but were enabled to clear the concerns by the assistance of their *spiritual* host. They had made the entrance of a dark court in Castle-street, where they stopped by the advice of the prisoner, who informed Mc. Gower that the court was his apartment, and invited him to share it until morning. Mc. Gower on this hospitable idea being made known, stript himself and lay down on the bare flags, and to prevent any unpleasant consequences from this patriarchal manner of rest, the prisoner bound an handkerchief very tight about his friend's neck, and departed with the vacated clothes. Here the wretched old man remained until about one o'clock, until a watchman discovered him, and had him carried apparently lifeless to the next watch-house. After being released from the handkerchief, and by the aid of the fire, the unfortunate man shewed symptoms of returning life, and began to utter so many incoherent sentences that the guardians of the night conjectured their prisoner was some patient that escaped from a mad-house. In the morning he was much restored to his senses, and was ordered down to the police office, where he was conducted in a large watch coat. The first object that arrested his attention in the office, was his brother in the word, Mc. Mullen dressed in the forfeited new clothes. To account for this seemingly extraordinary coincidence of circumstances, it is only necessary to state, that Providence so directed the prisoner's steps, decorated as he was with Mc. Gower's clothes, through Exchequer-street, the street in which the plundered preacher resided. The daughter of Mc. Gower, who was looking out of her window, in the greatest anxiety for her father, discovered his new clothes, hat and walking cane passing by, but so altered did the occupier appear, that she became almost deranged at the apparent great change her father had undergone in the short space of one night. In her distraction, she pursued the living phantom, embraced him in her arms, and held him until some neighbours discovered the cheat, and had him taken into custody, and committed him on charges of murder.

Chapter on Privileges.

The frequent allusions we have made to the poverty, ignorance, and servility of corporation magistrates, have called forward remarks on our candour that possess more appearance of honesty than real judgment. Our commentators "observe men who have *raised* themselves from obscurity to distinction are entitled to the reputation of merit." We deny this plausible argument any weight in our public affairs, because it is neither merit nor property that is selected to fill posts of trust or emolument among us. The exclusion of nine-tenths of our citizens from all civic influence, from every office under the operation of the penal laws against the Catholics, must naturally exclude a vast majority of the wealth, principle and intelligence of the country, so much, that the entire of the honors and offices are filled from the paucity of numbers in the privileged class by the very scum of our poor schools, and the sweepings of

of our shops and factories. Literally the protestant mob is frequently rummaged on certain occasions to fill places of trust; and when it fails in furnishing the members in demand, we have known the protestant interest to be recruited by high bounties and flattering prospects, from the loose ranks of unprincipled or abandoned catholics.

Liberal, candid, and free Discussion.

On the opening of the late proceedings against the catholics of Ireland, Judge Day was pleased to accuse the managers of the catholic affairs, as having enlisted several of the Dublin newspapers in their service, and lamented that instead of bringing the business before the public, by a *liberal, candid, and free discussion*, they acted as if they meant to obtain their object by storm. This declaration from the bench might have the effect of informing those who had not an opportunity of reading the government papers, that the latter had been distinguished for their manner of handling this great question; that they had so politely conducted themselves must be unquestionable, or the impartial justice of the bench would not have allowed other conduct to pass without marked reprehension. We say there exists no other example in modern times of a nation or a people so studiously insulted by hired exasperators and unpunished persecutors as the Irish catholics are by the Orangemen of the North, and the official press of the metropolis; and yet the bench tells the world, that five millions of men so degraded, hunted and proscribed, because they evince a taste for equal privileges in a constitution held up to them as the most perfect of human wisdom, are dupes to treason, faction and popery, which impels them to seek the protection and honors, which that enviable constitution holds out to all British subjects, that their *professed* admiration is only "*a pretence*," "*a disguise*" to forward the views of *a faction*. This is the *liberal, candid and free* manner of discussion, used by the higher adversaries of catholic liberty. Now we defy Mr. Day, Mr Saurin, or any other gentlemen who have the official ears of jurymen in their management, to produce any proof of such unmanly insinuations, or that the catholics, their delegates, their committees, or their press ever expressed sentiments to justify such calumny. The following sample of the *liberal, candid*, and so much esteemed *discussion*, so highly appreciated by Judge Day, we copy from a hired newspaper. The character of which may be understood, when we assure the public, that not one number of it is ever exposed to sale; that the expences of printing, editorship, house-rent, and contingencies, are not less than three thousand pounds a year, and that independent of such enormous waste of the public money, so applied to insult and exasperate the men, who are the bravest in the empire. The manager, the well known John Giffard, has a pension of 2,000*l.* annually, and we are assured this newspaper is a favorite one with that esteemed gentleman and statesman Town Major Sirr, and his noble patron, the *liberal* and enlightened Duke of Richmond.

Liberal, candid, and free Discussion, from the Dublin Journal, of Tuesday, November the 5th, 1811.

"Yesterday being the anniversary of our glorious deliverer King William, was celebrated in this city as an *high* festival. At the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor gave a sumptuous dinner to a numerous and respectable company. *Numberless* Orange Lodges assembled and dined together; and that ancient and honorable Society, the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, par-

took of an elegant dinner, provided by Morrison. Their toasts were truly loyal.

" The King.—The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the Great King William, who delivered these islands from popery and slavery.

" That illustrious Protestant Freeman of Dublin, the DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

" The Imperial Protestant Parliament, may they never suffer themselves to be *bearded* by a popish convention.

" The Orangemen of Ireland, the saviours of their country.

" The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Pole, &c.

" *The Charter song was sung in excellent style.*"

We refer Judge Day to *The Patriot*, the avowed property of the administration, for examples of *liberal, candid,* and *free discussion.* We know he is no stranger to that extraordinary print, because it is a favorite with every gentleman solicitous for the connexion, and its leader supports the integrity of our establishments in church and state. If his lordship is not as forgetful of the pages of *The Patriot*, as he was of Judge Osborne's account of the *perturbation* of the county of Tipperary, he must admit *The Patriot* pays as little deference to *liberal, candid,* and *free discussion*, as ever Sir John Temple, Sir Richard Musgrave, the Dog, and other writers of the same school have shewn, since the first days that misrepresentation was made use of against the *mere* Irish, to justify the confiscations, departations, and proscriptions, used time immemorial against that unfortunate description of European people.

It is on the trial of Dr. Sheridan, on Thursday the 21st of November and the following day, that this desirable, " *liberal, candid,* and *free discussion,*" appeared in its true British character. When the petty jury was swearing, Mr. Burrowes objected on the part of the prisoner to William Sparrow, as being an Orangeman; the Chief Justice declared that was no legal objection. Mr. Burrowes then proceeded to make his challenge against Mr. Sparrow, that as an Orangeman, *he had malice against all Roman Catholics*, and of course against the traverser. The two first of the jurors, who had been sworn, Benjamin Geale, and P. D. Latouche, Esqrs. were appointed to try the challenge, and Mr. Sparrow was sworn to give evidence.

The Chief Justice observed upon the novelty of a man being sworn to give evidence against himself, but if *both sides* assented to it, the Court would not interfere.

Mr. Burrowes stated, that he had made a fair appeal to the counsel for the crown to have Mr. Sparrow sworn, in order to shew that he belonged to a society hostile to the religion of the traverser.

Judge Day observed, if a man has taken an *unlawful oath*, he is hardly bound to acknowledge it, as he subjects himself to a serious indictment. If he has taken the Orangeman's oath, I don't know that he could have taken any oath *more unlawful.*

The reader will observe what contradiction, and what deference there appears to legal forms, and to morality, and how much *liberal, candid,* and *free discussion*, was preserved in the entire course of this trial. Judge Day, to the first objection made by Mr. Burrowes, said that he could not discover any legal objection to Mr. Sparrow, as being an Orangeman, and in a few minutes after, when Mr. Burrowes explained the cruelty of having an Orangeman on the jury, whose oath and obligation expressed *malice against all Roman Catholics.* Judge Day allowed that an Orangeman's oath was unlawful, and that he did not know any oath could be more unlawful, yet the court allowed twenty-two men of the highest respectability to

to be set aside, who were not accused of being Orangemen, and the man who did not deny the charge of being one of this class of exterminators was suffered to be sworn. Mr. Goold describes this jury affair very justly in these words:—"In those eventful times, I never saw a court of justice evince such a sensation as yesterday exhibited, when TWENTY-TWO respectable Protestants were put aside by the crown. It is its privilege no doubt, but he contended that the exercise of it on this occasion wore an ominous appearance. It should have been exercised with more discretion—with a greater regard for decency. I do not complain at the exercise of the right; but I do complain of the outrage it exhibited in a court of justice. I complain bitterly of it."

The indecency is aggravated, when we learn from the same eloquent advocate, that a certain notorious wretch was allowed to be the open challenger of every man, who did not appear in the hideous, and as the Judge admitted the unlawful character of an Orangeman. "He could not suppress his indignation, when he saw an immaculate minister of justice (Major Sirr), attended by another police magistrate, one of the grand jury who found the bills, *bearding* a court of justice, with a paper in his hand, and objecting to the names, when put to the book. He had observed that creature of the Castle, that celebrated instrument in the hand of power, grin with delight, when a certain juror had been sworn. No doubt it was then imagined that the work was consummated, and no doubt it was then thought the deed was done. Victory then, it was imagined, could be no longer doubtful, and the incarceration of his client, and the hopes of the Catholics and the country, it was then supposed, would be consigned to the same tomb." This description of the manner, power, use *liberal, candid,* and *free discussion,* with which the Catholic subject is treated, is a melancholy evidence of our hopeless condition. Can any idea of a contempt of decency be given in stronger terms, than to say that Town Major Sirr stood publicly in the presence of the four Judges of the King's Bench, of Messrs. Saurin and Bushe, and the other lawyers for the crown, actually appointing the jury, without meeting with any reprehension.

The speech of the Attorney General teems with the most inflammatory accusations against the Catholics, and with many accusations that, *no man* in this country believes to be true, passing over his legal expositions, we will say a few words of his assertions, he refers us to England as the best source of political knowlege, from whence we may obtain the purest notions of order, where he says, "the subjects rights are better known and understood than in any other country on the face of the earth." We say this is an absurdity, there is another country, where the rights of every citizen are more respected, and better understood; that is America. A casuit might, by playing on words, refute us by saying, there are *no subjects* in the united states, the people there are literary all *sovereigns*. In America the rights of its citizens are so well understood and respected, that, no man dare be excluded equal privileges, for his religious belief, which we think a full refutation of Mr. Saurin's erroneous description, of the country of his employers.

The want of candour is a leading and prominent feature in this official production; for, notwithstanding the very distinguished loyalty of the lords and gentlemen who composed the general committee, Mr. Saurin persisted to make the jury believe their object was a revolution. His words were to the following effect, or rather exactly as follows:—"Those very persons themselves know that they are acting against the law of the land;

but they are carried away by their passions; and the artifices of those who want a national convention for the purposes of a revolution."

He also intimates very plainly, that the Catholics had it in contemplation to effect their object by arms. He says, "If the Catholics of Ireland have the idea, that, this question is to be carried by force, he would tell them that such Catholics are in design traitors against their king and country, and forgetful of the duty of their allegiance, which terminate only with their lives, with such persons *he* would have no communication, and with such characters he would only hold the language of defiance."

This is a serious denunciation to the people of Ireland, that, if they persist in their endeavours to be admitted into the full enjoyments of the privileges and protection of the constitution, they must forfeit the honor of any communication with Counsellor Saurin. This is rather a facetious passage, it is something not so offensive as the government papers are instructed to be.

"He called on them to disclaim their proceedings, and in his soul, *he* believed, the best part of the Catholic population abominated them.."

This is another *risible* paragraph; we ask Mr. Saurin, where is there a single Catholic in Ireland, who, is not proud of every measure of their delegates, with the exception of his friend Mr. Huddlestone.

It is fruitless to continue employing our pages, with commenting any farther on state quackery on the servile automatons of a British intolerant and wicked administration. Five millions of men may be insulted, by every adventurer, every dealer in public calamity, but, the natural course of human events cannot be much longer diverted from the channel marked out by providence.

Since writing the foregoing, the following took place, in the King's Bench. After accusing the Catholics of every species of revolutionary violence, of attempting to take the constitution by storm, of intending to separate the two countries. When Mr. O'Connell complained of the unqualified ignominy and abuse thrown on the people of Ireland, by the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, Mr. Saurin had the effrontery to deny the entire language made use of by him and his colleagues.

King's Bench, Thursday, November, 27.

At the sitting of the Court, this morning, Mr. Goold rose, and stated, that the traversers who had been called upon to attend and plead this morning, were gentlemen concerned in commercial dealings, and that their continued attendance, for so many days in Court, had been highly inconvenient to them; that it was their wish to plead to the indictment, and to be delivered from the charge by due course of law; and that it never had been their intention to violate the law.

The Chief Justice—I dare say.

Mr. Goold, in continuance, stated, that altho' he had concurred with several eminent Lawyers in their opinion of the Convention Act, yet now that a different construction of it had been declared by the Court, he bowed to that decision with unfeigned respect. Nevertheless, in the great cause in which he was engaged, as several injurious imputations had been cast upon the Catholics.—

Judge Day.—I believe it never was intended to do so.

Mr. Goold assured his Lordship it was felt otherwise, and as it was the ardent desire of the traversers to undeceive the public, he was instructed to state that they were ready to plead, and also ready for trial.

The Chief Justice.—One of the traversers told us yesterday that he was ready, and in doing so, he acted with a great deal of propriety. The Court, however, judging from the length of time

time the last trial occupied, cannot, by any possibility, have another trial this term. The Attorney General had already thrown out some hopes that, as the law had been now declared upon the subject, it would not be necessary to proceed any farther. If that be the case, the Court will rest satisfied.—There is at present no foundation for charging the Traversers with wilful opposition to the law, and in the case which has been already tried, the Jury has said so. The Attorney General has expressed a hope that no farther proceedings may be necessary, and Mr. Goold has declared the traversers are ready for their trial; but it is vain to hope for a trial this term.

Attorney General —I beg to assure Mr. Goold, that he shall have as early a trial next term as he pleases. There is no question now before the Court, but for the traversers to plead, and if things wear no better aspect than they do at present, I will indulge the gentlemen with a trial. I did throw out a hope that it might not be necessary for me to proceed farther; it must now, however, be deferred until next term, and in the interim the gentlemen at the other side will have time to compose their speeches.

Mr. Goold.—Mr. Kirwan is ready for his trial, and requires no favour, he has a right to have a particular day fixed for it, to save him from attending here from day to day.

The officer of the Court stated that the attendance of the traversers would be unnecessary, as the recognizance would be respited until next term.

Mr. O'Connell.—As a trial during the term cannot be had, I beg to propose to the Crown Lawyers, that it shall be tried at Nisi Prius.

Judge Osborne.—We cannot allow that.

Mr. O'Connell —We are desirous of an early trial upon account of the charges of treason and disaffection brought by the Attorney-General against the Catholic Body.

The Chief Justice.—I have no recollection of any such charges

The Attorney General.—At the first onset of my statement, I did acquit the Catholic Body at large of any charge of the kind.

Mr. O'Connell.—The charges were made against the Catholic Committee by the Attorney General, I took it down at the time, and he repeated it in the course of his speech many times. There is a loyalty in the Catholic Committee, which perhaps the Attorney General does not understand, because it is disinterested.

The Chief Justice.—I see no necessity for all this; if there was any such charge made, we would have indulged you at this time to disclaim it; it would be extremely wrong for the Court to make such a charge.

Mr. O'Connell.—I had no intention of insinuating that the charge came from the Court. The time it was made was during the trial, and I felt it would be unbecoming in me to interrupt the Attorney General then.

The Attorney General —I would have thanked the Gentleman for the interruption, if he had set me right.

Mr. O'Connell.—It is unnecessary for me to say more than that the charges were utterly false and groundless.

Here the Court interfered, and fixed upon the first Monday after the first day of the next Term for the trials.

Mr. Fox's Life.

Our papers have been lately occupied with extracts from Mr. Trotter's life of Mr. Fox. We regret that foreign biography should appear an article of any consequence to Irishmen; Mr. Fox's memory may have every just title of veneration from his countrymen, and let it remain so; but, we

we think that Brian Boroihme, or Lord Edward Fitzgerald, have some claim to our veneration, though, all the writers of Denmark, and of England, were ever so eloquent in the recommendation of their respective heroes.

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

IRISH GEOGRAPHY.

Whenever the authors or advocates of the Union, by any chance introduce Ireland into conversation, they take much pains to inform their hearers, that this country is an island. Our geographical situation has been substituted for our political one. On the trial of the Catholics, the word Ireland, was frequently used by the Bench. Judge Daly had been altered from an unpractising Lawyer, into a Judge, by the same Act that converted his Country from a Kingdom into a *mere* Island.

JURIES.

The Trial of the Catholics has unequivocally proved the small progress of the reformation in this country.—Though Dublin contains 300,000 inhabitants, yet the number of Protestants are so few, that the Grand Panel could not be completed, until the returning officers had rummaged the Bankrupt Calendar, and the Police Army from which opulent and respectable lists, they succeeded in forming a Grand Jury.

TRIAL BY JURY.

The following words used by Judge Day, in answer to Counsellor Burne, Counsel for the Catholics, shew the necessity of restoring this great body to what is termed the civil rights of the Constitution. "The persons on the Grand Jury list, are, to the best of my recollection, those usually *selected.*" This is admitting that the same men are on every Jury, that is, the business of a Juryman is a trade, and that very few are qualified to exercise it. Now we ask Judge Day, if Justice Blacker, William Cope, and Sir Wm. Stamer, Alderman and Baronet, were unluckily confined in the Marshalsea, should the cause of public Justice be interrupted, until an act of grace restored them to their liberty?

JUDGES DALY AND OSBORNE.

There are no men so fitted to do the duties of the Bench, as those Lawyers who never had any practice, as it must be supposed, that a course of uninterrupted studies, and a contemplative life, will be attended with the most profound knowledge. Were it not for the Union, we would say, that Counsellors Daly and Osborne, were called to their high station for the supposed qualifications which a studious and *secluded* life gives to men of deep research and forensic acquirements.

THE HIRED PRESS.

Judge Day, in his charge to the Grand Jury, accuses the Catholics of hiring certain newspapers. "Those mischievous advocates (as they call themselves) of civil and religious freedom, have engaged in their services, a number of the prints of this city." We know only three prints in this city who plead the cause of the Five Millions of insulted Catholics, and deprecate the regular system of abuse and persecution to which they are exposed, and is incessantly hunting them in every quarter of the country. The papers we allude to, are the Dublin Evening Post, the Freeman's Journal, and Evening Herald. We believe from the property and character of the Proprietors of them, that the Treasury would not be able

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to hire them, much less the hunted Catholics. Indeed any man who has a newspaper to dispose of, can have no great temptation, independent of a pension, to transfer his property to Ministers, as a publication once detected as the vehicle of their insults and oppression, cease to be read only among a few of the hired and bigoted agents of the Government. The Dublin Journal is one example of what the public spirit can effect in Ireland. This execrable print does not appear on any day of its publication, in a greater number than *eighteen* copies, two of them on superfine paper, for Major Sirr and the Duke of Richmond.—The Patriot never publishes more than 200, and the Hibernian Journal about 20!!

TITLES OUGHT TO BE CONSIDERED CHATTLE PROPERTY.

We think it an act of great injustice, that a man's title, like his other property, should not be considered part of his effects, and in cases of insolvency come to the hammer in the same manner. Titles must be always in esteem, whilever fools or big children are in society; they have been frequently bought, and at very extravagant prices, and why not be sold or retailed in the same manner. A title is esteemed of great value, and why should any man be licensed to withold any value from the just demands of his creditors. If Sir Wm. the Grand Juror, was compelled to surrender his Baronetage to his assignees, we are authorised to say it would bring more money than all his other property, including his coaches, *invisible* freeholds, stock of wines and rent rolls, and the number of bidders would be numerous and respectable, because at this day, there can be no respectable trading company found to appear with becoming respectability, without a Knight Banneret, or Baronet at least. nking Houses and Insurance Companies, must inevitably have one title, or perhaps two, to give sound and confidence in the public opinion.—We hope, on a serious view of our suggestions, that the wisdom of our distant Parliament will see the strict propriety of transfering nick-names, in such cases, made and provided, and the Kings at Arms, will be authorised to enter on their books, an account of all spread eagles, tygers, cats, sphinxes, dragons, stars, crescents, &c. as regulated by the usages of chivalry, from Guy de Lusignan, down to Don Quixotte, for the use of all persons concerned.

The loyal Editor of the Hibernian Journal, often recapitulating the names of the Grand Jurors, sworn on the trial of the Catholics, accompanies his vagaries with a question,—"Have these Gentlemen no characters to lose, does any person believe that any one of them is capable of violating the character or duty of a Grand Juror. We answer, that whatever high character they may be among their cronies, many of them have no property to lose, but the wretched salaries they receive for the exercise of their labours, as hired Magistrates, or labouring *Clerks;* and we further say, many of them are so illiterate, that it is an abuse of the trust of a Juror, to have persisted in their appointment; and we further say, that it is an indignity on Five Millions of Men, the population of Ireland, and the pillars of the Empire, to bring them to trial, and to select poverty, ignorance, and servility to be their Judges.

LORD MANNERS.

An engraved Portrait of this gentleman is advertised for sale. The demand for the precious article, we are the Orangemen and the Catholics in that ancient seat of loyalty, vie with told, is astonishing. Several bundles have been sent down to Enniskillen; each

each other in their respective veneration for the British relique—not an Orange Lodge, Shooting Society, or Catholic Chapel, burnt or unburnt, but are profusely decorated with the representation of this thin visaged Peer.

A Loyal Priest.

Our Orange adversaries repeatedly assert that a Catholic Priest cannot be loyal. Our correspondent Barney Byrne of Ballinasloe, desires us to contradict such invidious and scandalous reports; for he assures us, that in his town there is a reverend gentleman of that communion, whose *works* invariably give the lie to such scandalous and malignant authorities. For no man lay or ecclesiastic, does more for the comfort and convenience of his Majesty's army than Father Garret Larkin, who has built as many barracks in the town and vicinity of Ballinasloe, as would accommodate the immense garrison of Dublin. His labour and attention to the convenience of human beings in *red*, are not his only works, he has erected suitable apartments to entertain every ounce of such travelling beef as resort to the same head-quarters, and are destined for the use of our English masters, by that great body of patriots—the Farming Society. Barney promises to furnish us with a correct plan and elevation of Mr. Larkin's works, which we will give to our readers in some future publication.

"*Liberal, candid, and free Discussion.*"

On Sunday the 27th of November, the Catholic question underwent some of the "*liberal, candid, and free discussion,*" used by another part of our adversaries the musquet judges, and Orange "*patriots*" of Ulster. The subject was taken up rather *warmly*, and the discourse ended by the assistance of a couple of barrels of tar, which partaking of part of the heat, communicated its ignited condition to the altar of the Catholic chapel of Tamlaght O'Creily, near Kilrea in the county of Antrim, and in less than two hours, the entire was offered as a burnt offering, while the *Judges* and patriots shook the firmament with the songs of "Boyne Water" and "Croppy Lie Down." If a hog-stye, was executed in this manner in Tipperary or Kilkenny, it would be called "*perturbation,*" and the ambassador serjeant would get two hundred pounds for speeding an enquiry. No persons but the agents of the *Conventionists*, Separatists, Romanists, the *faction*, use any other but *liberal, candid, and free discussions.*

Original Anecdotes of the late

JOSEPH HAYDN.

Joseph Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright at Zohran, a village of Austria, near the borders of Hungary. His father had learned to play a little on the harp, while serving as a journeyman at Frankfort on the Mayne: and on Sundays amused himself with songs and ballad-airs, his wife accompanying him with her voice. Even so late as 1805, Haydn knew all these songs by heart. At the age of six years, little Joseph used to seat himself at the side of his parents, and, with a piece of stick, scraped upon his left arm, in imitation of a person playing the violin. A school-master of Haimburg, a neighbouring town, a distant relation of Haydn, happening to be at one of these concerts, observed that Joseph kept time with great exactness; considering this to be a favourable indication of a disposition for music, he advised the father to cultivate the talent of the child.—The father, full of veneration for the sacredotal office, wished for nothing more ardently than to devote his son to the church: a knowledge of music might lead to that desirable object, but his poverty prevented him from incurring

incurring any extraordinary expence for the education of his children. How great then was his pleasure, when his cousin from Haimburgh offered to take little Joseph home with him, for the purpose of instructing him in his school. It was here that Haydn learned ro read and write; here likewise he was taught the choral chant, and to play upon the violin, cymbal, and other musical instruments; and he ever after expressed his obligation to this his first master for having made him undertake so many tasks, although, he said, he had beeen much more liberally flogged than fed by him. Haydn had been about two years under the tuition of the schoolmaster, when M. Reiter, master of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna, and who at the same time superintended the music in the cathedral of St. Stephen, came to pay a visit to the dean of Haimburg. Reiter having told him, that the elder singing boys belonging to his choir began to lose their voices, and that he wished to find others to supply their places; the dean proposed Haydn, who was immediately summoned to attend, with his cousin the school-master. According to the fashion of those days, the little boy already wore, as an indispensable article of decent dress, a short wig, "I looked like a little hedge-hog," said Haydn; a modern beau would have thought that his head was dressed *à la Titus*. His apparel was in other respects as mean as possible. On the dean's table stood a plate of cherries, on which little Joseph, who had not been accustomed to the best of food at the school-house, kept his eye fixed. Reiter, who observed his wishful looks, put a few handfuls into his hat, and made him sing some Italian and Latin couplets, of which the boy did not understand a single word. Canst thou execute a quaver? asked Keiter. "No," replied Haydn, „ neither can my cousin." The schoolmaster was covered with confusion, and Reighter burst into a fit of a laughter. Reiter then shewed him the proper appulse of the tongue against the teeth, and made him acquainted with other facilities. Haydn imitated him, and the third trial succeeded. "Thou shalt remain with me," said Reiter: and during the succeeding eight years he was engaged as a chorister in the church of St. Stephen, at Vienna, where he was instructed by able masters in singing, and in the uses of several instruments, and in the theory of music in general.

At the same time he heard works of merit performed; and in his own imagination was already so awakened and active, that he attempted compositions of six and eight parts: "I fancied then," said Haydn, when speaking of these essays; "that all was well, provided the paper was quite full." Reiter several times took me to task respecting these my crude productions, reprimanding me for endeavouring to make six parts, when I had not learned the art of composing even for two voices. At the age of puberty, when his voice began to change, Haydn was dismissed from the choir; after which, during a long course of years, he endured all the rigour of adverse fortune, finding it very difficult to earn even a bare subsistence at Vienna. He lodged in the sixth story, his garret had neither door nor casement; his breath congealed on his bed-cloaths; and the water which he fetched from the fountain, for his toilette in the morning, was frequently changed into ice before he could reascend to the exalted regions of his abode. Haydn gave lessons, and performed at orchestras and musical parties, where something might be gained; but his indigence kept him secluded from society; an old worm-eaten harpsicord was his sole source of happiness. Consoling himself with this companion of his misfortunes, he courageously continued to compose, and his ardent genius prevented him from sinking into a state of torpid

despair. At last he had the good fortune to have as his pupil, a Miss Mortini, a relation of Metastasio; and at her house he obtained his board *gratis*, during three years. Afterwards he removed to one of the suburbs.

About that time he engaged himself as director of the choir of the Charitable Brothers, in the Leopoldstadt, at a salary of sixty florins per annum. He was obliged on Sundays and holidays to be at their church by eight o'clock in the morning: at ten he played the organ in the chapel of Count Haugwitz, and at eleven he sung in the choir of the cathedral of St. Stephen. Thousands would have sunk under such hardships.

Haydn never was in Italy. If he had enjoyed that advantage, there can be no doubt, that, with his excellent ideas of singing and harmony, he would have acquired great reputation as a composer of operas. He, however, spoke Italian with considerable facility; and acknowledged, that he owed much to an Italian musician of the name of Porpora, with whom he became acquainted at the house of a lady in Meinersdorf. Haydn served him abont three months nearly in the capacity of a valet, solely for the purpose of improving himself by his instructions. Porpora was teaching the lady to sing, and Haydn accompanied her on the harpsicord: and, during the intervals between the lessons, submitted his compositions to the correction of his master.

Thus was formed the composer, whose sublime notes resound in all the orchestras of Europe; and who continued his labours with increasing applause and glory during half a century, to the time of his death in 1809.

The following extracts of letters were written from Vienna in 1805, when the French were in possession of that city, gives an interesting account of a visit to the venerable composer, at the age of 74.

"We went several times to Joseph Haydn's: as he is now bowed down with age and infirmities it is difficult for strangers to obtain access to him.

"When we first paid our respects to him, we were accompanied by Wolfgang Mozart, an amiable youth of thirteen, full of spirit and vivacity, and who has already given indication of his possessing talents worthy of the reputation of his father.—Last spring, the young artist had celebrated the 73d birth-day of Haydn, by having performed, at the theatre of Vienna, a canta, composed by him in honour of the father of the German musicians.

"Haydn lives retired in the suburb called Gumpendorf, where he has a commodious small house, with a garden. Some aged domestics, who have the care of his family concerns, since the death of his wife, received us on the ground-floor, where a grey parrot was chattering, being a favourite bird brought by Haydn from England. Neatness and tranquillity reigned throughout; and the deportment of the servants evinced the tender interest they took in the sufferings of their master. We were announced and admitted. The servant conducted us to a room in the upper story, where we found Haydn plainly, but neatly, dressed, in a brown great-coat. He received us with cordiality.

"Haydn is now in his 74th year, he is of middle stature, and there is nothing pecuriarly distinguishing in tha traits of his figure; but he bears the impression of good nature, which, at first sight prepossess a stranger in his favour. The visit of young Mozart, whom he had not seen for a consideracle time, gave him great pleasure. He conversed with the youth respecting his studies and his progress in music, with the affection of an old friend; recalled, with pride, the recollections of his illustrious father, whose society he had always cultivated.

"Seeing the old man fatigued, we broke off the conversation, after having

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ing staid about half an hour. On taking leave, he behaved in a very friendly manner, and honoured and gratified me in particular by giving me permission to repeat my visit.

"At my last visit he enjoyed a more than ordinary serenity. He found himself somewhat better; his head was less affected, so that he returned to his customary occupations. By chance he had laid his hand on one of his first productions, a short Mass, which he had composed for singing only. so early as 1742, when he was still a chorister in the church of St. Stephen; he was now adding accompaniments, with the view of offering, by this his first, and perhaps his last, work, the homage of gratitude to his protector, Prince Esterhazy. We may, likewise, reckon among the last labours of Haydn, a quartetto, the 84th which he has begun, and a number of ballads and songs in the Scottish style, composed for his friends in England, where he received a very liberal remuneration for such compositions.

"Haydn possesses a moderate fortune, acquired chiefly by the two journies he made to England, on which he lives with great attention to economy. In his youth he suffered great hardships: but, notwithstanding the indigence by which he was depressed, he raised himself to eminence by following the impulse of his soaring genius."

Balderdash, from The Patriot.

On Friday, the Earl of Clancarty left Limerick for Garbally, county Galway.

Lord Henry Moore, son of the most noble Marquis of Drogheda, has arrived in Rathkeale.

Yesterday his Grace the Duke of Richmond passed over Essex-bridge, accompanied by Captain Verner and Sir Charles Vernon. His Grace wore top boots, and had a rattan in his hand two feet and an inch long.

Lady Clonbrock, and Colonel O'Hara, are arrived at Cheltenham.

On Saturday our worthy and active Lord Mayor visited the different markets, and fined several persons for entertaining stinking tripes in their stalls. That worthy magistrate Alderman Thorpe, attended the grand jury yesterday before ten. Too much praise cannot be given to the attention our jurors give the great business now at issue, on which depends whether this Protestant state will suffer itself to be "*taken by storm*," or surrender to a popish confederacy.

The gallant Captain Bingham has been promoted to the rank of Post Captain. Captain Bingham is five feet nine inches and a quarter in height, weighs fourteen stone *Winchester* measure, has piercing grey eyes, hair inclined to auburn, nose aquiline, he is happily gifted with a most excellent memory and great personal courage, in short he is destined to be an ornament to our navy.

The 5th of November being the anniversary of the horrid popish plot, to blow up with gunpowder the King and the Parliament, was observed with due solemnity.

Last night the Right Hon. W. W. Pole gave a grand ball and supper to a most numerous assemblage of the first rank and distinction.

Among the numerous train of advocates, to whom the delegates have confided their cause, we observe the son of Henry Grattan. We trust that this promising young lawyer in his arguments will not censure the conduct of his father, who supported the Insurrection Act.

Colonel Faulkner.

This gentleman has made two applications, by Advertisement to the public, within the last three weeks.—In one he offers the inhabitants of the County of Dublin to be their Representative in Parliament. In the other

he requests a meeting of his Creditors. We think that if he was possesed of all the property of Luke White the flying stationer, and all the hatred to Popery that Spence's Major possesses, the same Colonel will not represent the County of Dublin, until the Orangemen are more numerous than the Catholics.

Nottingham Civilization

The polished and civilized Britons in the county of Nottingham, are in the highest state of exasperation and disturbance. The army and the militia have not as yet been able to stop the depredations committing by the rioters, which continue to extend over a very considerable portion of that populous county. We hope these British disturbances will not be attributed to the Irish Magazine, to the *Conventionists*, the *Separatists*, the *Faction*, the Papists—No, not even the Patriot will have the audacity of accusing the Irish press of poisoning the British mind; for however accomplished English hosiers may be, they are incapable of being led away from their duty and allegiance by *reading*. A book has no more value in a mannfacturing district in England, than a spectacles would have in an hospital of blind children. The Nottingham gentry are lead away by stronger impulses than abstract ideas. Their stomachs are in convulsions, the usual supplies of *English roast beef*, otherwise bullocks livers and pigs paunches, have failed. Bonaparte is burning the stockings, and the hungry stocking-makers are burning the *Looms*.

Decorum of "The Patriot."

This official organ of the government, of which Mr. Saurin is a leading member, "*The Pasriot*" may as correctly be said to be Mr. Saurin's paper, as Mr. Poles. The Patriot of the 29th of November stoutly denies that, Mr. Saurin in his speech accused the Catholics of Ireland of every species of treasonable intention, loading them with unqualified abuse, frequently using the words of his "*Patriot, Faction*, and *Conventionists*." Mr. O'Connell asserted in open court. that, he had noted down SEVENTEEN such expressions, as they fell from the Attorney General, "perhaps" says, the *Patriot*, the Attorney Generals words were not intelligible to Mr. O'Connell, more shame on the Attorney General, to use words he took so much pains to put together, to a Jury of tradesmen, that were unintelligible to a learned barrister, perhaps, the *high* rank of the Jury in the Court deserved a more elevated manner of expression, than was fitted for popish intellect at the BAR.

Downpatrick Meeting.

A meeting of the Magistrates of the County of Down, was held in Downpatrick, on the 23d of November. The meeting was numerous; the Earl of Londonderry was in the chair, his son Lord Castlereagh, was the principal Speaker; reports of the debates or speeches have been given in all the newspapers, but with such a studied reserve, that we defy the most ingenious reader to discover what is the motive of this extraordinary meeting. We were repeatedly told some time prior to the meeting, that, the county betrayed symptoms of an alarming tendency to disturbance, but, from the reserve used by the Magistrates, who appeared to understand each other, the cause of the assemblage remains to us a profound secret. The words Orangemen and Catholics were frequently used, by the speaking gentlemen; we apprehend, that, the Orangemen are organizing a new and more efficient system of extermination, as they renewed their depredations against the Catholics, on Sunday the 25th, by burning the

Chapel

Chapel of Trinlaght, C'Creily, near Kilrea.

Several gentlemen at the meeting very strongly deprecated the system of Orangeism, with very becoming language, Lord Castlereagh said, *that he was aware of the evil effects of party* spirit, and was satisfied of the loyalty and *good intention of the Orange Societies.*" The next proof they gave of their *good* intentions was they burnt the chapel, as we now mentioned, and the Catholics of Down, Antrim and Armagh, are now trembling in their habitations, at the approach of a new system, of more refined and stronger persecution, from the *good* intentions of their privileged enemies.

Lord Castlereagh differs in *open* opinion with Judge Downes, who, on the trial of the Catholics, said, the Orange Societies were unlawful assemblies; Lord Castlereagh says they are loyal and respectable assemblies.

Letter from Carlow.

SIR,

Irritated by two singular instances of daring impiety, which have taken place some weeks past in the Queen's County;—I beg leave through the medium of your publication, to address the great unbiassed portion of my fellow-countrymen. At a time when religious disputes and national disagreements are subsiding; when bigotry and prejudice are banished to their native silence; when the Catholic and the Protestant meet to remove their mutual wants, and to establish harmony in the land, can it be supposed that a set of wretches should criminally dare to disturb this universal tranquillity. These profane miscreants, have by practice, acquired a taste for such impure depredations — The revels of July terminate in the massacre of a Priest, and the months of October and November are distinguished for acts of similar malignant notoriety. The circumstances of these recent profanations I shall now proceed to state, and shall leave the public to decide on the degree of their enormity:—

About the middle of the month of October, a band of incendiaries, (or as they are usually termed, Orangemen) availing themselves of the advantages of the night, broke into the parish chapel of Tullow, while under the peculiar direction of that respectable prelate, Dr. Delany.

After having exhausted their fury on the aisle of the Chapel, they proceeded to the sanctuary, with minds expressive of infidelity, they tore down the pictures that represented most sacred characters, broke and trampled upon the cross, and shocking to relate, in the excess of their impiety, spared not the very altar—a specimen of sacrilege not to be equalled in the most desperate times. Can any reasonable man believe that the perpetrators of it are friends to religion?—No, they are its enemies, they are base hypocritical incendiaries, they would, were it possible, overturn it from its foundation. It is my unshaken belief, that the most hostile unbeliever, though encouraged by a conscientiousness of safety, would not deteriorate his character by such unprincipled wickedness. But their wicked minds not satisfied with such a piece of finished malignity, hurried them to still greater atrocities. A few months past, a Mr. Conolly, a clergyman of a very honourable character, was appointed a curate in Mountrath, a place eminently remarkable for loyal intolerance. The propriety of Mr. Connolly's conduct rendered him respectable in the eyes of every virtuous man. A religious edifying regularity, a constant wish to promote and establish tranquillity, and an extensive universal benevolence, formed the most sensible part of his character. Innocence, however is but a weak shield against oppression, nor can moral rectitude protect a man from the

the attacks of the malignant. The performance of his ministerial duties obliged Mr. Conoly to pay a visit to a house in Mountrath, at a late hour in the evening. In his way he happened to meet a few of those bullies who always render themselves conspicuous in loyal commotions. They stopped the priest, and after proposing some impertinent questions, one of them struck him with a large club, which he carried in his hands to maintain the good order of the town. This was the beginning of the action; the rest poured on him with still greater ferocity; and it is to be supposed he would have lost his life, were it not for the interposition of a number of people, whom the noise had summoned to the place. The conduct of these miscreants render the situation of Mount Rath somewhat similar to that of Rome—in the time of Juvenal "*Pulsatis rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat, ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti*,"—Sat. 3d. In short, natural disturbance seems to be the object of one of their natural and indulged propensities.—These are the persons whom government considers as the loyal portion of his Majesty's subjects, and to whom fire arms are entrusted to preserve the peace of the country. The slavery to which the Helots were subjected in the time of the Athenian republic, and the cruelties exercised upon them continue even to this day, to cast a shade on Athenian celebrity, nevertheless I am not afraid to aver, that these severities are much inferior to modern barbarity.

Before I close this subject, it may not be irrelevant to assert a circumstance, which at this moment makes a very sensible impression on my mind. The unjust severities exercised for centuries upon the Catholics of Ireland, is a fact, which is now totally reprobated, and which will be scarcely credited by posterity. That the Catholics of this country should be excluded from the common privileges of the subject, that they should groan under the smart of arbitrary authority, while their sons are gathering laurels in the field, to deck the brows of their oppressors, is a painful thought to—I have now in my hand a letter which I received a few days past from a friend, who in the capacity of a Lieutenant, is serving his Majesty in Portugal. I shall subjoin a few extracts, which may give us an idea of the sentiments of the Irish soldiers in that quarter. "I understand, my dear friend, that my fellow countrymen, (I mean the Catholics of Ireland, are strenuously endeavouring to remove the obstacles, which have long prevented them from acting as men. Government indeed, should not be averse to their petitions—the Catholics are its strongest support. Since I came to Portugal I found the Irish Catholic always the most valiant soldier. I have seen them sustaining the fatigues of long continued marches, in want of food, deprived of rest and destitute of every comfort which is deemed necessary to support life. For these services shall no other compensation be retureed, but repeated indignities and unreasonable bondage?"—Such are the sentiments of this soldier! What would they have been, were he told that the Chapels of the Catholics of Ireland are impiously violated, and their priests maliciously abused?

I am Sir, yours, &c.

THEATES.

Carlow, Nov. 16, 1811.

Singular intrepidity in an Irishman.

There lived in the year 1798, at Upper New Castle, county of Wicklow, an aged man of the name Richard Neill, a poor farmer. This man's son, Michael, had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Orangemen of the neighbourhood, by the contempt he uniformly treated them with. He was handsome and athletic, and

and frequently would exhibit his strength and uncommon activity, chastising the cowardly ruffians, whenever he detected them in any act of outrage or riot. This raised an implacable hostility in the minds of those fellows against young Neill, which the suspension of the laws, and a license to military outrages, in the years 1797 and 1798, gave them every authority to gratify. As every assassin, who had a military uniform, had orders to shoot and murder every other person he met (*see Wooloughan's trial*), the enemies of Neill did not omit to use this plenitude of power in its fullest extent, and among other game, wrote down young Neill in their book of proscriptions. They had a considerable accession of strength in the Ancient Britons, who also entered into all the spirit of plunder and murder, then in such leading estimation.

A party of those huntsmen, formed of the Newtown Mount Kennedy cavalry and Ancient Britons, surrounded Neill's house in the middle of the night, and after breaking the doors and windows, they entered the house, denouncing destruction to the wretched inmates. During the struggle to get admittance, young Neill contrived to secret himself, but was soon called out from his hiding place, by the impulse of filial piety, as the murderers were beginning to torture his father, then more than 70 years of age, to make him discover to them the retreat of the son. The groans of the father were so loud and affecting, that the generous son could no longer think of saving himself, and his parent suffering under the most acute torments. He burst in among the armed banditti, and was immediately seized and hand-cuffed. Then binding his hands to the saddle of one of the horses, the party mounted and galloped away to Newtown Mount Kennedy, dragging the unfortunate Neill with the rapid horses a journey of two miles. When they arrived, they were joined by their companions in blood, huzzaing and blaspheming, in all the frantic joy of the most inveterate demons. Maimed and mangled as he was, they flung him on the floor of the guard-house, where he fell, without uttering one complaint. He raised himself on his knees, and in silent prayer addressed his God with much resignation and fervency. When the loyal wretches discovered him in this attitude, it roused them to use the most blasphemous language, calling the unfortunate youth every opprobrious name—papist, rebel, &c. They then proceeded to goad him with the points of their swords, and in a few minutes the guard-house was filled with Ancient Britons, who joined in the amusement. Rendered desperate, because he entertained no idea of mercy from his torturers, he flung himself amongst them, and succeeded several times in knocking down such of them as he could close with, as he had nothing but his hands to use. At length, and after much difficulty they succeeded in knocking him down, when one fellow stood on his neck, while another amused the company by repeatedly driving his *spurs* into poor Neill's eyes. Though blinded and wounded in every part of his body, his strength remained not much diminished, he took up a fourteen pound weight that lay where he fell, jumped on his feet, wound it by the rings round his head, and with the other hand held one of the Ancient Britons, until he beat his brains out with the iron weight, and then using all his remaining strength, he flung it from him with such force among the crowd, that it killed two more in its flight. Disarmed and nearly exhausted, a fellow of the name of James Williams run him through the body with a bayonet; he fell, and they bound his hands, put a rope on his neck, dragged him to the next gallows where they finished his life and sufferings, and exposed his naked body for several days after.

Chinese

Chinese Physicians.

The Physicians of China, by feeling the arms of a sick man in three places; to observe the slowness, the encrease, or quickness of the pulse, can judge of the cause, the nature, the danger, and the duration of his disorder. Without their patients speaking, they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once Doctors and Apothecaries, composing the remedies they prescribe. They are paid when they have completed a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. Our Physicians, it must be confessed, are by no means so skilfull as the Chinese: but, in one thing, they have the advantage over them; which is, in taking their fees before they have performed the cure. And it is thus that Physicians, with little or no learning, ride in their chariots in London; while in Pekin, they are very learned, and walk on foot.

The Patriotic Recluse.

—His composure must be great indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish.
SHAKESPEAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

Sir,

As, upon enquiry, I find you are a person who upon all occasions wish to support the declining fame of your country, I make no doubt, but, you will insert in your spirited miscellany the following narrative—But, as I am both to you and your country a stranger, it may not be unacceptable to introduce myself before I proceed to the relation of my subject.—I came from the regions of the moon; my father the lord of his country, has constituted me possesor of a large territorial patrimony, which I have applied to the obtainment of a desire—unhurtful, I hope to all, and useful to myself; I found the desire of travelling foremost in my breast, which, continually acquired new strength, from the motives assigned by my tutor, the celebrated Obidah, respecting its universal utility.—Having in compliance with this, bent of my inclination, traversed the three other grand divisions of the globe, I visited the lands of Europe; led on by the mighty fame of Albions sons, I resolved to pay their country my first visit. During my stay in England I got many informations concerning the Irish, both ancient and modern. I have observed that one class of men have uniformly represented them as people exceeding in national uncivilization, and savage ferocity, a nation of Canibals, whilst others confirmed the wide-spread fame of Irelands hospitality, and characteristical magnanimity. My favorite Obidah invariably described in the most favorable colours Irish manhood, and I determined to know, if close examination could effect the truth or falsehood of their assertions. From Scotland I embarked for Ireland, where I arrived in the course of a very short voyage; the landing-place is called Belfast, a town very formidable in the idea of an Englishman; I found the inhabitants warmed with patriotic fire, and much animated with the spirit of commerce, from this town I passed through the inland country, as far as the shores of the Atlantic. In a small town of no considerable note I passed the night, where I was much amused with the legendary narrations, which the peasants called the "stories, of the deeds of their forefathers. At the seaside of the village stands a forest of vast extent, whose majestic and venerable oaks strike the beholder with reverential awe. Next morning rising with the lark, I walked to the forest, through which I roamed with awakened curiosity; here from an eminence could be seen many a monument of Irish grandeur, mouldering in decay, Mighty said I, must have been the inhabitants of these halls—great must have

have been their splendour.—On these reflections I turned myself away to view the seats, which I saw dedicated to Sylphs, Gnomes, and to the Ghosts of heroes; besides, these, on farther inspection many of natures curiosities presented themselves to my view, one particularly caught my attention, it was a majestic pile of antique stone, covered with the hoar of many a year, I approached the pile, which, from its unusual structure seemed to bespeak the author more than human, when to my utter astonishment, I perceived it perspire a *fog*, at a time when Sol's strong influence bade such vapours return to the place that gave them birth.—Oh! Lord, exclaimed I, am I yet awakened from the bed of dreams, or is it a reality I behold? Is it a messenger from the deity, acquainting me of an unexpected event? or is it the abode of dedicated virginity or persecuted innocence? With trembling heart and haltering gait I circumambulated the wonder, when to encrease my confusion, I heard like a hollow groan issuing from within; my heart now began to beat quickly to the emotions of fear, my soul began to faint away, and my courage seemed to leave me. What, said I, it may be the ghost of some unrequited lover—it may be the spirit of some aged warrior—touched with patriotic feelings, lamenting over the enslaved desolation of his country—whilst thus, my imagination roamed amidst uncertainty and conjecture, the hand of a venerable *appearance** opened the entrance to this abode of *wonder*. After a due pause, I prevailed over my timidity, and resolved to enter the awfull cell: on my entrance I solemnly bowed to the sage inhabitant, on my soul unwillingly, had crouded all the perfections of which it had a conception. He seemed to me, to kneel opposite an aperture, through which he could descry the beauties of nature, whose operations were then conspicuous in all.—I heard him pronounce with extatic emphasis, the following words, which, to me appeared to be a Hymn to the Spring. "welcome thou season of delights—receive my homage thou time of joy and expectation! I see thou manifestest thy return, no less to the mute inhabitant of the waves than to the blustering masters of the unhaunted forest; ye tender flowers! to day the hand of spring operates in you the phenomenon of production; ye lilies! ye bright images of untainted innocence, how omnipotently does the power of spring accomplish in you the mystery of creation. How wonderfully has spring's creative animation, penetrated the black abyss and cavern profound, where sleeps the living mineral and where death and silence seem to have established an everlasting empire!—But ah! I see the universality of inanimate nature, experience thy friendly invigoration; yet Erin's sons alone seem insensible to thy return, thy glories remind them not of the supremely glorious state of their country. They tamely suffer the rude assaults of overgrown orangism, crushed down under the load of exotic oppression, without so much as preferring their complaints to him, in whose power it is, and, who ought to relieve them. Thus, as slavery broke down the spirit of manful independence. After delivering those enthusiastic expressions, he turned about surprised, perhaps by the noise which I might have occasioned." "*Whither* comest thou, *Thou son of strangers*?" exclaimed he, upon seeing me "What has conducted thee to my hitherto undiscovered cell?" I come, said I, *hallowed relick of thy country*, from the climes of Aurora, led by a desire of knowing the ancient glory and present state of thy country. My country cried the sage, has experienced all the vicissitudes of human affairs. She rose

* Not the Recluse but some Ministering Spirit, as I suppose.

rose to the height of human prosperity, but fell and was overwhelmed amidst the ruins of her grandeur. She may yet, after running the career of tyrannic oppression, return in a contrary direction to her primitive aggrandizement. She may yet, touched with a sense of her former magnificence, make an effort to raise herself and take her seat among the nations of the world. These were the sentiments which the mention of his country raised in the soul of the Patriotic Recluse. My country, resumed the old patriot, in the days of her greatness I will represent to you, and in the days of her *widowhood* paint her degraded state.

"Days there have been when the sons of sea-girt Erin were named with veneration all over the habitable world —when the fame of Fingal was sung with enthusiasm, and the exploits of O'Brinnaugh formed an ample subject for the bard—when no carborne stranger could assault unpunished the sacred unalienable honors of Erin—when the halls of my fathers rung with the noise of the deeds of valour—when the chambers of the valiant were decorated with the shields of vanquished assailants. These, my country, were the days of glory, these the times of thy renown. Besides, I would have thee know that my country was always the kind receiver of strangers; that her healthy sons and handsome daughters, imbibed this natal philanthropy from the bosoms of their mothers; and that her hospitable board was always proverbial. Know that the list of her heroes is numerous, and that the origin of the regal honor can hardly be evolved from the cloud of antiquity." Such the report of the bard, a character sacred to Irish breasts; such the account of monumental inscription. This was the happy state of my country, when the lust of beauty gave rise to intestine confusion, which opened the way for foreign tyranny, and thus compleated the ruin of this spirited isle. One of our princes, unable to resist the temptation of female allurements, rifled the honor of the daughters of Meath. He, the cause of his country's woes, received the just punishment of so unjustifiable a deed by the loss of his dominions. His fallen pride unwilling to brook this degradation, made an impious application to a still more impious man, to assist him in the unjust work of revenge. His proposal was greedily received by the thirsty dominionist, who instantly dispatched his emissaries of vengeance, to reinstate the lustful prince to that honor, from which he had been so justly hurled.

"To relate the enormous barbarities committed by these caniba l inva'e's, would render suspicious my candid narration. Let it suffice to say, that divine vengeance overtook the usurper before the termination of his life—that he lived to see the consort of his heart turn recreant to the side of his bed—that he saw his sons most undutifully rebel against him, and impiously against his existence; and that he died in open hostility with the offspring of his loins. —Thus died the cruel inslaver of honourable independence, after pouring out unretracted maledictions against his children, a curse to himself, and a blasted monument of lawless usurpation." Here the aged Patriot paused ——I made a low inclination of obeisance.—I told him, so far I was acquainted with the woes of his country. —I let him know that rueful tale of Erin's rueful disasters, was a sacred deposit in the archives of my country. —That the song of the doleful bard of Temora, had called forth sympathetic feelings from the breasts of strangers, and had constrained them to mourn over the downfall of his natal Isle.—I then asked him, (for I longed to know) what were the days of his youth, what the exploits of his arm, and what the cause that made him retire to this solitary abode. But now the hour for the performance of some necessary

necessary duty arrived, and I was put under the disagreeable necessity of retiring until morn again should return.

THALETIDES.

SPANISH LADIES, CONTINUED, FROM (*page 527.*)

A beautiful Spanish lady is never seen to so much advantage as in this dress, which however is immediately laid aside when she enters her house. The Spanish women in general dress for the street, and upon their return home, take off their good clothes, silk stockings, and white shoes, and display an appearance for which even the effects of a sultry climate can scarcely offer any apology. They also seem to think that there is no charm in clean teeth, which they corrode and render offensive at an early age, by immoderately eating sweetmeats and confectionary, and by the less feminine indulgence of occasionally smoking. A tooth-brush they never think of using; and I knew a British captain who was considered as a coxcomb by several ladies at Cadiz, because that instrument was found in his dressing-case. When a lady walks out, she is always followed by a female servant, attired in the dress I have before described, but of coarser materials, carrying an enormous green fan in her hand. This attendant is in general old and ugly, especially if her mistress be young and handsome. I at first regarded the servant as a duenna, but soon learnt that a guardian so offensive, and who often acted as the insidious tool of jealousy, had long been withdrawn; and that these female attendants are now the mere appendages of a little excusable pride.

Ballymore, 19*th Nov.* 1811.

To the Editor,

SIR,—*Your giving the following Problem, a place in your next number, will oblige,*

Yours, &c.

ANTHONY MANION.

PROBLEM BY ANTHONY MANION, BALLYMORE.

One jovial night, I chanc'd to sit,
With two young Merchants, of great wit.
Whom for distinction, you will see,
Or know by name of B and C.
They talked of how their fund decayed,
We instantly, a bargin made.
To carry on joint stock in trade.
To ship or wave we'd not resign,
But to the Moon our goods consign.
'Twas twenty tons of beef, a sight,
Right welcome to each bedlamite.
For sixty pounds, we bought each ton,
And each must equal hazards run.
Our factor there, Mick Shallowpate,
Reduced it to their standard weight;
And then sold it, sure as a gun,
For ninety pounds, their current ton.
No factorage, we were to pay,
So just are madmen in their way.
The whole amount, remits to me,
Who needs must have a factor's fee,
Of three per cent, so well I fared,
And the remainder, justly shar'd,
According to each partners stock,
Which was thus entered in my book.

The lower lines,* when solv'd you'll see,
The parts put in by C. and B.
And all the rest put in by me.
Now gentle Sirs, we cant agree,
So shew the shares of A. B. C.
Also the planet on whose coast,
We would be sure to gain the most.

* $c^3\ b + c^3\ b^3 = 5770800000000 = a.$
$b^3\ c^2 + b^2\ c^3 = 4339200000000 = d.$

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

Beresford-street, 17th, November.

MY DEAR WATTY,

When that celebrated *Magician*, who metamorphosed our Senate-house into a *Printing-office*, and our City into a *Barrack*, departed this life; my feelings for his death, loudly called on me for a tribute to his memory; so, in the sufferings of my soul, for so wonderful a man, I breathed out the following Epitaph. But as there are few prints that know, justly, how to appreciate its value—I rejoice in the idea, of having kept it so long, when I consider, that it has remained for a man, so justly celebrated for his taste, for such composition, as Mr. W. COX,

Yours,

MELANCHOLY.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a man, once fam'd for wit;
(Tho some folks thought him silly),
His sir-name, if you'd know, was P—,
His christian-name, was B—.
This P— or Pat, as we are told,
Did press a heavy hand;
He neither spar'd the young or old,
Of ERIN's hapless land.
But now his gone, he's deeds to tell;
His deeds not good, but evil,
For which he'll have a place in hell,
As *Premier* to the devil.
And if he forms a union there,
As he did here, before;
Assistance he will get from C——e,
C—n—s, and some more.
But this cannot be done with speed,
A while he must delay;
Methinks, by fate he is decreed,
To wait for C—l—h.

Mathematical

Mathematical Theorems.

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR.

The method used in the Irish Magazine of September last, for finding three square numbers in Arithmetical progression, may be applied with success in the demonstration of the following elegant Theorem, viz.

Let a and b be any two numbers whatsoever (a greater than b) then $(aa+bb)^2 \pm 4ab\times(aa-bb)$ will be two squares whose roots are $aa \pm 2ab-bb$, universally.

DEMONSTRATION.

From my Theorem in the Magazine of September, $(a2-2ab-b2)^2$; $(aa+bb)2$,and $(aa+2ab-bb)2$, are three squares in Arithmetical progression namely $a^4-4a^3b+2a2b^2+4ab^3+b^4$; $a^4+2a^2b^2+b^4$; & $a^4+4a^3b+2.2.2-4ab^3+b^4$, whose common difference is $4a^3b-4ab^3$, or $4ab\times(aa-bb)$; now it is evident that the mean square encreased by the common difference, gives the greater extreme, and decreased by said common difference gives the less extreme, that is $(aa+bb)^2+4ab\times(aa-bb)=(aa+2ab-bb)2$, and $(aa+bb)2-4ab\times(aa-bb)=(aa-2ab-bb)^2$, hence universally $(aa+bb)^2 \pm 4ab\times(a2)2)$ are squares : let the values of a and b, be assumed what you please, either integers or fractions provided always that a be greater than b. Q. E. D.

☞ This Theorem was published in the year 1494, by Lucas de Burgo, in his Summa Arithmetica, and from it we are led to the following important conclusions.

Cor. 1st. Any square number being given, whose root is the sum of two squares; a number may be found, which, added to and subtracted from their square, shall make the sum, and remainder rational squares. For example : let 100 be the given square number, make $(aa+bb)^2=100$ then $aa+bb=10=9+1$, here $a=3$ and $b=1$ and $4ab\times(aa-bb)=96$ the number required ; but 10 can be divided into 2 squares in an infinite number of ways, hence an infinite number of answers may be obtained, for instance $1\frac{3}{5})2+\frac{2}{5})^2=10$, therefore take $a=1\frac{3}{5}$ or 2,6 and $b=1,8$, then $4ab\times(aa-bb)=65,8944$ and $100+65,8944$ will be squares, whose roots are 12.88 and 5.84

Again let 169 be the given square,$=(aa+bb)^2$ here $aa+bb=13,=9+4$, therefore take $a=3$. and $b=2$ and $4ab\times(aa-bb)$ will be 120, the number required, and since 13 can be divided into two squares, in an infinite variety of ways, infinite answers may be found : where note that the given square is the main of three squares in $\div$ and the squares produced by plus and minus, the two extremes.

Cor. 2. Our theorem furnishes infinite fractions, which added to, and taken from unity, shall make and leave squares ; for since $(aa+bb)^2 \pm 4ab(aa-bb)=\square$'s divide off by $(aa+bb)^2$ and $1 \pm 4ab\times\frac{(aa-bb)}{(aa+bb)^2}=\square$'s universally.

For Example, let $a=2$, $b=1$ then $4ab\times\frac{(aa-bb)}{(aa+bb)^2}=\frac{24}{25}$ If $a=3$ and $b=2$ then $4ab\times\frac{aa-bb}{(aa+bb)^2}=\frac{120}{169}$ and so on *ad infinitum.*

(To be continued.)

NEW

NEW QUESTION.

Given the perimeter of a rational right-angled triangle, equal to the area, and the sum of the hypotenuse, and perpendicular equal, a rational square, also the difference of the hypotenuse and base is a rational cube, and the diameter of the inscribed circle is a rational square. It is required to find said triangle in numbers, when half the sum of the hypotenuse and base is a rational square, and the difference of the hypotenuse and perpendicular is a rational square.

New Theorems, by Mr. J. MORAN, *L. S.*

THEOREM FIRST.

The Rectangle of the legs; the sum of the legs multiplied by the hypotenuse, and the square of the hypotenuse plus the rectangle of the legs of any rational right angled triangle whatsoever, will constitute the three sides of another rational right angled triangle, dissimilar to the first triangle.

THEOREM 2,

The rectangle of the legs, the difference of the legs multiplied by the hypotenuse, and the square of the hypotenuse minus the rectangle of the legs of any rational right angled triangle whatsoever, will universally constitute the three sides of another rational right angled triangle, dissimilar to the assumed triangle.

NEW PROBLEMS.

1.

In a rational right angled triangle, the difference of the legs drawn into the hypotenuse is a rational square number, the sum of the legs is a square number, and each of the legs plus the square of the other are square numbers universally. Quere the sides?

2.

In a rational right angled triangle the sum of the legs drawn into the hypotenuse is a square number, and each of the legs plus the square of the other are square numbers universally. Quere the legs and hypothnuse with the investigation?

3.

There are two rational right angled triangles, whose sides are integer numbers: in the first one of the legs drawn into their sum is a square number, and in the second one of the legs drawn into the difference is a square number also. Required the sides of these two triangles, with an universal method of investigation?

4.

Required, two numbers whose sum is a square and difference a square, the sum and difference of whose roots are also square numbers, whose sum is another square; moreover either of the numbers added to the square of the other make two square numbers, the difference of whose roots is also a square number, and its root added to or taken from the square root of the sum of the required numbers, will produce two rational square numbers, whose sum is also a square number. Query these numbers, with an universal theorem, capable of exhibiting an infinite number of answers?

TO

TO THE EDITOR.

Ushna-hill, Nov. 15, 1811.

SIR,—Your giving the following problem a place in your next number, will oblige

Your constant reader, &c. OWEN MELIN.

Question—By OWEN MELIN, *Ushna-hill.*

A Brass Ball, eight ounces weight, fell from the height of 1000 feet, on an inclined plane, and struck it with the force of half a hundred weight.

☞ The elevation of the plane is required.

MR. COX,—Please to give a place to the following remarks, in your valuable IRISH Publication, and you will oblige,

Yours, &c. J ROCHFORD.

N. B. The two last terms in my solution to Mr. MAY's Question, in October Magazine should be

$-m+ax\sqrt{1-x^2}+b\times\sqrt{1-x^2}:-1+2n^2$ and the resulting equation $-2+2n^2\times ax\sqrt{1-x^2}=-m+b-2bx^2+2bn^2x^2$ which squared &c. can be solved by a quadratic

Likewise the two first cubes in line the second of my Question should be a^2bcd and $(a^2+b^2+c^2+d^2)$ each $\times d$ by the difference of the roots of the two first squares=rational cubes, and the next term $c^2-d^2+a+c-d)^2$ and e should be c where there are two of them, and h should be b) also the expression in the last line is $b\times\sqrt{b-a}\times\sqrt{d^2+c^2-a^2}$

MR. COX,

By giving the following Question and Solution a place in the columns of your independent Publication, you will oblige, yours, &c.

ROBERT KELLY.
Magany, Q. C.

SOLUTION TO QUESTION THE SECOND.

Put $m=$ the natural tangent of the bearing N. N. E. and S. S. W. and $x=$ the segment of the base included, between the perpendicular and line of division, then $\frac{x}{m}=$ the perpendicular, also put $16c=59$ chains, 8 links (four pole) reduced to perches=the base line which should have been given in the problem. Now the sides are $\sqrt{10a-x)^2+x^2}$ and $\sqrt{6a+x^2+x^2}$ which multiplied together and divided by $\left(\frac{x}{m}\right)$ plus $\left(\frac{32ax}{m}\right)$ divided by the sum of the three sides is=960.4 perches=240 ch. 10 lin. this equation contracted, &c. and then solved by trial and error, gives $x=60$ perches nearly, and from this the perpendicular=14.4 perches contains, the whole amount, at £4 per acre, equal £43 1s.

Obituary

Died lately, in the Queen's County, at a very advanced age, a respectable old sasanagh, and a stickler of Mullimast. He proceeded through the rugged paths of life with that meekness and humility which characterize the apostolic conduct of the principal reformers, which made his saintly brethren look up to him as the standard and support of staunch Westlyism, tinged with a pacific ray of the mild and consoling doctrines of Huss and Calvin. Poor honest man, what a pity, that he should cast a blemish on his predecessors, by premeditated inconstancy, many and many a time, have I heard his female associates, divine creatures, turning their holy nostrils in praise and admiration of this modern anchoret, and often did they languish whole days in painful agony, by the fume of his sanctity. But alas! how freil are all human affairs: this old gentleman heretofore so completely fortified by the spiritual snorting and sconing of his fantical brethren; hearing that the frightful Ghost of Carlow was proceedingon a visit to the neighbourhood, but, whether to pursue the survivors of the assassinated Irish with further vengeance, or to summon his own chosen people to flee from among the disaffected, and take shelter with him, in the midst of their departed brethren, abettors of confiscation and depopulation, they were at a loss to determine, and there were other people, such as the O Moores, &c. that dreaded the fire of Old Hartpole's wrath, for some indignities offered his stony person in Carlow. The old Crawley being gifted with more visual perception than the rosy legged protestant pedant, educated by the Catholic charity, considered the visit to be for the latter purpose, and he was convinced of the truth of this consideration by the rough and unconstitutional usage the Ghost met with in Carlow, from a rebellious rabble, and now this harpol an deciple, not liking the excessive heat of his preceptor's abode sent for a Catholi clergyman, to defend him from the daring intrusions of this adamant Hartpole and his old attendant: what fickleness for thi sturdy child of the reforming gospel, to exhibit within the pale of his parent church. It was now that Mrs. Mullimas who got her children baptized and herself sanctified by a popish priest, in order to protect her poor timid woman from the cruelties of the savage Irish in 98, ran about in conjunction with the Lutheran pedant, and the other old tolerant raven of the bog, craving assistance from every nook of purity, to resist the gross insult offered to gospelizing in the person of their deluded brother, they even screamed out in dog latin, to the invaluable Cranmer and his host, to deter Hartpole from insulting the established neighbourhood, by his deathly presence, and to inspire the unfortunate dying hero with something like Westlyan awe of eternity, and the punishments prepared for the wicked papists. Having received a favourable answer from these departed gentlemen, they immediately applied to a Rev. Bruiser of the established church, to compel the disloyal papists to give up all pretensions to their innocent lamb! His Reverence's success would be similar to that of his predecessors, only there happened most luckily for the reformed interest, to be a report circulated, that the stony gentleman lost his head near Meganey, and met with a very unnatural reception himself and children, from the hands of some factious Irishmen.—(Alas! what a crisis are we reduced to, when the sacred emblems of our departed persecutors are so humanely treated,) this having abated the timidity of the poor dying man, he again sought relief in the consecrated arms of his despised brethren, to the great joy and exultation of all true believers.

(To be Continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received some very satirical verses on the Wrestling Doctor, which we cannot insert, as we have given up the dirty subject. We leave him in full possession of all the honors and emoluments to be had or raised by his partnership with Mr. Francis Huddlestone, Captain Tipperary Fitzsimons, and the other worthies of the Hibernian Journal, who have such an attachment to Mount Jerome, and its decent, and eloquent visitor SIL.—— and such friends and ornaments to Catholic independence.

Our friends letter from Carlow if published, would subject us to a prosecution His Majesty's forces in Ireland are not to be toyed with, while they have such a spirited Officer in Dublin as Counsellor Sturin. However, the first time Luke White the flying-stationer, visits our cell, we will complain to him in the name of the Catholics of Carlow, *of his boy* and his drunken companions.

The readers of the Irish Magazine are informed, that a new Edition of the first volume is printing, and six numbers are ready for delivery.

A few copies of the volume for 1811, handsomely bound, with a copious index to be disposed off.

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